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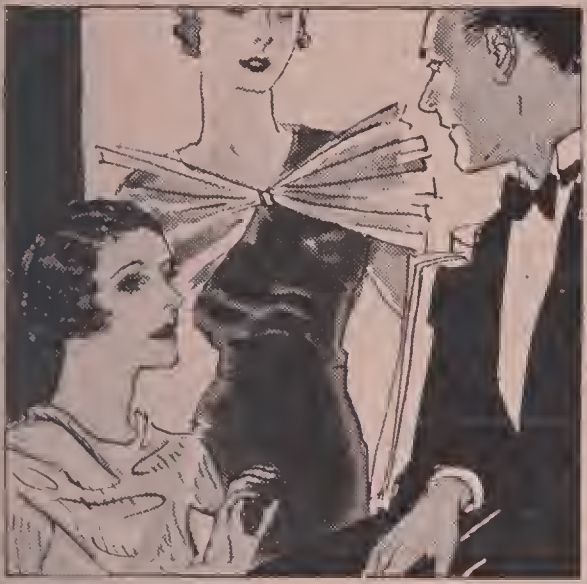
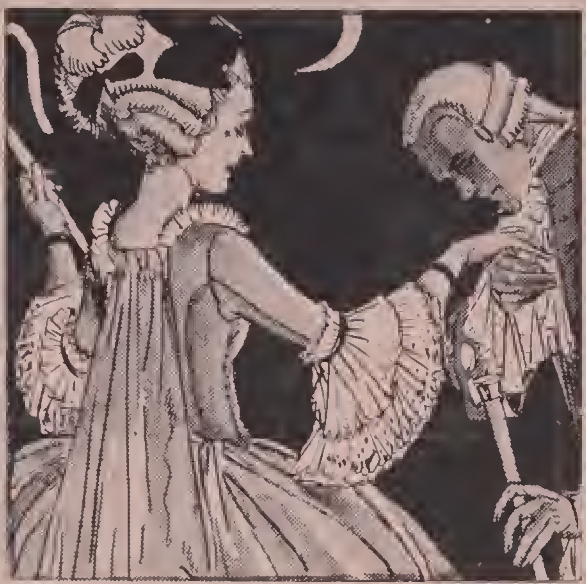
ROUGH COPY

Isn't it a SHAME!

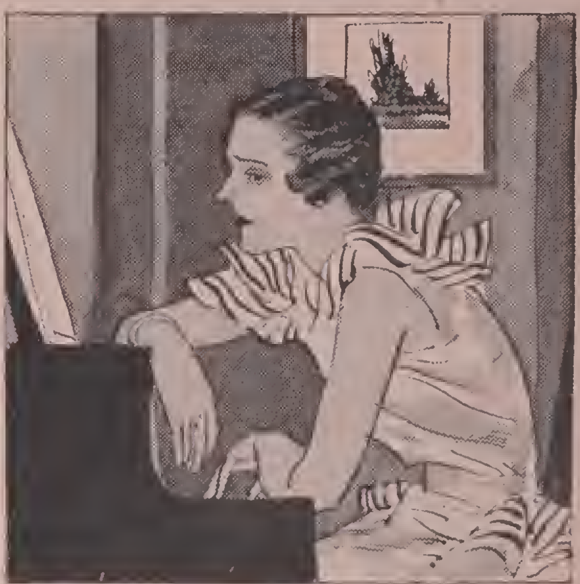
THE RHYTHMS SHE COAXES FROM A BABY-GRAND—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



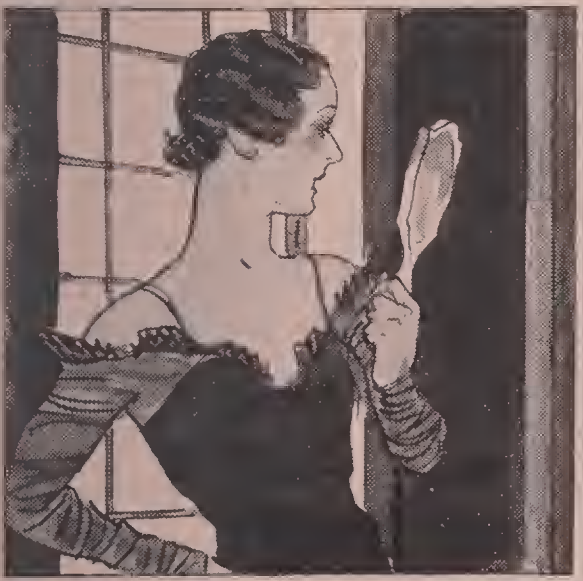
If Judy isn't a genius, it isn't because she doesn't create rhythms that bring the young crowd "ganging" 'round! But—there's a "but" about Judy!



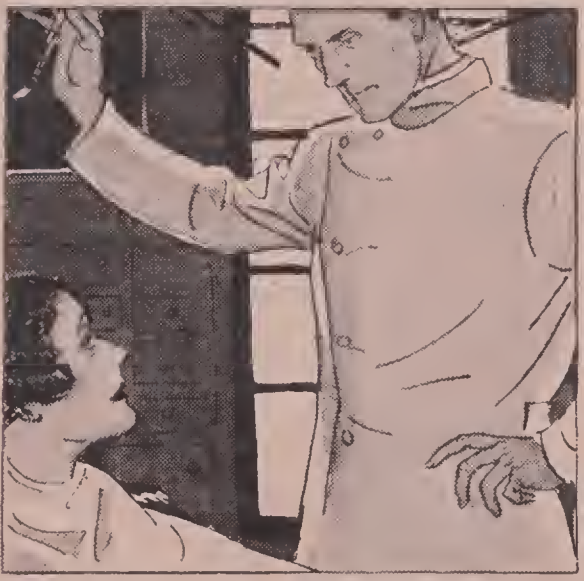
And Judy is dazzling in a costume play! She's clever—she's pretty—and she's a grand little actress! But the "but" about Judy spoils many a big moment.



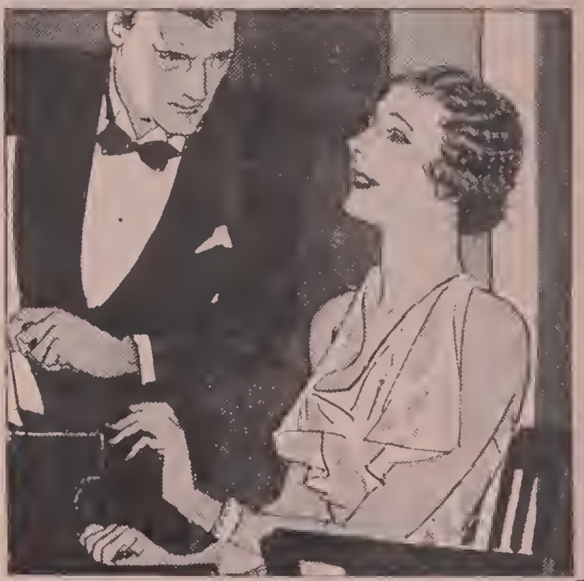
Men like Judy's music—and the whole town turns out when Judy's in a play! But nobody ever proposes to Judy. For the "but" about Judy is her teeth.



Judy sometimes wonders why her teeth look so grayish—so dingy and ugly. She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" is often the root of this trouble!



If Judy will ask her dentist, he'll advise her to clean her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste—and, each time, to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



By the time Ipana and massage have brought brilliancy back to Judy's teeth and smile—she'll find that romance was just hiding behind the piano—all this while!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF you have been a "Judy"—and have let "pink tooth brush" go on and on—and if your teeth have grown more and more dingy and ugly—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste (before another day goes by!)

Clean your teeth with Ipana. It is a splendid, modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces f the teeth, but deep into every ttle crevice—gently, thoroughly. Your entire mouth feels refreshed!

But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana plus massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

VOL. 6 No. 1 —— DECEMBER, 1934

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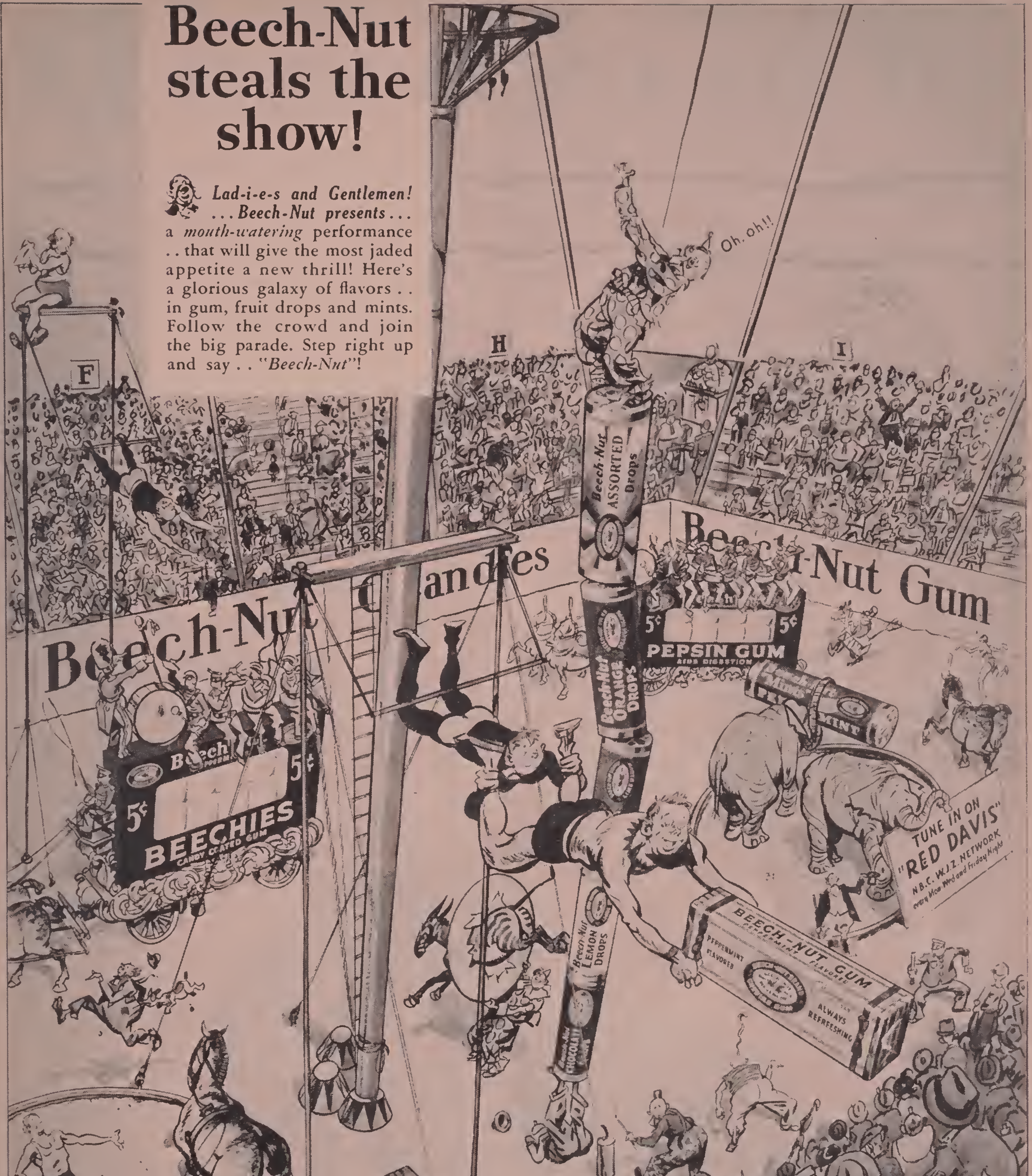
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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Ruth Waterbury Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

DON'T believe that all the temperament in the picture business exists between stars.

Hollywood is currently very amused over the way two of its leading dress designers are pouting at one another. The quarrel has been going on under cover for several seasons but recently was brought out into the open when a major star of one major studio was farmed out for a special rôle at a second major studio.

The leading bib-and-tucker boy of the hiring studio refused to dress the star because the dressmaking gentleman of her own studio had gained so much fame for costuming her.

The amusing part of it is that the star in question is not only beautiful, but one of the really chic women on the screen and distinguishes any gown. Because of this, the big shot's unknown assistant, who is doing the dresses for the star's picture, is coming into a deserved spotlight!

HOW TO PHONE A MOVIE STAR

While not only a cloak but a whole wardrobe of mystery is thrown about the homes of motion picture stars and executives, it is typical of this topsy-turvy village that the Beverly Hills Telephone Directory, issued once a year, gives almost all the information any fan might want.

A glance through the book, which may be found anywhere in Beverly from drug stores to private homes, reveals such information as: "Barrymore Lionel Actor H802N. Roxbury Drive" and "Beery Wallace, (Rita) Actor H921 N. Roxbury Drive." "H" means "home" and (Rita) is Mrs. Beery. In a great number of cases, and you'd be surprised how many, the telephone numbers are given as "Walthall, Henry B. (Mary C.) actor H213 Lasky Dr. Ox 4352."

The odd quirk in the 1934 edition is that Fairbanks, Douglas and Pickford, Mary are both listed as H1045 Summit Drive.

SAD AFFLICTIONS

The gummy side of Hollywood is constantly being presented to the world, which is natural enough, since happiness doesn't make news. But there is another side.

To contrast with the divorces, the annulments, the alienation suits and other legal confessions of lost romance, here are two little stories.

The first concerns Edmund Goulding, writer, director, actor, musician, a debonaire person. A couple of years ago he married and not long thereafter his wife became seriously ill and has been a semi-invalid ever since.

Recently she became very bored with never being able to go about to see her friends, or the sunshine of California, or do any of those pleasant, trivial things women so adore.

Her husband said very little but one day an automobile trailer drew up to their door. It was a fully-equipped boudoir on wheels. Lying in it, Marjorie Goulding could go about wherever she ordered her chauffeur, could feel almost as free as though she were a well person. It gave her a complete escape from her loneliness and that sense of being cut off from things, and now the doctors say that the trailer and the love and devotion it typifies are doing more for her than years of medicine.

The second yarn is about Wally Beery.

Although a brief hullabaloo was raised in the press, during the making of "Treasure Island," to the effect that Mrs. Beery was seriously ill, and that Wally was keeping his plane ready to fly to her any moment, it soon died down.

The truth of the matter is that Rita Beery was suffering from a severe heart affliction. For many months to come she will be under the care of a physician.

"My wife will have to have absolute peace and quiet for at least a year," Wally says. "The affliction is curable, but months and even years are required. She may be perfectly well again at the end of five years if she's careful."

When asked if he isn't downhearted after a series of fires, airplane crashes, financial disasters and illness—even death—in his family, Wally says:

"It isn't so bad. First I make money, then I lose it, then I'm broke, then I make it again. And I'm always pretty happy, no matter how much grief sits down at my doorstep.

"I sort of count my blessings. Right now, I'm grateful because I have enough money to get Rita everything she wants and to afford her the best treatment in the world.

You can't get a good man down.

MOVIE MIRROR'S editor was snapped with Claudette Colbert when she visited the star on the "Imitation of Life" set at Universal.

by Ruth Waterbury

3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered with filmy cotton.

A filmy, daring frock

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

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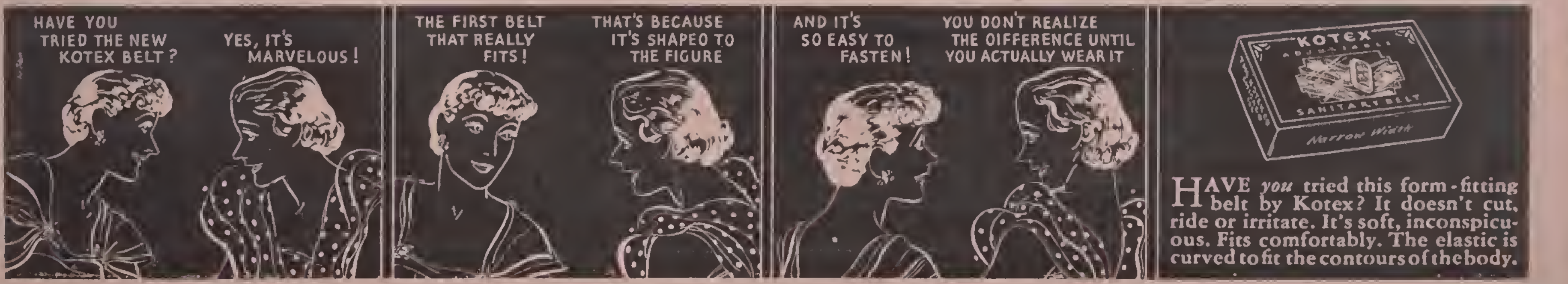
● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort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SPEAK for YOURSELF

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Illusion vs. Tricks

Not yet has my keen enjoyment for pictures been dulled by over-addiction to the movie habit. Every scene is a treasure in memory's strong-box of new acquaintances, rugged or romantic bits of the earth's surface or some almost symphonic gem of pictorial composition. (I can still, moreover, shed a sympathetic tear or two for the trials of the heroine.)

How many directors, writers and technicians realize that the spectator, apparently glued to his seat, is in reality, as far as his inner self is concerned, projected into the scene itself instead of the reverse?

Notice the far-away gaze of the person watching scenes supposedly portraying a musical comedy. He or she feels that fourth dimensional sense of actually mingling with the crowd of chattering chronies, gruff, cigar-chewing directors or dour-faced piano pounder.

Then comes the rude shock. For a moment negatives become positives and the lights and darks of the film are reversed. Very clever. Then scenes are interposed so as to suggest merely trick photography rather than conveying any impression of any maneuver that could possibly be performed upon any stage.

Cleverness has indeed, its rightful place, but I hold the brief that its only excuse in a musical comedy picture, at least, is to heighten, rather than to destroy illusion, so dear to every one. Trick photography approaches real art about as closely and satisfyingly as do sugar sculptures which tantalyze but may never be eaten.

Mary G. Clark,
San Francisco, Calif.

You're right, we don't mind kidding ourselves along, but we don't like to be fooled by any one else.

Santa comes in the person of Ferdinand Munier in "Babes in Toyland." This film's taken from the Victor Herbert operetta and stars those funsters, Laurel and Hardy.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Follow the Master

May I be so bold as to inquire just how the current crop of cinema adapters and directors have the temerity to attempt to improve upon the narrative technique and plot sense of an acknowledged master of the English language or a really brilliant writer? Are they naive enough to imagine that they know more about plot and drama than the author of the latest literary masterpiece, to suffer a film transcription?

For instance, Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" is easily one of the finest novels of our time, but the contemporary screen version, having been aided and abetted (as well as a-bette'd) by the usual movieland adapting is very little like the novel.

I'll grant that Leslie Howard is rather splendid, and Bette Davis not too bad, albeit she seems a bit hysterical and given to overacting at times, but most any one, if permitted, could have put over such a swell story.

Of course, it may be that the censoring morons and the pink-slip monkies ruined this picture after it was released, and if so, one might forgive the motion picture master minds—but even then it would be quite the first time that they tried to produce a literal transcription from a genuinely great book.

Now I'm perfectly cognizant of the genius that is Hollywood. I believe, however, that I voice the opinion of the vast majority of the reading public, if not the movie public as well, that it would be a welcome relief indeed if the boys would get together just once (for novelty's sake, if not for art's), and give some author a break with a sincerely honest cinema version of one good novel, and thereby win the undying gratitude and respect of one and all.

F. H. Kennedy,
Chicago, Ill.

Have you forgotten "Arrowsmith" so soon?

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Better Roles—Better Performances

Recently I have seen three outstanding performances rendered by actresses who heretofore had done satisfactory work but whose roles had not afforded them the opportunity to exhibit their best dramatic efforts. They are:

(1) Bette Davis. Her portrayal of Mildred Rogers in "Of Human Bondage" proves that she is an actress to be reckoned with.

(2) Jean Arthur. All of her past contributions to the screen bow to her latest venture, that of the "biddy" in "The Most Precious Thing in Life."

(3) Marian Nixon. She was delightful in "We're Rich Again" and won the honors from the other fine members of the cast.

Albert Manski,
Boston, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Something New to Interest You

If you want to see a picture that's different, save a couple of hours from your harried career to see "Crime Without Passion," the picture recently produced by those two writing gentlemen, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, who not so long ago turned out that newspaper classic "The Front Page."

This strange and unusual film challenges your interest from the prologue with its masterful photography through to the end. It will startle you out of your after-summer sluggishness and give you something to sit up straight in your seat and ponder on.

It introduces Claude Rains in his first worthwhile (*Continued on page* 86)

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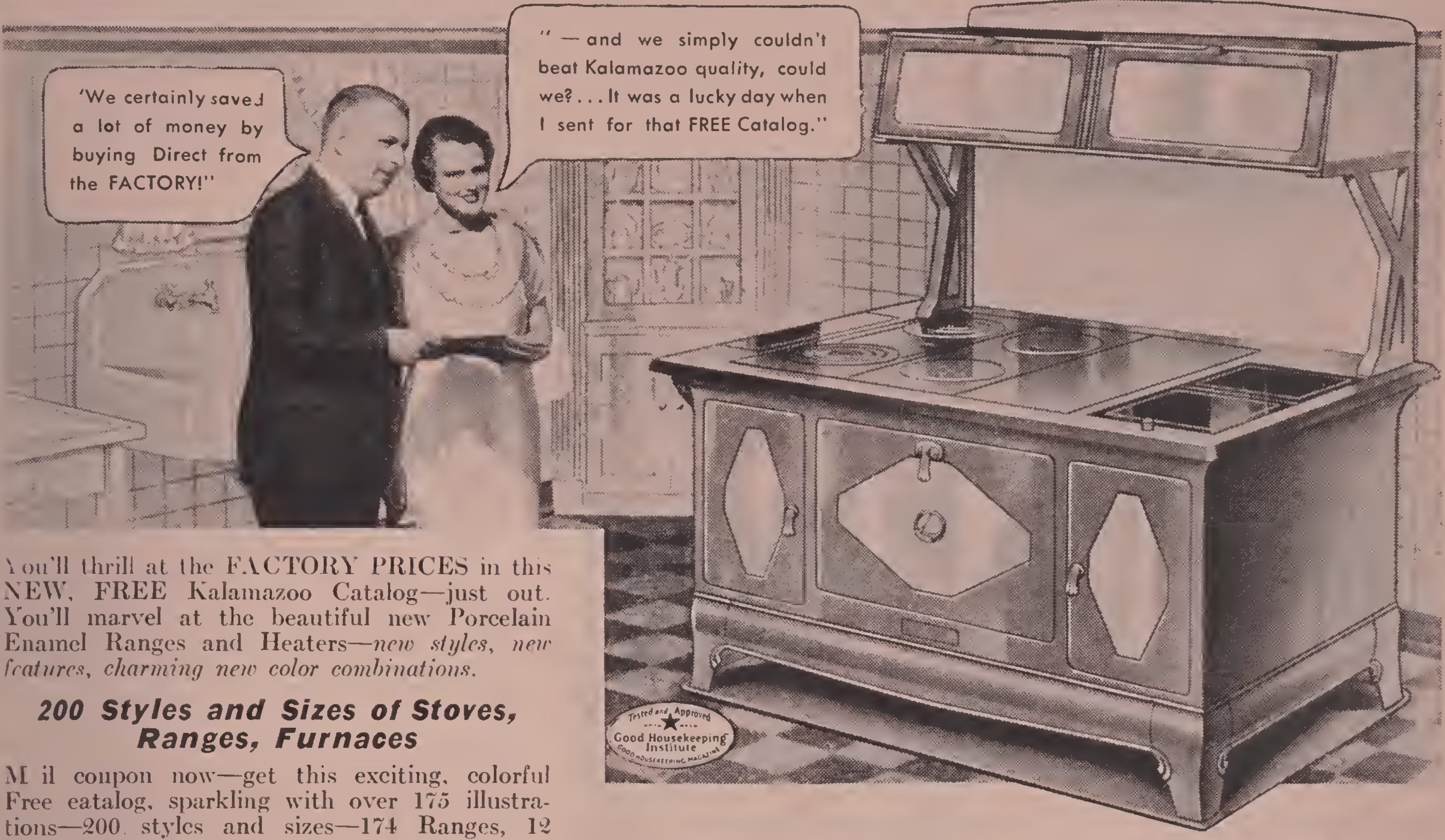
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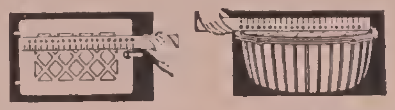

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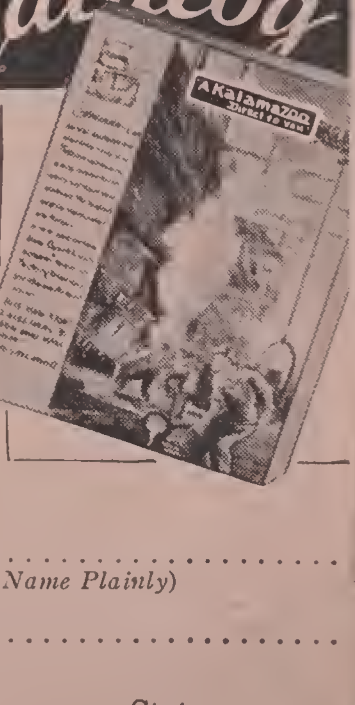

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MOVIES, MILLIONS and

OURS was never a family for giving advice or taking it. My father and mother, true sophisticates both, were individuals enough to believe that even their children had a right to their own lives. And I've never been able to thank them enough for their courage in allowing me to find things out for myself.

But it was Marie Dressler who *told* me to be a free soul. That was in 1911 back in San Francisco, before either of us knew there was such a place as Hollywood or that we would be so closely and happily associated there. I was interviewing the star of "Tilly's Nightmare", the huge musical comedy hit for a San Francisco paper. Marie was touring the West Coast at the height of her fame in musical comedy, and I, a girl in my teens, was debating whether I should be an artist or a writer.

Culver Service

The fascinating reminiscences of the brilliant woman who has grown up with Hollywood and its greatest stars

by FRANCES MARION

Hollywood's Highest-Priced Scenario Writer

MADNESS!

A big, hearty woman with a deep laugh, Marie, far fatter in those days than the woman her tremendous movie following was to know, looked pityingly at me, five feet two weighing about ninety pounds.

"You're a little young thing to be doing newspaper work," she said.

Curious how her manner was at once so brusque and so warm. Before I knew it I was confiding in her. Afterwards I found out someone was always confiding in Marie. She had that tremendous sympathy that reached out and caught you unawares. So I told how I had gone to art school but now I wanted to write and did she think a short story course would help me?

"No! No!" Marie shook her head vehemently. "Open the book of life, my dear. Live generously and fully. Don't cheat at solitaire by lying to yourself. Take every experience that comes your way, every joy, every sorrow. And don't avoid the pitfalls, for out of them will come your strength."

Fine, brave words these! I stared at her in delighted amazement. No one had ever talked to me so splendidly before.

But how often in the days to come I've laughed over that advice. For afterwards when Marie became almost a self-appointed mother to me, her life was spent guarding me from pitfalls and trying to close the book of life in my protesting face. Any man I thought I was in love with became automatically either too tall or too short, too young or too old, too poor or too rich. Any gamble I wanted to take was vigorously opposed by her.

"What about the book of life, Marie?" I used to ask.

"Fiddlesticks!" She glared at me. "Whoever taught you such an asinine thing! Now you listen to me and don't accept a lot of flub dub from someone else."

But that rainy afternoon in San Francisco when she clucked over me like a motherly hen, pecking my cheek in farewell, I was afire with enthusiasm over her words. The sun had been shining when I left the office and I had come away without my coat, and Marie clucked sympathetically as she looked out at the rain driving against the hotel windows and put her own coat around my shoulders.

It hung around me like a tent, a vast, warm comforting tent, as I trotted back the office (*Continued on page* 94)

Above, the late Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare," which she played intermittently from 1908 to 1918. It was her advice that started the young actress, at left, in 1915, on her career.

On the opposite page, left, the author as she is today. Right, Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat," which was the first picture Anita Loos sold to the movies—at the same time Miss Marion sold her first.

What Parenthood Means to

From the Editor to her Eastern Office:

I TALKED to Joel last night and he is the happiest individual I think I've ever listened to. While those two loved each other completely when they married, theirs is one of the loves that is growing more daily. It is so sweet, particularly on Joel's part, considering how pursued he was by women—enough to spoil almost any man. He now acts as though he were conscious of a miracle, and that miracle is not only Frances but love itself. She just got home from the hospital yesterday.

He said, "Gosh, if a man wants to know how really unimportant he is, he just wants to hang around while he is becoming a father. As a boy growing up I imagine every man goes through that phase of thinking men are the only lords of creation. Girls and women are swell, persons you admire—but you still stay conscious of that masculine superiority. Then parenthood happens to you and you know that you as a man couldn't take one little moment of that suffering; that you'd never have a bit of the courage to face it; that you would risk your life, not only gallantly, but be tenderly thinking of two other people all the time. It's been said before, I know, but for the first time it makes me realize how miraculous women really are and how actually men don't matter at all."

The baby looks just like Joel. His name is Joel Dee McCrea. He'll be called Dee because Joel hates the idea of Junior. He weighed a little under seven pounds when he was born. Frances just sits back relaxed, content, and beams. Her eyes are too wonderful. I can't describe them. They are peace, purely, there isn't a shadow in them of any conflict, worry—but they are not blank. I wish I could put down what they do to you. You think here truly is the face of happiness. It really does something to you. It set me up for hours. You realize there is complete happiness for simple people every once in a while.

R. W.

WHEN Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married a year ago there wasn't a single "how long is it gonna last?" bet in Hollywood.

Four months later when the news got around that the McCreas were "expecting," even the chatter columns emitted maternal clucks, and for once dismissed the familiar set of blessed event wise-cracks.

Although Joel and Frances are unaware of the phenomenon, they have become Hollywood's favorite couple, filling up that embarrassing vacancy caused by the Fairbanks-Pickford rift.

One week after the birth of her baby, I managed a visit with Frances at the Hollywood Hospital in spite of some excellent sentry work in the forbidden corridors. I wanted to see for myself if the miracle of motherhood had been able to crowd more rapture into Frances' marriage.

Frances, I expected, would flutter just a little. Week-old mothers usually do. But she was the essence of serenity, and managing a good job of being sensible about motherhood.

"Joel and I haven't a single plan for the baby," she told me quite firmly. "We don't want our child hampered with a lot of preconceived ideas as to careers, professions or even education."

And she wouldn't be stirred into a single comment beyond the complexities of three-hour feedings and regular sunbaths.

It was quite impossible see the baby, although th was much ceremony about loo ing through a glass wall at t top of a downy head. The r of the child was buried layers of uninspired b

Left, a grand exclusive picture Joel Dee McCrea. But do call him "Junior." Joel hates very idea. They haven't a sin plan for the kid, believe it or n

FRANCES and JOEL

by MARGARET GAINES

The Birth of "Dee" McCrea Put a Gilt Frame Around Their Already Bright "Happiness Ahead" Sign!

distinctly antiseptic hospital flannels and swathings.

The nurse on duty told me that the baby was beautiful. But how could the child of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea escape beauty? From a picturesque standpoint, they are Hollywood's supreme work of art, and the film colony has been taking sentimental bows on the masterstroke of this match for more than a year. Somehow you can't blame Hollywood.

FOR the first time in the fabulous history of filmland two people who should have met did meet, and two people who should have been attracted to each other were attracted.

Joel had been the most sought after bachelor in the film colony, and how could he help it? Six feet three inches of mahogany dyed physique, topped off with a simply swell disposition and no visible traces of conceit, was just what the doctor ordered for four or five glamorous topnotch ladies in town.

For three years Frances had been rushed off her feet by every unattached male in and around the Paramount studios, and was beginning to show signs of going definitely intellectual. She leaned for a while toward the intensely literary group and openly preferred the works of Marcel Proust to orchids.

Miraculously untouched by the rivalry he caused in some of the best Beverly Hills drawing rooms, Joel suddenly took up fishing, the first manifestation of social satiety.

About the same time Frances discovered that Proust and the intelligentsia didn't serve up well as love's young dream.

Their meeting was timed perfectly in spite of the typical Hollywood surroundings of a beach club, a studio camera and a publicity man who managed the introduction.

Joel was quite ready for the unbleached, unstudied charm of Frances, and Frances could see very clearly the rich promise in Joel's unspoiled simplicity.

A famous Hollywood writer once told me that some day she intends to write the typical American love story, and Joel and Frances will be the hero and heroine of the romance.

She said, "I haven't the vaguest (*Continued on page 103*)

MOV of the

Get Your Money's Worth Out of Movies by Following These Honest Estimates of All the Latest Films

The most impressive picture of the month, "We Live Again," the latest version of "Resurrection," with Anna Sten and Fredric March in beautiful pastoral settings.

FIRST prizes this month go to "The Pursuit of Happiness," "We Live Again!" and "The Merry Widow." The All-Star "Gift of Gab" comes in for considerable praise, with some reservations about the story which doesn't seem to hang together. There's some disappointment about "The Lemon Drop Kid," which is the second teaming of Lee Tracy and Helen Mack, but it's not as successful as "You Belong to Me." All in all, not a bad month, but we're looking for some bigger and better pictures as the winter wears on.

✓✓"We Live Again" (Samuel Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Anna Sten, Fredric March, Jane Baxter, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Forbes and others.*

It's About: *A dual regeneration of a Russian nobleman and a peasant, after the nobleman has taken advantage of the peasant's love.*

The two previous versions of "Resurrection," done by Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez, are completely overshadowed by the Samuel Goldwyn venture co-starring Anna Sten and Fredric March. Goldwyn and his director, Rouben Mamoulian, should share tribute for the suppression of sordidness, the elevation of love, the interpretation of character and the portrayal of both personal and general idealism. This picturization of the great Tolstoy novel is a thing of beauty. Your reviewer gives it two checks in spite of the depressing theme, which has a tendency to make one leave the theatre with the feeling that there may be a tragic parallel between the Russia of 1875 and the America of tomorrow.

Anna Sten is of Russia, steeped in its traditions and its lore, and therefore puts soul into her interpretation of the peasant. Fredric March easily adapts himself to a rôle which also has been cruelly butchered in the past. The scenarists have done a remarkable job of capturing the fundamental feeling of the long novel, portraying both its sociological and biological passages with admirable restraint.

The story concerns a Russian prince who as an idealistic youngster possesses a beautiful and sincere devotion for a peasant servant who idolizes him. Made worldly by military life and its attendant diversions he accomplishes his seduction with the echoes of the music of the Russian orthodox Easter services still ringing in his ears. Years later he finds the girl on trial for a murder she did not commit.

Right, Baby LeRoy and Lee Tracy in "The Lemon Drop Kid." Our reviewer didn't consider this rôle so very appropriate for the wise-cracking Lee.

IES
MONTH

THE EDITOR SAYS:

OUTLINE FOR PLEASURE THIS MONTH: See "The Richest Girl in the World" for comedy romance, "The Pursuit of Happiness" for ditto. Don't miss "We Live Again" for drama and "The Merry Widow" for music. Go to see "One Exciting Adventure" for the newcomer Binnie Barnes. Give special credits to the camera department of "We Live Again" and "Merry Widow" with a big bow to Rouben Mamoulian for his direction of "We Live Again". Give special acting awards of the month to: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Anna Sten, Fredric March and Jeanette MacDonald. You'll be most disappointed in Janet Gaynor's "Servants' Entrance". Don't blame it on Janet. It's the story that's bad; "Lemon Drop Kid"—also story trouble. "Lovetime" (Fox), too bad even to review.

Ruth Waterbury

An error in the verdict sends her to Siberia. Having reached an age of sanity he looks back upon a wasted life, gives away his worldly possessions, wins back the girl's faith in him and goes to share her exile in Siberia.

There is no harsh or jarring note in direction, photography, scenario or acting. The backgrounds are superb.

Your Reviewer Says: If you are philosophic and inclined to study whys and wherefores you will find this more satisfying than daily bread.

For Children: They will be bored.

"The Lemon Drop Kid" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall, Robert McWade, Clarence H. Wilson, Kitty Kelly and others.*

Left, Mary Boland, Joan Bennett, Francis Lederer, and Burr Caruth in one of the few double-check pictures of the month, "The Pursuit of Happiness."

At last—"The Merry Widow"—with all its old and new glamor, and swell performances by Jeanette MacDonald of the lyric voice, and the gay Maurice Chevalier.

It's About: *A race track tout who gives up his evil ways for the small town girl, goes bad when she dies, and then finds out what his own son can do to him.*

Paramount, in casting Lee Tracy as a very dramatic father who is led to the pure and simple life when his baby's fingers entwine themselves around his heart, is playing a mean trick on him. Tracy is justifiably staggered by the sudden change and audiences are bound to get the same reaction.

Tracy starts off as himself, a smooth race track tout who gets himself into a jam and lams with the cops snapping at his heels. He arrives in a small town, lives the simple life, marries Helen Mack, clerks in a store. She, about to have a baby, is stricken fatally. The child, a boy, lives. Tracy has stolen from a scrooge to get medical attention for Helen. Sent to jail, he gets tough with everybody in sight until the kindhearted warden brings in baby!

Much of Damon Runyon, credited with the original, is lost in adaptation. The cheers go to William Frawley and Minna Gombeli.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a homely picture that grips you only to throw you down.

For Children: Well, it's clean and wholesome.

✓✓"The Pursuit of Happiness" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Minor Watson, Adrian Morris, Walter Kingsford, others.*

It's About: *American Revolutionists and a Hessian deserter who whimsically prove that the winter of 1776 was full of fun even if a war was on.*

Given a light and charming historical background to prove himself romantic, ingratiating and delicately droll by turns, Francis Lederer more than lives up to the flattering things said about him before his disappointing first picture was filmed. Surrounded by show stealers, including Charlie Ruggles, guffaw-getting pioneer who dodges church to be with a bottle on Sundays, and Mary Boland, perfectly cast as a Colonial mother wavering between good sportsmanship and maternal duty, he uses them only to amplify his own talents.

Lederer, Hessian musician, philosopher and linguist, is drafted in his own country, sold "down the river" to England to fight America. He arrives here, deserts when he becomes intrigued by "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The pursuit part is mainly after the hand of charming and winsome Joan Bennett. His chief perplexity is the clash between "liberty" and the laws laid down by morals-leader Walter Kingsford, who bans cussin', drinkin' and hellin' on Sunday, and the quaint old custom of bundling, in which "sparking" couples go to bed with their clothes on to keep warm when the fire goes out.

He laughs at his jealous, blatant and bumptious rival, Adrian Morris; goes in for a little discreet bundling with Joan only to be caught by blue-nosed Kingsford, and threatened with the direst of Colonial punishment. But love and charm work out an escape that is very amusing.

Right, Gloria Stuart and Edmund Lowe in "Gift of Gab," which is rated as a pretty durn entertaining pot-pourri.

Below, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Erik Rhodes, erstwhile of the stage, playing in "The Gay Divorcee."

Everyone is perfect. The picture is as refreshing as spring water. It is gay, fascinating, and far from the routine of today's average product.

Your Reviewer Says: The tenderly and artfully handled bundling scene in this picture is alone worth the price of admission.

For Children: They will like the scant background of soldiery, but the younger ones will ask: "Mama, what are all the people laughing at?"

"Student Tour" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jimmy Durante, Charles Butterworth, Maxine Doyle, Phil Regan, Douglas Fowley, Florine McKinney, Monty Blue, Nelson Eddy.*

It's About: *A college rowing crew and a collection of co-eds who steam around the world to race the British.*

Containing familiar college color, from snake dances to pennant waving, "Student Tour" offers as only slight relief the background of an around-the-world cruise. Maxine Doyle, as Professor Charles Butterworth's spectacled niece, wins the hero, Phil Regan, crew captain, by foiling Florine McKinney, toe-dancing, singing, translating from Arabic, being a good sport and, in a pinch, acting as coxswain of the crew at the Big Clash.

Charlie Butterworth and Jimmy Durante, shown with the little Chinese girl in a scene from "Student Tour." Our reviewer thought Charlie was funny but Jimmy tried too hard.

Many people wander through the picture with nothing to do, too many obvious process shots destroy illusion. However, the production does have its bright moments, which, like violets, pierce the sod of boredom at bashful intervals. Butterworth is just plain funny, and Jimmy Durante goes to great pains to be funny. The new, thrilling, gripping "Carlo," as sung by Nelson Eddy and danced by Florence and Alvarez, lasts only a few minutes but, combined with the humor of the Butterworth-Durante partnership, is the show.

Your Reviewer Says: The bright moments are too infrequent.

For Children: If you can sell them the idea that this is a true cross-section of college, they'll study the hardest entry examinations in the world—and pass!

✓"Gift of Gab" (Universal)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Gene Austin, Alexander Woollcott, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Victor Moore, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and twenty others.*

It's About: *An auctioneer in a Broadway gyp joint who has more ups and downs than a parachute jumper before becoming a big shot.*

(Continued on page 72)

DON'T BLAME Sandra

IF I were Mrs. Gary Cooper, I'd be furious.

I am anyway.

The sudden swarm of newspaper and magazine stories smugly warning Mrs. Gary that she is heading for the divorce courts, that she is changing her reluctant bridegroom from a picturesque cowhand to a psuedo-society gent, that she is responsible for rending him from his beloved ranch to live in the luxury of Beverly Hills, that she is crushing his self-expression by not permitting his cherished stuffed lions in the drawing-room, that her Park Avenue background will never blend with Gary's rugged simplicity, should have sent her into paroxysms of rage long ere this.

But Veronica Balfe Cooper, will never openly defend herself against these editorial onslaughts, because she is aware of the importance of such vague and ultra things as good taste.

And so, just because I like a fight, I've elected myself as a committee of one, to do the defending, and blast a few of the pet fantasies concerning Gary Cooper. I'm well armed for the job with plenty of ammunition stored up during the eight years I have known and worked with Gary at the Paramount studios.

The current crop of yarns dealing blows below the belt to both the Coopers, was not invented simply because Hollywood's most delectable bachelor married an authentic member of New York's upper crust. They are merely the latest sprouts from the original seeds of publicity sown, not wisely, but too well, when Gary first "wowed 'em" in 1926 in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and "Wings."

The village scribes read "birthplace, Montana" in Cooper's first studio biography and immediately tapped out volumes anent the rough cowboy who came to the golden city and made good. When they discovered that he had been on his uppers just before getting a picture break, the stories got better, that is better for the reporters, who found the rags to riches twist good to the last drop.

No one bothered, at first, to ask Gary about his education, or how, with a cowhand's beginning, he managed to handle the King's English without a slur.

SIX months after Gary signed his Paramount contract, I was introduced to his parents who had just arrived from Montana for a visit. I took one look at them, tall, white-haired, unmistakable aristocrats, and knew in a flash that the rustic cowboy stuff was phony. But it was too late to make alterations in Hollywood's first impressions. The gentlemen-of-the-press liked to scribble about tumbleweeds, the vast ranges and Gary's longing for the open spaces. The myth was kept alive and kicking for eight years, until today it leaps up to haunt the entire Cooper clan.

I have often wondered why the elder Coopers have never attempted to correct the absurd tales of their son's boyhood, but, I suppose, they, too, are hampered by the dictates of good taste.

Now for those writers and fans (*Continued on page* 91)

by JULIE LANG HUNT

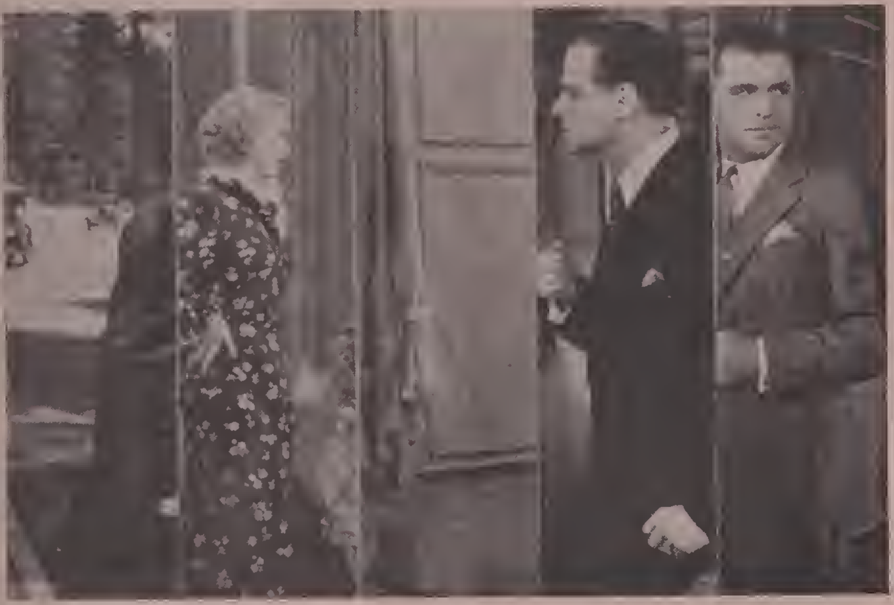
Putting you straight on the accusations that have been directed at Mrs. Gary Cooper!

$500.00

CASH PRIZE

SCRAMBLED MOVIE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	50.00
TEN PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	100.00
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	$500.00



AGAIN Movie Mirror challenges your skill at identifying three well-known motion pictures by unscrambling and arranging in their correct relationship the fifteen picture sections below.

If you did not enter this absorbing contest for sixty-seven cash awards last month you still have time to get into the game and win. Read the rules carefully. Handle this month's pictures as instructed. Then mail a request to the address in Rule 4 and a reprint of the first contest page will be sent to you without charge. When you have solved the first instalment your entry will be up to date and you will be even with the field. File both sets of pictures away until the third set is published in this magazine next month.

THE RULES

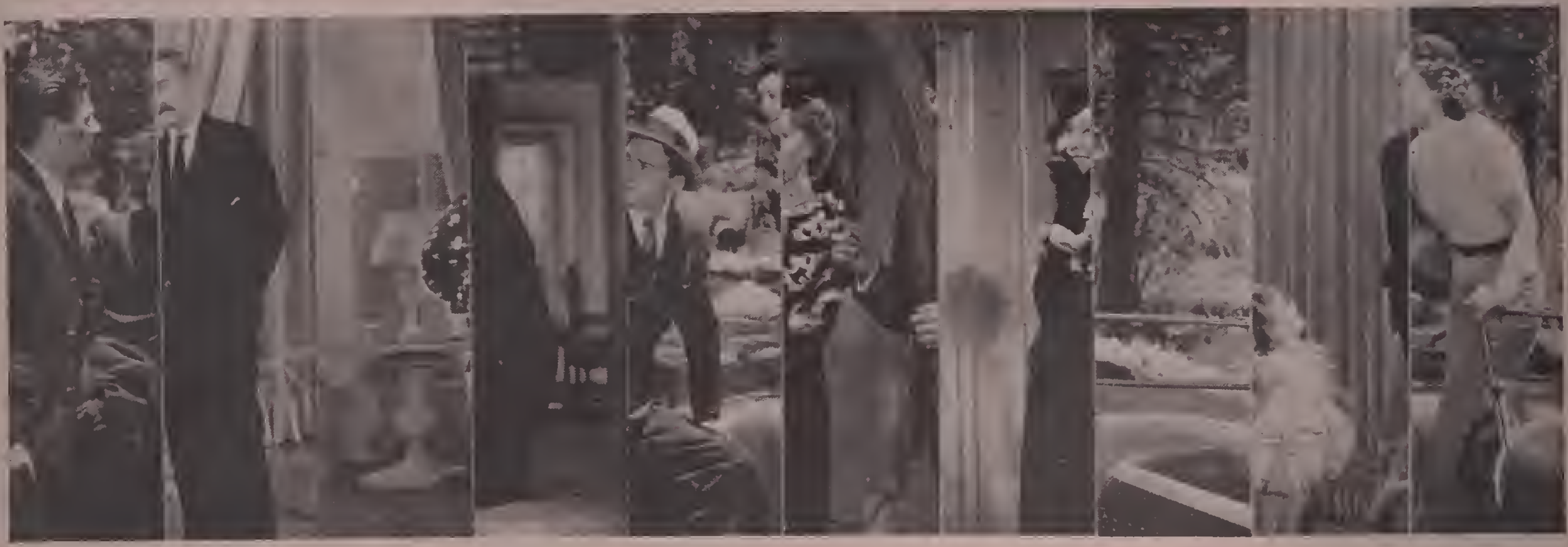
1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish in scrambled form scenes from three widely-known pictures. Each of these nine scenes has already been widely published in newspapers and periodicals including this magazine. The motion pictures involved have been shown in theaters from coast to coast.

2. To compete, cut the scrambled strips apart, reassemble them properly into three complete scenes and identify the resulting pictures with the name of the movie of which each is a part. When your set of nine scenes is complete write a note of not more than fifty words telling "The motion picture involved in this contest I liked best, and why."

3. Cash prizes according to the schedule on this page will be paid for the best sets of unscrambled scenes accompanied by the best notes on the above subject. Accuracy and neatness in assembling the scenes will count. Clarity and conciseness will count in the note of preference. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid

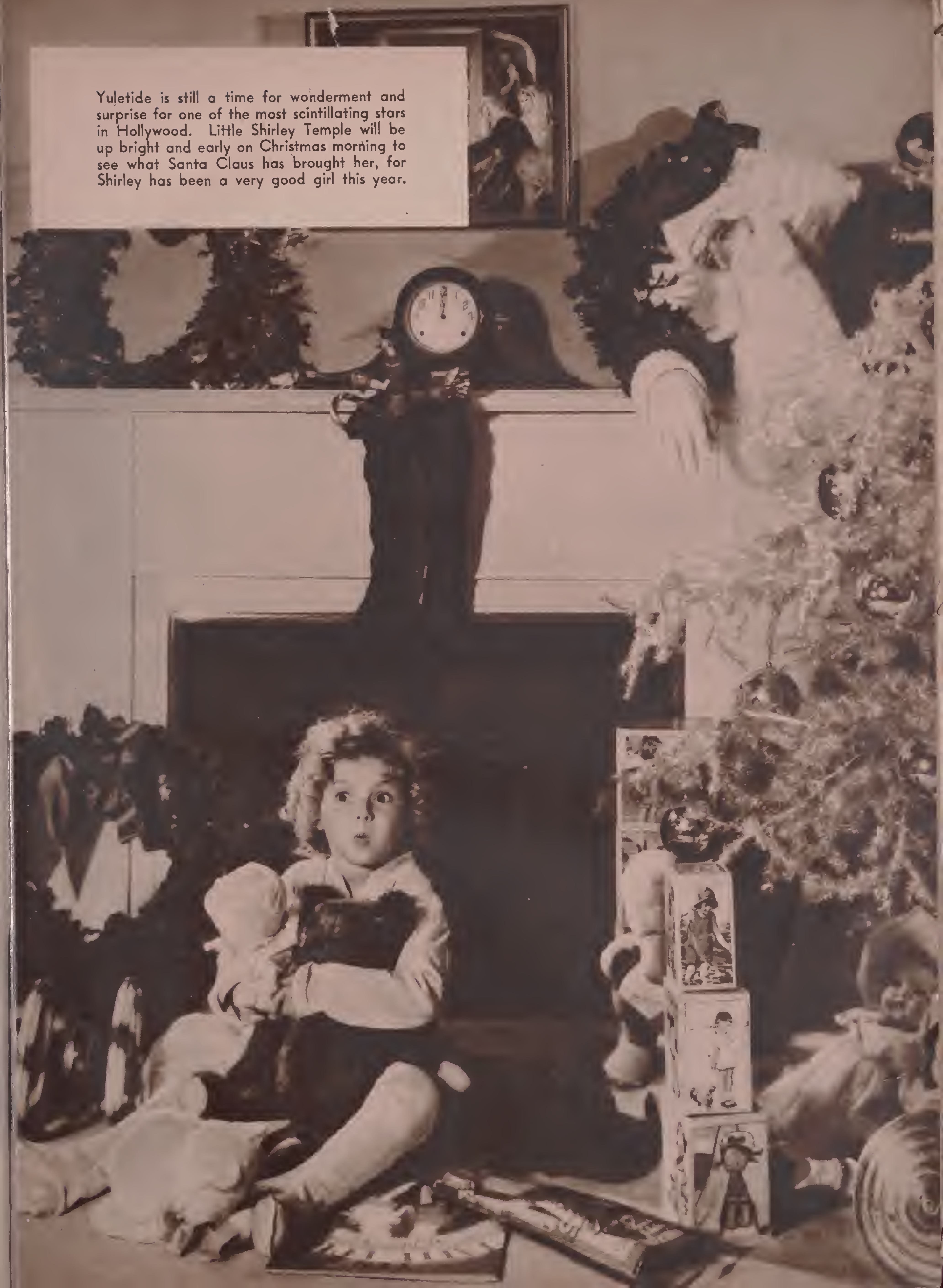
4. Do not send in any scenes until your set of nine is complete. When you have them all, mail them together with your note of preference to SCRAMBLED MOVIES, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Simplicity of presentation is best.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



WATCH FOR THE FINAL PICTURES NEXT MONTH

Yuletide is still a time for wonderment and surprise for one of the most scintillating stars in Hollywood. Little Shirley Temple will be up bright and early on Christmas morning to see what Santa Claus has brought her, for Shirley has been a very good girl this year.



Lanny ROSS and HELEN Mack

Lanny carols a little "College Rhythm" to his cinematic sweetheart in the Paramount picture by that name, which also features Joe Penner, Mary Brian (as a blonde), Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti.

The PICTURE *of the* MONTH

WE SALUTE
DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER
America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls — its fast fun and lavish production!

"Flirtation walk"

heaps new honors on **DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER** —PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.

Lyle Talbot relaxes happily in the sun, having just completed his finest rôle in Warners' "A Lost Lady," starring Barbara Stanwyck; in spite of Willa Cather's title, this is not another of Lyle's mystery melodramas!

"WHY JEAN!
HOW DID YOU GET
SO THIN ?"

TEST the...

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...For 10 Days at Our Expense!

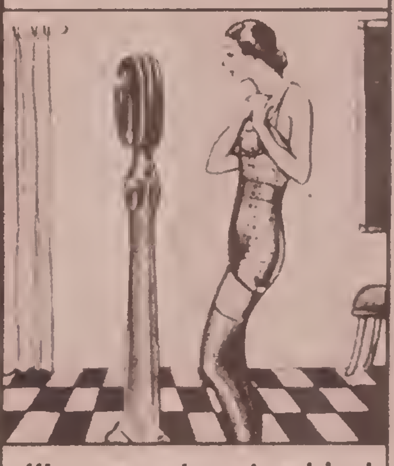
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the girdle for 10 days on trial".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *your* waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

"JEAN,
THAT'S WONDERFUL
I'LL SEND FOR
MY GIRDLE
TODAY!"

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 512, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, send FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere also sample of Perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

INSIDE STUFF

by PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: The **Marian Nixon-William Seiter** two weeks' honeymoon in New York expenses were paid by RKO.

Mary Pickford will not act in the first picture produced by the new Pickford-Goulding Productions Corporation, but will act as co-producer.

Donald Cook and **Judith Allen**—the hottest romance in Hollywood. It started in San Francisco two weeks ago at the première of "One Night of Love."

Franchot Tone and **Gary Cooper** will be in the highest place in the United States on Christmas. They plan scaling Mt. Whitney.

Gary is now wearing a wedding ring to ward off feminine admirers who have not heard about Sandra. Rumors are current that they expect a baby.

Rudolph Seiber is reported assistant director with **von Sternberg** on "Caprice Espagnole", starring Marlene, making a closed corporation closer. Rudolph is running around the lot with a script under his arm.

Chinese Note: **Anna May Wong** is being rushed by **Keye Luke,** only Chinese Wampas member, and also Hollywood artist and very good-looking.

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and **Bob Montgomery** will be together in "Forsaking All Others."

Evelyn Laye and **Frank Lawton** are married.

Warners were dazed by the reception of **Max Reinhardt's** "Midsummer Nights Dream." They will produce it in pictures and are negotiating with Reinhardt to direct it.

Al Jolson and **Ruby Keeler** are moving into a Belair Home, forsaking Broadway. But a short time ago Jolson was forsaking the movies, so it ends in a draw.

* * *

A STRIKING instance of how stars get separated from their bankrolls occurs in the case of Dick Powell. He started building a house that was to cost $7,000. The house is not yet completed and so far it has cost $17,500 without the tennis court and swimming pool. And Dick doesn't so far, own a stick of furniture.

Lionel Barrymore went down to the S. S. Lurline to wish Mrs. Barrymore bon voyage on her trip to Honolulu.

At the Hotel Ambassador pool, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone watch the swimmers and hold hands to give the lie to those gossipers.

* * *

WHEN Russ Columbo was killed recently, Bing Crosby offered to take over the radio program for which Russ recently signed, and sing for nothing, provided the sponsors would give the money Russ was to have received to his (Russ') family.

* * *

A COUPLE of crap-shooting friends of Ben Bernie's were discussing Ben's years of struggle and his sudden success.

"Yep," said one, "it's the first time I ever heard of a guy taking two gags and running them up to half a million bucks!"

RECENTLY Richard Arlen's maid, "Rosie," asked for the night off so she could attend a party. Next morning Joby asked how the party turned out.

"It was swell!" said Rosie enthusiastically. "And what I mean, I was dressed right down to the gravy! I started to come in and serve breakfast just the way I was so you could see how good I looked. It was a silver wedding anniversary."

"Did you take them a present?" Joby asked.

"I gave them a pair of real silver salt and pepper shakers," Rosie said. She considered a moment and then,

"I only hope," she added, "that mine ain't the first to turn black."

* * *

GARY EVAN CROSBY'S nurse is so careful of his health that sometimes her solicitude becomes a pain in the neck to Bing. Not long ago he wanted to take the baby into the Arlen's pool but the nurse steadfastly refused on the grounds that there were germs in the pool, and she remained adamant in the face of all Bing's entreaties. "It's all right," he shouted finally, losing his patience and snatching the baby out of the nurse's arms, "we'll boil him when he comes out."

* * *

HERE is another—and heretofore untold—story of the way players lose themselves in their parts. The devotion of Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna is well known. In fact, it was Francis who insisted she be given a part in his first picture. There was one scene where he was supposed to slap her face. His enthusiasm reached such a pitch that he completely knocked her out.

* * *

OUR corps of spies, assigned to find out which way the wind blows, report that one Hollywood marriage and one engagement, both reported about to go blah, are status quo.

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames were seen holding hands as Bruce bowled at the Beverly Hills alley. Bruce tossed a ball at the pins—this is getting to be a popular sport—and dashed right back to cling to Adrienne. Bruce, who remains behind while Adrienne Ames goes to London to do one for Gaumont, will join her later.

Lee Tracy was there alone. Every five minutes, however, he dashed for a telephone booth to call his 'Jewell and tell her that all was well.

* * *

SINCE Maxie Rosenbloom (the light heavyweight champion) had his ear de-cauliflowered and announced

■ YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT your child to take a whole bucket of maple sap to get the concentrated good of maple syrup...THEN WHY force him to take bulky liquid cod liver oil when there is a much better, thoroughly pleasant way—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Repeated tests prove conclusively that the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact, as do the seals of The Good Housekeeping Bureau and the American Dental Association.

No more struggles over cod liver oil—no more messy, sticky bottles and spoons! For patient scientists have finally found the way to concentrate all the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil into little pleasant tablets—without the nauseating fatty acids which are so often upsetting.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are so easy to take—*anywhere, at any time*. Each tablet has an assured vitamin potency. It is an accurate dose—equivalent in vitamins A and D to a teaspoonful of oil. They can't lose their potency because the vitamins are protected against the destructive effects of time, light, and atmospheric changes.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give the children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, sound bodies, and promote resistance to disease in general. See for yourself how eagerly your child takes them.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are a blessing to grown-ups. They can be carried in purse or pocket.

And these tablets are well suited for infant feeding. They dissolve quickly and thoroughly — just crush them and mix with orange juice, tomato juice, or formula.

White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

he would enter the movies, he has been the butt of much kidding. Recently when he was visiting at Paramount someone started carolling "Ah, no, it isn't the spring—it's Rosenbloom!"

* * *

THE famous feud between W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy was purely a gag, invented for publicity purposes. But there is no gag about the feud between Lee Tracy and Baby LeRoy. For some reason, LeRoy took a violent dislike to Lee and he wouldn't work with him. They tried unsuccessfully for entire days before they were able to get one shot of the two of them in "The Lemon Drop Kid."

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S mother felt that Shirley needed a change from Hollywood. She wanted the child to get away from crowds so she took her to Balboa, a California beach town for a week of sea air and solitude. Shirley found some children in the neighborhood to play with and the vacation began well.

Then Shirley wanted to go for a swim. Mrs. Temple put her in the car and started for the beach, leaving the neighborhood children behind. But when Mrs. Temple got to the beach, she turned around and found that the children had run behind, gathering in half the residents of the beach town en route.

As Shirley splashed in the surf, the crowd formed a half circle to gaze on the screen's newest sensation. Shirley was totally unconscious of the mob but her mother became embarrassed as the crowd continued to grow. As Mrs. Temple is trying to keep Shirley ignorant of her popularity, she tried to lure Shirley out of the water. But Shirley wanted to know what the crowd was for. Mrs. Temple said "Oh some one caught a big fish and they are all here to look at it." That was the wrong answer. Shirley wanted to stay and see the fish. Finally Mrs. Temple had to act just like any mother and issue commands that left Shirley bewildered but obedient.

* * *

THE audience at a night performance of Ringling Bros.' circus in Hollywood were astounded at the striking resemblance that two of the horseback riders bore to Chester Morris and Bob Montgomery. They would have been even more amazed had they known that the two beplumed and beplushed paraders were really Chester and Bob. They followed the gilded lady on the gold elephant around the arena. For Montgomery takes his circus seriously. He talked the head clown into permitting him to be shot out of the comedy cannon and was all done up in a clown makeup, white face, red nose and all before the director of the circus stepped in and stopped him. They were afraid that Bob would get hurt. So he ended with merely hurt feelings, instead of other hurts.

* * *

KETTI GALLIAN, the French star isn't very happy in this country. Her picture "Marie Gallante" which she is making for Fox isn't going so good. It has been stopped again for changes and is costing a mint of money. She got so upset one night that she phoned Winnie Sheehan, the producer, who is vacationing in Paris and told him her troubles. She told him ten minutes worth of grief. And it costs fifty dollars for three minutes!

* * *

Florine McKinney and Barry Trivers, writer, have reached the "let's go to luncheon" stage.

* * *

THE late Alec B. Francis, famous and beloved character actor, has made a gesture in death to carry out his lifetime reputation of being a confidant and "father confessor" of Hollywood's younger players.

Some years ago when Mr. Francis appeared with Maurice Murphy, then a boy, in "The Shepherd of the Hills," he took quite a liking to the lad. Maurice, now a leading man, was amazed

The Tingel-Tangel Theatre continues to be a popular diversion for Hollywood stars. So Hyman Fink stopped in during intermission to snap Lee Tracy and his girl friend, Isabel Jewell.

When they gave a dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in honor of Max Reinhardt, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler sat with Fay Wray. Ruby's always on the watch to be sure that Al's quite okay.

At the Fox Wilshire Theatre, Hymie snapped one of the rare and always interesting shots of La Bennett with Gilbert Roland. Nice work, Hymie.

the other day when he was summoned to the Francis home by Mrs. Francis, the former Lady Maitland, and asked to choose any mementoes he wanted.

"Alec asked me to have you do this," Mrs. Francis said.

* * *

THE Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) finally got around to moving the family to the beach very late in the summer. The baby, the dog and the cook were installed at Malibu and Joan issued invitations to a house warming.

The first day was all that it should be. Tennis, swimming and ping pong with prizes for each event. Joan was sure that she would be happy at the beach. Next day Joan was just settled when the ocean paid her a welcoming call. A record sea washed into the house and turned the entire beach into a disturbed Venice. Joan had to call in to Beverly Hills for a car to bring the caravan back to town. For her car in

Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Below, at Mrs. Irving Netcher's home, a baby shower for Clara Bow. At the piano—Gene Austin, Bebe Daniels, Leila Hyams. Standing, the hostess, Clara Bow, Arlene Judge.

the garage was also under water. Joan came back to town and stayed there.

* * *

THE "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" company is housed in a huge tent city up in the hill country behind Hollywood. And as there are no women in this stag town, the evenings are spent thinking up jokes to play the next day.

One morning a telegram was delivered to Charles Lange, the head cameraman. It was from the studio boss and read "Are you slipping? What is that light shadow under Gary Cooper's nose." Lange was worried until he remembered that Gary had grown a moustache for his role in the picture.

* * *

ANITA LOUISE and Tom Brown had exchanged rings during the first days of their romance. Now they have given each other bracelets. Plain gold chains with gold plates at intervals. Tom had engraved on Anita's, the names of the two best pictures in which she played, namely "Du Barry" and "Judge Priest." All Tom got on his was his name.

Evidently Anita feels that his career is still before him.

* * *

ETHEL MERMAN was "Kid Millions" herself. When she finished in the Eddie Cantor picture of that name, she gave a present to every one in the company. Among the dozens of gifts were three platinum watches with bands of diamonds around the sides. These three little remembrances were given to the cameraman, the sound technician and the director. Ain't you sorry you aren't in pictures so you could be recipient of such costly presents?

An interesting group at the party given by Director Mamoulian for Max Reinhardt. Max, Marlene, Rouben and La Sten.

At the home of Carole Lombard this last picture was taken of the late Russ Columbo, with Gordon, and Revel the song writers.

IT is slight news that Norma Shearer, housewife and hard working girl, has gone social.

More fascinating is the background, the motive, the reason for her sudden appearance at all the leading Hollywood festivities. Miss Shearer explains that recently she acquired 24 different outfits, ranging from early afternoon to late evening. She eyed the raiment, suddenly realized that she had no place to wear them.

She accepted the first invitation which came along, thereby surprising a hostess, had a good time and since has been seen in all the best places. One compromise with Irving Thalberg, her husband, was effected. Irving liked to leave the parties late. She liked to leave early. He shaved an hour, she added one, and they go home together.

* * *

OVER at the Astoria Studios in New York, Rowland V. Lee is directing George M. Cohan in the film version of "Gambling," the play written by George M. himself which was a big stage success several years ago.

The picture is produced by an independent, Harold B. Franklin, but it's being done on a grand scale with a cast that includes Dorothy Burgess, Wynne Gibson, and Ted Newton, the promising young lad you've seen in the Arliss pictures and other Warner shows.

Dorothy Burgess told your observer that it was her first chance to play a heroine in a movie—after years of sympathetic parts on the stage, Hollywood made a siren-villainess-oriental out of her. She had to come back to New York to get the kind of part she's always wanted to do!

The famous George M. was asked if he'd ever succumb to Hollywood again. "I'm much too smart, young fellow," was his reply.

WHEN friends asked Claudette Colbert what she wanted for her birthday, she pointed to a gay bracelet on her wrist and asked for trinkets to be attached to it.

One donor offered a miniature telephone with his number graven upon it. Another presented a tiny mirror. But imaginative Preston Sturges, author of "The Power and the Glory," achieved the sublime when he appeared with a golden letter half as large as a postage stamp. On the outside with the aid of a magnifying glass, Claudette discovered her name and address. She lifted the golden flap, withdrew a tiny gold insert, applied the magnifying glass and read:

"Dear Claudette:

> Having seen your pictures, I like you very much and would like to hear from you.
>
> Preston."

* * *

RANDOLPH SCOTT was sitting in his car on location, waiting to be called before the cameras. As he was making a Western, he was wearing a ten gallon hat and a sun tan makeup.

A frayed and battered cowboy came walking down the road, looking at Randy's very smart roadster and said, "Where yu aheadin', pard?" Randy just barely managed a nod in the direction of the company.

The cowboy looked disappointed but said, "South, huh? I was athinkin' if it was North, I would throw in with yu."

* * *

HERE'S a short, short story.

In 1930 Denny Meadows, then a "transport" pilot, was flying a student who "froze on the controls," causing the plane to crash. Meadows, in the hospital for months, was told that because of disabilities he would never be given another license. He became an actor.

He came to Hollywood—and the first role he won was that of an airplane pilot!

* * *

Onslow Stevens and his bride of a month, the socially prominent Phyllis Cooper, who are now living apart, are trying to decide whether to make it an annulment or a divorce.

* * *

WALLY FORD, back in Hollywood after eleven weeks in vaudeville, went into "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" 25 pounds lighter than he was when he went away.

* * *

ON Paul Muni's set there is always a chair with Mrs. Muni's name on it. She is a constant attendant on her husband's set—except when the girls in the cast are

(*Continued on page* 29)

Nobody called... nobody cared

FREE TEST

"until a scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called... nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as $1 or $2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

PARTIES!

Jeanette MacDonald listens appreciatively to Gloria Swanson and Bill Powell, but Bob Richie has eyes only for her. Below (left to right) are Johnnie Clair, the lovely hostess herself, Herbert Marshall and Jeanette again.

Above (right), Bill remembers something else to tell Gloria as she enjoys a smoke with Virginia Bruce and Carey Wilson. Below, Arlene Judge, Claire Trevor, Esther Ralston, Jean and Lois Wilson are back for more food.

JEAN HARLOW'S

MORE CHOICE CHATTER ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

(*Continued from page 27*)

working. On those days she never comes near the studio, explaining it by saying she thinks when the wives of the actors are sitting around, it makes the women in the cast self conscious and interferes with their giving good performances. Wise wife!

* * *

FRANCIS LEDERER has been the subject of much discussion since his arrival in Hollywood. Some say he is conceited and some claim he is merely naïve. Be that as it may, at the testimonial dinner given Max Reinhardt recently, a man paid tribute to Mr. Reinhardt's superlative ability as a director and then concluded his remarks by saying, "Perhaps I shouldn't say 'director' for he is more than that. I think he is the greatest living stage producer."

Mr. Lederer could hardly wait for the man to finish speaking before he leaped to his feet, scrambled over to the microphone and said, "If anyone has any doubt of Mr. Reinhardt's ability as a director, let me say that *I* could never have given the performance I gave as *Romeo* without his direction!"

* * *

BEFORE you read this, the stork will have visited Joan Blondell. And don't think Joan isn't excited over the prospect. She and her mother sit up night after night sewing on "tiny baby things" as Joan laughingly puts it. An entire wing of the house has been redecorated and converted into a suite for the newcomer. There's a sitting room, playroom, bedroom, bath and kitchen.

* * *

THERE is a bit of unintended irony in Will Rogers' latest picture—"Judge Priest."

Two or three years ago Tom Brown and Rochelle Hudson were all in all to each other. Then Anita Louise appeared and ever since then Tom can't sneeze unless Anita sneezes.

The same thing happens in the picture. Rochelle finishes as an also ran while Anita and Tom are talking wedding.

* * *

The latest smartcrack going the rounds of Hollywood is that Buster Crabbe's body has gone to his head.

* * *

PHIL REGAN and Joan Crawford were seen shopping together on the Boulevard the other day. Which may mean much or nothing.

* * *

THAT engagement ring Patricia Ellis is wearing is the real "McCoy." Henry Willson, the agent, gave it to her after he had asked her for a date last month, and she said "Give me a ring tomorrow." Henry did—literally.

IF you saw Alan Hale in "Little Man What Now?" you will get the point of this story. The veteran actor says: "There are three executives at Universal who *still* think I can't play Jachmann."

* * *

JACK OAKIE reports that he saw a "flivver" with an Iowa license streaking down Hollywood boulevard with the following sign printed on the back:

"Abandon all hope, ye who dent 'er here!"

* * *

ONE of two things . . . either Ned Sparks of the gravestone face never acts or else he is acting all the time. For off the screen he is exactly and precisely the same as he is on it. Without a smile, in that flat, metallic voice of his, he'll tell you: "I've made a national figure of the crab."

* * *

SUE CAROL'S absent-mindedness is well known to all her friends. Recently in talking to one of them she asked, "What did you think of my filing suit for divorce?"

"Well," the friend answered, "I thought I must mean an awful lot to you when I had to find it out through the papers."

"I'm sorry," said Sue, "but I've been intending to get it for a long time and kept forgetting about it. So one day I remembered and rushed right down to file the papers and then I was so excited I forgot to tell anybody."

* * *

IT is reported that Spencer Tracy's recent indisposition which held up production on "Marie Galante" for over a week cost him just $30,000. All preparations had been completed to put Edmund Lowe into his part and re-shoot the scenes Spencer was in. Spencer suddenly recovered and begged to be allowed to finish the picture. His request was granted when he agreed to reimburse the studio for the expense to which they had been put by the delay in production.

* * *

HARRIET PARSONS, one of MOVIE MIRROR'S favorite writers and the daughter of the popular Louella, has been promoted to the position of "director" by Columbia. She will revive the old "Screen Snapshots."

Louella tells a story on Harriet that proves Harriet's talent. When the Parsons fille was a little girl, Louella came home one day to find the house filled with flowers. Louella remembered that it was "Mother's Day" and after the appropriate thanks, looked into the matter.

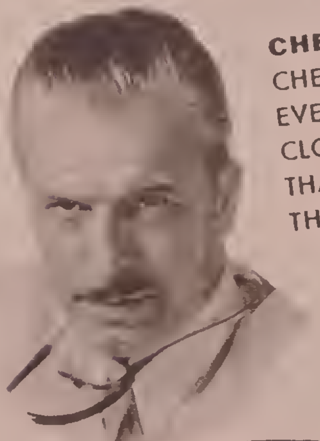
Harriet said, "I got the flowers at the cemetery, Mother." As Louella was about to register another protest, Harriet continued, "But I didn't take them. I hired a little boy to go in and do it. I stood outside the fence and told him which ones to get." That girl Harriet will get along.

SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!

● I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED INTESTINES SO THAT IT DOES A MORE THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT HARMFUL VIOLENCE. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

PARTIES!

If you look closely at those overalls you'll see that this is "Gunder," the Bing Crosby first-born, in the arms of his mother, Dixie Lee. Below, Helen Twelvetrees gets a bite to eat from her son. That's filial love!

Seated on the grass are Arlene Judge (Mrs. Wes Ruggles, to you) and the young hopeful of the Ruggles family, though he doesn't seem interested in the camera as yet. Above at the left is Freddie March's little girl, all dressed up and going places with an all-day-sucker. Sweet?

Darryl Zanuck's small daughter was there all dressed up as a pirate bold, boots and all. And, below, Skeets Gallagher's child takes a squint at Hyman.

HOLLYWOOD BABIES

(*Continued from page 29*)

ONE of the guests at the Ralph Blum's cocktail party asked Sonny Blum what he was going to be when he grew up. While mama Carmel Myers beamed, Sonny said, "I am going to be a lawyer like my father when I grow up."

Little Irving Thalberg who was standing by was also asked if he were going to be big moving picture producer like his father when he grew up. While mama Norma Shearer waited, Irving Jr., said, "Naw, I'm going to be a cowboy and ride bucking horses."

* * *

SINCE Omar Kiam's arrival in Hollywood to design for Sam Goldwyn Productions, his name, as you will imagine, has been the point of many an amusing incident. The pronunciation is identical to the Persian poet's, Omar Khayyam. Prior to this arrival at United Artists, a friend who was anxious to get in touch with him, called the lot. "Omar Kiam!" the switchboard girl gasped, "Man, you've got the wrong number—that guy's been dead for years."

"Not this Omar Kiam," insisted the friend, "When he arrives will you be good enough to ask him to call the Garden of Allah?" The latter is a prominent apartment-hotel, but the phone girl was that confused!

* * *

LOOKS like the theatre is to be blessed with another royal family. Madeline Holmes, sister of Phillips, and son of the famous Taylor, made her stage debut last season opposite her dad in the successful "Big Hearted Herbert." Now Ralph, the "baby" of the family, will make his first stage appearance this coming season with his dad and sister in a popular comedy, yet unannounced.

* * *

BEATRICE LILLIE was in Chicago to see the World's Fair. She went to have her hair done as even Royalty does and was very busy under the curling irons. The wife of one of Chicago's big ham and bacon men came in and asked for the same girl who was fixing Bee. She was told that Miss Lillie was being taken care of but that the girl was almost finished.

The society matron said, "Please tell that actress that Mrs. So and So is waiting.

Miss Lillie sent back word, "Please tell the butcher's wife that Lady Peel is almost through."

* * *

ENA GREGORY and Director Al Rogell are to live in the same house for economical reasons pending their divorce. Ena Rogell protested, saying that there is only one bedroom and bath but Mr. Rogell reminded her that there was a sleeping porch. By court order, they must not interfere with each other. The one bathroom might prove the snag. Does Mr. Rogell sing in the shower? Does Mrs. Rogell put on her face by the wash basin? Does Mr. Rogell dally over his shaving? One can go on and on.

SINCE Cora Sue Collins, child actress, has lent her talents to "Queen Christina," starring Greta Garbo, she has shown a marked interest in Sweden's gift to the shoe industry.

Recently her mother was reading an article about Garbo which stated:

"Miss Garbo is now 28 years old."

Cora Sue, alarmed, remarked:

"Say, if she's that old, she better get herself a fella. If she doesn't look out, she'll end up an old maid."

* * *

POUNDING surf, leasing problems, marital smashes and even death are sending Malibu beach properties to new low levels. While real estate men tear their hair, the word goes out that Lew Cody's beautiful seaside abode brought only $1750, furnishings and all.

When William Seiter, director, bought and furnished his love nest for Laura La Plante, he spent $10,000 for just a few articles of furniture. House, tennis court and furnishings went for $6,500 after they agreed to disagree.

Now Warner Baxter has decided to desert the colony and will be glad to get $2,500 for his lavish home.

And, in the meantime, vagrant tides lick hungrily at front porches and basements are impromptu swimming pools.

* * *

IT looks as if the romance which has been going on for years between B. P. Schulberg and his protegée, Sylvia Sidney, has gone phfft!

Schulberg is seen with Ida Lupino and Gertrude Michal, and Sylvia is seeing people she never was seen with before.

* * *

JOTTINGS:

Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, are off for a six-weeks' vacation in Mexico City, which is Dolores' home town.

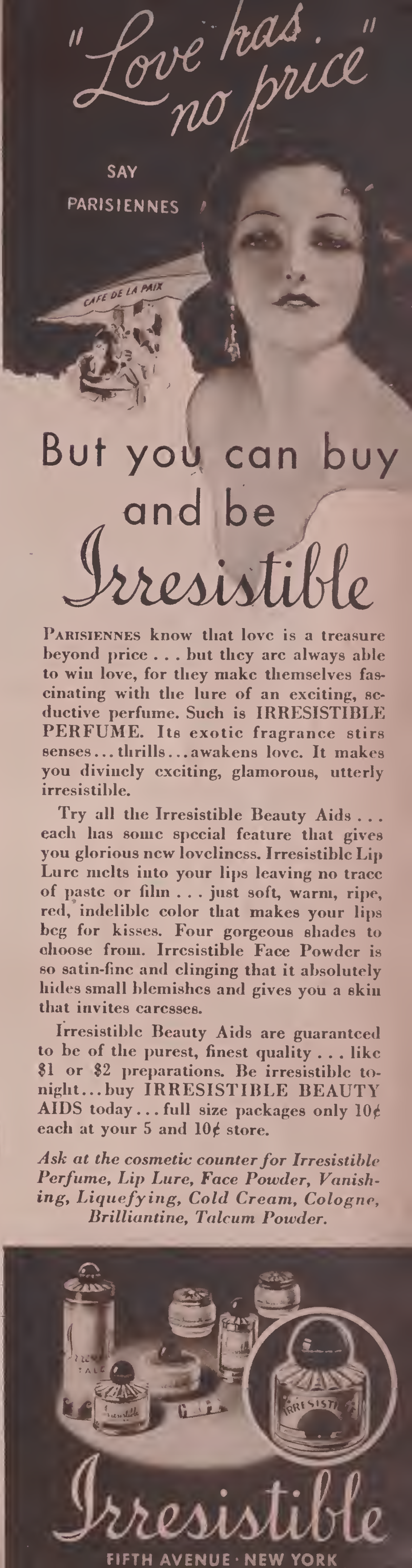
Throaty-voiced Helen Morgan, Hollywood in-and-outer, is clicking at last with roles opposite Al Jolson and Rudy Vallee all lined up for herself.

Chief secretary for Cecil B. DeMille sleeps with a notebook at her side, is wakened by terrific inspirations and jots them down for the Bathtub King to see the next morning.

May Robson is starting "The Portrait of Laura Bayles" on the exact date of the fifty-first anniversary of her appearance on the stage.

Gary Cooper has been getting in some early morning hunting with Guy Standing (he's a British knight) while on location at Malibu Lake on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

"And, just in case you're interested, Bing Crosby's latest purchase is a fiddle-backed chair, which ought to prove he is musical no end.



"Love has no price" SAY PARISIENNES

CAFE DE LA PAIX

But you can buy and be Irresistible

PARISIENNES know that love is a treasure beyond price . . . but they are always able to win love, for they make themselves fascinating with the lure of an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Its exotic fragrance stirs senses . . . thrills . . . awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film . . . just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of the purest, finest quality . . . like $1 or $2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight . . . buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today . . . full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Ask at the cosmetic counter for Irresistible Perfume, Lip Lure, Face Powder, Vanishing, Liquefying, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder.

Irresistible

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRERES
HAT BY LILY DACHE
INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE
JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.

All hers!

..yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

The SMARTEST GIRL in HOLLYWOOD

"*I WON'T do it—I'll sit home and knit!*"

This is Claudette Colbert's battle cry. It is born of her all-fired independence. Her courage. And her happy faculty for living every day as it comes along. Claudette gets a terrific kick from living according to her own lights, from behaving in accordance with her own standards. And she's never been willing to give up this kick by compromising.

In the sport world they speak of people who do what they're told when they're told as being pushed around. Well, Claudette Colbert never would submit to being pushed around. There you have it.

There are plenty of girls in Hollywood more beautiful than Claudette. There are girls who are equally good actresses. But there is no one more individual. It is this which gives her a terrific edge.

Today, I grant you, it doesn't take any tremendous degree of courage for Claudette to take a stand and hold it. She pulls at the box-office, and the producers need her. But this was not the case ten years ago, or even three years ago.

"I often wonder," Claudette says, looking backwards, where my confidence came from. I haven't naturally any great assurance. But I've always felt I'd be able to manage, that everything would work out all right."

Goodness knows everything has. Which must be something of a surprise to all those wiseacres who shook lugubrious heads over Claudette as a motion picture actress.

"She'll never make the grade," they croaked. "Not in pictures. She's too independent. She won't play the game. She's difficult. She has notions."

That battle cry of "I won't do it—I'll sit home and knit!" might have landed Claudette and her mother and her aunt and her grandmother in the poorhouse. But it didn't. Instead it has brought all of them, except her grandmother (who died while Claudette was still struggling) to a lovely home in the California hills and the luxurious comfort of peaceful, secure days.

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If people tell her to do something she doesn't want to do, Claudette cries: "I won't do it. I'll sit home and knit!"

“It’s

A boost for the people who’ve taken it on the chin from poverty at one time or another

By DELIA ORMISTON

“IT’S grand to be poor!” says Jimmy Cagney. “To be poor’s an advantage, not a handicap.”

This from Jimmy who almost all his life has lived in poverty, a horrible, desperate kind of poverty. Who’s eaten cheap food without any flavor and counted the day lucky he had even this much. Who’s felt the bleakness of winter cut through the thin stuff of his coat. Who’s seen fear and despair crawl into the eyes of the two women he loves—his mother and his wife—when he’s come home without a job. Who’s listened to a dog whimper from hunger. His dog.

And he wasn’t kidding, although he often does. He was very serious.

“If you’ve never been poor,” he said, “you’re automatically a stranger to more than half the men and women in the world. You’re cut off from them because you can’t understand them. You have no idea why they’re hard as nails where they’re hard and soft as fools where they’re soft.”

He tilted back his chair against his desk. We were in his workman-like dressing-room on the Warner Brothers’ lot. He snapped his brown suspender against his tan shirt, as if for emphasis. He’d just returned from a cruise aboard his sixty-eight-foot schooner and his hair and little mustache were burned from the sun and brine.

And when he tilted his chair back I had to listen carefully in order to catch everything he said for he speaks in a very low voice and runs his words together quickly. The way you’ve heard him do it on the screen.

“It’s hard for me to talk about things,” Jimmy complained, “because nothing’s black to me and nothing’s white. Immediately I say to you ‘It’s grand to be poor!’ I want to take it back, I want to qualify. I begin to think of some of the fellows I knew when I was a kid. Fellows who’re still poor. Fellows who’ll never be able to work out of it. It’s not so swell for them. And I know it.

“Let me put it this way: it’s grand to have been poor. Because poverty’s an experience bound to give you an edge as a human being.

“The other night a couple of friends and I were up on deck smoking and talking in the dark. We got to being pretty honest, the way you do sometimes. We got to talking about some guys we knew for whom we all were agreed we’d go a long way. Well, every one of those guys had been poor. And,

Grand to be POOR"

says Jimmy Cagney

analyzing them, we decided this was what had helped make them the hundred percenters they were.

"That started us thinking. We considered other friends. And we discovered that, with one lonely exception, all the men and women who got our vote for being topnotch were those who had taken it on the chin at one time or another.

"Then, for the first time, I understood what an old biology prof I'd had in High had meant the day he stood up before the class and asked how many of us had to work after school. About half of us raised our hands.

"'You're lucky,' he told us, tears in his eyes. 'Very lucky. But you probably don't know it!'

"He had a son he was putting through college who was always writing him asking for money. And, I'm sure now, that old prof had a strong feeling his boy for whom he'd wanted to do the right thing was establishing an entirely false set of values, becoming more and more a stranger to more and more people. Because, surfeited and protected, he wasn't touching life at enough points to acquire any fellowship with the greatest number of people."

At this time Jimmy well might have been puzzled by his professor insisting he was lucky that he had to work. Jimmy was having a bad time in his attempt to be efficient on his job and in the class-room too. He was working as a bell-hop. He went on at five o'clock

(*Continued on page 93*)

The years of poverty he and his wife, "Bill," had together taught him to admire her as well as love her. He tells why.

What May Robson

Through hard work, mistakes, failure and success, this grand lady has snatched inspiring lessons from life!

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

THE youngest woman I know is a great grandmother.

For the youngest woman I know is May Robson.

She is sixty years old. But her step is quick and eager. She never is ill. It is only at the Hollywood Bowl concerts that she ever wears glasses.

"I hated holding up opera glasses all the time," she says, "so I had my oculist make me a pair I could wear on my nose."

It isn't, however, these tangible, physical things which make Miss Robson much the youngest person I've ever known. It is, rather, her spirit. And her enthusiasm for living.

May Robson might, so very easily, have turned old even before she was twenty. More than old. Bitter and sour to boot. She might, again so very easily, have given up completely, thrown herself upon the decent Episcopal bosom of her English family of clergymen and barristers and timid gentlewomen and spent all the rest of her days with lamentations and smelling salts. And actually have had no life at all.

It was over forty years ago that May Robson, home from school on a holiday, braids down her straight young back and a bright perky bow on top of her smoothly brushed head, eloped. Life spun around a fair young English boy who lived down the road and she simply couldn't believe it wouldn't be like that always.

Too soon she discovered how quickly emotions can shift. Too soon she had to admit that her marriage was a mistake. It wasn't that there no longer was the same young madness. It was much more serious than that. It was something insurmountable that made it impossible for her to go on.

"My marriage was a mistake, yes," May Robson grants in her soft, gentle voice, "but not a misfortune. For it gave me my son. My grandson. And now my great granddaughter.

"Besides it forced me to get out and find work to do. And I might never have known enough to do this if I hadn't had to."

We were sitting on the sidelines during the filming of her new picture in which she plays a wicked old gambler and by some histrionic magic manages to seem her part. She took off her pretty purple hat and patted down the wave in her white hair. Her blue eyes brightened.

"If I've learned anything at all in sixty years," she told me, "it is to be thankful for work and to know work for a blessing. The first thing I pray that those I love may find

has Learned in SIXTY YEARS

is work to do, the right and most suitable work for them.

"A life spent in uncongenial work would be frightful. But I believe, most sincerely, that there is some work to which every individual is suited. If only he or she will make whatever sacrifice need be made to find this work."

For forty or more years now May Robson has worked. She used to pretend the orders she solicited for china painting were for a friend because she was so young that she was afraid no one would trust her with the plates and the cups and saucers which were to be painted with bow knots and pale flowers.

"Besides keeping us up and doing," Miss Robson went on, "work leads to other interests. Without it no life is complete. And when trouble comes, as it is certain to sometime or other, work is an unfailing panacea. I know."

She knows indeed. As she proved years ago by the poem she had published in the New York *Sun*. She had put her marriage behind her and she was alone in America with her baby son to support when she became inspired and wrote:

When your heart cries out
In its dire distress
For the peace that has winged away
Do you think that your sorrow
Will grow less
If watered by tears each day?
One solace God sends
For that haunting pain
Of this heartease would you partake?
Then WORK!
Garner in the sheaves of your brain
And your heart will forget its ache!

Never, you see, has May Robson sat down, her head in her hands, to moan. Always she's stood up to things. Always she's drunk deeply of the moment in which she was living. Always she has been aware that it is the person who manages to keep his chin up

(*Continued on page 76*)

She came all the way east to be present at the christening of Virginia May Robson, her great granddaughter. The pictures below, left to right, beginning on other page: 1. In "A Rich Widow." 2. She loves cones! 3. In "The Doctor." 4. "Lady For a Day." 5. In her latest, "Straight Is the Way." 6. A grand portrait.

They lead "charmed" lives, you say. They have "all the luck!" Don't be too sure till you've read these poignant revelations of some stars' hidden tragedies

SECRET

"LOOK at So and So. Why, he's the luckiest fellow in the world. He's got looks, talent, a genius for making friends, more money than he can use, and work he's crazy about. *How I'd like to change places with him!*"

How many times have you heard such remarks from people who are dissatisfied with the cards life is dealing out to them—and particularly in reference to the so-called "charmed" lives of Hollywood stars?

Honestly, you'd think—to hear these fellows talk—that misfortunes which come to Mr. and Mrs. Average Man never brush the fingertips of those fortunate "children of the sun."

But the law of compensation works as systematically in Hollywood as elsewhere. Sometimes it even works overtime. Not only in the matter of smashed marriages, kidnapping, blackmail threats, malicious gossip and lack of privacy. You know all about those! But do you know about those other less sensational, *unrecorded* secret tragedies?

Would you be shocked if you learned that the slightly mournful-yearning look of Gary Cooper which makes him so appealing to feminine fans is not a happy accident of birth, but the result of a terrible automobile accident when he was still an under-graduate at Grinnell College, Iowa? Gary developed an ailment after that crash which gave him months of ceaseless agony, and engraved deep lines of suffering on his romantically gaunt face—lines which can never be erased, even though Gary is a well man today.

IF physical suffering helped make Gary Cooper a more thrilling screen personality, mental agony did much the same thing for Grace Moore, the girl of singing fame. Ever since the little girl leader of the Baptist Young People's Union had heard Mary Garden sing in Nashville, Tennessee, she knew that she really didn't want to become a missionary and live in China, but that the one thing she desired more than anything in the world was to become an operatic star like the glamorous Garden. And because her family thought this not quite the right ambition for the daughter of a well-to-do Southern banker and a pillar of the church, little Gracie took matters in her own hands and ran away to New York.

She could sing "Lindy Lou" with a rich, caressing "yo'-all" drawl, and so they let her sing it night after night at the Black Cat Restaurant in Greenwich Village in New York. In the daytime she spent endless hours practising arduous vocal gymnastics, and in between times trudging from one theatrical agency to another.

By and by this determined Tennessee missy with the thrilling mocking-bird voice began to be noticed by such people as Charles Dillingham, the producer. He recognized her possibilities and particularly the endearing charm of that decided Southern accent, and advised her to get an understudy's job. She did—to Julia Sanderson in Raymond

by Hilary Lynn

SORROWS of the Stars

On the other page, Walt Disney and his wife who suffered for years the curse of childlessness. And Isabel Jewell with her father and mother over whom the cloud of his blindness hovers. Below, Grace Moore, who knew loneliness in solitary seclusion, which even prohibited talking! Right, Gary Cooper, the lines in whose forehead have an unexpected significance.

Hitchcock's play "Hitchy-Koo."

On a certain Thanksgiving night in 1922 her chance came. She sang with a fervor and golden charm which startled both audiences and critics. After the performance, she drifted home in a bank of orchid clouds, sure that her goal had been reached.

And then it happened. Without warning, she noticed one day in her practising that she couldn't reach certain notes. Her trills sounded hoarse and broken. The next day, her voice was thick, husky and unmusical. The third day it was gone. She found it difficult to speak beyond a whisper.

Terror-stricken, she asked advice of her friends. "There's one man in New York who may be able to help you," they said. "His name is

Mario Marafiotti; he's a famous voice teacher and throat specialist. Better go to him."

With fear gnawing at her heart, she visited the opulent offices of the great Marafiotti. And sat in them for three days in succession waiting until he could spare a moment for "a little nonentity."

Finally she was ushered into the inner sanctum and after five minutes conversation and examination was told that musical comedies and the wrong kind of instruction had coarsened and strained her voice to the breaking point.

Tremulously she asked, "Is there nothing to be done?"

And sternly he answered, "Yes, just one thing. You must go into solitary confinement for six months. And when I say *solitary* I mean just that. No companions—no distraction—and no conversation with any one! Only complete relaxation may help you. We can tell more after six months!"

There is a little island in the St. Lawrence River—a tiny little island utterly deserted except for one lonely cottage and garden, and there it was that Grace Moore went, accompanied only by a housekeeper. She promised Dr. Marafiotti she would write out—not speak—her instructions to the woman. And there she stayed for six months—utterly alone. Spending her days hiking, reading and writing letters, and wondering grimly what the ultimatum would be in six months. During that terrible period, the vivacious, sociable Southern girl learned—first in bitter rebellion—then in resignation—to do without any human contact.

It was a terrific ordeal. Even when she speaks of it now, she trembles slightly and her face grows white and strained. But fortunately, the cure worked. On her return to civilization, she was immediately given the lead in Irving Berlin's Music Box Review—'23, '24, and '25. And then went abroad to study for opera. Returned, was given an audition at the Metropolitan. Failed.

But she had learned how to wait. Calmly she made a wager that within two years she would be singing on the Metropolitan stage. In less time, actually, she was making her debut in "La Boheme" to an ovation that thundered through the reaches of Manhattan—while Otto Kahn acclaimed her the greatest personality in opera since Rosa Ponselle. No small tribute from Kahn the connoisseur!

Hard-boiled Vic MacLaglen! Oh yeah? Read about the influence his brother Fred whom he idolized, and Fred's death had on him.

Below, Freddie March with the Mrs. Now they travel for pleasure—but there was a time when a trip had a much more sinister import.

You know the rest. It reads like a modern fable about "one of our little girls made it." International prima donna—radio entertainer—motion picture celebrity—musical comedy star—and general charmer.

And yet perhaps if Grace Moore had not had that devastating experience of loneliness on that little island in the St. Lawrence she might never have emerged the full-fledged artist she is today.

THEN there's the case of that man whom Charlie Chaplin most admires in Hollywood—of whose gay, fantastic genius he speaks so extravagantly. This man who craved a child of his own above everything else in life, was denied the blessing of fatherhood.

It's touching—and ironical, too—that Walt Disney had to compensate for this loss by creating his own dream children: Mickie and Minnie Mouse—and the grand, mad creatures of the Silly Symphonies.

Walt never discussed his disappointment, yet there was a certain wistfulness about him which spoke more eloquently than words of the secret sorrow of his life. Only his very close friends knew how Walt (*Continued on page* 84)

DICK ARLEN

under the microscope of Dick Mook

THE motion picture industry was really rocked yesterday when a line in the paper announced that Richard Arlen and Paramount have parted company. Dick has been under contract to that company for eleven years and seemed as much a part of Paramount as the mountain on their ads. Usually when a player announces he wants to free-lance it means that the studio doesn't want him under contract any more.

In Dick's case, he really asked for a release. I know because I happened to be present at the conference when his agent said to him, "I think we'd better try to get you out of this contract. If you stay there another year, playing the kind of parts you've been playing, you'll be so dead at the box-office a miracle couldn't resurrect you. As a free-lance I can get you good parts and we'll make you a lot of money. We won't sign another contract with a studio—at least not for more than two pictures—and we'll stipulate that we're to have the privilege of okaying the parts."

And that's how it is. There are a number of good parts in the offing for Dick, but as papers have not yet been signed I'm not quite at liberty to tell you anything about them.

Dick has been billed as "the typical American" and the devoted husband for so long I doubt that most people have any idea of what he is really like—other than that he plays a good game of golf, has no bad habits—at least not many and not very—and that he sleeps at home nights.

The facets and complexities of Dick's disposition are a never-failing source of wonder—and amusement—to me. He may be sunk in the depths of the blues—a total loss to everyone around him—for the time being. But let a stranger appear on the scene and it is as though someone had injected a few volts of electricity into him. Dick, more than any star I know, really enjoys meeting strangers. Nor do I know of any other star who listens with as rapt and well-simulated interest to them. Of course, after a time—a short time—it's their turn to listen, and all Dick needs is an audience.

He will sit up all night if he has anyone to talk to. Jack Oakie suffers from the same failing. Once when we were all on Dick's boat I turned in

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Beautiful Romance

# of ANN SOTHERN

by Adele Whitely Fletcher

THEY'LL tell you Ann Sothern is Harriet Lake, that she is the same girl who was in Hollywood before with a different name. That really isn't true. Three years ago Ann Sothern was Harriet Lake. Yes. But she isn't the same girl today at all.

She couldn't be.

In the intervening years many things have happened to Ann. Things that were good for her in some ways and bad for her in others. Things that changed her without a doubt. In those years she tasted failure. And from it managed somehow to extract enough courage to start all over again. In those years she knew heartache. And through it came to love more deeply. The way gentle women will.

I lunched with Ann one day not long ago at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Lunch here with any motion picture personality and you gain a complete and comprehensive idea of how and where they stand in the film colony.

Immediately Ann was ushered to one of the best tables. The waitress literally hovered over us, emptying our ash-tray, keeping fresh ice jingling in our glasses, suggesting the specialties of the house and the day.

The motion picture people who passed our table marked Ann there. With a gay greeting if they had met her. By turning for a second glance if they hadn't.

The manager came to the door with us when we left. To hold it wide. To beam upon Ann. To compliment her on her latest picture.

All of which proves, conclusively, that Ann is, most decidedly, an up and coming young star.

She would have been so ecstatically happy if all this had happened when she first stormed Hollywood years ago. Today it pleases her and encourages her. But she isn't ecstatically happy. She couldn't be. Because she no longer allows herself to count on anything not well within her grasp. And she no longer permits herself to hope for too much. She is guarding herself against such hurt as she suffered before. She trusts the years ahead are bright. She is working hard so that they may be. But she lives only in the present. And right now, it so happens, there is loneliness within her heart.

"How," she asks, "can people believe themselves the masters of their fate? How? That's such an arrogant thing to think or say. It ignores, for one thing, the way emotions can suddenly rise up to alienate us from this and bind us to that, turn us around and change the pattern of our lives entirely."

She was, I felt, thinking of her romance. Undoubtedly in the last two years there have been times when she would have ended this romance had it been within her strength to do it. Had it been within the boy's strength to cooperate with her towards this end.

But let us go back to the time when she was Harriet Lake and left Hollywood. So that, rehearsing all she faced in the intervening years, we can see how ridiculous it is to say that she is the same girl today.

It was, as you probably know, Florenz Ziegfeld who asked her to leave pictures and join a revue he was putting on in New York. She was delighted to do this. Pictures appeared to offer her nothing. She was under contract at two hundred and fifty dollars a week. But for the best part of a year she had been used in only one picture. It seemed most unlikely that her option would be taken up and she was hopelessly discouraged.

She asked for her release and was given it. Turning East she hoped fervently that she never would put foot into a movie studio again.

She opened in the Ziegfeld show. With a fairly good part. But every night more of her numbers were cut. Until there was nothing left for her to do. At the end of two weeks they let her go.

"It was pretty frightful," she told me that day at luncheon. "It was such a come-down. I'd started out so splendidly. I'd been so proud that I hadn't had to serve a long, humble apprenticeship.

"That, of course, was where my trouble lay. But I didn't have sense enough to know it.

"I used to lie on my bed for hours at a time staring into space, seeing myself a complete flop both in pictures and on the stage."

SHE was, however, only eighteen. And Eighteen doesn't bow its head to failure for long. Ann didn't anyhow. She may have soft blue eyes but her gaze is level. She may have a pretty little chin but she keeps it up. She isn't the soft, helpless little thing she seems.

Besides Ann couldn't afford to quit. Immediately she had begun to earn money in the movies she had undertaken to support several people. And now these people were her responsibilities. Her boon too. For they made it impossible for her to waste time or energy in self-pity. Their need forced her to dry her eyes and go out and hunt another job.

She was engaged at last for the road company of "Of Thee I Sing." To play the part in which Lois Moran was endearing herself to New York audiences.

While on the road she met a boy. It was at a party that they were introduced. And in that moment Ann's whole future changed.

"How do you do," she said. Calmly. Although her heart beat hard.

"How do you do," he said. Less calmly. Because her eyes were so blue and her red mouth went curving. And because men aren't naturally the clever actresses that women are.

That was all. But that was everything. Immediately they found themselves with thousands of things it seemed terribly important they tell each other. In the second he talked about football it became the most fascinating, the most exciting, the most interesting thing in the whole world. And when she shook back her soft hair and laughed there was happiness in his heart again although he had believed this sort of thing was over for him forever.

(Continued on page 87)

We can't tell you the name of the man yet but we can tell you how the love came about and what it means to this budding, promising new star

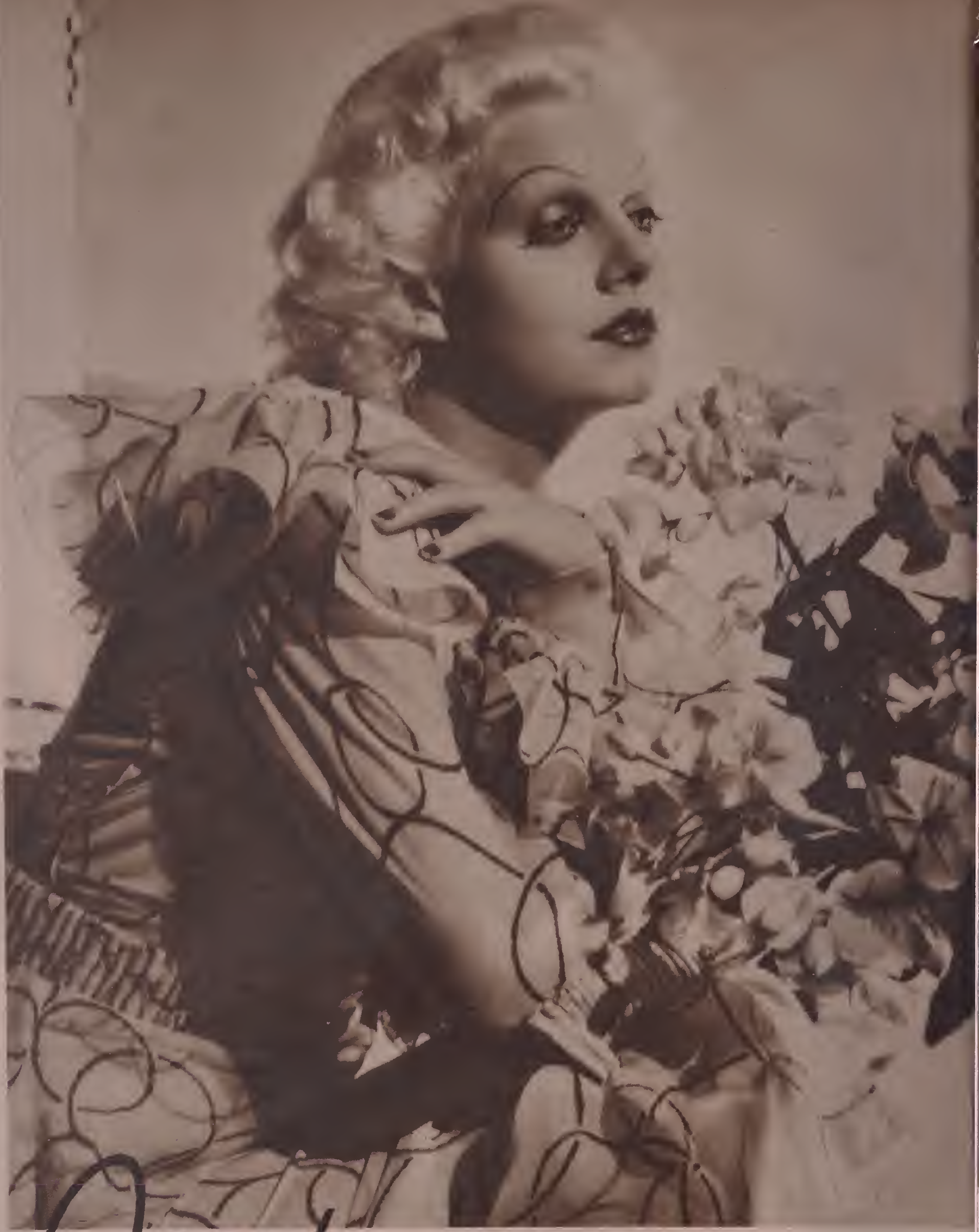
TOM BROWN

Here's a husky young lad who's going places fast. His newest assignment is the leading rôle opposite the Anne Shirley who was once Dawn O'Day, in "Anne of Green Gables," the famous childhood classic.

GLORIA STUART

From Berkeley's Little Theatre and Pasadena's Playhouse to important roles for Universal is the route to stardom she is travelling. And she's equally at home in a musical romance or a Cagney-O'Brien comedy.

●



Jean Harlow

This lovely portrait of one of the world's most famous blondes shows the M-G-M star in a thoughtful mood. Her new picture, the first since "The Girl from Missouri," will be "China Seas."

Nancy Carroll

After a much-too-long absence from the screen, Nancy has just finished work in United Artists' "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round"—and signed a nice contract with Columbia for several pictures.

How to MEET a Movie STAR

Sometimes tragic, sometimes humorous are the tricks and strategies which eager fans use to get close to their favorite motion picture stars

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

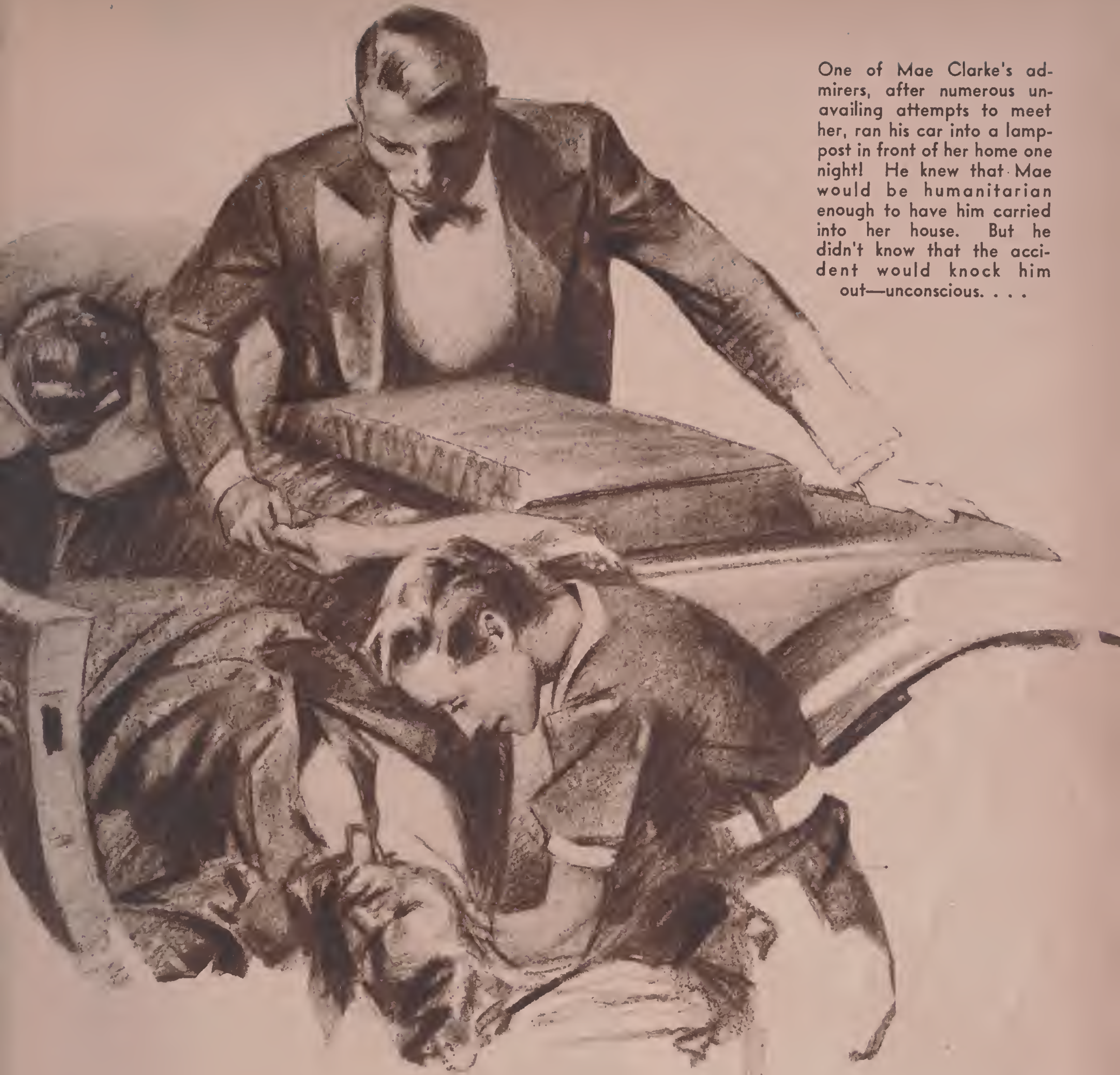
THEY are absolutely without end, the ingenious subterfuges fans cook up to meet their favorite motion picture stars. No allurement on earth seems to inspire clever schemes so much as this modern, Twentieth Century worship of celebrities . . . and there isn't a star but what has undergone some novel experience.

Whether they're at the studio, at home, on location, or on the road, scarcely a day passes that someone doesn't attempt to intrude on the stars' privacy. Both pitiful and humorous are many of the reasons advanced for this craving to meet the Hollywood great, and not infrequently a note of tragedy creeps into the means employed by the fan.

There was the young lady of wealth who came all the way from the Middle West for the express purpose of talking to Greta Garbo. For weeks, she dogged her footsteps, sought to corner her in her hotel, tried to stop her as she left the studio. Finally, as a last resort, she threw herself across the road in front of the Swedish star's limousine, hoping her favorite would take pity upon her and maybe speak to her.

Mae Clarke probably holds the record for being the object of downright suicidal devotion. One of her admirers, after numerous unavailing attempts to meet her, ran his car into a lamp-post in front of her home one night! Mae, with her family, rushed out and carried the stunned young man into the house for first-aid treatment. When the victim regained consciousness and saw his "dream girl" standing beside him, he smiled wanly, said he was glad to meet her at last . . . and would she please go out to dinner with him! Sounds phoney? Yet, it actually occurred.

DURING one of Mary Pickford's periodical visits to New York, before she and Douglas Fairbanks decided to call it a day, a man called her apartment on the phone, by some hook or crook managed to get Doug on the wire and asked if Miss Pickford would see him. He declared he was a blind man, and all in the world he wanted was the star's autograph in his book. He had been blind for many years and it would mean a great deal if he could merely stand in her



One of Mae Clarke's admirers, after numerous unavailing attempts to meet her, ran his car into a lamppost in front of her home one night! He knew that Mae would be humanitarian enough to have him carried into her house. But he didn't know that the accident would knock him out—unconscious. . . .

presence and hear her speak to him for a few moments.

The request appeared so genuine that Miss Pickford's heart was touched. She invited the man to her suite, and when he arrived, walking with a cane, hands outstretched, she guided him to a chair and both she and Fairbanks added their names to his autograph book. The visitor was so obviously a man of breeding that they invited him to stay a while.

As he was taking his leave, he suddenly turned his back, then, wheeling, faced them again. The film over his eyes had disappeared . . . he could see as well as his hosts! Before the astonished couple could utter a word, he broke into a hasty explanation of his action. He was an actor, unable to get a break either in New York or Hollywood, and he had taken this chance of being "discovered" by the star. If he could convince her he really could act, she might do something for him. The worst that could happen to him was eviction, and he had depended upon her sense of humor and the fact that she might be impressed. He had used the albumen from an egg to coat his eye balls, which gave the appearance of blindness.

What may never happen again came to pass. . . . Miss Pickford *was* impressed by his acting, and she *was* casting, that very moment, for her next picture. *And,* there was the role of a blind man to be filled. So perfect had he simulated blindness that she gave him the part! One of those breaks in a million.

UP until recently, Joan Crawford was in the habit of taking a morning bicycle ride near her home at 6:30 A.M. At first, she rode alone. Then, she noticed, without sensing anything unusual, that a girl was following her each day. To make a long story short—one morning, nine girls on bicycles came around a corner (*Continued on page* 74)

The Cast

John Prentice	WILLIAM POWELL
Evelyn Prentice	MYRNA LOY
Amy	Una Merkel
Chester	Henry Wadsworth
Larry Kennard	Harvey Stephens
Judith Wilson	Isabel Jewell
Nancy Harrison	Rosalind Russell
Delaney	Eddie Brophy
Dorothy	Cora Sue Collins
Mrs. Drake	Jessie Ralph

EVELYN PRENTICE was glad to be home again. Now that she had returned, having run away at all seemed a little silly.

"You may unpack my bags later," she said to the maid. Taking off her coat and hat, she sank into the comfortable chaise longue and laughed to herself. Evelyn had a sense of humor and her recent escapade was beginning to strike her funny.

Here she was, a married woman with a child. No, she would be quite accurate—— a happily married woman with a darling child, and she had actually gone in for a Greenwich Village poet, and taken her feeling for him seriously enough to leave town to avoid seeing him. But now she knew how deeply she was in love with her husband.

If only she didn't get so bored and restless when her John was deep in a case and there were days at a time when she scarcely saw him. Recently, he had been working so hard getting Nancy Harrison off in that nasty manslaughter suit, he'd even failed to show up for Amy's dinner party. Amy, their house guest!

They had had a little tiff over it and it was that very night she had met Larry Kennard. Then John had to go to Boston on another of his interminable cases, and it was rather fun letting Larry pursue her.

On the table beside her was the book of his poems he had sent her. He had inscribed it romantically: "To Mona Lisa." Evelyn grinned at the recollection and wondered if John had seen it, and laughed aloud at the thought of the way he would tease her about it if he had. She rather hoped he hadn't. She had done nothing to be ashamed of, but it was all so silly, especially her panicky flight to the country for the weekend. Now, when Larry called up, as he was sure to do, she would put him off with just the right, light touch, and continue to evade him till he got tired of it.

WHEN he did call, later that afternoon, she had to be quite firm because, to her surprise, he was bold enough to suggest her visiting his apartment.

"I'm sorry to seem stupid and old-fashioned . . ." she was saying to him, when Amy came into the room dangling a little

She knew how deeply she was in love with her husband.

EVELYN

Fictionized by
DOROTHY EMERSON

The thrilling story of the film which stars the smooth team of "The Thin Man"—Myrna Loy and William Powell

From the novel of W. E. Woodward
Screen play by Howard Rogers.
It's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

If only she wasn't so bored when he was deep in a legal case.

PRENTICE

package tantalizingly. "Open it!" Evelyn whispered to her, and then, into the telephone: " . . . but I'm really not in the habit of going to men's apartments even for tea."

Her eyes were on Amy who was taking from the box a beautifully jewelled wristwatch. Evelyn reached for it eagerly. Amy glanced at the enclosed card and read out: "'From the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.' *That's* funny."

Evelyn was listening to Larry's impassioned pleas, but she took the card and turning it over, read:

> Dear Mrs. Prentice: We are happy to be able to return the wrist-watch you left in the drawing room of our Boston express last night. Any time we can be of service to you or Mr. Prentice, please command us.
>
> Sincerely,
> THE MANAGER.

The receiver dropped from her hand, and she stared from the card to the watch. She turned the watch over and read an inscription: "For Nancy with love. J. P."

Taking the situation in at a glance, Amy picked up the receiver and said briskly to the man at the other end: "Sorry you were cut short. Mrs. Prentice's little girl fell and hurt herself. Yes. Later."

Amy hung up slowly and said, half aloud: "Nancy—Nancy Harrison."

"That woman! Tell me truthfully. There has been talk. Everyone knew and nobody told me."

"Evelyn darling! I was only guessing," Amy began, but Evelyn broke in: "Don't lie to me. When something is true, you know it without knowing it. It rings a bell. I know John was with her in Boston. And *I* ran away because I was afraid I might do something foolish! Because I loved my husband. Wasn't I naïve?"

SHE was laughing and crying at the same time as she stuffed the watch back in the box. "Here. Take this and return it to Nancy Harrison with my compliments."

"Evelyn! Are you sure you want me to do that? I think it's a mistake."

"John made his mistake first." She thrust the box at her friend.

"All right." Amy's acquaintance was

grudging, but she went to do Evelyn's bidding.

Evelyn stood quite still for a long moment, still sobbing a little. She was hurt, but she was angry too. What was the use of being such a Puritan about Larry when John could do a thing like this!

Half an hour later, she was in Larry's apartment drinking tea with him. But somehow, her revenge on John wasn't giving her the keen pleasure she had anticipated.

Larry wasn't amusing her either. At the Plaza, walking in the Park, going to concerts with her, he had seemed very charming. Now, Evelyn looked critically around his apartment and saw it was tawdry and a bit cheap, with pseudo-oriental bronzes and other clap-trap. It was none too clean either. Twice in the first half hour of her call, girls had rung him up. She could hear their high, strident voices protesting when he hung up on them.

She realized with a growing dismay that Larry fitted into it quite naturally. What had seemed sensitive and interesting in him, showed up here as weak and affected. When he began to talk about John, she knew she wanted to leave. In a first burst of indignation, she had told him the story of the watch, and he was making sneering comments.

"Sorry, Larry. It's no go," she said. "I can't make my husband a fool."

"What's he made you?" the man said vindictively.

"That's different. After all, his was all part of his job. *I* came looking for it. He defended Mrs. Harrison, saved her from prison. She must have been terribly grateful." As she talked, the situation began to clear for her, the hurt died down and the indignation melted. "She is attractive too. I can see quite clearly how it must have happened. Yes."

She turned to the nonplussed young man. "I want to thank you, Larry. If you hadn't spoken as you did . . . You've done me a great kindness."

"Talk sense," Larry said sharply.

She smiled frankly at him. "I am talking sense. I owe you an apology, I know. It's been my fault." She put out her hand and he wilfully disregarded it.

"You're not going to walk out on me like this. You'll come back."

"No, I think not. I lost my head for a little while today. Oh, I'm not excusing myself. Besides, there isn't only my husband to think of."

HIS stare was coldly calculating. "Aren't you remembering all this a bit late?"

"Yes, and I'm very ashamed and humble. It's good-by, Larry."

There was something in his face, and in his voice that made her catch her breath a little. "No," he grated. "You're not going to lose me so easily. We're not saying good-by."

"I don't know what *you're* saying, Larry, but I'm saying it. Right now."

She had reached the door and closed it behind her, before he could realize what she intended. As she fled toward Fifth Avenue, she told herself she would never see the dingy street again. Evelyn was more shaken than she cared to admit. Something ugly had brushed her, an ugliness new to her sheltered life, and she was afraid.

She wanted to run to John, but acknowledged it was part of her punishment that this trouble she could never take to him. At dinner that night, she scarcely followed the conversation, till she realized he was talking about a trip to Europe.

"All of us?" Dorothy, their baby daughter, piped up.

"All of us!" her father repeated. The look he gave Evelyn across the flowers was half pleading, half quizzical. In that moment, Evelyn Prentice knew how deep was the love between them.

SUDDENLY, completely, everything cleared for her and it came in a flash that Amy had gone to John with the wrist-watch instead of taking it to Nancy Harrison. It was just what Amy would do, good friend that she was, to the both of them. And this trip was his unspoken assurance to her that the episode was closed. Now she would write to Larry and make him see her point of view. It would be all right.

Evelyn wrote her letter, but it was not all right. It was all wrong. Quite how desperately wrong it was, she didn't know, till she found herself in that dreadful apartment she had thought never to see again. Larry saw the announcement of their departure for Europe.

"Listen baby," his voice had come to her over the telephone with incredible implications. "Before you take any boats for anywhere, you'd better come down and see me. And I don't mean maybe."

Now she was here, and her dazed ears were telling her that the incredible implications were true. Larry was asking fifteen thousand dollars to return to her the three letters she had written him.

"But where am I going to get fifteen thousand dollars?" she said dully.

Larry lit a cigarette, flicked out the match and answered her easily: "From your husband."

"This is blackmail!" she stumbled over the word.

He was unmoved. "If you must be vulgar. After all,

Amy had gone to John with the wrist-watch instead of to Nancy Harrison. It was just what the good Amy would do!

your husband's a man of the world. He'll understand one pays for these things. It's a very common situation, really."

Still she could not comprehend it. "But there's nothing in those letters. They're entirely innocent."

He raised an eyebrow and asked her: "Then why are you here?"

Evelyn Prentice was beginning to get a grip on herself. This thing couldn't happen, but it had happened to her, and she must face it.

"I'm seeing that nothing, however innocent, is safe with a man like you." She tried to keep the loathing out of her voice. She couldn't afford to make him angry.

She might have saved her trouble. His next remark showed her that, for he smiled cheerfully and said: "That's the most sensible observation you've made to date. And will you hurry and make up your mind? I'm expecting company."

Could she bluff him? She could try: "There's nothing in those letters that could hurt me. Do as you like with them."

"Oh, isn't there? Listen to this. *I* know what you meant when you wrote it, but do you think anybody else will believe it's as simple?"

He unlocked a drawer in his desk and drew it out. Evelyn, leaning toward him, saw her letters. She saw too, a revolver. As he straightened up and began to open the first letter, she snatched the gun and focused it on him in one swift gesture. What followed was never after quite understandable to her. It all happened so fast.

She was demanding that he return the letters, and he was trying to laugh it off and saying he had intended to all the time, that he was just teaching her a lesson. He was walking toward her and holding out the letters, when a terrific blow on her chin sent her to the floor and she heard the gun go off. She knew he had struck her and she cowered for a moment. There was no sound, but the smell of powder brought her sharply to.

Larry was lying on the floor, quiet. She felt for the scattered letters, got shakily to her feet and turned to the door. Someone was coming up the stairs and stopping at this apartment. Terrified, Evelyn heard a key being tried. Then the footsteps moved on, and she heard the key again in the kitchen door around the bend of the hall.

Her breath coming in great gasps, Evelyn tiptoed out the front door, and down the hall as fast as she dared. Her lip was swelling and beginning to bleed, and she fumbled for her handkerchief as she emerged to the street. Home, home. She must get home before this horror choked her.

LYING in the merciful quiet of her own room, Evelyn tried to pull herself together. When John rapped at the door she kept silent, but he came in and called softly: "I'm awfully sorry about your headache. Any better, dear?"

Before she could demur, he had snapped on the light: "Darling! Where did you get that nasty cut on your lip? And your face is swollen there."

She was able to answer lightly: "Oh, that's nothing. As I was getting out of the car, this afternoon, the door swung back and hit me. It isn't anything, really."

John said that that was probably what had given her the headache and she agreed, and gradually Evelyn felt reality returning to her. She was in her home, John was here. Things would be all right, if only she could keep from thinking about them. Perhaps it was good that she had this respite. It was her last for some time.

Amy came in and shooed John out. She too, remarked on the cut lip. Then she glanced at the door to make sure John had closed it behind him and bent over Evelyn: "Haven't seen the evening papers, have you?"

Evelyn stared at her, terror mounting again, for Amy's voice was tight with anxiety.

"Remember that chap Lawrence Kennard, Evelyn? He was murdered today, a little after five. He was shot and killed by a girl named Judith Wilson. She was in love with him. They caught her standing over his body with the gun in her hand and . . . Evelyn, what's the matter?"

"Amy! Amy! I didn't mean to do it. I couldn't kill anyone. It was an accident."

Amy sheltered the distracted girl in her arms, while Evelyn sobbed out the whole wretched story: "I heard someone trying the door. It must have been the girl. And she picked up the gun and they found her that way. I've got to save her. I've got to, even if I have to give myself up."

She looked up at Amy helplessly, and Amy's practical, thoughtful expression began to give her hope.

"Time enough," Amy said, "to do that if they find her guilty. A good lawyer can work wonders. You should know that."

"Yes. If only John were defending her."

"But first you've got to pull yourself together. If you could get John to postpone the trip and take the case, I've got a hunch everything'll come out all right. Now get up and have a cold shower and come down to dinner. John must never suspect. Oh . . . where's that dreadful little book of poems Larry sent you?"

(*Continued on page 87*)

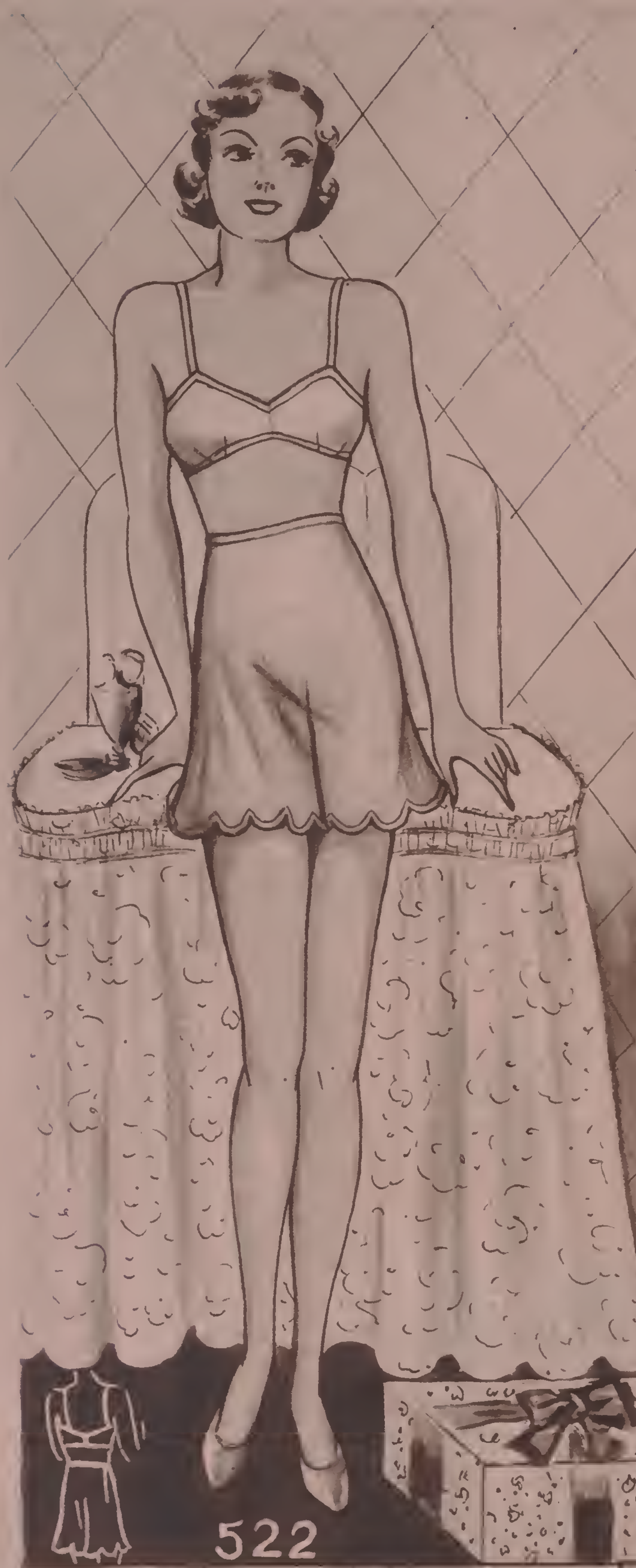
At the Plaza, walking in the Park, going to concerts with her, Larry had seemed very charming. But she found out later—

MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coins (coins preferred)

Style No. 522—Here's attractive lingerie—pantie and brassiere included in pattern. Imagine how simple it is to make! A few seams to join. Bias-self binds finish the edges. Washable satin crêpe in exquisite tea-rose shade made the original set. You can make it too, and for a very nominal sum. Or perhaps you prefer crêpe de chine, which is very practical for everyday wear. It tubs so perfectly. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 706—Made in a jiffy! Well, I guess. Merely a two-piece skirt to be joined to the two-piece bodice. The bodice is shaped and fitted with pin tucks at the front. It can be lace trimmed or the edges finished with bias binds. After you've made one, you'll want to make another. You'll find it such a perfect foundation for the new slim line frocks. Crêpe de chine, flat crêpe or crêpe satin are popular mediums for its development. It will make an excellent Xmas gift. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.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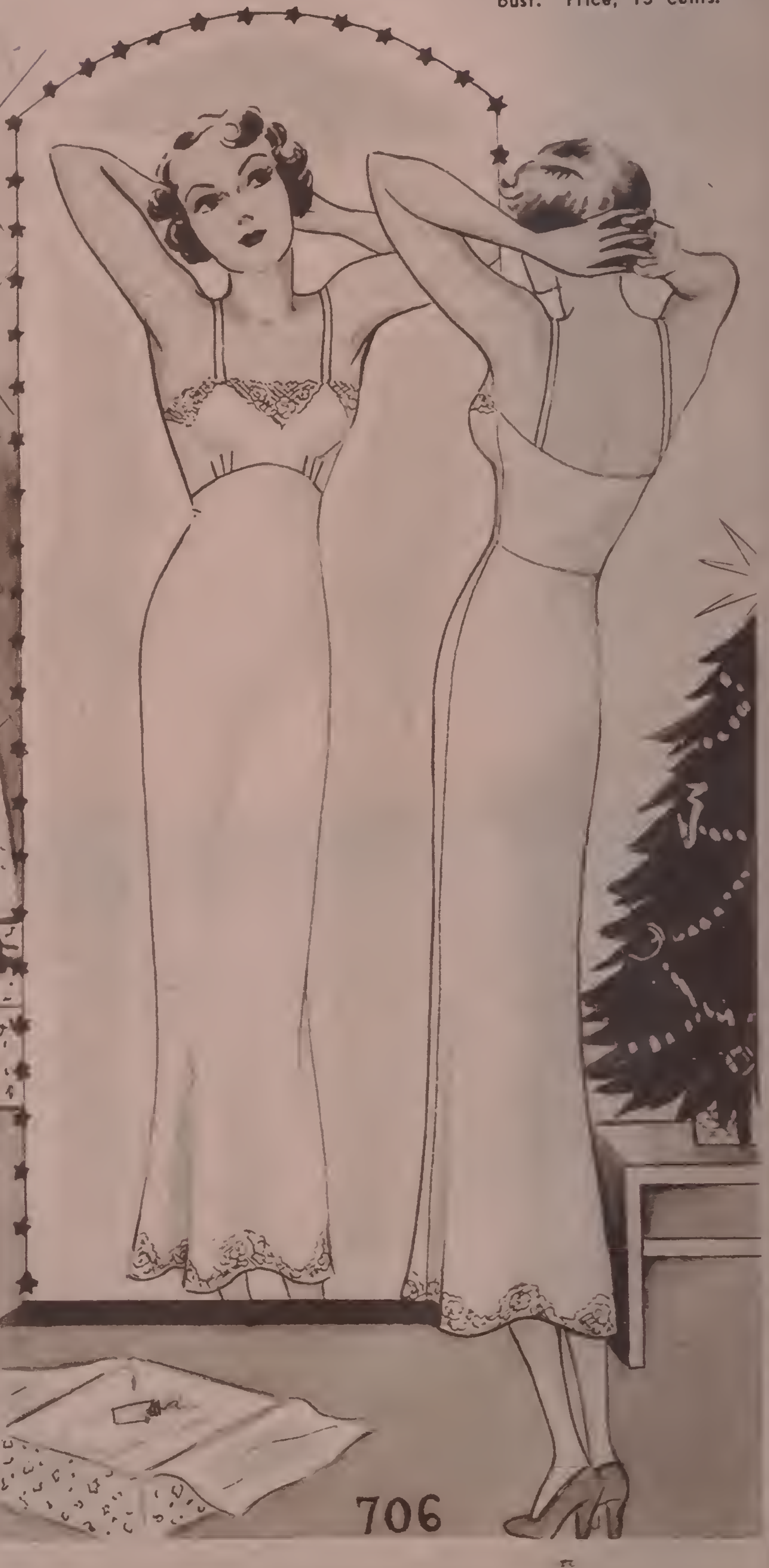

706

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

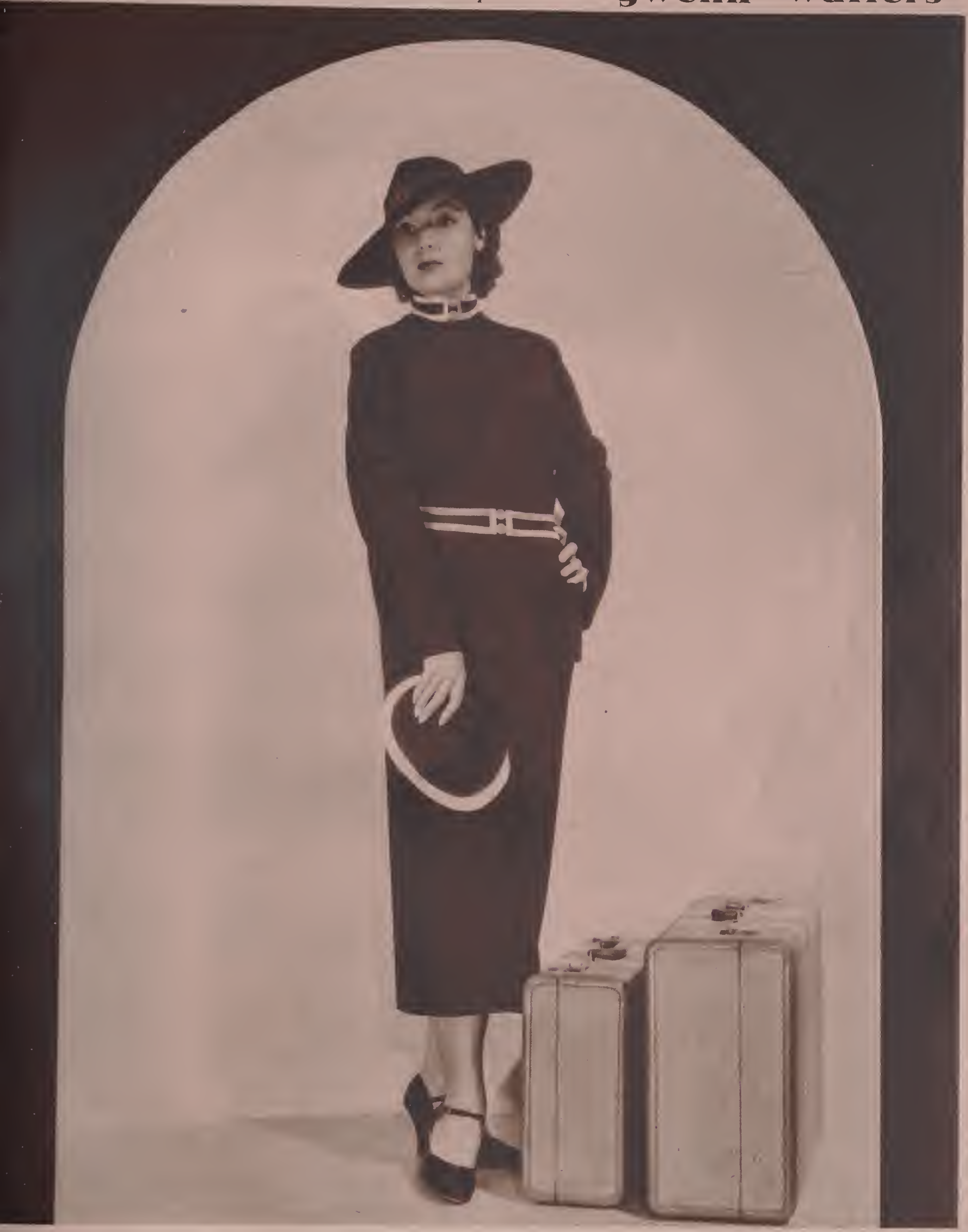
Please find enclosed....................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
....	....

Name ....

Address ....

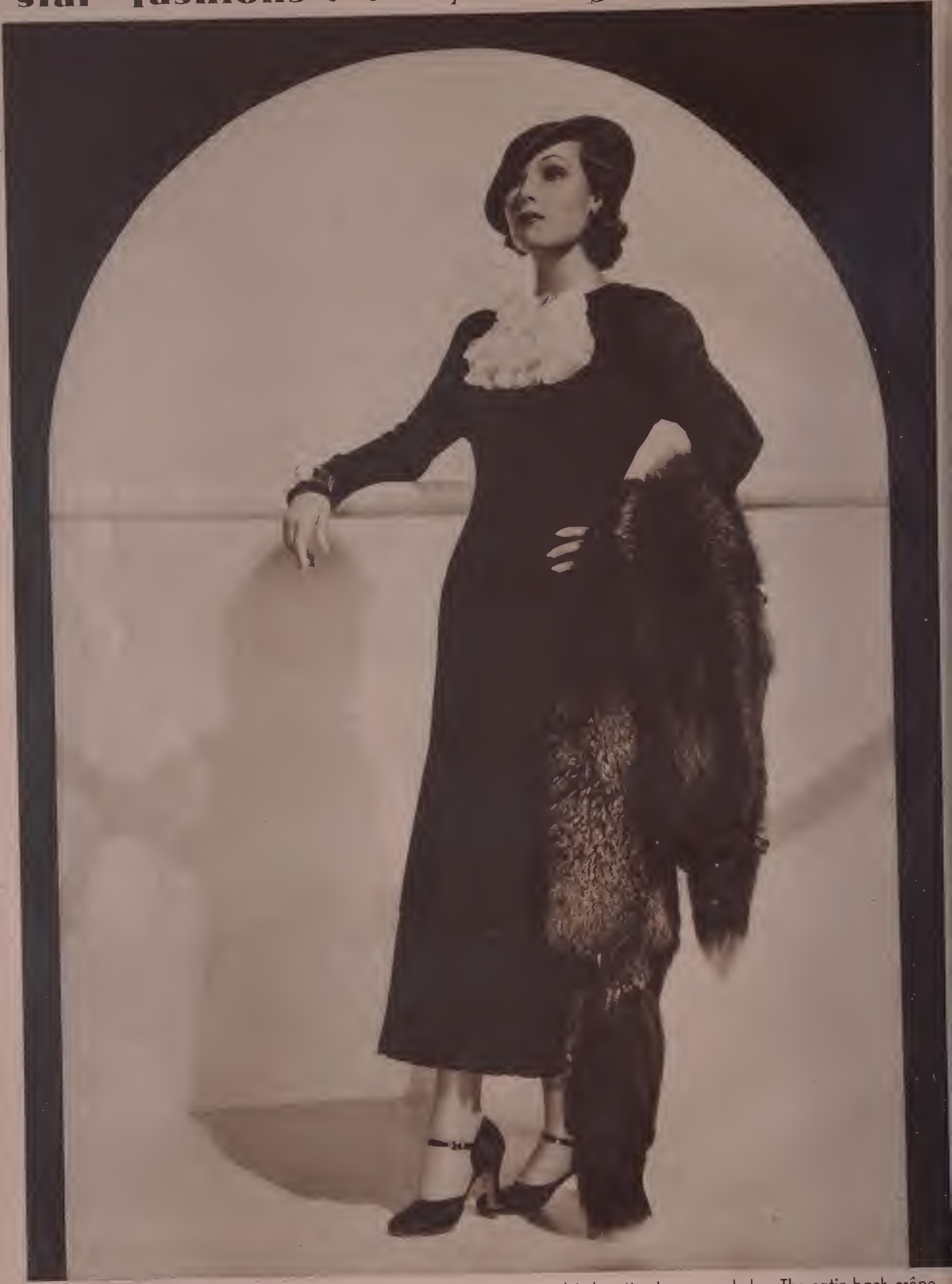
star fashions . . by . . gwenn walters



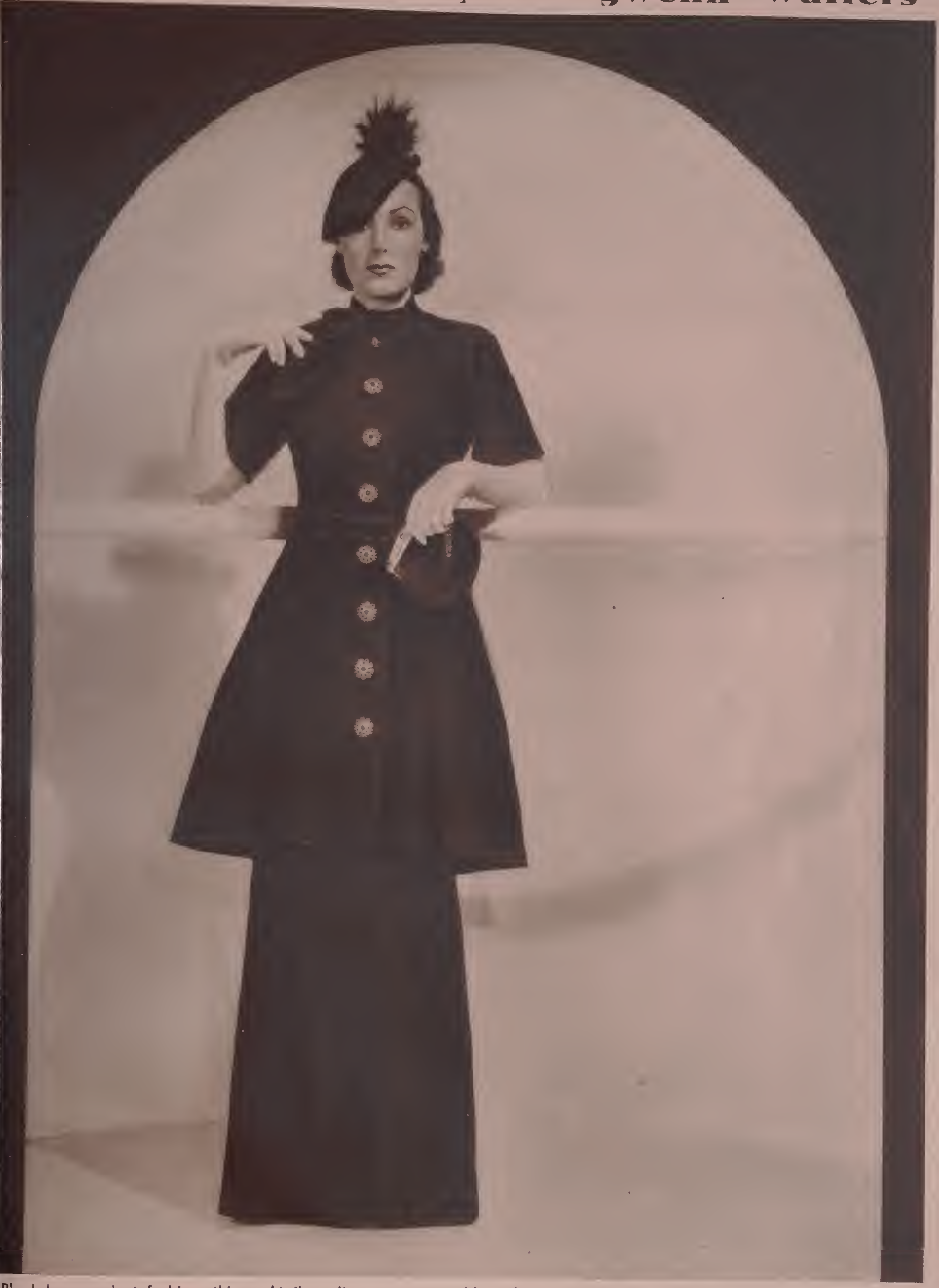
The inimitable smartness of Dolores Del Rio is brought to you in a group of "thru-the-day" costumes. Above, Dolores wears a street or travel dress of black wool. The pockets are made of cartridge pleating. The intensity of this all-black costume is broken by the gold trim on the dress and accessories. To crown it all, the large black hat adds a certain dash.

These fashions were photographed by William Walling, Jr., in Banton's magnificent home EXCLUSIVELY for MOVIE MIRROR.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

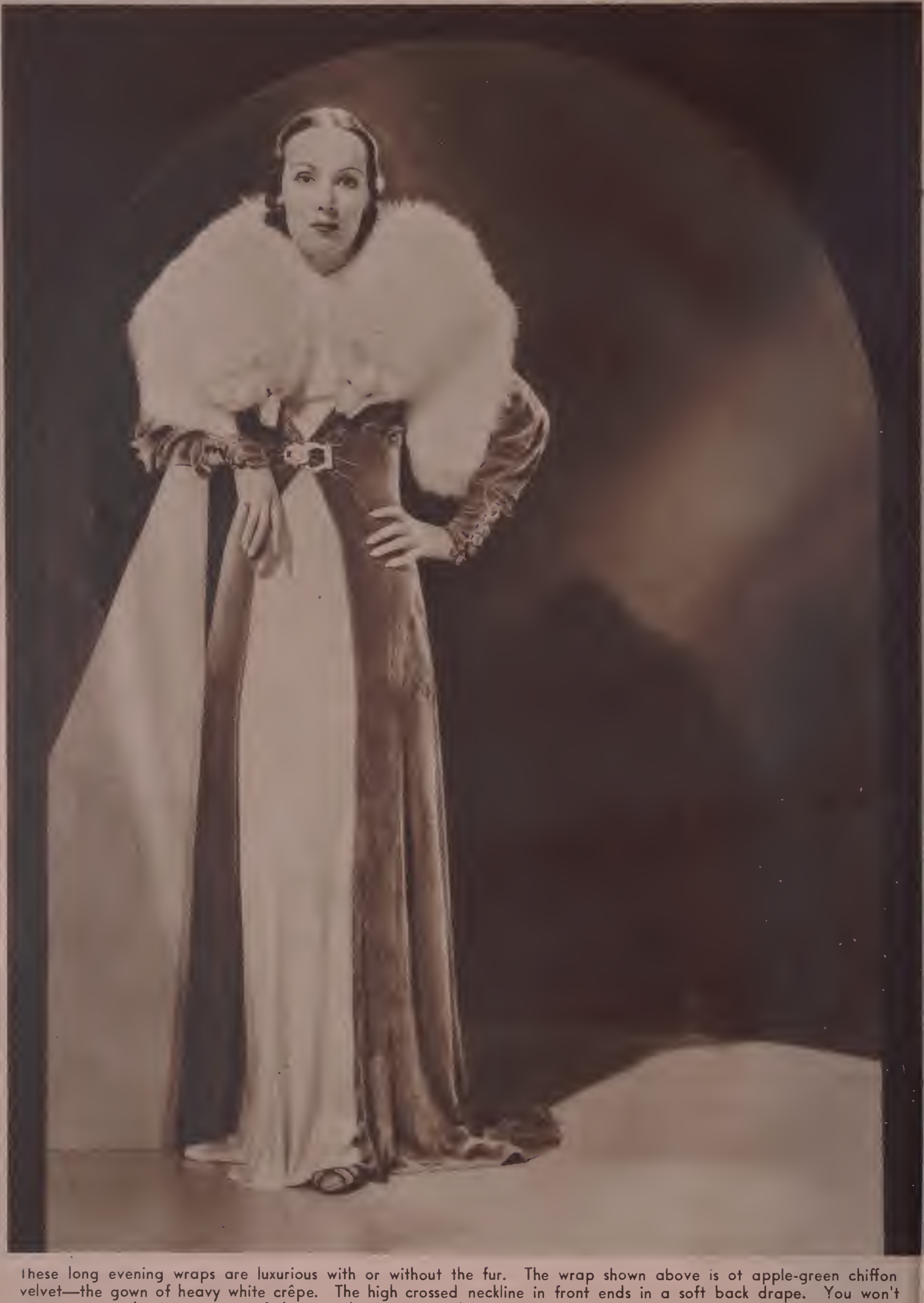


This afternoon dress is important for two reasons—it is a *tunic* and it has the *loose* armhole. The satin-back crêpe is reversed for the underskirt and the upper sleeve. The very original tunic buttons all the way up the back.

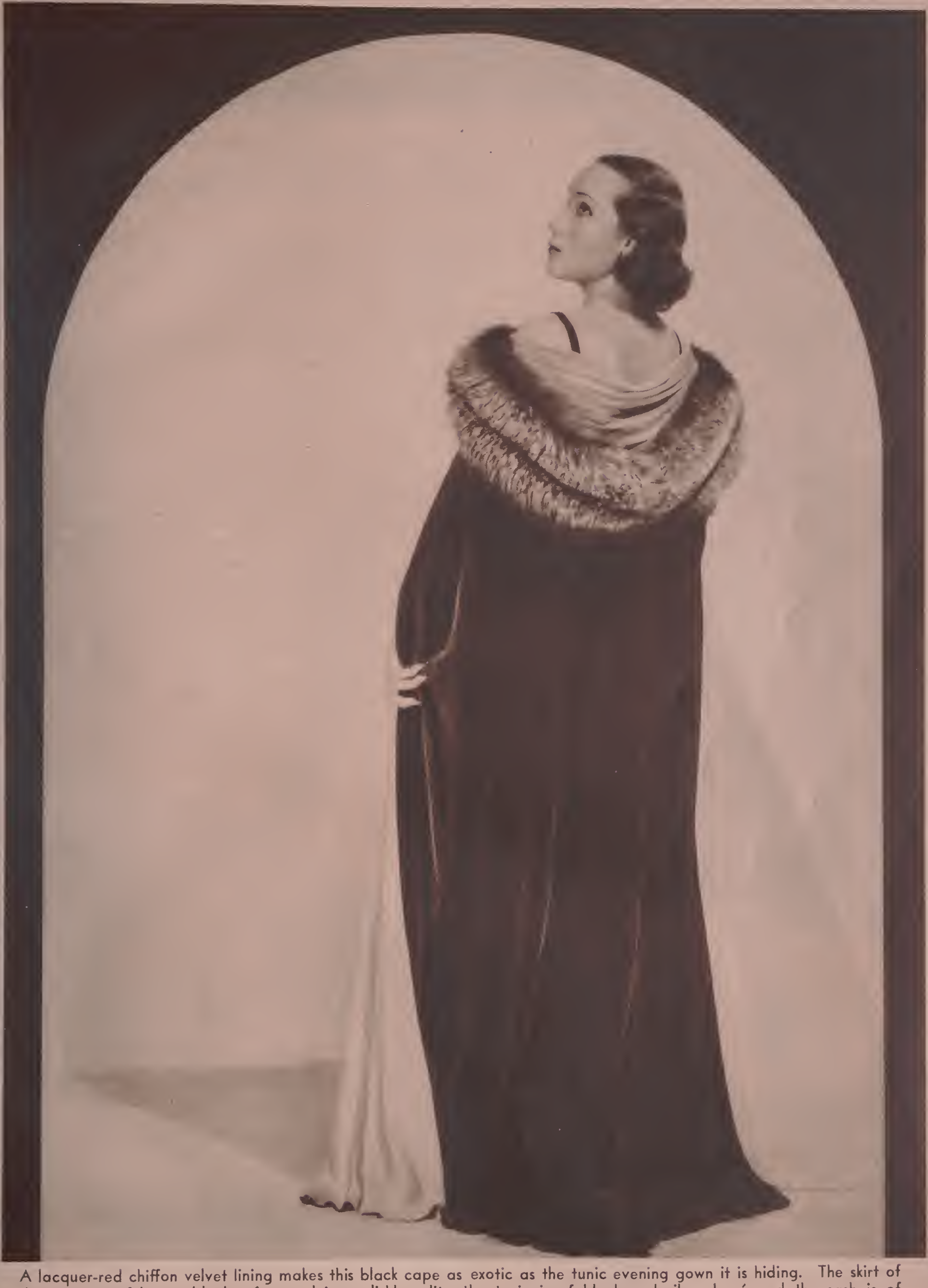


Black Lyons velvet fashions this cocktail or dinner costume. Here the tunic is seen again, but this time in a different length. The sketch shows a metallic tunic blouse that may or may not be worn under the coat. Note the cocky little hat!

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

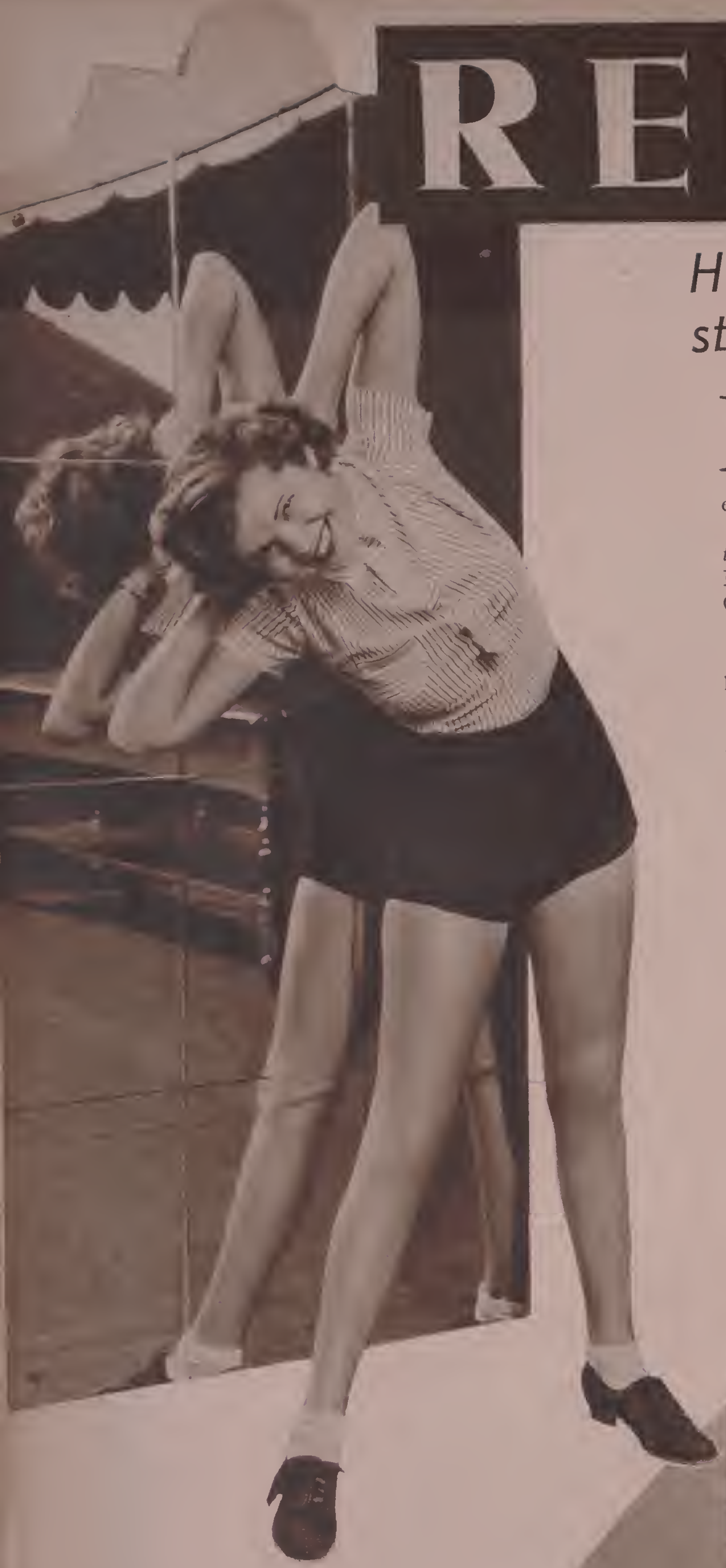


These long evening wraps are luxurious with or without the fur. The wrap shown above is of apple-green chiffon velvet—the gown of heavy white crêpe. The high crossed neckline in front ends in a soft back drape. You won't go wrong in selecting a gown of this type because its richness is not lost in its utter simplicity of line and detail.



A lacquer-red chiffon velvet lining makes this black cape as exotic as the tunic evening gown it is hiding. The skirt of the gown is of heavy black crêpe and is modishly split—the tunic is of black and silver lamé and the sash is of lacquer-red crêpe to match the cape lining. Altogether this ravishing costume accentuates the dark beauty of Dolores.

REDUCE



Here are the exercises the stars use to keep slender

HOLIDAY time is here again with all its festivity and yet this added gaiety brings a sad problem to many girls—how to pour those fatty, overweight hips into the alluring mould of a slinky dinner or evening gown.

"Movie stars do not have this problem for *they fashion their bodies just as they do their clothes,*" said Louise Brown, Managing Director of the Ambassador Lido Health Club.

"How do they fashion their hips?" I asked.

"With diet, of course; *but mostly with exercise,*" she explained.

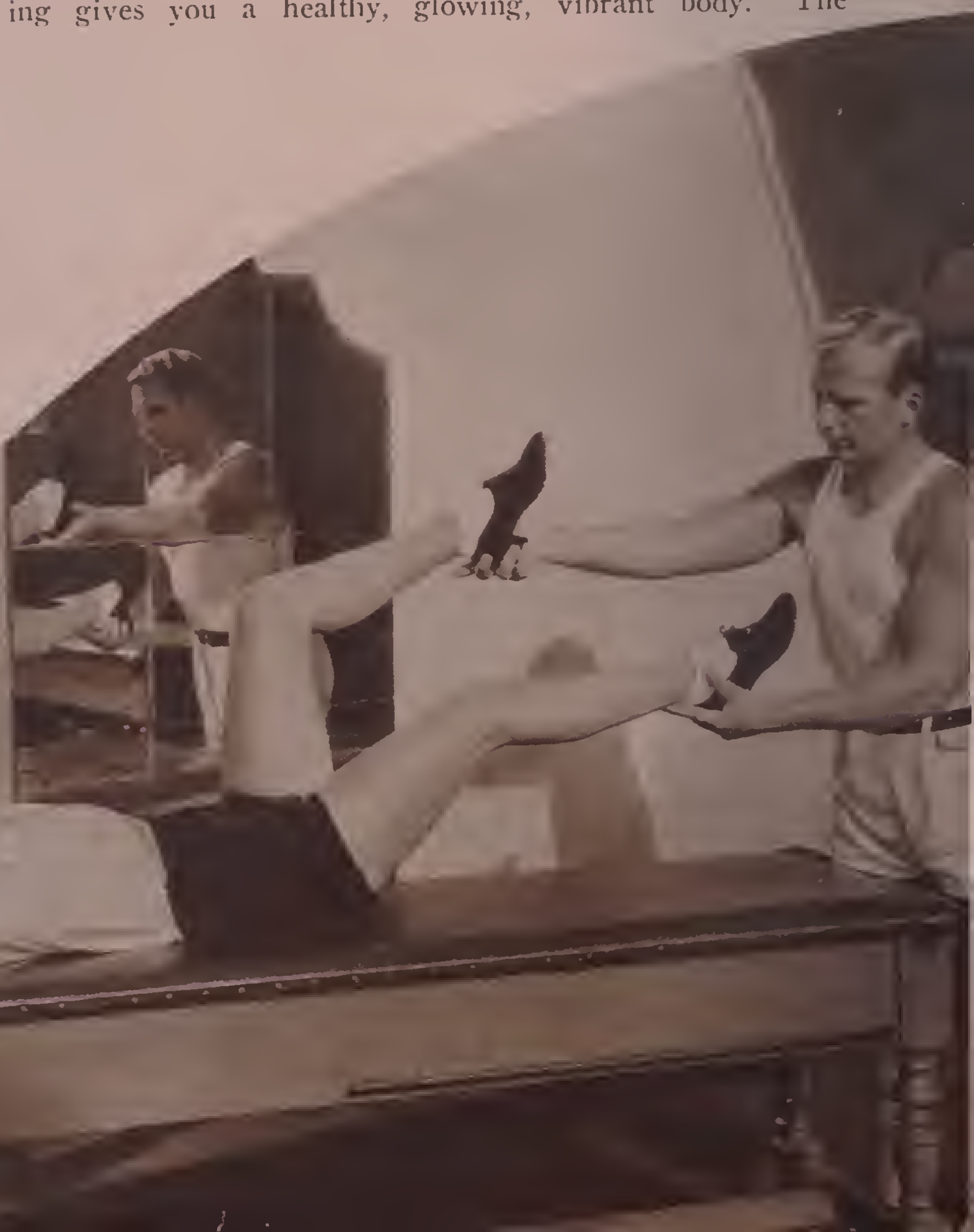
"Will you give me their routine for hip reducing?"

"Gladly. In fact, I'll have Professor Toth, our trainer, put you through the same routine that we use on the stars."

Before Professor Toth showed me the exercises he gave me a straightforward talk about exercising in general.

"No girl should start a routine of exercises for reducing without first consulting her physician. Reducing exercises must be done swiftly, strenuously and untiringly if one wishes to accomplish results. Bearing this in mind one should start with the first three or four of these exercises and then add one a week until the whole routine is mastered. At the end of two months one's muscles should be in good condition and at that time it would not hurt to do the whole routine night and morning. One should never exercise on a full stomach.

"First you must learn to breathe correctly. Correct breathing gives you a healthy, glowing, vibrant body. The



These exercises were posed by Billie Seward, Columbia player, and photographed by William A. Fraker exclusively for Movie Mirror. All the exercises, which are fully explained in the text, were given through the courtesy of the Ambassador Lido Health Club, situated on the Ambassador Hotel grounds in Los Angeles, under the personal direction of Professor Andy Toth.

Your HIPS!

by GLORIA MACK

average person uses only about one-fourth of his lung capacity when he breathes. Therefore the body gets only about one-fourth as much oxygen as it requires. That is not enough to purify the blood stream. The result is a toxic body condition most often showing up through skin blemishes. Now I shall give you the proper exercise for deep breathing.

"STAND with your feet together and your arms at your sides. Bring your arms slowly up in front until they are directly over your head, at the same time rise slowly on your toes, and all the while inhale through the nose. Without stopping start the arms down sideways to original position, at the same time slowly returning the heels to the ground and exhaling through the mouth."

"Now for the hip-reducing routine."

"The first one we call the *Twist*. Stand with your feet apart and your arms outstretched to the side. In all of this exercise routine, unless otherwise specified, *feet apart*

(*Continued on page* 98)

DO YOU HAVE SKIN TROUBLES?

see next month's

MOVIE MIRROR

Gloria Mack will help you!

HOLLYWOOD

A REAL screen test for Marnie Mason! And she had only been in Hollywood a week. It seemed like a dream—a dream come true! But of course there's a price for everything, and the drawback to Marnie's happiness was an uneasy conscience. Al Holtzwasser would never have given her the tests, would never have hinted at contracts even before he knew how she screened, if he had believed that she was really only little Marnie Mason from Missouri.

No, Holtzwasser, the general manager of All-Star Productions thought she was a van Cortland-Rensellaer with money in the bank and a position in society. Duke Lansing and Leland Ives had seen to that. It was their idea of a joke—and a way to get even with Holtzwasser, who had fired Duke from his high-salaried publicity directorship and who had lured Leland's fiancée from the life of a débutante to that of a budding star.

It had been great fun, Marnie admitted to herself. A real chance at a contract for an unknown youngster, a lovely wardrobe from the best shops, and a round of exciting parties with the most interesting personalities in the movie capital. What difference did it make if there must be a pay-off? Then, too, she had met Francesca Randolph; was, in fact, living at her home. And Francesca, who had been one of the most charming of the silent screen stars, was even sweeter as a friend, in her obscurity. She should have hated Holtzwasser, too, because it was he who had ruined her career and cast her aside, but she never spoke a word against him. Everyone in Hollywood except Marnie knew she was still in love with him.

"I wondered if you wouldn't like to drive over to the studio with me," he had said to Marnie at the latest party, and now, only an hour later, she had finished playing her first scenes before a motion picture camera! It was unbelievable, but she could remember clearly all the excitement of being made up, the strangeness of the glaring lights, the brief episodes she had enacted. She couldn't wait to tell Brandy Phelps. It was odd that one of the least important people she had met in Hollywood was the one she wanted most to see. But her first duty was to Francesca and Leland and Duke, who had made all this possible.

Suddenly her heart almost stopped. Suppose she were a failure in these tests? Where would she get the money to repay them for what they had invested in her? Where could she get work in Hollywood when it was known that Marnie Mason, who had tried to fool one of the industry's greatest producers, was only a cheat?

DUKE and Leland Ives were at Francesca's house when Marnie got there from the studio, waiting for news. Holtzwasser did not go in with her, as they had felt sure he wouldn't. Al Holtzwasser hadn't been in Francesca's house since she left his management, but he had no scruples against luring her houseguest into his organization. The girl was a beauty, as well as a van Cortland-Rensellaer, he reasoned. Her family was much better known than Laurel Arden's. This would be a feather in his cap for fair. He was reasonably sure of the outcome of her screen test. She was unsure of herself, of course. She might need some coaching in voice. But she had grace and her slim youngness was most appealing. Her eyes were glorious. She should photograph beautifully. She was star material.

He bade her good night at Francesca's steps and got back into his car, very well pleased with himself. He could fairly see the print of a paragraph in the eastern papers on his next New York trip. "Albert W. Holtzwasser is the guest of the Fifth Avenue van Cortland-Rensellaers, whose daughter is one of the players of All-Star Films under the stage name of—" of what? Corinthia Cortland, perhaps, if she *were* Corinthia. The little minx, insisting that she was "Marnie Mason."

Marnie was every whit as well pleased with herself as Mr. Holtzwasser was with Mr. Holtzwasser. She sparkled as she ran into the beautiful living room. She danced and she chuckled, and then she threw her arms about Francesca and nearly throttled her.

"Hey, hey," Duke said. "Whassis? Whassis?"

Illustrated by
HUBERT MATHIEU

CHEAT

Marnie was new to Cinema City, but she had beauty and daring—and needed them in this whirlwind plot

by NELL MARTIN

"Tell us, tell us?" Ives cried, impatient to hear all.

"Let her get her breath—and let me get mine!" Francesca moaned.

"Make me a highball," Marnie crowed. "I need it. Have to celebrate."

"He bit!" said Duke.

"Did he promise you a test?" Ives asked.

"Promise nothing," Marnie said. "I've *had* it!"

"You've had it!" they all said at once.

"Who made it?"

"A Mr. Crowell."

"Al would," said Duke. "Bet he had Graves direct you, and Leon for the makeup."

"Right," Marnie said.

"He always picks them when he wants somebody to go over big. If he isn't interested himself, he just has anybody on the lot."

"And he's going to make me sign a contract."

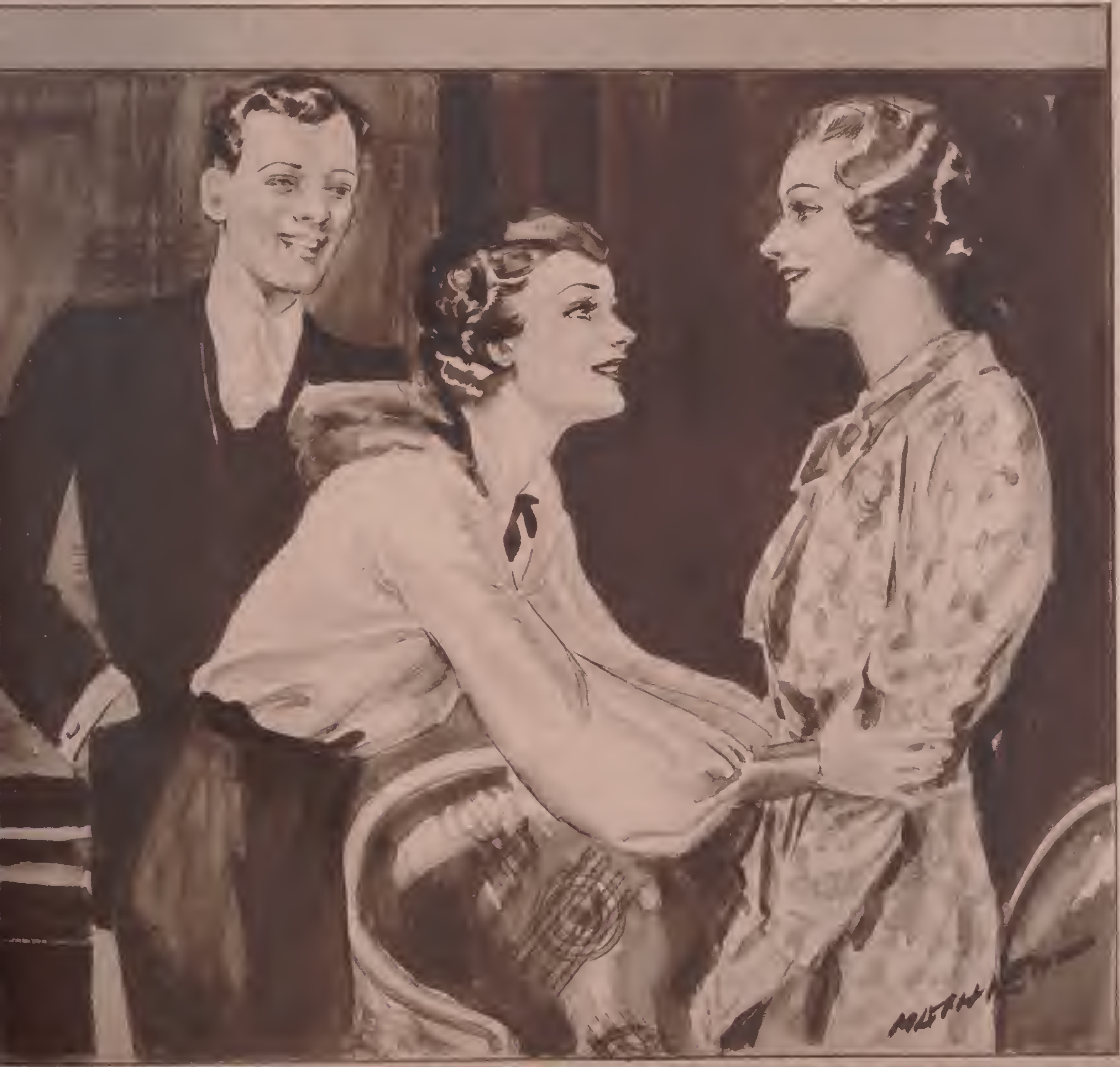
"Make you?" Francesca grinned.

"I was wondering just what Marnie ought to say to get that out of him. I was afraid he would just put her in a picture. Wonder what the outcome will be?" Ives mused.

"Probably three months with options," Duke said. "Al Holtzwasser is a good business man despite his yen for bigwigs. I'll bet he's patting himself on the back now and planning to visit the van Cortland-Rensellaers when her first picture's shown. I bet I see the reason for the contract."

"He said that when I was pretty afraid I wouldn't be allowed to work in pictures. Well—I was—I still am. Scared to death that pictures won't allow me to. We'll know tomorrow."

"Begin at the beginning," Francesca said. "Did you see the rushes?" (*Continued on page* 68)



"We didn't see any rushes. It was just a trick to get me there!" Marnie told everything that was said, everything the director made her say and do.

What a FORTUNE TELLER did for EDWARD ARNOLD

Not until "Sadie McKee" did he attract real attention—but "Big Chief Mike" led the way

by Harry T. Brundidge

A FORTUNE teller made a picture star of Edward Arnold, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest sensation!

Fat, forty-four, and a failure, Arnold listened to the words of wisdom that fell from the bloodless lips of "Big Chief Mike," via the well-rouged lips of a lady from Iowa who, with "Mike" and her other spirit friends, found a happy hunting ground in Long Beach, Cal.

Arnold listened—but with his tongue in his cheek. He listened to a complete set of instructions as to a course upon which he was to set his sails if he desired fame and fortune; Arnold grinned as he listened, and walked away from the seance convinced he was a sucker for having parted with two of his all-too-few dollars.

Then, quite suddenly, as Arnold strolled down Ocean Avenue in Long Beach, he decided to play a hunch!

"I'll string along with 'Big Chief Mike'," he said to himself. "I'm a son-of-a-gun if I don't do as he told me."

Arnold lighted a cigaret and looked at the writer rather sheepishly.

"I had nothing to lose," he said. "And so I played my hunch. I followed 'Mike's' instructions. He pointed my feet in the right direction and, almost overnight, so to speak, I jumped from the pork and bean money of fourth rate vaudeville to the heavy sugar of the movies. It's unbelievable, isn't it?"

Arnold laughed heartily. Then he stopped laughing.

"Maybe 'Mike' wouldn't like my laughter," he said.

Then he laughed again. Or rather, he chuckled. Maybe you saw Arnold in "Sadie McKee," and realized that a man can be fat and forty-four and still have copious quantities of that certain something the censors are now frowning upon. If you missed that one you'll have an opportunity to see him do his stuff with Ann Harding in "Biography" and with Bob Montgomery in "Hide-Out." Anyway, it was about the second day after I stepped from a boat from China that I began hearing about Arnold.

All the girls at M-G-M were raving about him.

THEY were talking about the "It" possessed by this unusual individual and telling me that if I wanted a a real story about a real guy, to make a date with Arnold. The date was made and naturally your reporter was surprised to learn that Arnold was fat and forty-four, had been christened Guenther Schneider, and had been led to his success in the movies by this "Big Chief Mike," who, it developed, was a cross between a Sioux princess and an itinerant Jewish peddler. "Mike," according to his own story, had passed on to the happy hunting ground during that unfortunate encounter between General Custer and Old Sitting Bull. "Mike" didn't claim to have done any fighting and, personally, I think he was on the Little Big Horn in the ammunition racket.

However, the little chap who was Guenther Schneider and who graduated from the slums of New (*Continued on page* 82)

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST

BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin.*

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

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MOVIE MIRROR'S COOKING PAGE

by ANN HAMILTON

THE midwinter holidays are always times of hearty, old-fashioned hospitality. This Christmas, for the first time in years, we can be really old-fashioned in the drinks we serve. In fact, the recipes I am giving are so old that they may be new to you. Give them a try, anyway.

If you know of the old Southern custom of serving eggnogs to friends making holiday morning calls, you may have wondered why an eggnog—which most of us remember getting when we were sick. The genuine Christmas eggnog is something quite different, but I warn you—heady. This recipe makes the best eggnog I have ever tasted, and well it should, since it is a prized possession of an old Southern family who have served it in their home for generations. It has never appeared in a cookbook.

What will we serve to drink during the holiday season?

Christmas Eggnog

6 egg yolks
1 cup sherry
1 pint milk
1 pint whipped cream

Beat the egg yolks slightly, add sherry and milk and stir over hot water until the mixture begins to thicken. Stir in the whipped cream and serve immediately.

If you are planning a New Year's Eve party, you can welcome the New Year in the style to which he used to be accustomed. To get a startling effect, have the open fire burning brightly, and as the midnight approaches, turn out the lights. Then bring in the "Flaming Bowl" held high on a tray that is garlanded with Christmas greens. Unlike many "surprise" concoctions, this tastes just as good as it looks, when you follow this Seventeenth Century English recipe. Guests may toast pieces of the Christmas cake at the open fire and "dunk" it in the hot punch. To insure good luck for the coming year, you must be sure to save a piece of the cake to open the festivities with next season.

The Flaming Bowl

1 quart strong tea
2 quarts red wine
juice of 2 oranges
juice of 1 lemon
lump sugar
2 cups jamaica rum

Heat the tea, wine and the fruit juice to the boiling point and put it in an oven-proof bowl or earthernware crock. Lay two iron bars about an inch wide, in criss cross fashion, on the top. Arrange as many (*Continued on page* 102)

THE COMPLETE HOLIDAY BUFFET

Would you like to know how to make all the good things Barbara Kent served her Christmas guests? To obtain this free, write to Ann Hamilton, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply. Ann Hamilton is eager to hear from you.

Barbara Kent shows us her buffet table set. She serves canapes, sandwiches and a cheese plate with the contents of the Wassail Bowl. Recipes for two of her best canapes are also included here.

MOVIE MIRROR'S HOMEMAKING PAGE

Let's start from the ground up—with floor coverings!

by HAROLD GRIEVE

In Edmund Lowe's sea-side house, the light linoleum blends with the red and white color scheme and enlivens the warm sunlight.

IT is floor coverings we are going to talk of this month. Color schemes, furniture and curtains, all of the details most interesting to us, must wait until we get a few fundamentals settled. In other words, we can't move in and arrange rooms until we get the background built.

"But floor coverings are 'just something to walk on,'" you say. "No one notices the floor when they enter a room."

The truth is they do and don't know it. In a first glance we seldom see any *one* detail of decoration. We get a general impression that is either pleasing or annoying. A beautiful room begins with a floor. That means it must be your first consideration.

Nowadays there are many different floor treatments. For an Early American room with a nice board floor you may choose between hooked, braided or inexpensive rag rugs. Any one of the three lend charm and character. In an Early American bedroom in Director Raoul Walsh's new home we used a solid rag carpet. Its variegated colors were gay and pleasing with the old maple furniture. A rag carpet would be practical in a child's room, too. Fluff rugs, old rugs rewoven, are another suggestion that look well with the popular Early American room.

Though small rugs are effective and colorful, nothing gives a room filled with a lot of furniture that spacious feeling so well as a plain colored solid carpet. With the advent of moth proofing and vacuums, carpets have become entirely practical. The cushiony floor cover with its ladder of color tone is certain to give a harmonious background to any furnishing scheme. The old theory that floors must be kept dark has been exploded. The modern woman likes a carpet of subtle shades that are cheerful and soothing. She matches her surroundings to her own chic. The living room in Norma Shearer's beach home has such a background. The floor covering is a blue-green chenille carpet that recalls the green of sea-water, with yellow gold used on chair fabrics. The carpet is a personality in its own right but keyed to the serene, brilliant charm of Miss Shearer it is distinctive.

Carpets have probably always (*Continued on page* 81)

For Dick Arlen's living-room, Mr. Grieve used a soft blue Klearfax carpet as a background for the raspberry and blue color scheme.

HAVE YOU A HOME DECORATING PROBLEM?

Would you like advice on it? Is there any aspect of home furnishing or decorating which has worried you, and on which you want expert suggestions, gratis? Address Mr. Harold Grieve, in care of Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

Hollywood Cheat

(*Continued from page 63*)

"We didn't see any rushes. It was just a trick to get me there," Marnie said. She began at the beginning, as commanded, and told everything that was said, everything she saw, everything the director made her say and do. She got up and did them all for the benefit of her fellow-conspirators.

"Well, we're doing Al a favor after all," Duke said finally. "The kid has 'It' or I'm crazy."

Francesca was silent. Duke knew what she was thinking. He knew how she felt. He said with a great show of excitement: "Let's all go somewhere. It isn't late. Let's celebrate."

"Is it wise?" Ives said. "I thought we'd agreed that you shouldn't be seen with Marnie until everything was set."

"He'll know tomorrow anyway, when Marnie tells him she's not free and is under personal contract to me."

"I still wonder about that part of it," Francesca said. "You know, I feel sorry for Al at that. If he really is doing this just because he thinks she's a social bet—I wonder if he'll go through with the contract."

"Oh, Marnie isn't to tell him until after she's signed up. Then she is to say, 'Oh, yes, I've signed up with Mr. Lansing as a personal publicity agent.' That wins me my thousand. Al may kick, but he'll laugh and pay up. All I have to do is get through the gate. And then I'll be working for him again."

"But when he finds out she isn't who he thinks, he'll be plenty sore at you again," Francesca insisted.

"That's where I come in," Ives grinned. "Little Leland will get the credit for that dirty trick. I'm the one who advised my friend Marnie to tie up with Duke. Holtzwasser can be as mad at me as he wants. And the madder he gets the more I'll enjoy it."

"Well, come on, let's go," Duke said. "I could go for some nourishment anyway."

"After all those sandwiches at Joel's!" Ives taunted him. But he rose with alacrity.

"Let's go into Hollywood. Over to the King's Club," Duke suggested. "I'm crazy about the entertainers."

SO to the King's Club they drove. Marnie's first night-club! "What a lot of 'Firsts' I'm getting," she sighed happily. And then, several tables away, with two girls and two other men, she saw Brandy Phelps. He saw her at the same moment and got up at once.

"Well, well," he said upon reaching their table. "Isn't this nice? You promised to ring me again—I suppose this is the way you are looking for a picture job."

"This is exactly how I got one," Marnie laughed and introduced him to the others.

"Well, for a girl who didn't know anyone in Hollywood, you know quite a lot of people," Ives said suddenly. Marnie blushed and explained that she had met Brandy her very first try at looking up someone.

"And she's spent most of the time since then trying to keep out of my sight," Brandy said. "I suppose you will be generous and let me have a dance with her, won't you?" he asked Ives, taking him for Marnie's escort.

"I surely will," Ives said. "And I can guarantee that you'll enjoy it. I had the pleasure of dancing with Miss Mason last night at the Coconut Grove. She can dance."

Brandy looked surprised, but made no reply. Then he went away, after engaging his dance. Marnie wondered if she would be able to dance, she felt so fluttery. Her knees surely wouldn't hold her up. Her hand still tingled from his handclasp. She was embarrassed when Duke called attention to her blush.

"Whassis? he demanded. "You don't blush when you talk to me. I take that very unkindly. Here I thought I was making a big hit with you."

Marnie blushed the harder.

"What price career?" Francesca teased. "What does your friend do?"

"He's in the laboratory at Paramount," Marnie explained. "He's been there four years. I met him the day after I got here." Marnie's look as she spoke, betrayed her.

As MOVIE MIRROR'S intimate novel of life in the film capital draws to its dramatic conclusion, you will want to watch for our next serial of episodes and personalities in the magic city as revealed by one of the best-informed and most understanding writers about life in Hollywood

"Romance in twenty-four hours," Duke jibed, "the movies in a week. Lee, it looks as if we'd picked out a fast worker."

"You didn't pick me out," Marnie flashed. "I picked Mr. Ives, with my little thumb."

"And picked this Phelps boy with your little eye, it looks like," Duke retorted.

Marnie felt herself trembling when Brandy came for her a little later. When his arm went about her, a flood of emotion enveloped her such as she had never known. She had the impression that he meant to bend down from his height and kiss her—and she knew she would want him to. Marnie Mason was in love. She had felt it the first minute she looked at his dark brows, his crooked smile. And somehow she was sure that he felt the same way about her—that he loved her, too.

She closed her eyes and felt a thrill as her cheek touched the rough cloth of his coat. She knew that as long as she lived she would not forget the melody the orchestra was playing. Sentimentally she decided she would never dance to that song with anyone else. She didn't know what it was, but she would. Then the singer took up his megaphone and crooned:

I wait and wonder—why nobody comes,
I wait a love song, that nobody hums,
My dreams are gay dreams,
But they've only day dreams,
Of love fair and shining—that I want for my own—

Were her sudden little dreams only day dreams? She wondered. She hoped Brandy was dreaming too. The caressing voice went on:

I wait for romance—all tender and fine—
A gay Prince Charming, who'll ever be mine,
But they only pass by—then all of my dreams die—
The dreams of that lover—I never have known.

"That's a swell song," Brandy said. "But then any music would be wonderful dancing with you. Now that I've found you again, you aren't going to hide out on me, are you? Won't you tell me where to find you?"

"Yes. I've been staying with Francesca Randolph, but it was only for a few days. I'll be getting a place of my own now, after tomorrow. That is—"

"Have you registered at Central Casting yet?"

"No," Marnie admitted. "But—I think I'm going to have a job. It is to be settled tomorrow."

"Pictures?"

"Yes."

"Where?" he coaxed.

"I'm superstitious," she said. "Until I've signed my contract, I—"

"Contract?" he held her away from him and looked down at her in astonishment. "A contract? When you've never been in pictures at all? When there are thousands of experienced extra girls praying every night for another day's work?"

"Well, this is something—I mean, it is just a lucky break. You see Mr. Lansing's a well known publicity man, and you know who Francesca is, and—Mr. Ives—he has friends in pictures—"

"I see."

Marnie's pulse jumped. Brandy's tone was very distant. Oh, she must *not* let him feel as if she didn't want to explain things to him. After it was all over, she would tell how Duke had planned to turn Holtzwasser's weakness into her benefit, but she felt sure they wouldn't want her to explain it yet. After all, Brandy might not approve of the hoax. For the first time she had some qualms herself. But, she reminded herself, she had insisted that Holtzwasser was wrong.

(*Continued on page 70*)

HOW ABOUT LUNCH TOMORROW?
Where have you been all my life?
How soon can I have a date?
I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF THAT SKIN OF YOURS

Nancy gets *compliments* — dates galore

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

"Believe me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin.* It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause little blemishes, even blackheads. Warning signals of Cosmetic Skin!

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Always at night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin, keeps it lovely!

MARGARET SULLAVAN

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

LUX TOILET SOAP
Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use **Lux Toilet Soap** so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin

NRA CODE

(*Continued from page 68*)

"I'll tell you all about it very soon," she said coaxingly. "But the three of them have done all they could to help me."

"Who is this Ives?" Brandy said. The music was ready to stop. The singer was nearing the end of the chorus for the last time. "But they only pass by—then all my dreams die—" he mourned. Marnie didn't want her dream to die. But could it live—after all, had she any right to want it to live? What did she really want, a career, or love? Then she drew herself up short. Love? How could it be love? She had only seen this Brandy Phelps once before. She might never see him again. The pretty things he said he might be saying to every pretty girl he met.

"You're not even listening to me," he said, as the music stopped and they started to her table. "I asked you who this Ives fellow is."

"Why, he's—he's from the east. Baltimore."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing, I guess. He's very rich."

"Oh."

He thanked her for the dance. "You were right," he told Ives.

"Why don't you drop out to see Marnie?" Francesca said. "We'd be glad to have you, any time. I live on Alpine Drive. I'm in the book, too."

"Thank you," Brandy said. "That's very nice of you. Let me know how you come out tomorrow, Marnie," he said. But something was gone from his manner.

Marnie felt her cheeks crimsoning again as he turned away. But she would telephone him and explain, would answer his questions as to where her job was and how she got it. Brandy Phelps just couldn't think there wasn't anything in the world she didn't want him to know. She knew he was puzzled about her new friends. She had told him frankly that Daisy Cantrall was the only person she knew. He didn't understand how she came to be at the Cocoanut Grove, how she was visiting Francesca Randolph. But he would. She would see to it that he did!

Duke showed his understanding heart a little later, when they were about to leave. He glanced at his wrist watch and said, with a grin: "Well, it's after three now. It isn't so long until morning now."

Marnie felt sure it would be a year and that she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink. She was still sure she wouldn't when she awakened at half-past nine in the morning, to see Francesca standing by her bed.

"Telephone, Marnie," she was saying.

Marnie leaped out of bed, slipped on the lovely Japanese robe which Francesca had chosen for her, and her slippers. There was a telephone extension in the second floor hall. She picked up the receiver and heard the maid hang up in the library. She said: "Yes?"

"Mr. Holtzwasser, calling Miss Mason," said a secretary's voice.

Marnie said: "This is Miss Mason."

"Hello, little lady," his voice rumbled. "Well, you take very pretty kodak pictures. Would you like to see them?"

"Of course."

"Then have luncheon with me here at the studio and we'll look at them afterwards. Shall I send a car for you, or would you like to bring Miss Randolph?"

"I'll ask her," Marnie said. She turned and called: "Darling, do you want to go to the studio with me? To see my test?"

There was a moment's silence. Had Marnie known the truth about Francesca's retirement from pictures and the reason back of it, she would never have asked that question. But she didn't know. After a moment's wait Francesca said—lightly enough—"Thanks, youngster, but I have to run in to Hollywood. You go ahead. Maybe he'll lend it to you and we can have it run off over at Diane's They have a projector."

Marnie turned to the telephone. "She can't come," she reported. "So if you want to send a car—"

She hung up and pranced into Francesca's room. Francesca had climbed back into her bed and was reading the morning paper. Against the blue linen of her pillowcase, her hair a wavy cloud about her head, no makeup on, she was younger looking than when she was dressed. There was a wistful little girl look around her mouth and eyes. But it was replaced almost at once by delight in Marnie's luck.

"But I knew you'd be good," she said. "With your contract signed, it's all over but collecting. And never forget for a moment, Marnie, that *you never told* a soul that you were anyone but yourself. You don't know how that story got started. Al's going to hit the ceiling when he finds out, but he can't do much yelling. He wouldn't want the story to get out. They'd laugh him out of town."

It seemed ridiculously simple. Marnie had luncheon at a large round table around which were seated some twelve people, to whom she was introduced. Directors, stars, Marnie and Mr. Holtzwasser. Norman West, the screen idol, was one of the company. Marnie thought he acted surprised when they were introduced, but the thrill of meeting him, of accepting the hand he offered, was so great that she was not at all clear on that point. The talk was all "shop". Even Mr. Holtzwasser paid very little attention to her. He was vastly concerned with a discussion of the proper sort of story they should have for Barbara Grayson and his fellow debater seemed to be writing it.

Luncheon over, however, Holtzwasser led the way back to his office.

He offered her a comfortable chair, took out a cigar, lighted it, offered her a cigarette, which she refused, and then grinned.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Your test was fair. Only fair. You photograph beautifully. I was sure you would. With your wide-spaced eyes, and the eyes themselves—you have a lovely mouth—there is a decidedly fragile quality about you on celluloid which is not visible to the naked eye. Your voice is not as valuable as your face. You'll need a lot of coaching. You will need careful direction and much instruction in acting. But you can be put over."

Marnie fluttered her eyelids as she had been told to do.

"I might say that you probably would turn out to be a quite adequate actress. You have the necessary mobility. But, my dear young lady, it costs a studio money to furnish such a training as you will need. If you had had some extra experience, it would remove much of this need. But you haven't. Now, if a studio is going to some expense to train someone, naturally it expects to offset such expense by some other means, such as—perhaps the value of that person's—let us say—name—or connections. Do you follow me?"

Marnie wondered what he was going to say next. Was he leading up to some request that her supposedly wealthy father invest in the company? What he said was more of a shock to her than that request would have been.

***What could Mr. Holtzwasser have said to Marnie to upset her so? You'll be surprised and thrilled with the concluding episode of this story in next month's* MOVIE MIRROR.**

IN MOVIE MIRROR'S JANUARY ISSUE

"THE CHANGE THAT BROUGHT SUCCESS TO

GRACE MOORE"

Revealing the vital, human story behind the scenes in the phenomenal career of the prima donna star of "One Night of Love"

"THE FIVE BEST-DRESSED MEN IN HOLLYWOOD" AND

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AT REINHARDT'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Herbert Marshall and la Swanson were snapped at the big moment in Hollywood's artistic life—"A Midsummer-Night's Dream," produced by Reinhardt.

Fans who came to see their idols and honor the impresario were amply rewarded. Joan Crawford was there with Franchot Tone (which didn't surprise anyone).

Charlie Chaplin brought Paulette Goddard. Only Reinhardt's (and Shakespeare's!) magic could have vied with such a brilliant galaxy of film stars.

What an evening! Jean Harlow came with Bill Powell. And there isn't space enough for all the favorites who were at the Bowl that night for the performance.

Why is Mae West like Gene Tunney? Well, she likes prize-fights and Shakespeare, too. Here she is with Ernst Lubitsch and Emanuel Cohn of Paramount.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 14*)

This is a combination of everything and nothing.

Edmund Lowe is the auctioneer who meets Victor Moore, spending a million a year on radio programs, his secretary, Alice White, and Gloria Stuart, a program director. He gets a job as announcer of the program, his head blows up like a stratosphere balloon, he pulls a fast one and loses his job, gets drunk, forgets Gloria. He is in a bad way when his biggest chance comes and the way he handles that provides the drama.

Your Reviewer Says: Dramatically unsound, but entertaining if you like music.

For Children: A football game and some airplane action may keep them awake.

✓ The Merry Widow (MGM)

You'll See: *Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Una Merkel, George Barbier, scores of others.*

It's About: *A very wealthy widow, a very poor prince, a funny little kingdom and how they all get together.*

Frankly, this reviewer doesn't like the combination of the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch and romance. The witty, amusing direction of Lubitsch is enchanting when given a worldly-wise story. But when combined with a story full of nightingales, moonlit evenings, flirtations and eyes veiled with love, it clashes.

This new version of "The Merry Widow", beautifully mounted, slyly directed has lost definitely the romance of the John Gilbert-Mae Murray version of several years ago. It has, however, the lyric voice of Jeanette MacDonald to make its songs reach your heart. It has a great fund of laughter given it by Una Merkel and George Barbier. And it is heavenly to look upon. Chevalier as the dashing Danilo is sadly miscast, however.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love the music and MacDonald and be a bit disappointed in the rest of it.

For Children: Okay.

✓✓ "Richest Girl in the World" (RKO)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Reginald Denny, Henry Stephenson, others.*

It's About: *A fifty million dollar heiress who wants love.*

This is just as romantic and almost as gay as "It Happened One Night" and if you miss it, you'll miss as delightful an evening as you could ever possibly have. Not only is the plot heart-warming and ingratiating but the acting keeps pace with it. Miriam Hopkins is seductive, witty and touching. Joel McCrea is his most handsome and twice as good an actor as he has ever seemed before.

Chiefly it is about a poor little rich girl who is always being pursued by fortune hunters and a big handsome lad who is honest enough to admit he'd rather marry a girl with a fortune. Cupid is kept in a terrible flutter right to the end.

Your Reviewer Says: The best light comedy of the last six months.

For Children: They will love it.

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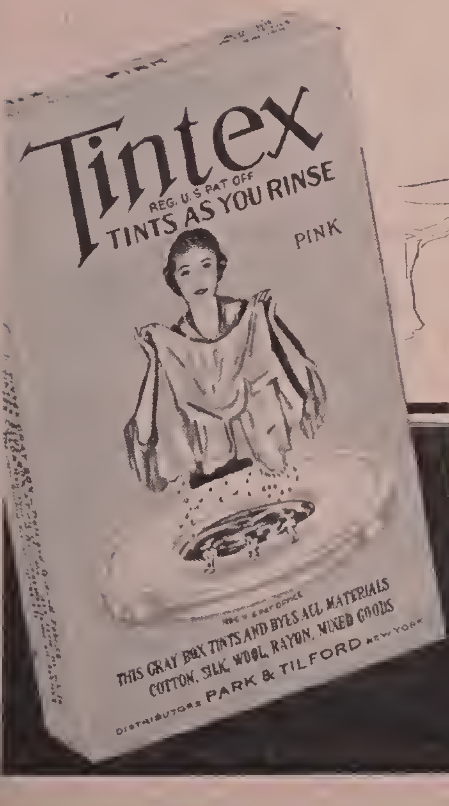
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How to Meet a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 49*)

at a pre-arranged signal, blocking the glamorous star's path. Joan had to stop—and all nine whipped out autograph books.

Jean Harlow encountered a similar experience. And for that reason she no longer passes a certain high school on her way to her French lessons. The students discovered she was passing their corner regularly, so they drove their cars across the road, completely blocking her way until she had signed autograph books, school books, scraps of paper, anything handy on which might be written her signature. Incidentally, she arrived more than an hour late for her appointment.

On another occasion, Jean, upon reaching home, was confronted by a young man who hopped out of the baggage compartment of her new car. He had seen her leave her automobile on the street and had stowed away in the cramped storage quarters, believing Jean, when she learned how anxious he was to talk with her, would invite him into her house.

Last summer, two very attractive girls came to the front gate of the Fox studio, asking to see Warner Baxter. They explained they had traveled all the way from England just to see the star. They told such a pitiful tale that the publicity department interested itself in their behalf.

Several years previously, they said, they had seen Baxter in "Ramona," had fallen desperately in love with him and had immediately started saving money for a trip to Hollywood, just for the satisfaction of talking with their idol. Their peace of mind had been so upset they just *had* to meet Warner, they naïvely admitted. Their case was so unusual, and they had journeyed so far that the department contacted Baxter and he entertained them at lunch. Their great object completed, they set forth for England several days later.

A parallel case arose some months ago, when an artillery sergeant presented himself at the Radio Pictures lot and requested to see Irene Dunne. He, too, had come from afar, Hawaii, just to meet the woman whom he believed the most beautiful in the world.

Once again, chance took a hand. Miss Dunne's husband, visiting her from New York, happened to pass through the lobby at that particular moment, and overhearing the man ask for his wife, paused. Upon learning that the sergeant had taken leave of absence and paid his own way back to the United States with the one purpose in mind, he invited him into the studio and took him out on the set where Miss Dunne was working. The upshot of the matter ended in Miss Dunne's and her husband's entertaining him at their home the following day, dining him and generally making his visit as pleasant as possible.

Before Mary Brian moved into her Toluca Lake residence, a young lady came to her apartment house one evening about eight o'clock and insisted on seeing her. Mary's mother finally went down to the lobby to learn what she wanted and the girl asked if she might stay all night with them. When Mrs. Brian told her that would be impossible, she cried and became hysterical . . . she said she had come all the way from a small town in Illinois to see Mary and ask her to get her a screen test. Mary was her favorite and she didn't see any reason why she couldn't keep her for a few months. If Mary wouldn't permit her to spend the night, she would have to sleep in the streets.

Naturally, Mrs. Brian could not satisfy her request, but she did engage a room for the night, so that the girl wouldn't have to "sleep in the streets." The following evening, the girl attempted the same tactics, and for four successive nights. Finally, she gave up.

WHEN Joan Bennett was in the hospital several years ago with a broken leg she was startled by a young girl's bursting into the room and rushing up to her, exclaiming in a wild-eyed manner, "I did it . . . I did it. I finally got in to see you. Please, just let me touch your hand! I've been trying to get in here for a week, but I fooled them this time. . . ."

Similarly, Ronald Colman was sitting on the set, studying the script for his next scene. Out of a clear sky, a very pompous lady obviously of English lineage dashed up to him, shrieking, "You're from London, I'm from London, we have a lot in common." Not only once, but many times did she repeat this utterance, as fast as she could gasp.

Early in the season, Ralph Morgan and his brother, Frank, were cruising on the yacht off the Catalina coast. Ralph dove overboard for a swim, and when some distance from the boat suffered a cramp in his leg.

While wondering how best to save himself, he espied a small craft approaching and shouted for help. As the boat came close, one of the men in the helm yelled, "Aren't you Ralph Morgan?" To the affirmative reply, the man continued, "I've been trying to meet you for months," and paying absolutely no attention to Morgan's feeble efforts to catch hold of the boat loudly proclaimed he had a story he knew would make a grand picture for Morgan.

The actor, finally helped over the side, gasped that he would do anything he could. For half an hour he sat hunched in one end of the boat and listened to the author "sell" his brainchild. Of course, when someone saves your life, even though a bit tardy in according that service, and then makes a request, that debt must be paid. Morgan made arrangements for the man to meet the right people.

Over a period of years a lady has been corresponding with John Boles. Every week a letter would arrive for the actor. One of the letters contained the news she was coming to California to see him, with a surprise, and would he grant her an interview.

When she reached Los Angeles, she phoned his home, as he had directed in a reply. That evening, the star and his wife went downtown to the Biltmore to see the stranger, who turned out to be a sweet, motherly creature whose surprise was . . . a beautiful bedspread patterned exactly after the one on George Washington's bed at Mt. Vernon.

Having read that Boles' home was Early American, she had gone to Mt. Vernon to see the bedspread on Washington's bed, had copied and made it with her own hands and then had come to California. Boles and his wife took such a liking to the little old lady that they insisted she be their house guest for a fortnight.

Wallace Beery was eating luncheon with a group of newspapermen in his room at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco when a begrimed man stepped in the open window. He was the hostelry's window-washer. He had heard that Beery was in the hotel and had worked his way around the lofty twelfth-floor ledge to the actor's room, knowing he could not otherwise meet his favorite star.

ANOTHER fan found out where Clark Gable buys his gasoline. Gable was having his tank filled one morning when a chap rushed up, very much out of breath. He said he worked in the sound department at the studio—he was late for work—would Mr. Gable give him a lift? Mr. Gable did, and during the ride to the studio the man confessed that this stunt was the big moment of his life. He would be an everlasting hero to the folks back home in Indiana.

As Charlie Chaplin arrived home from the theatre one night, an attractive brunette stepped forth from his closet. She had broken into the house, secreted herself and awaited his coming. All she wanted was to hear Charlie's voice and secure a personally autographed photograph.

Almost as startling was Ruth Chatterton's experience. A young man popped up out of the shrubbery late one evening as she strolled on the lawn and pleaded he would be forever disgraced if he didn't see her and talk with her before departing for his home in the East. His request for an autograph was satisfied after Miss Chatterton had determined in her own mind that his unusual visit was sincere.

One of the commonest forms of approach is to claim over the phone that the caller is either a friend of the star's family back East or that he or she actually is a member of some branch of the family.

A maid called Kay Francis to the phone to speak to her Cousin George. Kay didn't remember any Cousin George, but she vaguely recalled hearing her mother mention the name, so she went to the phone.

"Hello, Katherine," said a strange voice. "This is George Gibbs from Oklahoma City." This sounded genuine enough. Her real name is Katherine, and her family name is Gibbs. She comes from Oklahoma City.

"I haven't seen you since you were a little girl," the voice continued, "and I thought I'd like to meet you, now that you're famous. I'm your mother's cousin."

In all good faith Kay invited him to luncheon at the studio the following day. But "Cousin George" never got his lunch. Kay had remembered, meanwhile, that the Cousin George who came to her mind was on her mother's side of the family and could not possibly have been named Gibbs

Evidently, the imposter had read a magazine story published a short time before, in which Kay's real name and birthplace were told. The "George" was a lucky shot in the dark.

Nearly every star has been bothered with such misrepresentations as this. Joan Blondell was on the verge of keeping a dinner engagement with the "mother" of a schoolmate when she learned that both the girl's parents had passed on several years before. And Joe E. Brown made an appointment with a man bearing a very important and confidential message from Mr. Frederick Eckers of New York, whose name had a familiar ring, but whom Joe couldn't for the moment place. Mr. Eckers' name sounded familiar because he is president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and all the man wanted was to sell the comedian a good-sized policy.

ANOTHER popular excuse advanced by thousands in their efforts to see and meet the stars is the claim that they wish to interview the star, either for a local or an out-of-town publication. To cope with this situation, only those press representatives able to produce satisfactory credentials are admitted to the studios. Letters of introduction patently faked appear frequently, as do assertions at the studio gate that Mr. So-and-So (the name of the star they wish to see) has requested they meet him at the studio that day. The various pleas and subterfuges take so many forms that a volume would be required to list them all.

The crashers and imposters have made it necessary for the stars to avoid seeing anybody about whom there is the slightest doubt. If you are an old friend of a star and he or she will not see you, it isn't because he is high hat, but because he doesn't believe it is really you. He has been fooled too many times!

You can thank the crashers for that.

Last Minute News

Charles Farrell may be lost to Hollywood, as he is clicking heavily in England.

Hepburn is singing in "The Little Minister" for the first time.

The parents of David Butler, the hit of "Only Yesterday," have turned down a long-term contract with a major studio so they can send the boy to a public school—they don't want him to get undemocratic ideas.

Phil Holmes in London for "Ten-Minute Alibi" got ready to go there in ten minutes.

Cantor is leaving for New York for eight radio broadcasts, thence to England at Christmas-time for vacation. Eddie remembers when he was playing in third-rate vaudeville in England; he was just married and very poor, before the war—they thought the trip would be a honeymoon and it was a hungrymoon. Now he's going to get even with Fate. He'll be back for his next picture here next spring.

Preston Foster gets his first big Metro break in "Backfield."

Alice White, who just agreed to disagree with Universal, refuses to be annoyed. She'll be seen in Warner Bros.-First National "Sweet Music," with Rudy Vallee.

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET! I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

1. **"One day at the grocer's,** I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, '*Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.*' Well . . ."

2. **"Next washday,** I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively *golden soap* and *naptha*. The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."

3. **"And now look at this!** Did you ever see a *whiter* shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep "*tattle-tale gray*" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one!* Richer *golden soap* working hand-in-hand with *lots of naptha*. A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1934, Fels & Co.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first

Make them attractive with Maybelline

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The Approved Mascara

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Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline

BLACK AND BROWN

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BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

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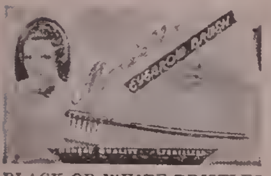

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream — to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

What May Robson Has Learned in Sixty Years

(*Continued from page 37*)

whatever comes who works through to new happiness and success.

It isn't strange that in Hollywood today May Robson is something of a queen. Despite the fact that here more than anywhere else in all the world it is youth and beauty that hold imperial sway. Deference would be shown her because of her years. Of course. But the feeling towards her is more than deference. Far more. The youngest and prettiest girls and the very gayest young men stop and talk to May Robson not simply out of respect but because they want to, because her enthusiasm warms and reassures them, because she comes very close to speaking with the tongue of their own generation.

I venture to say that today May Robson is younger in thought and speech and spirit than she was forty years ago. Instead of finding age in her years she has found youth through her living.

"WHAT else have you learned in sixty years?" I asked her.

"The greatest thing I've learned is tolerance," she said. "Oh, you hear people say: 'I flatter myself that I'm tolerant. I have understanding for a lot of things. But a thing like that I can't excuse!'

"Well now, that is exactly what I don't call tolerance.

"True tolerance, I think, lies in excusing the very things you can't understand.

"I don't see how any of us can be sure enough of himself to pass judgment on any other human being, irrespective of what that being may do. For we can never comprehend all the little emotions and experiences and reactions which anyone else has experienced. And almost always I think it is the sum of a hundred little things which shapes our thoughts and then our actions.

"And how can we ever know that we wouldn't do a thing ourselves provided the same impulse and the same opportunity came simultaneously? Impulse and opportunity . . . You know, I truly doubt that anyone resists when these two things come together. The older I grow the more convinced I am that impulse and opportunity coming simultaneously to thousands upon thousands of people have changed the political and moral history of the world.

"Thinking back," Miss Robson went on, "we all remember changing our outlook on life, changing our desires. And if the pattern of our lives hasn't been such that we've had, simultaneously, the impulse and opportunity to break any social or moral law then, in our good fortune, we do well to show a little tolerance for those whose lives have been less sheltered, for those whose experiences have been more violent."

The director called Miss Robson to the set. She put on her pretty purple hat before a mirror and picked up her handbag. Her scene was with Carole Lombard. In the story Carole, a famous fan dancer, adopts May Robson for her mother from an Old Ladies' Home where she has been committed under a suspended sentence for making a public nuisance of herself while intoxicated. In this particular scene she and Carole Lombard return home after Carole is turned down by a theatrical manager.

"And what does he know about acting anyway?" Miss Robson asked. Her voice was strange and bitter and vulgar, as far a hail from her natural voice as could be imagined. While she herself was a complete and total stranger to the wise and charming person who a minute before had been sitting at my side.

"Tell me one more thing you've learned?" I asked when she joined me again.

"I've learned happiness," she said quickly. "I've learned happiness."

"*Learned* happiness?" I was puzzled.

She nodded and smiled. "Just that!

"When I married a second time both my husband and I were busy people. For many years he was head surgeon at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Often when I was on the road he found it necessary to remain in New York. But we were always stealing time together.

"All in all we had thirty-seven good years."

MISS ROBSON'S eyes seemed to look back upon those good years. With happiness. But not with the desperate longing that too often lies in the eyes of those who look backwards. For at sixty she still looks forward too. At sixty she is busy. And loved. At sixty she still finds life splendid and all of it well worth living.

"It was during my second marriage," she told me, "that I realized all any of us ever have is the hour in which we are living. So when my husband would wire me to get off my train at Boston, when he'd meet me there in a new car and we'd go off into the New England hills for a few days together I learned to take the happiness each hour held and to put everything else out of my mind.

"After all," she said, "happiness lies within us. Without a *capacity* for happiness we can't be happy irrespective of what we do or what we have.

"I've been happiest, I think, looking forward to success, planning the things I would do, dreaming of the things I wanted to accomplish.

"The other morning, having my breakfast in bed, I suddenly knew myself perfectly happy. Perfectly happy sitting there drinking my orange juice and watching the dozens of birds feeding at the trough of seed I have attached to my window-sill.

"A big fellow flew up and chased the little birds away. I threw a lump of sugar and frightened him off. And then the little birds came back and one of them raised the loveliest song. And I was so happy I started to sing with him.

"And it wasn't the evenings that Marie (Marie Dressler) and I went to a grand party that we were happiest. I can speak for dear Marie too I'm sure. No, it was the evenings I went up to her house and we played rummy. At the end of a week one of us might owe the other five cents. Nothing more than five cents!

In the lap of fortune and fame, this wee bit of humanity has the right to gurgle, for she's the great granddaughter of the great, grand lady, after whom she was named, May Robson Gore.

"Marie was always a great one for making up new rules.

"'Those weren't the rules we played according to last time,' I'd tax her.

"And then her fist would come down on the arm of her chair and she'd say, 'Robson, those are the rules!' And we'd play with those rules.

"Happiness in little things. Ah, that's a happy thing to learn. To live every minute, however insignificant it may be, for itself and to enjoy it to the full. To know happiness for happiness while you have it."

She went off to luncheon in her dressing-room. Eagerly because her maid had iced a golden melon for her. Announcing that it was worth while to have come to live in California if only because of the heavenly fruit that there always is to be had. Enjoying to the utmost the new pattern her life has taken in the last year or two. Not for a minute a pathetic old lady sorry for herself because she's had to pull up all her roots and adjust to an entirely different life at her age.

Work and tolerance and happiness in little things . . . These are the three things May Robson has learned in her sixty years. And having learned them she brings new truth to Browning who said: "The best is yet to be; the last of life for which the first was made."

More Last Minute News

There is a possibility that director Eddie Sutherland, who, with Louise Brooks, startled Hollywood and the nation eight years ago by giving a divorce party at the Montmartre on the eve of legal proceedings, may wed her again. Both were married to others and divorced since the unique party. Eddie recently visited her in Chicago.

The fact that there is sentiment in Hollywood is proved by the fact that Florence Rice, forced out of the cast of "The Captain Hates the Sea" by illness, was given another chance immediately by Columbia, in "Fugitive Lady." She was broken-hearted until she got that second break.

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OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR
Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach . . . Gas . . . Heartburn New Safe Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of *raw water-soluble alkali.*

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up. TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14TLL, St. Louis, Mo.*

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TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS STOMACH DISTRESS 10¢ HANDY TO CARRY

3-Roll Carrier Package

Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.

The Doctor said
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD
WOULD STOP COUGH QUICKLY— IT DID

"Mother's cough wore her out terribly," writes Mrs. M John-ston, N.Y.C. "The specialist advised Pertussin. How quickly the bad cough stopped!"

Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe. Contains no drugs. Tastes good.

THROAT
BRONCHIAL TUBES

GLANDS HERE CLOG—
THROAT DRIES—
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD.
THEN COUGHING STARTS!

● Doctors have used Pertussin for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.

PERTUSSIN

helps nature cure your cough

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING for Only 1¢

The amazing new Diamond Self-Heating Iron actually runs 3 to 5 hours for only 1c, and cuts ironing time in half. Beats high priced electric and gas irons for speed and economy yet costs less. No tangling wires—no trailing tubes or hoses—entirely self contained. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene (coal-oil). Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and long life—to see it is to want it instantly. **HOME TRIAL.** Write for complete description and opportunity for trial offer.

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The Smartest Girl in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

In 1925, when her father died, Claudette was in the theatre, but the most she had ever earned was fifty dollars a week. Still she moved her family into a more expensive apartment. Because she felt she must be more accessible to Broadway, to the theatres, and the managers' offices.

"My mother was horrified," Claudette told me. We were lunching in her dressing-room and she had just come off the set of "Imitation of Life." In one sequence of this story she plays a successful business woman of thirty-eight and her hair was knotted on her neck to make her look older.

"You know how the French are," Claudette went on. "For every penny you spend you must save two. And there I was, with the family to support, undertaking to pay more rent than it had been considered advisable to pay when my father was alive!

"There again, however, I knew, beyond any reason, that it would be all right.

"Actually, it was to relieve my mother's anxiety that I signed that five-year contract with Al Woods. It started out guaranteeing me fifteen weeks a year at one hundred and fifty dollars a week. That took care of the rent. And with this assured I knew mother would know she could manage. For she has a native ability for making a little go a long way and seem important."

AT first Claudette and her family lived in something of a hand to mouth manner. For the four summer months following her father's death, until she began to work in the autumn, Claudette had exactly five dollars for spending money. However, if they had nothing ahead, the stocks Mr. Colbert left soon proving worthless, they never went into debt. Claudette may look like one of those lovely, gay ladies Goya painted. And she is like them in many ways. But she has common sense and a good, strong backbone to boot. As you'll soon see.

It was in 1927, two years after Mr. Colbert's death, that Claudette gained real recognition on Broadway through her work in "The Barker."

"At that time," Claudette told me, "I was making two hundred dollars a week. So I bought a second-hand Buick. Kept it in an inexpensive uptown garage. It meant week-end excursions, Sundays in the country."

"I bought myself a fur coat, too. My first!"

"Mother was concerned. She felt I should save my money. I did put a little away. But I'd seen my father go without a moment's rest all his life and die of pneumonia in three minutes. So I decided we would take our pleasures as we went along."

Like anyone earning a living in any business, Claudette faced problems constantly during her first three years as a family bread-winner. But it was after her appearance in "The Barker," when Paramount approached her about making motion pictures for them, that she came to her first vitally important decision.

She was under contract to Al Woods for another two years. Professionally speaking, she was his property. He had no objections to her making pictures, but insisted that she do this under his management and that he receive 50 per cent of her earnings.

"I won't do it," she told him; "I'll sit home and knit!"

There was, virtually, a fortune at stake. Claudette knew how important it was that she start in pictures while she was still very young. She realized what a handicap it would be to wait two years. Paramount realized this, too. And brought pressure to bear upon her. But she would not give in.

"Buy me away from Mr. Woods," she suggested finally. "The way baseball clubs buy players from other clubs. Pay him for my contract and give me less."

They weren't keen about doing this. They had no way of knowing whether or not Claudette would be successful on the screen. They fussed and they fumed. They looked indignant and they acted injured.

"I won't do it any other way," Claudette repeated; "I'll sit home and knit!"

She won. Paramount paid Al Woods twenty-five thousand dollars for her contract and arranged things so they got this money back as quickly as possible by giving Claudette far less than they otherwise would have paid her.

But that was fine with Claudette. She was working for herself. She was a free agent. And if you could know of the dozens and dozens of players in Hollywood today who relinquish half and more of their salaries every week because of legal entanglements from just such arrangements as Claudette dodged you'd know how very wise and how very far-sighted Claudette proved at this crucial time.

Her battle-cry of "I won't do it, I'll sit home and knit!" won her first important battle for her very decisively. With it she turned the tables so it was Al Woods and Paramount who faced an impasse.

I don't know how you feel about it but I get a very definite thrill picturing Claudette, young and attractive and smartly groomed, sitting opposite those shrewd, highly-paid executives, quietly holding her own, thinking as soundly and quickly as all of them put together.

Her movie salary in the beginning wasn't a movie salary in the general sense of this term at all. Nevertheless she was making more than she had made on the stage and her pattern of living stepped up accordingly. She sold the second-hand Buick and bought a new Chrysler. She engaged a maid to run her household. And she had a chauffeur to drive her car.

ALMOST at once the publicity department began to worry her about her married life. As you know she and Norman Foster were married while they were playing together in "The Barker" but they maintained separate establishments. Because they always have sincerely believed this was the way they would be happiest.

"You can't go on this way," a publicity executive informed Claudette. "The public won't like it. You're in pictures now and you might as well make up your mind that your life isn't your own. You can't afford to be unconventional."

"Don't be ridiculous," Claudette answered, amused laughter running in and out of her words. "I wouldn't think of changing my manner of living. I really wouldn't. If I can't get ahead in this business by doing a good job before the cameras I'll sit home and knit!"

They dropped the matter.

Then they wanted to ballyhoo her as the best dressed woman on the screen. They wanted to cast her in one paper doll part after another because she wore clothes so well. But she didn't see things that way. She wanted to be known not as a dressmaker's dummy but as an actress. She wanted to play all manner of roles.

"I won't do it," she began in her warm, full voice.

"Okeh!" they told her hastily "Okeh!" They'd heard those words and that tone before. They knew it was no earthly use to go on.

Talk began to circulate that Claudette was difficult, that she had notions.

She didn't make an immediate hit in pictures. She did well enough at the box-office but nothing more. Then, slowly, her drawing-power began to increase.

"We're going to get your next pictures out in a hurry," they informed Claudette during a conference one afternoon. "We're going to take advantage of the current interest there is in you."

Claudette had asked for this appointment to talk of very different plans. She was in that office, in fact, to ask for the lengthy leave of absence which her contract stipulated she might take at this time.

"My husband and I are going on a trip around the world," she explained. Her dark eyes were bright with excitement. Happiness sung in her voice. "On a freighter! We're planning to stop at out of the way places. We're going to . . ."

She got no further. They threw handsprings. They had kittens.

"Going on that trip," Claudette admits, "was just about the hardest thing I've ever done. The night before we sailed I never closed my eyes. Three or four times I was on the verge of changing my mind, even though our tickets were bought and Norman was coming for me first thing in the morning.

"Then I'd think how wonderful it was going to be. I'd realize how many people there were in the world who would give their right arm to do what we were able to do. I knew, too, that it was the perfect time for Norman and me to have such a trip. We'd been married three years, long enough to know and understand each other. But not so long that that first glorious excitement had gone."

"What finally decided you?" I asked.

Claudette laughed. "That same old conviction that everything would work out all right.

"Undoubtedly that trip retarded my career. As they had insisted it would. I figure, really, it put me back about two years. But it was worth it.

"Far horizons are a swell thing for your perspective."

IT was when Claudette returned from this trip that Paramount wanted her to work in California instead of in New

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.

Compare YOUR Figure
WITH
Lovely Lilian Bond's
Height, 5'4" **Weight, 116 lbs.**
Bust 34" **Waist, 25"**

Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars — you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat — enjoy better health — look and feel years younger — just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just **one** salt as some people ignorantly believe—Kruschen is a superb blend of **six** separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose splendid medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a **health** treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.

Kruschen Salts

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

MEN'S XMAS SURPRISE GIFT

Surprise your husband, father or brother. *Shavex*—an amazing new invention makes shaving easier, quicker, more luxurious than ever before. Not a cream or blade sharpener. In beautiful XMAS Gift Package. 50c each, prepaid. Stamps or coin O.K. 3 for $1.00.
SHAVEX CO., 106 South 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, **is not sticky or greasy** and does not rub off.

RADIO GIRL PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Unseen Beauty Wins

To visible beauty add this exqusite fragrance and you will have irresistible charm . . . RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded from French essential oils—to glorify the modern American Girl . . . And RADIO GIRL Face Powder spreads a delicate film to beautify and protect your skin. There is a shade for *your* complexion.

Write today for FREE SAMPLES

Get regular size *Radio Girl* Perfume and trial size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.) **Write Dept. R-12. -**

RADIO GIRL, St. Paul, Minn.

York. She realized this change would have its advantages. The players in Hollywood did seem to progress faster. However, Claudette didn't feel the professional advantages involved would compensate her for personal disadvantages. At that time, you see, Norman Foster had to be in New York.

"I won't go," she told them finally, frightened at the prospect of being sent away from Norman Foster, uprooted from the new apartment she'd just leased and furnished. "I'll . . . I'll sit home and knit!"

The following week she was in production on her next picture in the Eastern studios.

"I had to come to California eventually, of course," Claudette said, "when production in the East ended altogether. But then it was different. Norman had started picture work. He could be in Hollywood too."

Claudette's arrival in Hollywood was not auspicious. There was some feeling against the people who had worked in New York. The western executives and supervisors were none too pleased at inheriting the services of La Colbert. An independent piece. Who didn't look like a movie star to begin with. Who had notions, of all the baleful things in the world.

Their attitude was "Well, we've got this dame on our hands. What in thunder are we going to do with her?"

Claudette doesn't talk about this chapter in her career but those close to her know a little of all she experienced and suffered.

"You have no sex appeal," one high and mighty lord informed her.

If she was confused at hearing this it is no wonder. In the East she had had to battle against her physical charm being stressed more than her histrionic ability.

One day the publicity department telephoned her. "We want some pictures of you," they announced. "Some leg pictures like you used to have. We want to build up your sex-appeal. We've made an appointment for you at the studio portrait gallery tomorrow at three o'clock."

Claudette protested. She had said she would have no more of those pictures and she had meant it. Someone higher up came on the wire. Would Miss Colbert listen to reason, please. They had had years of experience building up personalities. They felt they knew their business. If Miss Colbert wouldn't cooperate, of course . . ." The last of the sentence trailed off into an ominous silence.

But this didn't fease Claudette. "I won't do it. I'll sit home and knit!" Again her battle cry sounded. And again it carried her to victory. Because again it was obvious she meant every word she said.

Claudette has come through. Today without doing any of the flamboyant things or striking any of the flamboyant poses that outstanding personalities usually go in for, in Hollywood especially, she stands at the top, this determined Claudette!

She lives with her mother and her aunt in the Brentwood house Garbo used to have. It isn't a show place by any means. But it is very charming. A high wall protects it from the road. The several acres of ground are planted luxuriously with trees and flowers. It has a swimming pool and tennis courts. And the house itself, done in soft grays and beiges with white predominating was planned by Claudette with the help of a decorator.

Now she has a Lincoln car. A couple to look after the house. A chauffeur. And her personal maid. Not for one minute, in any respect, has she gone berserk. Her scale of living has increased proportionately with her income. Nothing more. She is taking the things she wants from life and the things which give her pleasure as she goes along. But she also keeps one of those lovely dark eyes of hers on the future.

"I know darn well I'd hate to go back to a little flat and a second-hand Buick," Claudette says, with refreshing honesty. "And I know darn well this harvest won't last forever. So I always think 'How much am I spending to live as I live now?' And then see to it that I put enough away to insure this same pattern of living after the old salary checks stop coming in."

A call boy knocked on the dressing-room door. "Ready, Miss Colbert, please . . ."

Claudette began to fasten the bracelets of paste emeralds and diamonds about her wrist.

"Next year," she announced, "I'm going off on a long holiday, travel for some months in Europe. I'm beginning to feel the need of some far horizons again."

When Claudette announces this intention at the studios they'll raise a frightful rumpus. That much is certain. They'll warn her she's making a grave mistake. They'll point out, gravely and portentously, in their best executive manner, how by taking a long trip and not having a new picture released for this period of time she will be jeopardizing her popularity.

But Claudette will take her trip. That much is certain too. She knows that this is the time for her to acquire interests outside of her work that they may serve her when her time on the screen is over.

People often will do things to keep success that they wouldn't have thought of doing to get it. I know what a Lorelei Success can be. I've seen so many people, movie people especially, wreck their lives for it. But I haven't the least doubt in the world that Claudette will steer her way through these exciting, glamorous, golden years as wisely and independently and charmingly as she steered her way to them.

She's a smart girl, Claudette. As far as I'm concerned the smartest girl in town.

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS—

Adrienne Ames has gone to London, where Bruce Cabot is joining her.

Isabel Jewell has been ailing for some time and not appearing out with Lee Tracy, thus giving rise to untrue rumors of another split-up.

Howard Wilson, handsome juvenile, is replacing Ken Murray in the affections of Sue Carol.

Can it be that Bill Powell has Jean Harlow in mind as he completely redecorates his Beverly Hills home?

Spencer Tracy is consoling himself with Erin O'Brien-Moore following the Loretta Young break-up.

Andy Devine says his and Dorothy House's baby is arriving on November twentieth.

The man of the moment for Mary Carlisle is George Blakely, actor.

Movie Mirror's Homemaking Page

(*Continued from page 67*)

been high in favor with us all, but have been thought of as one of the more costly floor treatments. That is no longer true. There are new inexpensive weaves on the market today that come in the same range of attractive colors as one finds in velvets and chenilles. For instance, in the living rooms of Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby I used Klearfax carpet.

I used a soft blue carpet as a background for the Arlen living room on which to build a raspberry-and-blue color scheme. In the Crosby living room, combining cedar and green, the carpet is a tan and cedar mixture woven in a thin wavy stripe.

Figured carpets are smart but require careful handling. Curtain and chair coverings, for instance, must be either in plain color or very small figure or the result is a hodge-podge that is baffling. For this reason Oriental rugs, in spite of the fine workmanship shown in the old ones, are difficult. However, if you are desirous of using Orientals, the small figured ones may be employed successfully in libraries, halls and as stair runners. They fit in best in a heavy panelled room. It is safe to say that a decorator should always be consulted if you plan on using figured floor covering.

I am often asked if one may combine figured rugs with a plain one. I did this in a living room of Robert Armstrong's Early California ranch house. By fringing a broadloom rug on all four sides the carpet feeling was removed and made to be more of a rug that was in character with the handsome old figured Mexican Alpujarra rugs.

Linoleum has become in late years a very popular floor covering. It possesses all the practical virtues besides giving a textured surface that softens and enriches colors. Much can be done in a room of modern trend with linoleum in solid colors, inlaid with a center design or interesting border. It is stunning in black and white in an entrance hall with Directoire painted furniture upholstered in royal blue. Linoleum is one of the most practical suggestions I can make for a dining room also. Too, it solves the difficult problem of cleaning sand out of rugs in a beach house. In the illustration you will see I used linoleum in Edmund Lowe's seaside cottage. Here the color scheme is red and white, and the light linoleum keeps alive the warm sunlight. Linoleum should always be waxed to facilitate cleaning and make it last longer.

A recreation room is another ideal place to use linoleum. Or if the sunlight in a room is not bright enough to fade colors, red cement squared off to represent large tile, with the joints painted white, is fine for an inexpensive recreation room floor.

And as one last suggestion, if you have floors that are old and you do not want to carpet them, varnished spatter-painted floors may give of character to a room.

And so, you see, whatever your state of finances or whatever effect you may wish to achieve, you have a wide range in choice of floor coverings. Though they are subservient to the rest of the decoration, it is the floor upon which you build your room and hence floor covering *is* important.

HELP KIDNEYS

..don't take drastic drugs

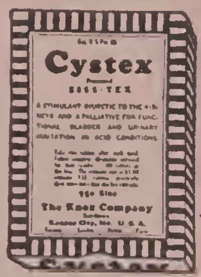
YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George
Medical Director

City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept. University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D.

CONSTIPATION
began
at 40!

Years of Suffering
Till She Found
This Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF

TODAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She noticed the difference immediately. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. Bothersome bilious spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or phenol derivatives, only natural laxative elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they work gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—See how thorough they are—yet so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119TT, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT
GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

15 YDS. DRESS GOODS
ALSO
BARGAIN!-THIS MONTH
SPECIAL OFFER 5 YARDS EXTRA
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Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Voiles, Chambrays, Shirtings, Crepes, etc, New clean goods direct to you at a big saving. Latest assorted colors direct from mills. The very newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.
SEND NO MONEY
Pay Postman when delivered. 15 yards 97c, plus delivery charges. 20 yards only $1.29, postage prepaid, if money accompanies order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY
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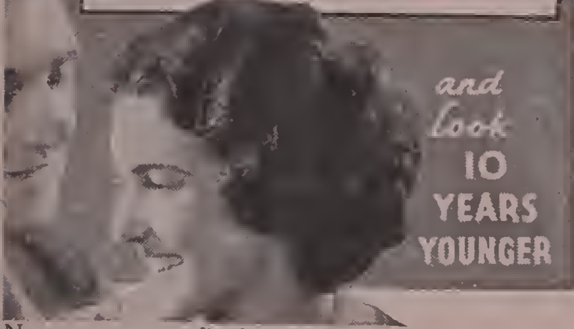
Brush Away
GRAY HAIR



Now you can really look years younger and retain your youthful charm and appearance. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you just tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black.

Over twenty-two years success. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

What a Fortune Teller Did for Edward Arnold

(*Continued from page 64*)

York via the Settlement House route, at forty-four is a devillish sort of a better than two-hundred pounder with come-hither blue eyes, very nice brown hair, and the soft, gentle manner of the unsophisticated that one looks for, but seldom finds, in a boy of eighteen.

Right off the bat he knocks the interviewer for a loop by admitting that he'd rather be an engineer than an actor, and would rather repair the engine in an automobile, with grease up to his ears, than kiss all the women stars in Hollywood. His only vice, it seems, is dozing in the patio of his Beverly Hills home.

"I was born in a tenement on the East Side of New York, Feb 18, 1890," said Arnold. "De poppa was German, de mama was German, and de poppa was a furrier, not a good one, but a furrier. We had a plenty tough time. Mother died when I was ten years old. Father became an invalid. At the age of ten I went to work and my first job was that of errand boy for a law firm; then I caught on in a jewelry manufacturing concern, intent upon learning the business of making class pins, medals and what-nots. I hurried away from that job because I had no working papers.

"My uncle, Guenther Schmidt, employed me and I set out to learn the art of laying carpets, and upholstering chairs. . . . I had no education, and so I signed up at the East Side Settlement House, Seventy-Sixth street and the East River, for study and play. It was there I met John D. Barry, now an associate editor of the San Francisco News, who was then the director of the Settlement House's dramatic club. Barry picked me for Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice, and I knew my fate! I would be an actor. But Barry discouraged me. I got a job as an oiler in the power house at Columbia University, and got canned when I let an engine get too hot. I got a job at this, that, and the other thing, but failed to keep one of them. Barry, who was my friend, and who had given me part after part in plays at the Settlement House, finally agreed I was totally worthless.

"'You're no good for anything else,' he told me, 'You might as well try the stage.'

"'Do you think I can make the grade?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'You'll be able to eat part of the time and that's more than you're doing now.'

"That was true!

"Barry got me a job with the Ben Greet Players, a Shakespearean 'rep' company.

"I had been earning anything from $2.50 to $7.50 a week so you can imagine how I felt when I received my first pay envelope which contained $25. There was a year of this, and then, in 1906, an engagement with Ethel Barrymore. Another with Robert Mantell, another with Maxine Elliott. I was getting good, and went to Richmond, Va., to do stock. *Our juvenile was Frank Morgan!*

PRESENTLY, in November, we found we were busted. The Richmond engagement was a flop. A theater manager from Savannah, Georgia, told us that the grass was green in Savannah, even in November, and we went there, and opened. The only reason we remained out of jail was that we entertained the deputy sheriff who came to the hotel to arrest us. We paid no hotel bills, and our 'treasurer' forgot to pay for the newspaper advertising. A benefit performance got us out of town.

"I caught on with William Ingersoll, in stock, in Philadelphia, did stock again in Richmond, in St. Paul, and, back in New York in 1915, succeeded Francis X. Bushman as leading man at the Essanay studio and for almost three years did two-reelers with Bryant Washburn, Margaret Clayton, Henry B. Walthall, and others. I did something like 100 movies before the studio closed. Then I returned to stock in St. Paul, and, finally, believing myself ready for the New York stage, went back to my home town.

"I starved for nine months.

"Then, in 1919, the 'big break' came. I got a big role in 'The Storm.' I made an impression.

This role was followed by another in 'Beyond the Horizon.' But my work in these two stage plays typed me as a 'western character.'

"I couldn't get a job.

"I haunted the booking offices.

"All I heard was 'Sorry, no western parts,' and 'We like you, but we have no blue shirt leads.'

"In desperation I signed for a condensed version of 'The Storm' for vaudeville. It lasted two years. Then I caught on in 'The Mad Honeymoon,' and began to think maybe I wasn't a type after all—until, following this, I portrayed the sheriff in 'The Nervous Wreck.' Because I was the western type I got $350 a week for this play, but dropped plenty for my part in 'Easy Come, Easy Go.'

"I dropped lower, and lower, and lower!

"It was 1928 and things were plenty tough.

"I renewed my acquaintance with hunger.

"With park benches, too!

"Then I got another break.

"I was offered the opportunity of going out in a skit with Viola Dana, the former picture star.

"The part was small.

"The pay was very, very small.

"But I accepted.

"For nine months we toured the sticks.

"I was very unhappy. Viola knew it.

"Now, a word about Viola Dana. She's a grand trouper, a swell girl, but she has a decided 'yen' for fortune tellers. In every town, at every opportunity, Viola consulted the town seers. And the very odd part about it, considering my own case, was that they were always wrong. Not one of them ever gave Viola a straight steer.

"I was very unhappy and I was low in money and morale.

"Viola knew it.

"One day, in Long Beach, she came to the theater, radiant. She had just been talking to 'Big Chief Mike.' She told me all about him, and urged me to go to the fortune teller whom he controlled. Much against my wishes, I went.

"Now I never did believe in that sort of hooey. It belongs in vaudeville. The medium turned out the lights, went into a trance, and called upon 'Mike' to do his stuff. 'Mike' did. This is what he told me:

" 'You are unhappy in your work. Quit your job.

" 'Return to the east and you will find much money.

" 'In the east a famous, beautiful woman awaits you.

" 'With her, you will find success.

" 'Then you will be poor again.

" 'Poor, you will return west.

" 'Returning you will find small success.

" 'There will be little money.

" 'Then, suddenly, you will be famous. There will be much money. Very much money.

" 'Go now. Quit. Return east.

" 'Big Mike' has spoken.'

"I wanted to laugh," continued Arnold. "As a matter of fact, I did laugh; and I kicked myself for being a sap and a sucker for those two bucks.

"Returning to the theater, the lightning struck. I decided to play the hunch to the limit.

"I quit, and returned to New York on a bus. Then things began to happen.

"I checked in at a boarding house, went to the telephone to call the express company to tell them where to bring my trunk and, while I was thumbing the pages for the telephone number, the phone rang. It was the Theater Guild calling ME! To this day I don't know how the Guild located me. I was offered a role *with a famous and beautiful woman*—Nazimova! I played twenty weeks with her, then got six weeks in 'The Miracle of Verdun' and the night that piece closed was signed for the third 'Little Show.'

"Then came a lull; a decided one.

"I was broke when I returned west with 'Whistling in the Dark,' at the lowest salary in years.

"Then came pictures. Small parts, little money. Then the heavy sugar."

"What's your reaction to all of it?" I asked.

Arnold grinned.

"Only this," he answered. "Success, always just around the corner, seldom greets a guy under forty."

"But what about 'Big Chief Mike'?" I questioned.

"Phooooey!" he exclaimed, laughed. Then he checked the laughter.

"After all," he grinned, "I better hadn't laugh—maybe 'Mike' wouldn't like it."

You'll want to know about
JEAN PARKER'S
FIVE YEAR
PLAN FOR LOVE!
Read about it in
January **Movie Mirror**

Pure
Mercolized
Wax
Beautifies The Skin
Bleaches Cleanses Nourishes
Softens and Protects

MERCOLIZED WAX
Keeps Skin Smooth and Young Looking

IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and clearer. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

PHELACTINE removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean. Phelactine is odorless and non-irritating.

POWDERED SAXOLITE dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. When used daily, fatigue lines fade away and skin glows with fresh, warm color.

Sold at high class drug and department stores everywhere

REDUCE—*You Can EASILY* In this book, "How To Reduce Weight," Bernarr Macfadden gives you the complete regime for weight reduction, including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises. By all means send for it today. Price 50c postpaid. Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. M.M. 12, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C . . .

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way
—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 700,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano — Violin
Guitar — Saxophone
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Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

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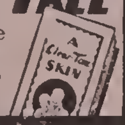

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Secret Sorrows of the Stars

(*Continued from page 40*)

suffered each time it seemed his prayer had been answered, and each time it was so cruelly denied by a recurrent illness of his wife. To escape from his grief, he created those wonderful modern fairy tales for other people's children—stories he would have told to his own babies—and filled his home and his studio with all the stray cats and dogs in Hollywood, just as the kiddies he *couldn't have* would have done.

But now, at last, after a pregnancy during which Mrs. Disney was watched over as jealously as though she'd been the Queen Mother, a fine healthy baby was born. So the wistfulness is gone out of Walt's eyes—his deep want has been satisfied. *Walt Disney has a baby of his own.*

THE spectre of ill-health which stands between Garbo and a fuller enjoyment of life, and which compels her apparent morbidity and her hermit-like habits, was once faced by Fredric March in an entirely different manner. Now Freddy, like Garbo, is a very complex human being—a person who is often completely controlled by his moods. And because of that he needs continual stimulation to be lifted out of himself. Stimulation which he seems to get satisfactorily only from his work and from one person—his wife, Florence Eldredge. When they were first married, some people say that Florence was actually a more important star than Freddy, for with the exception of his work in "The Royal Family," Freddy had yet to prove himself the versatile and amazingly talented actor he is.

With a wisdom beyond that of most Hollywood wives, Florence understood Freddy's peculiar psychology; knew that undertaking to be his wife would mean a full-time job, and that continuing her career would certainly endanger their marriage. So, although she loved her acting intensely, Florence relinquished it—perhaps never letting Freddy know how much the sacrifice cost her.

Then came Freddy's chance to prove himself in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

It was an opportunity he had anticipated for years, and he gave himself up entirely to the role—actually overworking himself into a state of virtual collapse. After the picture was completed, Florence made him consult a physician. She was frightfully worried, and rightly so, because that physician gave them the shocking piece of news that Fredric March would either have to retire from the screen for three or four years, or face an early death from heart lesion.

So Fredric and Florence March sat down one day, and talked it all over very calmly. Pro and con, back and forth. And with her heart breaking within her, Florence allowed her Freddy to make this strange decision. Knowing his own nature, said Freddy, knowing that he needed continual stimulation to make life bearable, he was sure that a short, intense life of activity and success ("Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had made Fredric famous over night) was preferable to the slow torture of waiting to get well, or . . . Grimly, this husband and wife pledged themselves courageously to take that desperate chance.

Yet, by one of those unexplainable quirks of fate which are always popping up to refute the best medical authority, Fredric March was spared, and "death took a holiday" instead! But the silent suffering that Florence endured during those years of waiting for that terrible thing that might happen any moment, can only be understood by those who also have waited for death to take the person they most loved. If Florence had lost "that difficult husband" for whom she had sacrificed her whole future, in whom she submerged her personality, her life might as well have ended then and there!

ONE of the great moments in motion picture history was that scene in "What Price Glory"—when "mother's boy" (Barry Norton) dies. If you recall it at all, you'll remember that what touched it with an epic quality was the powerfully moving performance of Victor McLaglen as *Captain Flagg*.

Months afterwards, in discussing it, Victor gave me to understand—although he didn't put it into words—that it was the sub-conscious memory of his brother Fred who, unknown to him, lay dying at the Belgian front some sixteen years ago, which made him forget that he was acting. For years that last tragic picture of the man whom he loved more than anyone else in the world, had been constantly before his sensitive mind's eye.

Fred was Victor's older brother and his idol—the most powerful influence in his whole life. True, there were six other McLaglen boys, and a rather austere father, Andrew McLaglen, Bishop of Clermont, England. But from the time when Victor, just a little boy, accompanied big brother, Fred, to Cape Town, South Africa, it was Fred who had been his inspiration and guide. Their love was as deep as that of the two brothers in the "Bridge of San Luis Rey." Secretly, although he never told Fred about it, Victor pledged eternal devotion to his liege knight.

Then the war broke out, and the McLaglen boys rushed back to London to enlist. And in spite of all the strings that Victor tried to pull, he was compelled to do recruiting duty in London, while Fred was immediately sent to the front.

They never met again. A little later Victor, now a commissioned lieutenant in a Middlesex regiment, was assigned to the Irish Fusileers, and shipped off to Mesopotamia, where he spent some exciting months fighting the Arabs and Turks.

While he was in the Near East, acting as Provost Marshal of Bagdad, Fred was killed on the Belgian front. The letter bearing the dreadful news miscarried, and Victor didn't know until he returned to London in the King's Guard.

No one will ever know how much this filibustering, loud-swearing he-man of the screen, hero of the "Cockeyed World," suffered under the shock of his loss. But he's built a shrine in his heart to his beloved brother, at which he worships silently, and forever. Always with the thought of shaping his life and his work so that Fred would be proud of him, if he could know. And sometimes, when he's off guard, he'll say, quite unconsciously, when you're talking to him: "That's good; Fred would have liked this." Or, "I wish Fred were here to see this now."

ONE of the most poignant and dramatic of all those unwritten tragedies is the story of Isabel Jewell, that little stage comedienne who is rapidly vaulting the ladder which leads to stardom.

Aside from Lee Tracy, to whom Isabel is officially—or unofficially—engaged, the dearest person in her life is her father, Dr. Lee Thorpe. Isabel's relationship to this wonderful physician is one of those rare things that seldom happens except in novels or movies! She adores and reveres him; her personal happiness depends on his welfare.

Some time ago, during the filming of "Counsellor-at-Law," an urgent telephone message was left on a publicity man's desk at Universal. It read: "Call Isabel Jewell immediately; she's lunching at the Vendome."

"What's the grand rush?" he grumbled, for he was hurrying out to an important luncheon engagement of his own. But Isabel was such a "swell kid" that he decided to keep his own appointment waiting a little longer to make that phone call.

A strange, choked voice which he could hardly recognize as Isabel's answered from the other end:

"Will you do me a great favor, Church? My father just arrived in town and I'm lunching with him here. Will you be a good boy and bring those sun-proof photographs they just took of me over to the Vendome? Right now?" her voice broke. "You see, Church, my father's going to have an operation on his eyes—he's going blind—is practically blind now—and I did so want him to see those pictures, so he could have his last nice memory of me before he goes to the dark room. Will you bring them over now?"

Perhaps those are the last pictures of his beloved Jewel that Dr. Thorpe will ever see. He walks about falteringly now, black glasses covering his eyes—and the physicians can hold out little hope.

These are just a few of the tragedies in the lives of Hollywood celebrities. Liabilities on the left side of the ledger which often outweigh the assets on the right.

So—as Mae West would say—"It ain't no sin" to consider the other fellow's grass plot greener and softer than your own—but it's usually a mistake!

Hollywood Fashion Notes

When Howord Greer held his foshion showing recently—and "everybody" wos there—these innovotions were most pronounced:

Greer is using long skirts for daytime dress wear.

He likes slit skirts.

He is using all solid colors ond no prints, though he feotured one blouse of flowered moire taffeta.

For trimming, he feotures brightly controsting buttons of rhinestones, mirrors, or imitotion jewels.

Clips still cloim his ollegiance.

He is going in for fur sleeves in o big woy, on both afternoon dresses ond afternoon and evening coats.

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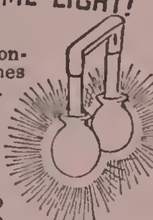

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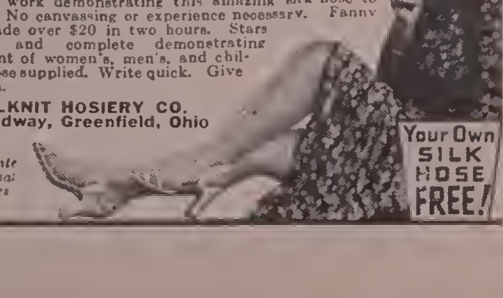
Your Own SILK HOSE FREE!

Alice White Universal Pictures

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 6*)

rôle that of the ruthless legal sharpster. Mr. Rains, with a string of New York stage triumphs behind him, gives a performance so brilliant that we await eagerly his appearance in other films. Here is a new face and a new personality of consequence on the screen, and he will, unless I am the world's worst guesser, become a favorite and the cause of much rejoicing among movie-goers.

Mrs. J. N. Cummins,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Refreshing "Rains" after a drought.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Panning Critics

It is to laugh! In fact, I am tempted to indulge in a rude guffaw as I peruse the verdicts of those cinema Solomons, the talkie critics.

Specifically speaking, this unseemly hilarity is occasioned by the reviews of two current pictures; "Operator 13" and "Murder in the Private Car." The first named production proved so popular on its début here that it achieved that most flattering of movie honors—a hold-over; and the latter flicker almost had the turnstiles running a hot box.

Oddly enough, the aforementioned penpushers gave only grudging approval to "Operator 13" while the most enthusiastic of their number waxed only lukewarm over the merits of "Murder in the Private Car."

I reiterate—tee! hee! And a couple of ha! ha's!

Mary P. Ervin,
Tallahassee, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

My Magic Carpet

As in some pagan temple. My thoughts sublime—
And in them lost to me were place and time.
The organ music low—the melody tells
Of distant lands—of chants—of temple bells.
A picture comes to view of foreign lands—
I then feel priceless jewels grace my hands.
My treasure coffers fragrant spices hold—
Rare gifts of frankincense and myrrh, and gold.
With gorgeous birds and flowers of flaming hue
I rest at ease—with canopy of blue.
The wines of rarest vintage flow—let's drink.
We hold the goblets high—"don't stop to think".
My magic carpet then is brought to me—
(For Bagdad is my home right now you see).
Six-forty-five the time to start to fly—
My magic carpet billows in the sky.
So many queer kaleidoscopic scenes
I view from high in this my boat of dreams.
I go because I want to hear and see
The fairy tales that have been brought to me.

Sometimes I go to sunny Spain to hear
The click of castanets—for souvenir
To bring to you a bandolier—and steal
For me the sensuous warmth the Latins feel
I smell the cherry blossoms in Japan—
I linger over Venice when I can
To hear the songs that float to me through blue—
To gather atmosphere to bring to you.
The swish of water on the Waikiki—
Great caravans on desert sands I see
The clack of hob-nailed shoes in Hitler's land—
Faint echoes from the Alps—where yodlers stand.
The beating of the savage drums in nights
That beat by beat tap out the voodoo rites.
In Russia's cold and storm and snow and ice,
My gown of gossamer does not suffice.
So real to me are scenes I view—I live
With them in unison. I'm positive
No matter where I soar—or where I dine
My carpet brings me home by half-past nine.

Mina Shafer,
Santa Ana, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

In Memoriam

Brilliant lights like clustered stars flash their names across fame's highway, grow dim, flicker out. . . .

MARIE DRESSLER, with majestic simplicity, found the heart of humanity; she laughed and left us laughing when she was ill, fatally ill, and knew it. Gallant Marie! A grand trouper. A grand woman.

ALEC FRANCIS who so delicately etched a succession of sensitive portraitures with always the charming wistfulness in his polite grace and manner. An artist and a gentleman.

LILYAN TASHMAN whose flaming personality, like a jewel of many facets, sparkled gaily and too briefly, leaving a radiant memory of her shimmering loveliness.

DOROTHY DELL who for one regal moment trailed youth and dreams and the glory thereof across the screen, and was gone. . . .

And to all those others who have made us laugh and cry and grow nearer to our fellowman, a sincere tribute.

Georgia Robinson,
San Francisco, Calif.

Gone but not forgotten.

For the finest news and gossip items in any fan magazine, turn to Peter Abbott's "Inside Stuff," which you'll find in every issue of Movie Mirror.

The Beautiful Romance of Ann Sothern

(*Continued from page 43*)

Suddenly for both, without either of them doing one blessed thing about it, beyond living, they were wrapped in magic. The most trivial moment they spent with each other or talking about each other or thinking about each other was complete and beautiful.

It seemed too good to be true. And so it was. Only just at first, a little mad with their new joy, neither of them realized it.

"I'd never been in love before," Ann says. "So I'd never dreamed that anything so glamorous and exciting would also offer moments of unparalleled peace.

"Oh, I'd had beaux. Liked some more than others. I'd been pleased by compliments. And thrilled when a boy who was extra popular or extra handsome singled me out and beaued me around.

"But this—this was a new strange rapture." Her voice dropped. "And a new dark loneliness too."

THIS was a new dark loneliness . . . The boy had to depart for California. And Ann had to return to New York. They were, as you can imagine, utterly miserable, pathetically lonely. Three thousand miles lay between them. However, the prairies which reached to the mountains and the mountains which reached to the desert separated them only by three days and three nights. There was another barrier not nearly so simply overcome.

Perhaps if Ann had remained in New York they would have found the will and the strength to squash the love that had come to them, to have thrown themselves into their work, and crowded out everything else. Even at the risk of being poorer for it all their lives.

But this wasn't to be. Soon after Ann returned to New York she was besieged by nine movie producers, all of them flaunting offers that could not be ignored. Certainly not by a girl who had all those people looking to her for the very warmth of their homes and the very bread on their tables.

The scouts employed by the producers had seen Ann in "Of Thee I Sing," you see, and returned to their employers loud in praise of her. She was that good.

So Ann came back to Hollywood. To sign a contract. To be renamed Ann Sothern. But she wasn't the same girl who had left Hollywood two years before. There's an alchemy to disillusionment, discouragement, failure, and to love and heartache which works great changes in human beings. Which makes them or breaks them. It had made Ann.

"I'm sure," she says, "that I returned a better actress. When I was first in pictures I worried about my looks all the time. If my profile was towards the camera I was careful to hold my chin so it afforded the best line. My attitude was that of a professional beauty. And not being a beauty I was nothing.

"Today I leave my appearance to the camera-man and worry only about my performance."

OF course with Ann in Hollywood she and the boy met again. Whereupon the love they had tried to forget struck down even deeper roots.

They proceeded to swim together and with the warm California sun upon them they found life good. They began to frequent the concerts in the Hollywood Bowl. They sat close under the stars and the music flowed all around them. Afterwards they knew the added joy of talking about a score for hours at a stretch.

"Funny isn't it," Ann says, "how it's important to you that a man be good looking and gay—until you fall in love. Then suddenly it isn't because of the attractive things about a man that you like him. On the contrary. It's because he isn't terribly good looking that he seems so dear. It's the evening he's tired and worried and discouraged and not the least bit gay that you love him so much you hardly can bear it."

The barrier between Ann and the boy which I spoke of before still exists. At present it's not the happiest pattern for either of them. But, as Ann's proven, she can take it. She'll emerge all the greater because of this heartache. Greater as an actress. And greater as a woman too.

Evelyn Prentice

(*Continued from page 53*)

Evelyn shuddered: "The first thing I did when I came home was to destroy it. I don't *think* John ever saw it, but he might have, and there's nothing else I can think of."

She was mistaken. There was something else. John came in again for a moment. It seemed he had started to reprimand the chauffeur for his carelessness in letting the door slam on Evelyn, and the chauffeur had said that madam hadn't had the car out that afternoon. It was a little thing, and she and Amy covered it nicely with a story about a taxi, but it was the beginning of a series of deceptions during which Evelyn suffered in a way she had never believed it possible to suffer.

She knew she must get John interested in the case, and yet not appear to force it on him. It was fortunate for her that the picturesque aspects of it carried it to the front page and kept it there. Everyone was discussing it, so it was easier for her to do so, too.

"Of course she's innocent!" Evelyn was affirming vehemently one evening. "I've read every angle, and I know she didn't kill that man."

"But darling. It's all so plain . . . a working girl who's been running around with this Greenwich Village rotter. You know the facts."

"I do know them, but she's alone, without friends or money, and it's the kind of case that Farley, the District Attorney will prosecute viciously. You know that."

John flung up his hand in astonishment: "Where's the girl who was sick and tired

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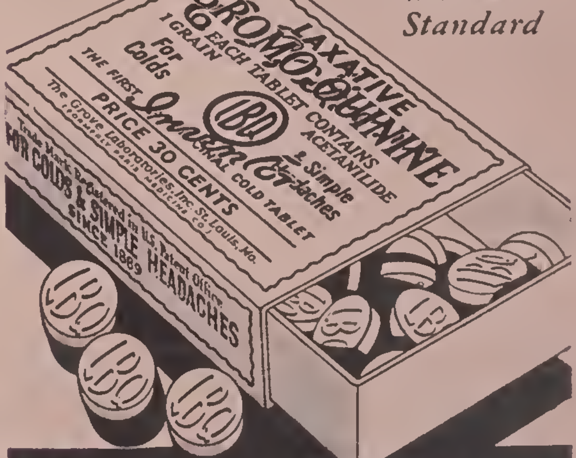

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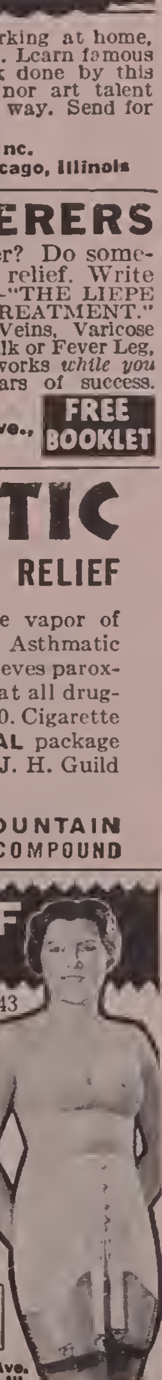

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of hearing about people who were in trouble, who grudged the time I spent with them and their troubles. Anyway, you've made one point. Farley will be vicious, with 'Votes for Farley' tacked on to his conviction when he gets it."

"Exactly, and that's one of the reasons why I want you to defend her."

There. She had got it out. It was a relief to have reached it with such seeming naturalness, but his next remark frightened her all over again.

"What makes you take such an interest in this particular girl?"

She summoned her courage and went on: "You see, darling, these past weeks I've been so happy. Then I read about this, and saw the poor kid's picture, and I knew you could save her, and I said to myself, 'Here I am, taking the one man that can save her, on a pleasure trip!' I can't do it."

John was now quite serious: "You'd put off the trip for me to take this case?"

"Of course. I want you to take it, to go on and clear her."

LATER, Evelyn wondered why he had agreed to do it without further probing her reasons for wanting him to, but Amy knew, and told her: "Oh Evelyn. It was too lucky the way he took it. You're right. I did take the watch to him instead of to Nancy Harrison, and gave him a piece of my mind at the same time. He swore it had been none of his wishing or planning and that it was over. I believed him too. Now, he thinks you are trying to 'win him back' by taking an interest in his work, and he's touched beyond words. You can rest secure in that he will do his best, and that's pretty good, you know, to get Judith Wilson off. *How* I can't imagine, but he will."

For the first time, Evelyn was privileged to watch her brilliant lawyer-husband work. Every evening, he reported what progress he had made. After his first interview with Judith, he began to shape his plans.

"You see," he told Evelyn, "she remembers Kennard boasting that he was seeing a lot of the wife of a prominent man. She never heard her name, but she does know that Kennard kept a diary, because in his nastier moments, he would read her excerpts from it to make her jealous, and she is sure the diary is hidden in the apartment somewhere. She didn't tell me right out, but I'll be willing to bet, this Kennard was a bad actor, not above any sort of devilment. And I'll bet too, that other woman comes into this somehow."

Evelyn listened feverishly.

"Well, the first thing I did was to get a court order to go over the apartment. We didn't find anything important, but we did discover a trail of blood on the living room carpet, and a smaller trail, too far removed to have come from Kennard's wound. It looks like someone had probably been punched in the face, and, listen Evelyn, this is important, Julith Wilson's face was unmarked when she was arrested."

The butler interrupted them to announce a caller, and Delaney, one of John's men came in hurriedly: "I couldn't wait, sir. I've got the janitress from the house opposite Kennard's apartment with me. She was in the front of her house about the time of the murder and saw a well-dressed woman come out of the house with a handkerchief to her face, and she claims she can positively identify that woman!"

"Bring her in," John said.

When John tried to get a detailed description, the janitress floundered. She thought the woman was a little on the tall side, or maybe it was her hat that made her look that way. In a daze, Evelyn heard John calling her: "I say, Evelyn, come here a minute, will you? Maybe you can help."

Evelyn rose and walked toward the janitress. She wondered what her face was giving away, but the stout little woman just looked at her, seeing nothing strange.

"She was just about your size, miss."

John went on: "And was she dark or blonde?"

The janitress squinted and put her head on one side: "Well, it's kinda hard to tell, but I'd say, on the darkish—something like your wife."

John laughed: "Well, darling, this is a blow. I always thought you were unique, singular and extraordinary. How was the woman dressed, Mrs. Blake?"

They discussed clothes, among which was a coat: that caused John to say absently: "That's like one of yours, Evelyn."

And Evelyn heard herself replying: "Like one I had, you mean. I gave it away two months ago."

When Mrs. Blake left, Evelyn saw her to the door, where she paused, turned, and gave Evelyn a little dig in the ribs. Her cackle of laughter was to Evelyn a nightmare sound, as the woman said: "Now I'll tell you something that will give you a big laugh. When you walked into that room, I could have sworn you were the woman I seen comin' outa that apartment house where the murder was. Only goes to show how you can be mistaken. Well, I'll be gettin' along."

Evelyn closed the door behind her and stood, steadying herself against it. How could John be so blind to the obvious! Her own cut lip, now this woman practically telling him that Evelyn had been there that afternoon. But when she returned to the living room, John was studying a bunch of keys.

"She gone? Amusing old thing, wasn't she? She'll make a good witness, and she convinced me I was right about the other woman angle. Now look at these keys. They belonged to Kennard and we've fitted all of them to things in his rooms, with the exception of this thin one that looks like a strong box key. I'm convinced that diary Judith Wilson told me about, was kept in his rooms. There's plenty more work to be done on this case, and the time is getting short."

Evelyn's nights were filled with dreams, ugly, menacing dreams and during the days she could not banish from her thoughts the vision of poor little Judith Wilson, who had loved Larry, and now stood in danger of her life for something of which she was innocent.

Evelyn was living with the knowledge that, if the case went against Judith in spite of all John could do, she, Evelyn, John's wife, must confess.

THE night before the trial, John came in almost jubilant.

"I think we're on the trail of the missing diary. I've a hunch. We've just discovered that some of the furniture was claimed by relatives, before I got to the apartment. I've got Delaney chasing it down now, with orders to report the moment he finds anything, even if he has to haul me out of court to do it. Besides, I've been checking up on Kennard's reputation and it's an unsavory one, to use a mild word. I'll get her off, I feel confident."

The next day, Amy tried to dissuade Evelyn from going to the trial, but Evelyn refused to listen to her. When they arrived the place was full. An usher found seats. John was speaking:

"Evidence has proved that the fatal bullet was fired from the floor, and by someone who had just been knocked down. The knuckles of the dead man were cut and bruised. A manicurist has told you, under oath, that this hand had no such marks when she gave Kennard a manicure less than a half an hour before the murder. Whatever that fist struck, would show the evidence of the blow, and gentlemen of the jury, there wasn't a mark on Judith Wilson's face or body when she was arrested."

Evelyn saw Delaney at the back of the courtroom. He was scribbling a note which he sent up to John, who read it and immediately called a short recess.

Evelyn's fingers bit into Amy's arm. "He's found the diary," she whispered and her face, already haggard, grew paler.

"You've no business here," Amy whispered back.

"Where else should I be? The only thing wrong is that I should be up there, where that poor girl is. If she isn't acquitted, that's where I'm going to be."

"You can't!" Amy exclaimed. They sat in silence through the rest of the recess. When the officials had filed back in, John rose to his feet and began to speak. Both the women could see him plainly and Evelyn gasped: "Something's happened! Look at John!"

Amy had seen it too, but she said reassuringly: "Probably acting for the jury—ssh—he's talking."

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have occupied your time in the defense of Judith Wilson. You have listened very patiently and for what I am about to say and do, I ask your pardon. I am not going to defend Judith Wilson!"

A murmur of astonishment rose and died away as he went on:

"I am going to defend, instead, another woman, the woman who murdered Lawrence Kennard. Let me paint a portrait of her, the woman who may have committed this crime. Picture her as young, beautiful and a little lonely. Married, let us say, to a successful man who is away from home a great deal. Now let us review what we know of Kennard. He dabbled in sentimental verse which impressed guileless women. He was handsome, and, we are told, charming. He had a play he wanted to produce. You've heard the testimony that he was going around with the wife of a prominent man to flatter her into giving him money to finance his play. He took her to teas, to walk in the Park, to concerts . . . innocent little attentions which touched her, and she grew less lonely."

Evelyn sat so still that finally Amy reached and took her hand. At this point in John's address, Evelyn murmured: "He knows! God knows how—maybe the diary—but he knows!"

John went on: "Then one day she went for the first time to Kennard's apartment. Why? Well, let us imagine she had received some emotional shock. Perhaps she learned her husband had a mistress. At any rate, she went, and we have witnesses for that. And what happened? I can tell you. He knows why she was there, he knew her mood. But he didn't know her character. He tried to make love to her and at the first touch of another man's hand, she left him."

The Prosecuting Attorney jumped to his feet and there was a legal argument, a short one which the Judge finished by allowing John to proceed, after instructing the jury how they were to take this unusual speech.

"Kennard was not the type who enjoyed being repulsed. He tried to reach her, repeatedly. Finally, she did the thing which cost Kennard his life. She wrote, and asked him to forget what had happened. In her innocence, she convicted herself of a wrong she had never committed. He had her then. He threatened her with blackmail and in a panic she came to the apartment. He must have taunted her with the letters. Perhaps he threatened her with the revolver, maybe she found it first. It was his gun, you remember. We don't know just what happened, except that he struck her, and in the scuffle, the gun went off. Just how, no one ever will know. The thing that matters, gentlemen, is that *that* is the woman at whose hands Lawrence Kennard met his death."

Briefly, John summed up the actual evidence proving the existence of the woman whom he had described. He reviewed the case from this angle and finished with: "Gentlemen of the jury, when you pronounce the verdict of 'not guilty,' you will be setting free not one woman, but two . . . both of them innocent."

Amy was watching Evelyn closely during this. Now she rose, and unostentatiously helped Evelyn to leave the court. When they got back to the house, Evelyn seemed to be almost in a trance. Word came of the acquittal of Judith Wilson, and still she paced the floor, going now and then to the window. Amy cried: *"Will you come away from there and sit down?"*

"I can't," Evelyn murmured. "I've got to see him the moment he comes in. I've

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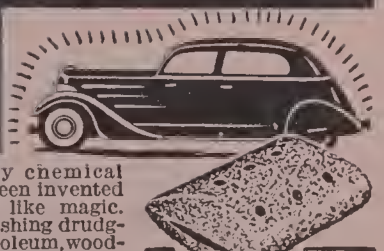

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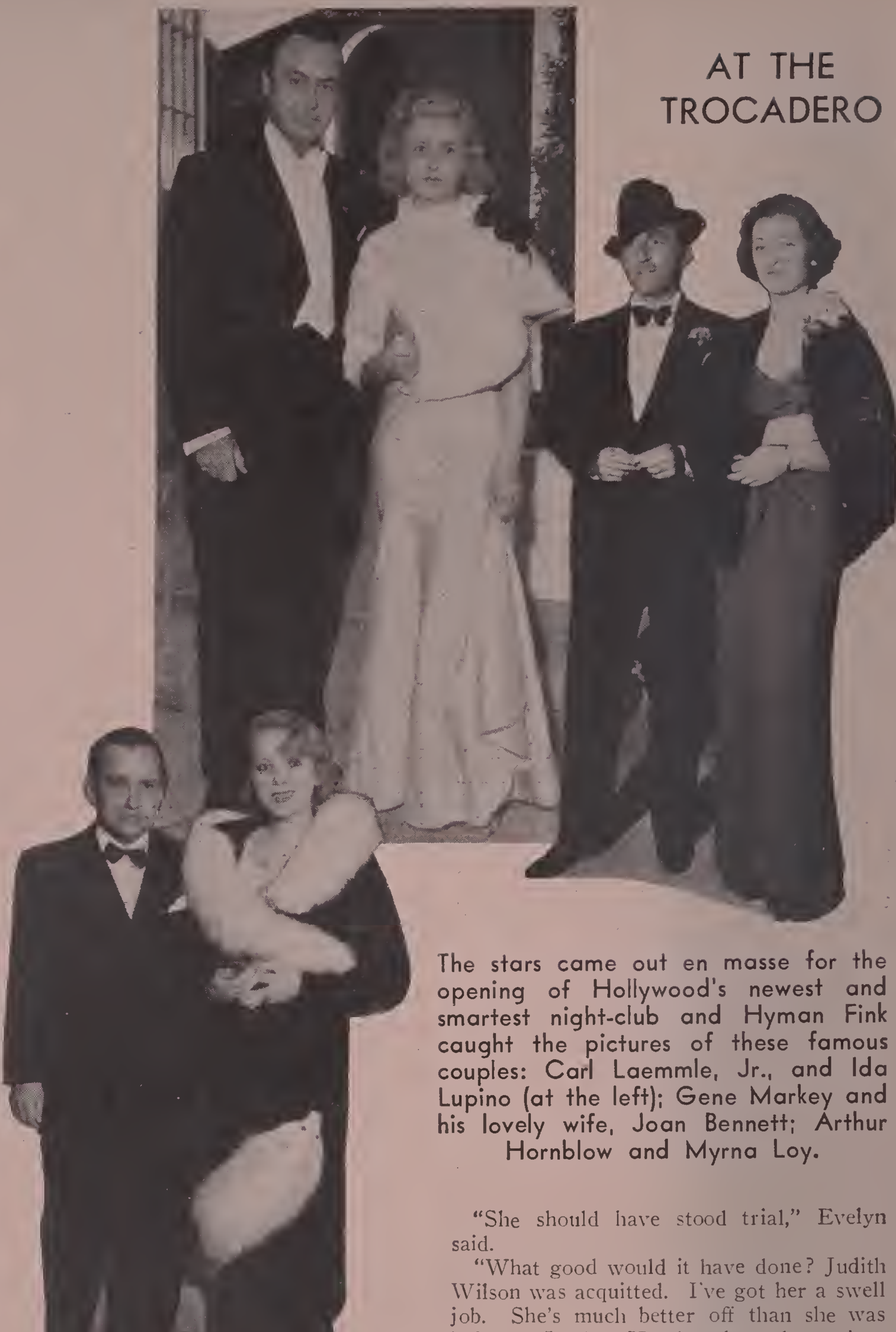

The stars came out en masse for the opening of Hollywood's newest and smartest night-club and Hyman Fink caught the pictures of these famous couples: Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Ida Lupino (at the left); Gene Markey and his lovely wife, Joan Bennett; Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy.

got to be ready to face him," she cried.

When John was heard greeting the butler outside, Amy left Evelyn alone. Evelyn watched her close the door and made a last effort to be normal, but John's opening words were simple enough: "Hello, darling. Well, what did you think of the show? Wasn't it a honey? Did you see Farley's face!"

"John . . . please, I've something . . ."

He seemed not to see her agitation: "No, I'll talk first, please. I've just won your pet case. I'm entitled to privileges. I'd never have pulled it off if it hadn't been for the diary. The whole story's here. All except the name. He referred to her as "Mona Lisa." Kind of glad he did, poor thing. She's been through enough already." He was very sympathetic.

"She should have stood trial," Evelyn said.

"What good would it have done? Judith Wilson was acquitted. I've got her a swell job. She's much better off than she was before. Look. Here's where he writes, 'Had another letter from Mona Lisa today. She'll pay plenty to get it back.' He made a mistake, that gentleman. *He* was the only one who paid. Now I'll burn this. There might be someone who knew who Mona Lisa was." John flung the book into the fire.

"But John," Evelyn steeled herself and went on, "Don't you know who she was?"

". . . and I don't want to know. It's over. Now darling, I've a present for you . . . a box of Mother Sills Seasick Pills. We're sailing Friday on that trip. You probably won't be seasick anyway, because they say it's mostly fear of it that brings it on. Just remember that there's nothing in the world to be afraid of, and you'll be all right."

Evelyn Prentice felt her husband's firm hand on hers.

"Shall we go down to dinner?" he asked. He smiled down at her and his adoring eyes told her, "I know. I love you. Trust me. There is no need for words. Let us forget and go on, putting this behind us."

She smiled, and the past was complete.

Don't Blame Sandra

(*Continued from page* 15)

who believe that Gary's background will never mix with Veronica Balfe's impressive ancestry, I refer to the Book of Heraldry, in which they will find the origins of the Cooper family listed at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century under the names of John and William Cooper.

Between John and William and Gary lies a lofty list of Episcopalian reverends, naval officers and barristers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were born in England, the former on a large estate in Bedfordshire and the latter in Rochester, Kent.

From close friends who live in Montana, I have learned that the Coopers were among the pioneers of Helena during the territorial days and that both of them were a benign and important influence in the early and recent politics of the state. In 1918 Gary's father was elected Supreme Court Judge and served on the bench for six years.

My next broadside is aimed at the adjective jerkers who still pound away at the fiction of the rough-hewn cattle ranch of Gary's boyhood.

According to his mother, Gary lived on the family ranch only during summer vacations. The winter home of the Coopers' was a big, comfortable house, boasting all modern conveniences, in Helena, where Judge Cooper maintained a large law practice.

Ranches, you see, are owned by the well-to-do families of the Rocky Mountain States just as Newport summer mansions are collected by the millionaires of New York.

The Cooper range, numbering 1000 acres, was bought and used as a summer home and as a possible retreat for the Judge when he should decide to retire. Not once did the ranch make money, and in the years it managed to break even when cattle sold high, the Coopers usually celebrated by adding another guest wing to the ranch house.

Since the age of two, Gary spent four months of every year on the ranch. Naturally, there wasn't much he didn't learn from the cowhands during those years about herding cattle, branding, lariat throwing and camping.

After an especially erroneous story had been published concerning Gary's beginning, Judge Cooper said to me:

"Gary never earned a cent in his life as a cowhand. The only money he received during his highschool and college days, other than a regular allowance, was a couple of seasons' driving sightseeing busses in Yellowstone National Park."

And now I'm ready for that tiresome series of legends dealing with Gary's chameleon-like changes, caused, so gossip relates, by the succession of women who dominated his life.

I saw and talked with Gary almost every day throughout the months he went with Clara Bow and Evelyn Brent, throughout the entire reign of Lupe Velez and later his friendship with the Countess di Frasso, and I have never witnessed the slightest change in him during those years except the usual ones caused by the passing of time. In fact, Gary has been less touched and moulded by the women in his life than has any other man I have ever known.

Lupe, the makers of Hollywood stories say, changed Gary from a somnolent, easy-going cowboy to an alert man, who was sure of himself, one who would fight the studio for his rights.

Gary has always been sure of himself. Lupe had nothing to do with it. Cooper's silences have always been mistaken by his more garrulous co-workers as shyness, whereas, anyone who knows the rudiments of psychology, will tell you that silence is usually an index to mental ease, while talkativeness is a badge of uncertainty and embarrassment.

Gary was so sure of himself, even in the very early days, he once made the following statement to me:

"I do not see the necessity for saying something just to fill a lull, that is, if I haven't anything worthwhile to talk about. But there aren't many lulls to worry about; there's always someone ready to rush to the rescue as if a moment's silence were some sort of a disgrace."

If the Town Criers had not been so busy recording imaginative changes in Gary, they might have noticed some really interesting transfigurations, those that were inevitably wrought upon the women who loved him.

Even the ebullient Lupe drooped visibly after Gary sailed for Africa, and has never sinced equalled the heights of her former volcanic gyrations (which is something to be thankful for, at that).

During the Countess Di Frasso episode, the Cooper fiction became hopelessly mangled and multilated.

In 1932 when Gary returned from an eight months' big game hunt in Africa, accompanied by a group of New York and continental elite, the sob sisters and all their little brothers had field day at the typewriters.

Hourly bulletins were issued to the world on Gary's social temperature, which according to the news scouts was rising by the second, and the Countess was singled out for special honors, columns of it.

The fans were informed that their dyed-in-the-sagebrush hero had been turned into a hand-kissing man-of-the-world by the glamorous Countess. All stories gave credit to the titled lady for teaching Gary how to walk and talk in a drawing-room, what fork to use at the table and the when and where of correct clothes.

Throughout these months of journalistic errors involving the Countess, I bleated feebly about Gary's years of training in England's finest school, his Helena home, where nationally known senators, educators and professional men and women were entertained, his art studies, his college education, but no one wanted to listen.

What, I asked then, and I still ask, could the Countess teach Gary Cooper about a gentleman's code? Dorothy Di Frasso is the daughter of one of America's sudden millionaires who married into a title. Gary is the son of America's real nobility, the western pioneers.

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stable School. And if you think Gary returned to Montana with anything left to learn about table manners, parlor manners or just manners in general, you don't know the British system of child training.

From that day in the early fall of 1926, when Gary walked into my office at Paramount for his first publicity going-over, he has known what to say when introduced, how to talk engagingly when he has something to say, what to do with his hands and feet and how long to remain standing when women enter and leave the room.

Only one woman can take credit for Gary's social suavity and she is Mrs. Charles Henry Cooper, his mother.

The swimming-pooled, tennis-courted house that Gary rented upon his return from Africa was the highlight of a dull social season for Hollywood. His surprising string of dinners and dances drew all the hard-to-gets and the local columnists had to look up new adjectives to describe the continued brilliance of each gathering.

But Gary explained the house and the parties quite simply to me one day. He said:

"I was under a load of social obligations in Hollywood. I wasn't well enough to take care of them before I left for Europe and Africa. I'm doing it now."

And when he was quite finished paying his social debt, he subleased the big house, packed his stuffed lions and moved to the seclusion of a ranch in San Fernando and movie society only saw him fleetingly, thereafter.

It was during the ensuing lull that the scribes almost admitted defeat. Not one of them could uncover a Cooper gesture that looked like another change coming on. There wasn't a woman with whom they could link his name, and they were about ready to back down and agree that perhaps Gary was pretty much the same boy in spite of everything, when Veronica Balfe (Hollywood title, Sandra Shaw) came along.

The pack leaped on their marriage before the minister had said "Amen" in the bride's Park Avenue home.

"Just wait and see what this debutante does to him," a few of the more morbid ones wrote. But, at first, the Coopers disappointed them bitterly. They went off on a typical Gary honeymoon, horses and ranches in Arizona and returned to the manlike ranch house in San Fernando.

The first opening came when the new Mrs. Cooper fired a cook. For this domestic act she was charged with shackling Gary's freedom. Whether the servant was incompetent, no one stopped to question.

And then when Gary signed his name to a lease for a large house in Beverly Hills, the din was deafening. The rumor runners were actually breathless with accounts of Veronica's determination to keep in the social swim even against Gary's wishes, and of his unhappiness over the sacrifice of the ranch.

But facts make so much poppycock out of this fancy tale. Gary rented the much-discussed San Fernando ranch for exactly one year, and when the lease terminated the owner wished to move into it again. Gary was forced to vacate and he took a home in Beverly Hills because he could not find another suitable ranch. And if the accusers would only turn back to past events they would find that since he came to Hollywood Gary has never lived in one place longer than a year. He is restless and likes to change his mode and place of living constantly.

I have often heard him say that he never intends to buy a home because he tires so easily of houses.

AND as for the taxidermically treated lions that are far more important to Hollywood gossips than to the Coopers, they may still be found in a large library-den, mounted over the doorway and mantelpieces, all thirty of them. And I think Veronica Cooper is a swell sport to permit this zoological display in her new Colonial home. Any woman, I believe, receives a ghoulish reaction from stuffed beasts looming at her from the walls.

The accusation that she is trying to pattern Gary after the yacht-conscious boys of Newport Beach, R. I., is dispelled by the fact that the pair has made but one short trip back east during their nine months of marriage, and their almost complete avoidance of social bait in Hollywood.

And now that I am quite finished with my little piece, I must admit that there IS a change in Gary after all, one that has been overlooked in the rush of all the current Cooper literature, and that is Gary's apparent beaming happiness.

He actually exudes contentment, and his usually stern-set features now crack up into broad smiles quite easily. He is twenty pounds heavier since his marriage, certainly not the result of longing for his ranch or of irritation over the removal of his African trophies from the drawing-room to the library.

Gary IS happy. He's going to stay that way. Veronica Cooper is the sort of girl he was bound to marry some day. Their backgrounds match, their personalities blend, their likes and dislikes harmonize.

And now what I'd like to know is, can't President Roosevelt or somebody pass a law prohibiting us writers from taking pot-shots at nice people like the Coopers?

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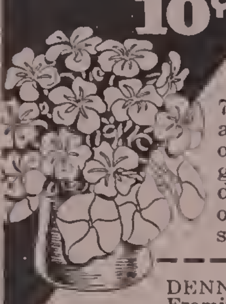

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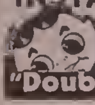

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"It's Grand to Be Poor"

(*Continued from page* 35)

in the afternoon and worked until three o'clock in the morning. If he hustled and the tips were good he made as much as twenty dollars a week. And that twenty dollars just about supported the Cagneys.

JIMMY'S father, a bartender and, therefore, something of a celebrity in the neighborhood, had died when Jimmy was ten. Leaving the family penniless. With another baby on the way.

But his mother wouldn't let him quit school. She knew it was with an education that her boys had the best chance to raise themselves. So Jimmy turned in the dark blue suit with the converging rows of brass buttons which he'd worn so cockily as bell-hop and went to work in the afternoons, after school, as wrapper in a department store. His salary here was nine dollars a week, only half of what he had made before.

"However," said Jimmy with that quiet insistence which marks his speech "in that very poverty I was lucky. I had a better break than some kids I know today. They have everything under the sun. And the minute they set up a howl for something else their mothers and fathers give it to them. Because, selfishly enough, they don't want their peace and comfort disturbed.

"My mother never had a chance to acquire the peace and comfort habit. Therefore all of us had to face the fact that there were a lot of things we couldn't have even if they were desirable. We learned to take it, as the saying goes, in our formative years. We were saved growing up expecting more than life is likely to give anyone consistently. Older, adolescent, adult, we didn't find the present failing to measure up to the past, we didn't have to take a lot of jolts mentally or materially."

JIMMY took to contemplating his brown and white yachting shoes intently, embarrassed by what he was going to say.

"Unkindness, to my way of thinking," he went on "is a sin. A great sin. Which is another thing poverty teaches you.

"The average guy on the street has two strikes called against him the day he's born. Once you know this you don't want to see him hurt any more than he's going to be anyhow."

"Unkindness, either deliberate or unconscious, is stupidity," he said. "Unforgiveable stupidity. Because it tends to add to the overbalance of unhappiness that already exists in this world.

"When you've been poor you've lived closer to more people in more trouble. And unless you're a heel this makes you more sympathetic and understanding and tolerant. Life flows around you fuller and richer.

"Which is why I say it's grand to be poor!"

Today Jimmy Cagney is accepted as one of the biggest stars in the movies. He's been one of the biggest stars in the movies for several years.

It would only have been human for a man to go a little haywire under the stimulus and fanfare and adulation of such success. But Jimmy never did. He's gratified that he's a success. He's not a fool. He knows that many people who wouldn't have any time for him as a man seek him now because he's Jimmy Cagney, the movie star.

The sound values he learned in the poor days of his youth serve him well now. He's the best proof in the world that people who have the right stuff in them are enriched by the experience of poverty.

Another thing. Jimmy uses his money to buy himself and his family the things they've always wanted but he never has encouraged himself or any member of his family in dozens of expensive, luxurious tastes. His sixty-eight foot schooner is a case in point. He doesn't have this schooner simply because movie stars can afford such things.

"All my life I wanted a boat," he told me. "I don't know why. Well, now I've got one. A darn good one. I may not be the best sailor on the seas but I get a thrill out of skimming over that blue Pacific and maneuvering the sails."

"Bill," Jimmy's wife, sails with him.

"'Bill' never had any overpowering yen for sailing," Jimmy will tell you, "but she knew I'd always had one. So the first time we went out together she went hoping she was going to like it, predisposed towards it. She was pulling with, not against me."

I asked Jimmy if he thought the years of poverty he and Mrs. Cagney had experienced had made them closer. He most certainly did.

"Those years showed me what courage 'Bill' possesses," he said. "They made me admire her as well as love her. The first year we were married we were in vaudeville. I had nine failures. And 'Bill' came through all of it with flying colors.

"Providing two people have real love for each other in the first place adversity must bind them closer."

He grinned. Quickly the way he does. "It's a darn good thing I didn't marry any luxury loving, born-with-a-silver-spoon-in-her-mouth girl. We wouldn't have gotten on. I have a friend who married a girl like that. Gee, I felt sorry for him. I realized that in a sense he and the girl he loves so much probably always will be strangers to each other. Really.

"Which brings me right back to where I started. If you've never been poor you're alienated from an awful lot of swell people.

"Poverty's a pretty common thing. Most people experience it at one time or another. If you never have, unless you're unusually sensitive and understanding—and some people are, you're bound to be an outsider."

Again Jimmy contemplated the brown tip of his shoe. Because once again he found himself embarrassed.

"It's grand to be poor, I say it again. Knowing all the miseries poverty brings. Because I believe it's better to have known misery than never to have any real understanding for the majority of people, than never really to see what a stupid, unforgiveable sin unkindness is."

All of which, you'll admit, is something. Coming from that hard-boiled Cagney!

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Movies, Millions and Madness

(*Continued from page 9*)

through the rain, and it wasn't until I got there that I remembered all the pertinent and impertinent questions I was to have asked her. Instead of my interviewing Marie she had made a very thorough job of interviewing me.

THE managing editor was furious.

"You scatter your interests too much," he roared. "Your mind isn't on the thing you're doing. And until you settle down to *one* thing in life you'll never amount to a hill of beans."

And with that sage advice I got a two weeks' pay check and my freedom.

I set diligently about proving that he was wrong. Circumstance forced me to prove he was wrong. For since the San Francisco earthquake the family finances didn't permit our tarrying from work long.

There was the job in the candy store, where I ate a good portion of the profits with the result that I have never been able to eat chocolate since. After that there was the Commercial Art job. My father had owned an advertising agency so I had grown up with the game.

But to show how right and how wrong that managing editor had been I spent a good many of my evenings writing stories for the movies. The movies fascinated me.

In those days the movies meant one thing to me and that was Mary Pickford. Only we didn't know her name then for there were no magazines in those days telling us all the intimate little things about our favorites.

I adored her and called her Goldilocks, and wrote stories for her, sending them to the Biograph studio in New York. Then came the day when one of them sold.

I couldn't wait to tell Anita, who had been my friend from school days, about it—poor Anita who had been writing stories too. Sympathy flooded my voice as I said casually, oh very casually, "Remember that story I wrote, 'The Stranger,' well . . ."

But before I could finish the sentence Anita pounced on me delightedly.

"I've sold a story to Mary Pickford. You know, the one I told you about, 'The New York Hat'."

We cried a little and laughed a lot and then ran off to Maskey's to celebrate over ice cream sodas, Anita Loos' and Frances Marion's début in the picture business.

Until I sold that story I had no idea of making writing my career.

It was really the theatre that led me to its sister the movies.

For I turned from commercial art to making posters that stand in theatre lobbies. This was in 1912. A year after that attempted interview with Marie.

Oliver Morosco, the great West Coast theatrical producer sent for me to come to Los Angeles to make the posters for a new play he was putting on with Laurette Taylor as the star. When he asked me to read the play and tell him how I liked it, all the importance of my teens descended on me and I tried to tell him as kindly as I could that I didn't think much of it.

"It's too old-fashioned, Mr. Morosco, too sweet," I said with crushing finality. "The public wants modern plays. Clever, sophisticated ones. Wilde, Shaw and Pinero. The day has passed for this sort of sentimental thing."

My opinion really worried the great Morosco and somehow I could not put much enthusiasm into my work.

MORE than twenty years later I was working on that play again, this time adapting it into a scenario for Marion Davies. And "Peg O'My Heart" was almost as big a success in the movies as it had been on the stage.

Then for the first time I was to become aware of Hollywood. Hollywood then! The movies had yet to weave its magic, turning a little Western town into the richest community of its size in the world. Nestling against the foothills dotted with small houses and friendly gardens shaded by the feathered loveliness of pepper trees, it sprawled in the sunlight. I had heard that the movie people were slowly leaving New York to come to Hollywood. A few studios had been built and already the influx into Hollywood was beginning. Tall, lanky cowboys from Western ranches, stenographers, eager young girls with their diplomas from dramatic schools clutched in feverish hands, a few stage actors with vision enough to look into the future.

Even Mary Pickford had come with her husband, Owen Moore. One night at the Hollywood Hotel I saw them dancing together and my eyes were trained on that golden head of curls. The Thursday night hop at the Hollywood, the only hotel here in those days, was the place to go. For it was maid's night off, and those of the movie people who had one would dine there and those who didn't went because it would be fun. The latter were by far in the majority and many a leading lady of those days left her glamor behind her in the wardrobe room and in a bungalow apron, cooked her family's dinner herself.

I was beginning to feel really a part of the little movie colony for I was selling more and more stories to them between poster jobs for Morosco. My riches were the envy of the Bohemian crowd who dined regularly at the Chop Suey houses or at Levy's. "Think of it," they would say, "Frances is getting five and ten dollars apiece for those stories."

They were all newspaper people and artists I had known in San Francisco and they were contemptuous of this bastard new art, as they called it. Jimmy Swinnerton, the cartoonist, was the one most concerned about it. He had worked on the paper with me in San Francisco and because he was my friend he was afraid I was being carried away by the sudden wealth the movies had flung my way.

"Stick to your posters, Frances," he warned me. "Don't get your head turned by pictures. They're only a novelty. They won't last and then where will you be?"

It was Jack London who took me to my first studio. I had known him since I was a child, for he was one of the group of writers and artists who were my father's friends. Hobart Bosworth was starring in London's story, "The Sea Wolf" and I was far more impressed with his pull in getting me into a studio than I had been with his fame as a writer. So casually are the great taken by their intimates!

The main set was a four-master schooner and a camera man was swinging from one of the masts taking shots of the action below. He grinned at me. He was only a youngster and I grinned back. After the scene was finished we were introduced and George Hill took me to lunch.

"I'll use some of your stories," he said.

It was all so casual and friendly and nice, this meeting with George who was to become first my friend and then my husband and after our divorce, my friend again. And that promise made so recklessly to a pert young thing in a picture hat was fulfilled many years later when George and I made, among many other pictures, "The Secret Six," "The Big House" and "Min and Bill" together.

ONE day a check for forty-five dollars superseded the usual five or ten I had been getting for my stories. The heights had been reached. I called Tsuri Acki, whom I had known since we were children as her father, the great Japanese painter, was my mother's friend. She brought Sessue Hayakawa, her fiancé, along.

All Tsuri's lovely Oriental calm vanished as she told of the man she had just met, a moving picture actor, who wanted to do Madame Butterfly with her in the star rôle. He was so nice and his name was Frank Borzage and maybe Sessue could get a job in it too. And maybe—she stopped suddenly then and looked at me regretfully and I knew she deplored my blue eyes and fair skin that would keep me from being one of the original fan dancers.

That decided us. We could no longer *afford* to stay out of this exciting game, and the next day all of us began hunting jobs in the studios.

I got my first job at the Bosworth studios, doing publicity. George Hill was now the ace camera man and his assistant was Sydney Franklin, the great director of today. It was the boy who had grinned at me who first introduced me to Lois Weber, the one woman director in the business. She was making the first Super Colossal production that was to revolutionize Hollywood. It was "Hypocrisy," and my eyes widened as George told me the allegorical figure of *Truth* was to be played by a naked girl.

Lois is one of the most intelligent women I have ever met, one of the most imaginative and she could take her place with the best directors of today. But she knows now how hard it is for an old timer to come back in the Hollywood that is always looking for new brains and talents.

There were three leading men at the studio. Jack Conway, now the director, very handsome, very Irish and very much the beau. Forrest Stanley, delicate featured, sensitive, so different from the rugged types popular today, and Owen Moore.

It was Owen I was drawn to, for wasn't he the husband of my adored Mary Pickford? I drew him out to talk about her and then I was sorry I had, for it seemed blasphemy for anyone to talk about my idol in such a casual husbandly way.

Hesitantly I told him about the idea I had for a story for Mary Pickford. I was going to call it "The Foundling" and it was the sort of thing she could do so well. He smiled at my eagerness and said, "Why don't you see her about it? I'll fix a date with her if you'd like."

It was just as easy as that. Only as the day drew near I was in a turmoil of excitement. I needed a winter coat but I decided to use the money I had saved for it on a new outfit worthy of a guest of Mary Pickford. But finally I found what I wanted, hat, shoes, gloves and a lovely afternoon dress. I was very conscious of the fact that it was silk, for silk was not flaunted in Hollywood at that time.

A car from the Famous Players Studios called for me and all the way over I pictured how Mary would look, so lovely and glamorous in a trailing tea gown. Tea in her dressing room, I was certain, would all be very grand and very formal.

But instead I was ushered into a dingy cutting room and a small figure with her curls caught in a lop-sided halo on top of her head, in a gingham dress and Mary Jane pumps, was cutting film. It wasn't until she turned around and smiled that I saw she was Mary Pickford.

It was so different from what I had thought and yet her utter simplicity and freedom from affectation made me far more shy with her than all the assumed airs and graces in the world could possibly have done. She was shy, too, and yet we felt a certain understanding and sympathy that neither of us have felt before or since with anybody and which was the beginning of the beautiful friendship we were to know. We talked about everything in the world and all thought of my story fled from my mind. It wasn't until I left that I suddenly remembered it.

And two weeks later I wept when I heard that Mary had finished "Rags", the picture James Kirkwood had directed her in, and was on her way back to New York. My golden opportunity had come and gone and it was too late now to tell Mary about my story.

Hobart Bosworth initiated the star system. He conceived the brilliant idea of bringing distinguished stage names to Hollywood and Elsie Janis was one of the first to come. And so began a friendship with her that was to remain with me through life. We were to hit the heights, hit the toboggan and then climb back up again together.

Being a restless soul, I inherited a love of change from my mother. I began to weary of doing publicity. I had an offer from a Long Beach studio and I took it.

This was in 1914 and Ruth Roland and Henry King, now the great director, were the big stars at the studio. We all lived at Sylvia Ashton's boarding house and she watched over us like a mother hen. The Rockett Brothers lived there too. They were just breaking in the game doing all sorts of jobs around the studio and in the evenings we talked about the future. Years later some of those dreams came true when Al and Ray Rockett and I made "Abraham Lincoln" together. Sunday afternoons we three went to the amusement park together and sometimes we took a little girl with us who had just come to the boarding house with her mother. We all loved her and petted her and years afterward rejoiced and suffered with her vicariously, for she was Mildred Harris, who grew up to become Charlie Chaplin's first wife and the mother of his first baby who died so tragically before their divorce.

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I WAS playing in Westerns opposite Monte Blue and we were all pretty poor, for our salaries never exceeded $35 a week. But we were awed by the rumors that some of the top-notchers in the business were getting all the way up to $75 and $100 a week.

Henry Walthall joined the company and we watched spellbound when he appeared before the camera. A great actor and a charming personality, his is one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard. Ironic that when the talkies came, when the glory of his voice could be heard at last, he was temporarily cast aside only to prove when his opportunity came in "Viva Villa" that his voice was the most beautiful.

The wardrobe mistress at the studio had a pretty young daughter hardly more than a child who used to pose on a tiger rug and beg the still camera man to take pictures of her. She dreamed of being an actress and used to go with Charlie Ray, a nice boy at the Ince studios. After they were married, success came. A spectacular success they could not cope with. Amazing riches came to them and slipped through their fingers, and Charlie, one of the friendliest souls I've ever known, was milked dry by his many false friends.

Years afterward I rented the house that Charlie Ray had built for that little girl, and it saddened me to walk through the huge rooms filled with their priceless rugs and furniture and art treasures. How little happiness they were to know there, what sleepless nights they must have had, how frightened they must have been when the gossamer bubble of fame floated away from them. And how pitifully the solid gold faucets in the bathroom betrayed their youth and ignorance and the hope that what had come to them would last forever.

It was early in 1914 that Al Kaufman sent for me at the Famous Players Studio. He was Adolf Zukor's brother-in-law and was the acting head of the studios. I was overcome when he offered me the chance to be leading woman opposite Jack Pickford. This was coming close to the goal I had set for myself but somehow I could not pull the wool over such kind eyes as Mr. Kaufman's. So I broke down and confessed that I was probably the world's worst actress, that when I was supposed to be funny I froze and that when I was being dramatic I looked like a windmill in a storm. And I felt that I was doing the right thing when I suggested Juanita Hansen, a girl at the studio, for the role.

She got the position and a few days later I received an offer to be assistant dramatic critic on my old paper in San Francisco. Every atom of sense I had urged me to go back. But I must confess that quite a few tears fell before I took the train that night for San Francisco.

I comforted myself with the thought of seeing my family again and all my friends. Maybe I could get my little studio on Russian Hill back again. Suddenly a terrific nostalgia for old, familiar things swept over me and I was glad to go back.

But I had barely settled down at my desk the next morning than the telephone rang. It was Al Kaufman telling me he thought he could get me a part in the new Mary Pickford picture.

It was all so uncertain and I would be leaving a sure future to go back for just a *chance*. The people of Hollywood have a way of changing their minds about the things that seem most certain and after all this was nothing more than a half promise. I tossed a coin. Heads would mean San Francisco and security. Tails, a wild goose flight back to the change and uncertainty of Hollywood. But even as I flipped that coin, I knew I was hoping desperately that tails would win.

I held my breath as the coin hesitated and then settled down on my desk. Tails! That night I was on the train again going back to Hollywood. There were success and failure ahead of me, happiness and tears. But that night I looked bravely toward whatever the future might hold.

Don't fail to read the continuation of this revealing series in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

Dick Arlen Under the Microscope of Dick Mook

(*Continued from page* 41)

about midnight. Every once in a while I would wake sufficiently to hear the sound of their voices drifting down the companionway. It must have been five o'clock when Dick came to bed. Later in the day, after he had pried his eyes open with an egg and a fork, I said, "What the devil were you and Oakie talking about?"

"Ourselves," he answered with amazing candor. "First Oakie would tell me about himself and then it was my turn to tell him about myself. And it went on that way for hours. We finally had to turn in without having even scratched the surface of our subjects. Of course, we each got pretty bored when the other was talking, but we knew if we just stuck it out long enough our turn was coming."

No matter how long or how intimately you know Dick, you never really learn all there is to know about him. For, no sooner are you sure that every moment from the cradle to the present hour has been accounted for than Dick will launch into some new and incredible exploits of his past—always safely obscured by time.

There was that time when he was being interviewed, and the writer was treated to a minute and detailed account of Dick's experiences in China. Joby was in the hospital at the time, but I sat there with my eyes bulging out of my head. I questioned Joby later, but she had never heard anything of such a trip.

Still later I confronted Dick. "What the deuce did you tell that writer any such yarn as that for? You know darned well you've never been there. Joby says so!"

"The hell I haven't," he rejoined indignantly. "When I was young I got into bad company and that's who I went over with. Joby doesn't know anything about it!"

If forced into a corner, Dick excuses himself—that stories of this sort keep his friends from being bored with him. The minute you know all about a person, he says, that person no longer interests you. If he is continually changing his background, no one can ever hope to know all about him, so they will continue to be interested in him. There's something in that.

HIS naivete is unparalleled. There was the time, a few years ago, he and Joby were invited to a dance at the Little Club. They were invited for ten o'clock. At twelve, Dick, feeling lighter than air, sent the maid for his hat, coat and gloves. The maid had hardly entered the bedroom than Dick was there. "'Smatter, Rose," he inquired, "can't you find them?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, handing him the various articles. Dick knotted the scarf around his neck, put on his coat, his gloves, hung his cane over his arm, placed the silk topper on his head, gave it a pat and a flourish and surveyed himself approvingly in a pier glass.

"Damned if I'm not the hottest thing in this town tonight," he observed feelingly.

He will sit with Bing Crosby by the hour and spin the most outrageous and fantastic yarns anyone ever listened to. It is a point of pride with each of them to try to top the other.

Last fall Bing had returned from a week at the Hearst ranch. He was describing the beauties of the place when Dick interrupted with an enthusiastic account of his own Dresden grape ranch. Dresden grapes, apparently, were the least of its wonders. For rough, uncultivated beauty this ranch of Dick's was without equal on the face of the earth.

Questioned as to the location of this piece of property—of which none of us had ever heard until that minute—he was a little vague. On being pinned down, however, he reluctantly admitted that it extended along U. S. Highway No. 99—practically all the way from Redlands to Palm Springs—a distance of fifty or sixty miles.

Bing surveyed him reproachfully. "That's how you take advantage of my absence," he chided. "Here I've been away for a week, with no chance to practice, and you've kept right in training."

"Not at all," Dick assured him. "You were among strangers where you could have got away with murder, while I was at home among friends who discount everything I say. I guess," he finished modestly, "it's just that my natural talent is greater than yours."

From the foregoing one might gather that Dick is simply a colossal liar. He isn't. He is what he terms "a yarn-spinner," and there is a vast difference. Dick's fabrications harm no one and they keep him—and his friends—amused. But I can no more conceive of Dick lying or equivocating about anything vital than I can imagine the Rock of Gibraltar changing position.

Periodically he goes on saving sprees. "Cutting down the overhead" he calls it.

At one time, I inquired why the radio in his car was not connected. "I can't afford to keep it going," he assured me earnestly. "It wears out a battery every six or eight months and those batteries cost around ten bucks!"

On the other hand, every time there's a golf tournament for any cause whatsoever, Arlen is sure to donate a prize of some sort that costs far more than his retrenchments have amounted to.

HE is one of the most restless people I have ever encountered. His energy finds an outlet in starting various things that other people invariably have to finish. Last fall Dixie Crosby and I drove down to Palm Springs to the house the Arlens and Crosbys have taken together. The morning after our arrival I awoke and found Dick outside washing Dixie's car.

"What are you doing that for?" I asked. "In this dust you'll never be able to tell it's been washed five minutes after you've finished."

"Oh," he replied, "I thought I'd surprise her." But no sooner was the car wet good and thoroughly streaked than he lost his taste for car-washing, and Sam had to drop his work and finish it.

Probably the prize thing he started was when, without saying a word to anyone, he got a can of paint and started painting the interior of the master's cabin on his yacht. I'm quite sure the area he covered was no more than two feet square when he decided there was no sense being on a boat and staying cooped up below deck, painting. He calmly laid down the can and brush and ambled up on deck. It was up to Joby to finish that job, and you may get an idea of what he had started when I tell you that it took her one solid week of steady work to complete it.

Talking of that yacht brings to mind something else. In a locker room or around a dinner table there is no greater yachtsman living than Richard Arlen. He subscribes to every yachting magazine published, and there is no one who can talk so authoritatively on yawls, catches, sloops, cruisers, Diesel engines, etc., etc., as he. He wouldn't be without a boat for love or money and he is continually having plans drawn for boats he intends building—some day. Despite all this, the longest cruise he has ever made on this yacht of his is from Wilmington to Coronado—a distance of about a hundred miles. Usually he goes from Wilmington to Catalina or Balboa, a run of about three hours. Arrived at his destination, he drops anchor and has a swell time lounging around the deck.

His alleged love of the sea and of sports to the contrary—despite his talk of fishing exploits—he had never caught a fish in his life until a week ago, when he visited Bing Crosby at the latter's ranch and Bing chartered a boat to take them out fishing.

His mind jumps from one subject to another with such speed it takes a mental and conversational acrobat to keep track of what he's talking about. A few nights ago a crowd of us were sitting around talking about shoes and ships and sealing-wax when suddenly Dick interrupted the conversation violently to demand of Joby, "Where are my overalls?"

About three years ago he bought a pair of overalls, when he had toyed with the idea of doing his own gardening, "to cut down expenses." He had discarded the idea after purchasing the overalls and no one had heard of them from that time until now. But the conversation could not be resumed until his overalls had been exhumed.

"Now," Dick remarked complacently, settling down on the floor with the precious garment and busily examining it for possible damage sustained while it lay in the trunk, "if I go fishing again I won't have to ruin my good clothes." He had no idea of going fishing again, but it was just as well to be prepared. He might suddenly change his mind and decide to go that night.

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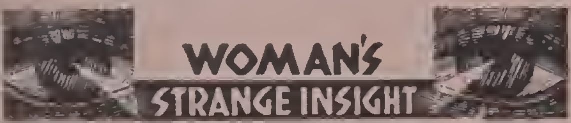

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some word and work it to death. It's as much a part of him during that time as the way he parts his hair. For the past eight months or a year it's been "whimsy." No matter what yarn he's spinning or what he's talking about, eventually, as he puts it, "the whimsy in him comes out."

He plays the piano—at least, he says he does, although no one has ever heard him render anything but "The Rosary." Recently I inquired when he learned to play. "When I was a kid I took lessons," he answered.

"How long did you take?" I persisted.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," he replied. "You see, when I was supposed to be practicing I was really just sitting at the piano, looking out the window at football games in winter and baseball games in spring. So, if all the hours I put in at the piano were laid end to end they would probably make only a couple of good drop kicks." He paused a moment. "That's whimsy," he explained.

HE is forever patting his jowls and imploring everyone to "look how thin I've got" when, as a matter of fact, his weight hasn't varied five pounds in the whole time I've known him.

He insists he never eats very much—and really believes it. When Rose asks what he would like for breakfast, his answer is invariably: "I'm not very hungry this morning. Just some orange juice, a few eggs, a little bacon, some toast and coffee and maybe some jam."

If anyone should ask me to name Dick's most outstanding characteristics I should say they are his sense of humor, his loyalty and his humility. He has frequently remarked there is nothing more disgusting to him than an actor who takes himself seriously, as there is really no need of actors at all—the illusion can be sustained with mirrors, anyhow.

With the exception of Sue Carol, Dick of all people I have ever known, has been most insistent that his friends share his possessions and good fortune with him. His yacht was at the disposal of any of his intimates while he was in Europe. You can find a group of friends enjoying his pool any afternoon—whether he and Joby are home or not.

And as for his sense of humor—there are darned few people who will tell the jokes on themselves Dick does or who, on being ribbed unmercifully, will grin sheepishly and say, "What are you talking about? I'm the hottest thing in this town!"

Reduce Your Hips!

(*Continued from page 61*)

means a distance from fourteen to eighteen inches, the number varying with the height of the person. A woman five feet six inches tall should stand with her feet about eighteen inches apart. You can lose the value of an exercise by standing with the feet too close together, so be sure to work out the distance your height will require to get the proper amount of body pull. With the knees stiff, bring your right arm over your head and down to touch your left toe. At the same time swing your left arm upward and slightly backward. *See photograph on Page 57.* Without stopping

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swing your right arm back up over your head and bring the left arm up over your head and down to touch your right toe, likewise allowing the right arm to swing upward and slightly backward as in the first case. In other words this exercise should be done in continuous motion alternating from side to side. Be sure that you touch your toes and do not bend your knees. You may do this exercise as many times as you like. At the finish return to starting position. Bring your feet together and drop your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

The second exercise is the *side bend.* Stand with your feet apart and place your hands at the back of your head at the nape of the neck. Bend to the right side and then to the left making a complete swing from side to side. *See photograph on Page 60.* Bend from the waist only and be sure not to throw the hips backward or forward. Do five bends to each side. You may gradually increase to ten. Return to starting position. Bring your feet together and drop your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Three: *The Cross Twist.* Stand with your feet apart and your hands behind your head as in above exercise. Swing your body forward and bring your right elbow to touch your left knee. Then alternate making a continuous swing from knee to knee until you have made five swings to each side. You may gradually increase to ten swings. Be sure to keep your knees straight. Return to starting position. Bring your feet together and drop your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Four: *The Front Kick.* Stand with your feet together and your arms outstretched in front. Kick your right foot to touch your right hand and alternate kicking your left foot to touch your left hand until you have made ten kicks to each hand. Gradually increase this to thirty or forty kicks to each hand. Be sure that you do not bring your hand down to meet your toes as you kick. Return to starting position. Drop your hands to your sides. Take two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Five: *The Side Kick.* Stand with your feet together and your hands outstretched to the side. Be sure that your hands are on a level with your shoulders. Kick the right hand with the right foot. Point the toe upward as you kick. *Do not just kick sideways from the hip.* Keep your knees stiff. Alternate kicking the left hand with the left foot. Do five kicks to each side. Gradually increase to ten kicks. Remember to keep up your speed until you have finished the exercise. Return to starting position. Drop your arms to your sides. Take two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Six: *The Cross Kick.* Stand with your feet about six inches apart with your arms outstretched to the side. Cross your right foot to touch your left hand. Alternate making your left foot touch your right hand until you have made five cross kicks to each side. Remember to keep up continuous motion. Be sure not to let the arms drop or come forward. Keep your knees stiff. Return to starting position. Bring your feet together and drop your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises. Gradually increase this exercise until you are making ten kicks to each side.

"Number Seven: *Combination Bicycle.* Lie flat on your back with your feet together and your arms at your sides about six inches away from your body. Raise your feet about six inches off the floor. Starting with your left leg rotate your legs in bicycle fashion counting five. *See second photograph on Page 60.* Billie is lying on a table so her hands are not in proper position. Notice her right leg. It is at a ninety-degree angle with her body. Never let your leg come closer to your chest than this when you are rotating your legs. Notice also that her left leg reaches as far out as possible on the outer revolution of the rotation. After counting five rotations on your back turn on the left side holding the shoulders firmly to the floor and rotate the legs continuously as you turn. Count five rotations and then return to original position and count five more rotations. Then turn to the right side in the same manner as you did the left, rotating the legs all the time. After counting five rotations on the right side return to starting position and count five more rotations and then stop. The secret of this exercise is continuous rotation as you are turning. Go through this routine five times and gradually increase to ten. Do two deep breathing exercises. The Ambassador Lido Health Club is famous for this exercise.

"Number Eight: *Scissors.* Lie on your left side with your feet together, your left arm straight out under your head with your right arm bent at the elbow and resting across the body at the waistline so that the right hand touches the floor opposite the waistline. Raise the feet about six inches off the floor and with the legs straight kick them back and forth in scissor fashion. *See second photograph on Page 61.* Be sure that you kick backward as far as you do forward. Make ten kicks and then alternate from the left side to the right and make ten more kicks. Increase the number of kicks to thirty. Return to starting position. Lie on your back and bring your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Nine: *Side Double Leg Raise.* Lie on your left side with your arms as in above position. Raise the legs up and down as far as possible without bringing the legs forward. Do this five times gradually increasing to ten. Reverse your position to your right side and repeat. Be sure that you do not allow your feet to touch the floor during this exercise. Return to starting position. Lie on your back and bring your arms to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

"Number Ten: *Circle Kick.* Lie flat on the floor with your feet together and your arms outstretched to the side. Raise both feet off the floor about six inches and bring both legs together to touch the left hand. Now rapidly swing them back around to touch the right hand and then back to the left and so on until you have touched each hand about five times. Gradually increase to ten times. Be sure that your feet do not touch the floor. Return to starting position. Bring your arms down to your sides. Do two deep breathing exercises.

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"Finally one afternoon I got up from my desk determined to see Ruth once more before her husband returned. I did not know what I would say or do. All I knew was my determination to see her.

"The maid let me in and told me Ruth was in the library. I took a step toward her and all the pent-up emotions that raged within me burst their bounds!

"A long time later I became aware that Ruth was crying, her face buried in the folds of my coat. 'I love you, too, Garry. I've loved you for months and months,' she was saying. Then her voice trailed off into silence as she remembered Basil."

* * * * *

THIS, in Garry Trevor's own words, describes the situation that confronted him and Ruth and Basil Valentine, her husband. Both men were madly and sincerely in love with the girl who was married to one of them. Garry had saved Valentine's life in a mine accident. Valentine had given Garry his one great opportunity in business. Valentine was middle-aged. Garry was young and impetuous. Could they calm the fires of jealousy and work out a sane solution of this problem or must one or more of them suffer a soul-searing wound? You will find Garry's account of what actually resulted as Fate took matters out of their hands one of the most stirring true-life stories ever to tug at your heart-strings. It is love. It is life. It is the inscrutable balancing of nature's scales. It is titled "I Wrecked Four Lives."

True Story Magazine paid a cash prize of $1,000.00 for the manuscript "I Wrecked Four Lives." As you read it in the new November issue you will agree that they selected a masterpiece of graphic realism. Begin this powerful story on page 19, the first story in another great issue.

November
True Story
Truth is stranger than fiction
Magazine
NRA
15¢
Macfadden Publication
My Own Love Trap
Reveals
Romance

TRUE

NOVEMBER

THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

"Perhaps I should have rung before I came in but as this happens to be my own house I hardly thought it necessary. Will neither of you say anything?"

MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

SPOILERS OF WOMEN

EVEN if you thrilled to the opening episodes in this amazing account of a new type of danger that is threatening American womanhood, you will find this month's revelations even more exciting. If you missed the opening chapters they are pungently summarized and you can pick right up today without losing a single throb of the story's rhythm. Only from actual life could Spoilers of Women be reported. Only cloaked by the anonymity guaranteed to all TRUE STORY'S authors could a man be persuaded to put it in writing. Turn to page 34, November TRUE STORY, and read about Spoilers of Women today.

ALSO IN NOVEMBER
TRUE STORY

MY OWN LOVE TRAP
HALF SAVAGE
WAS I GUILTY OF MURDER?
TWO KINDS OF LOVE
SPOILERS OF WOMEN
WHAT ELSE COULD A MOTHER DO?
THE MAN IN CONVICT 1116
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Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page 66*)

lumps of sugar on the bars as they will hold. Pour a little rum on each lump, set it afire and carry it all aflame into the room. Pour the remainder of the rum over the melting sugar and it is ready to serve.

THE old recipe for a genuine "Wassail Bowl" takes a little time to put together, but it is worth it. The steaming drink, with its bobbing apples and its aromatic odor, is the perfect thing for a buffet table on a cold winter's night.

Remember that you can shorten the time for making any punch by using the splendid fruit juices you can buy put up safely in cans. If you wish a non-alcoholic wassail, use cider in place of the wine.

WASSAIL BOWL

½ tablespoon whole cloves
3 pieces stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice berries
4 cups sugar
4 cups water
2 tablespoons chopped ginger
juice 8 lemons
juice 10 oranges
1 quart white wine (or cider)
12 baked or spiced crab-apples

Tie the spices in a cloth and boil with sugar and water ten minutes. Add the ginger and let syrup stand for one hour. Strain, add orange and lemon juice and the wine (or cider). Heat to boiling point, add the crab-apples and serve. Rum or brandy may be added at the last, if desired.

FRUIT PUNCH

1 cup sugar
1 cup tea (or cider)
¾ cup orange juice
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 pint ginger ale
1 pint mineral water
sliced oranges
cucumber rind, cut in spirals

Pour the tea over the sugar and as soon as the sugar is dissolved, add fruit juices. Strain into a punch bowl over a large piece of ice. Just before serving add the ginger ale and mineral water and the sliced oranges and cucumber rind.

A buffet table for the holidays is always set with the finest service you have. This is the time to bring out the old family china and silverware that is not used during the year, and to display your best linen and lace. Cut flowers are charming if you have them, but the holly and mistletoe of the season must certainly appear somewhere. Here in Hollywood, we will have the scarlet poinsettias that Barbara Kent used so effectively to deck her Christmas Eve buffet. She is serving the Wassail Bowl and a varied assortment of canapes, sandwiches, and of course, a cheese plate. Two of her canapes are so unusually good I am including them here.

FROZEN HAM ROLLS

12 slices boiled ham
1 cup cottage cheese
onion juice
pepper, paprika

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT
11 x 14 inches

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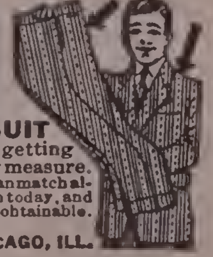

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Have the ham sliced very thin. Remove the fat and cut into pieces about three and one-half inches long and two inches wide. Mix the cheese, onion juice and seasoning together and spread on the ham slices. Roll up and place on ice in the ice-box, or if you have a mechanical refrigerator, put them in the freezing tray and freeze hard. Dried beef may be used, if you prefer it, in place of the ham.

St. Moritz Canapes

white bread
butter
anchovy paste
water cress
lemon juice
canned pimento
hard-boiled eggs

Cut the crusts from the bread and slice it thin. Cut the slices into shapes, squares, triangles, circles and so on. Small, sharp cookie-cutters will help you with this. Fry the shapes in butter on one side, slightly. Now cream some butter. Add to it, working it in well, minced watercress, enough anchovy paste to flavor it well, and a little onion juice. Spread the unfried side of the bread with this mixture. Chop hard-boiled egg whites very fine and sprinkle one half of each slice with this. Force the hard-boiled egg yolks through a fine sieve and sprinkle the other half with this. Now lay a thin piece of pimento between the whites and the yolks. Do not pile these when placing on the serving plate. Spread them out and arrange artistically. It makes all the difference in the world.

What Parenthood Means to Joel and Frances

(*Continued from page 11*)

notion of what their backgrounds are, but the heart of Young America is in their ranch home in the Santa Rosa Valley."

The McCreas are a wise selection. Their Americanism goes much deeper than a mere physical conception.

Joel's grandparents beat their way across the wilderness to California in an ox-drawn wagon. Frances' ancestors established a dynasty of professional men in the middle west covering four generations. Both of them were educated at big American universities and both of them came to Hollywood seeking the romance and adventure that is the birthright of American youth.

Five years ago, Frances came to my office in the Paramount studio press department nervously clutching a copy of a newly signed contract. One look at her and I decided that she could stand up under our favorite but seldom used slogan "the typical American girl."

About the same time our neighbors at RKO studios signed up an unknown young man, and flooded the newspapers with stories describing Joel McCrea as "the typical American man."

It must amuse the McCreas to picture the publicity orgy the combined press departments would have staged if the McCrea-Dee romance had managed to take place then instead of four years later.

Frances must be happy that they didn't meet then. In those days she was a moody girl, who wept often in my office over trifles and argued for hours on the folly of marriage for women with careers.

"Remember how a bad day at the studio would upset me so that I couldn't eat or sleep?" Frances talked about the conflict of those early years rather smugly from the depths of her new hospital calm. "Now such a calamity dissolves into a minor mishap that is promptly forgotten the moment I get home and see Joel.

"Living at the ranch has helped me. You can't get worked up over a bad part in a picture when you're riding the range, and at night you can't stay awake long enough to worry over the box-office receipts of your last production."

THE McCrea ranch, one hundred miles north of Hollywood, is no mere escape from week-end ennui. Joel set out quite deliberately at fourteen to become a rancher. He spent his vacations cow-punching on the biggest ranges in the state, and learned all there is to know about the roundup, about branding, feeding and marketing. In less than two years he has put his ranch on a self-supporting basis, a feat not accomplished for years by some of the veteran cattlemen in these parts.

The rambling ranch house has been completely furnished with the pieces that belonged to Joel's grandparents, who came west in a wagon and built up one of the early cattle kingdoms in California.

Like the first McCrea ranch, the new one boasts no telephone, and the nearest neighbor is ten miles away.

"The moment I am up and around we will drive up." Frances is restless only when she talks about the ranch. "You know, the ranch is our real home. The house we rent in Hollywood is just a camping-out place when we are working.

"It's actually difficult for me to adjust myself to Hollywood when we stay in town for any length of time. I knew nothing about ranching when Joel took me out there for the first time beyond a vague knowledge of how to stay on a horse. Right now I am in the middle of planting a flower and vegetable garden that covers an acre of ground around the house.

"We really work hard up there. Joel is up at six o'clock every morning to help the men with the stock. After breakfast he rides out on the range and I attend to my digging in the garden. We have dinner at noon like real ranchers and then Joel returns with the men to the fields.

"After supper, neighboring ranchers and their wives drop in to visit, and, although this is hard to believe, they never question us about Hollywood.

"The men discuss crops, the weather and market quotations on beef; the women give me recipes and advice on gardening.

"We always plan gay parties for the weeks in Hollywood, but never get around to them. Joel and I haven't been out for a night of dancing since our first date.

"I suppose all this sounds dull to you."

Just about as dull, I told Frances, as a new chapter to the American saga.

Somehow you can't blame Hollywood for taking bows on the Joel McCrea-Frances Dee romance. And you can't blame Hollywood for being so pleased over the arrival of Joel Dee McCrea, who means even greater happiness for this grand pair!

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MOVIE MIRROR'S

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

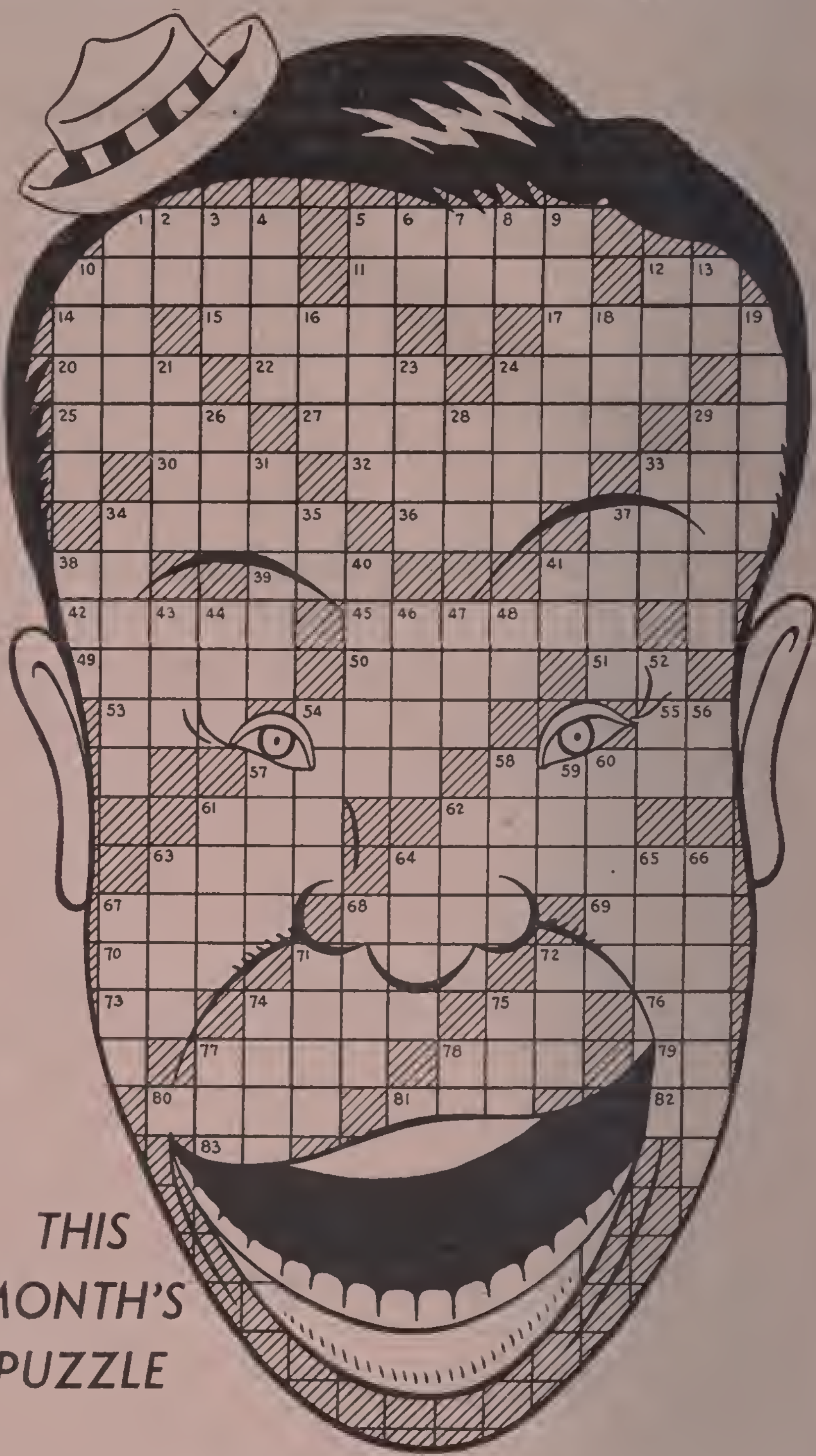
Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of August, to C. J. Fox, 627 Arnett Blvd., Rochester, N. Y. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Submit it before December first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

1. Helen in "Such Men Are Dangerous"
5. The beloved old film actress who died recently
10. Fishing tackle
11. Famous for his Charley Chan roles
12. Lew Ayres was in "Let's - - Ritzy"
14. Seventh note
15. One of the Moore brothers
17. Newspaper paragraphs
20. Aged
22. East Indian redwood
24. One of a comedy team
25. Trim
27. He is Claudette's husband
29. Oliver Hardy's home state (abbrev.)
30. To yelp or bark
32. To direct the course of
33. An oily substance
34. She played Paul Muni's wife in "The World Changes"
36. A Japanese coin
37. Eyes
38. Will Rogers was "- - Skitch"
39. A narrow inlet
41. Wicked
42. Star of "Heat Lightning"
45. One of his recent pictures was "Bolero"
49. Takes dinner
50. He played in "Let's Talk It Over"
51. The sun god
53. Mournful
54. To plunge head foremost in water
55. Second note in scale
57. "- - - - Happy Returns" is a Paramount picture
58. She will soon be seen in "The Painted Veil"
61. Extras are glad to play a - - -
62. The pugilist who made a screen hit in his first talkie
63. He was Dr. Verde in "The Black Cat"
64. Star of "The Scarlet Empress"
67. "The - - - - of Two Cities" is to be produced soon
68. She is going on the radio soon
69. Projecting part of a wheel
70. Not well
71. You will soon be seeing her in "Belle of the Nineties"
72. He played in "The Crime Doctor"
73. Northeast (abbrev.)
74. George Arliss does not eat this
75. Jumbled type
76. Near
77. Jack Holt's daughter in "Whirlpool"
78. He played the lead in "Harold Teen"
79. Nickel (abbrev.)
80. A wild hog
81. Head covering
82. Toward
83. Star of "Olsen's Big Moment"

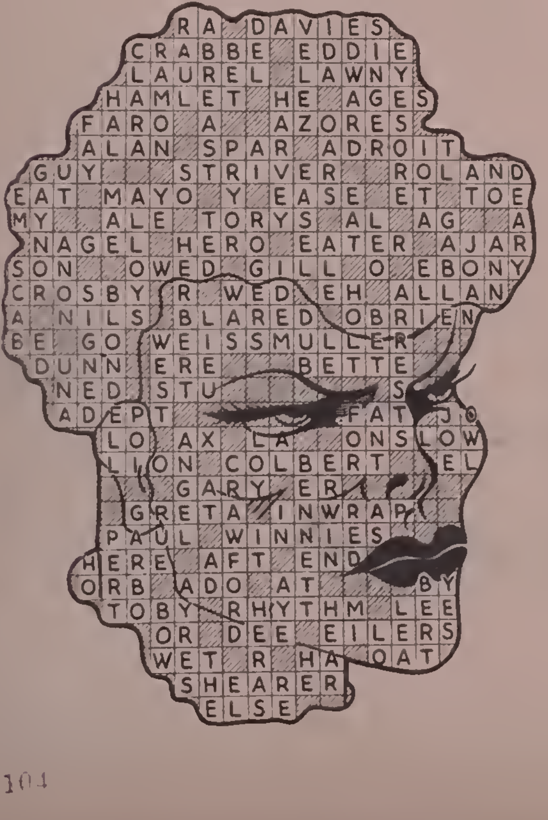
DOWN

1. Feeble-minded
2. Metro-Goldwyn (Init.)
3. Tree
4. What you look for on entering a movie theatre



THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE

5. Rides in an automobile
6. Star of "Wonderbar"
7. Strike sharply
8. Not out
9. All publications have one
10. To amend
12. Bebe's husband
13. Printer's measure
16. A child's toy
18. A color
19. Boxes
21. There are seven of these in a week
23. Snares
24. Star of "Nana" and "We Live Again"
26. To make lace
28. Observe
29. He was great in "It Happened One Night"
31. Minute holes in the skin
33. Prefix signifying three
34. Star of "The House of Rothschild"
37. "The Party's - - - -" is a Columbia picture
38. Spencer Tracy played in "The - - - Game"
40. Anew
41. For example (abbrev.)
43. One of John Gilbert's ex wives
44. The detective in "Private Scandal"
46. To covet
47. A poem
48. Railway (abbrev.)
52. His last name is Jarrett
54. Facts given
56. Each (abbrev.)
57. "The Last - - - -" was a prison picture
58. He played with Marion Davies in "Operator 13"
59. Religion (abbrev.)
60. Upright
61. He is married to Clara Bow
62. Herbert Marshall's nickname
63. A large bundle
64. Upright pole of a ship
65. Floating on the surface of water
66. What an actress must put into her role
67. Containers.
68. Unkind, low
71. Impair or waste by time
72. To lubricate
74. A repast
75. She is Mrs. Charles Boyer
77. You are looking at him now
78. Sound of laughter



RA DAVIES
CRABBE EDDIE
LAUREL LAWNY
HAMLET HE AGES
FARO A AZORES
ALAN SPAR ADROIT
GUY STRIVER ROLAND
EAT MAYO Y EASE ET TOE
MY ALE TORYS AL AG A
NAGEL HERO EATER AJAR
SON OWED GILL O EBONY
CROSBY R WED EH ALLAN
A NILS BLARED OBRIEN
BE GO WEISSMULLER
DUNN ERE BETTE
NED STU S
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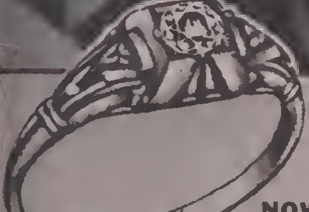

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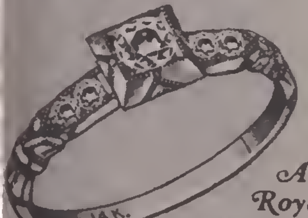

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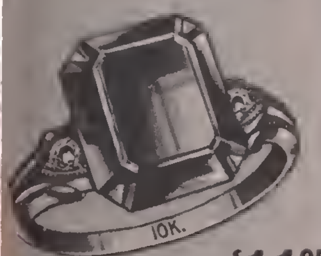

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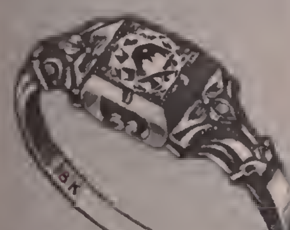

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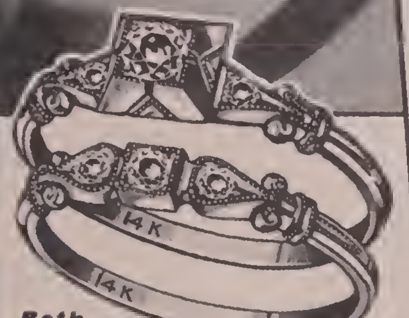

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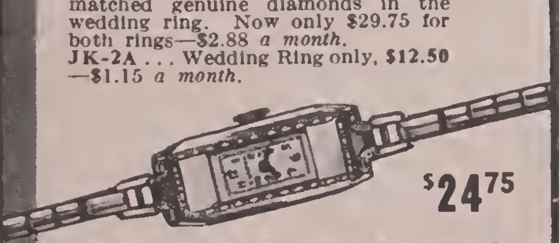

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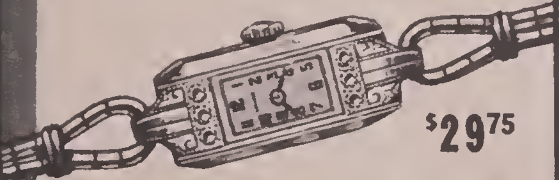

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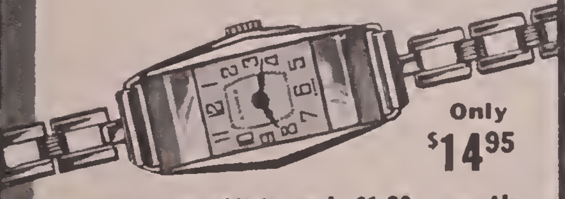

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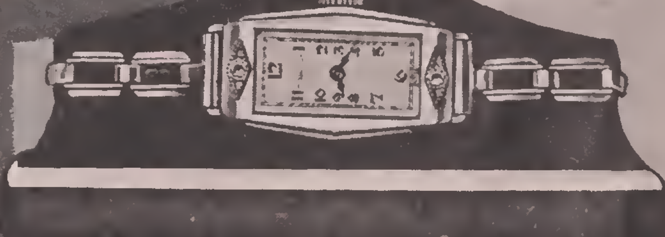

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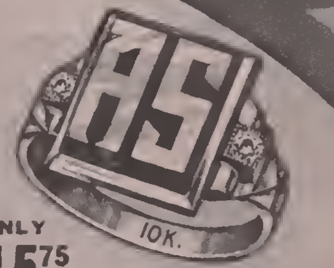

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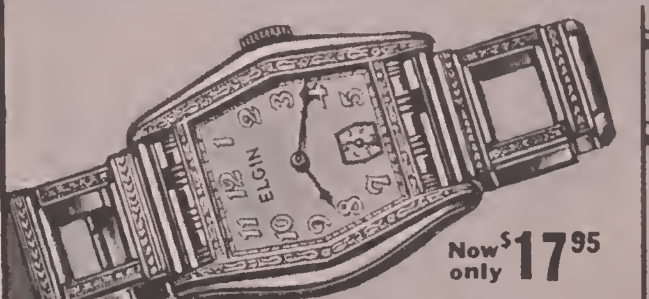

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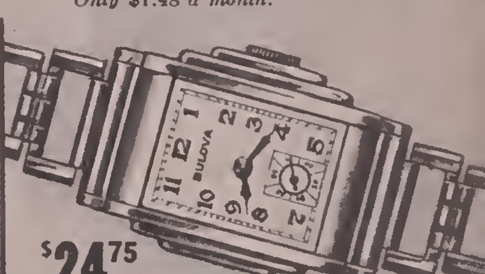

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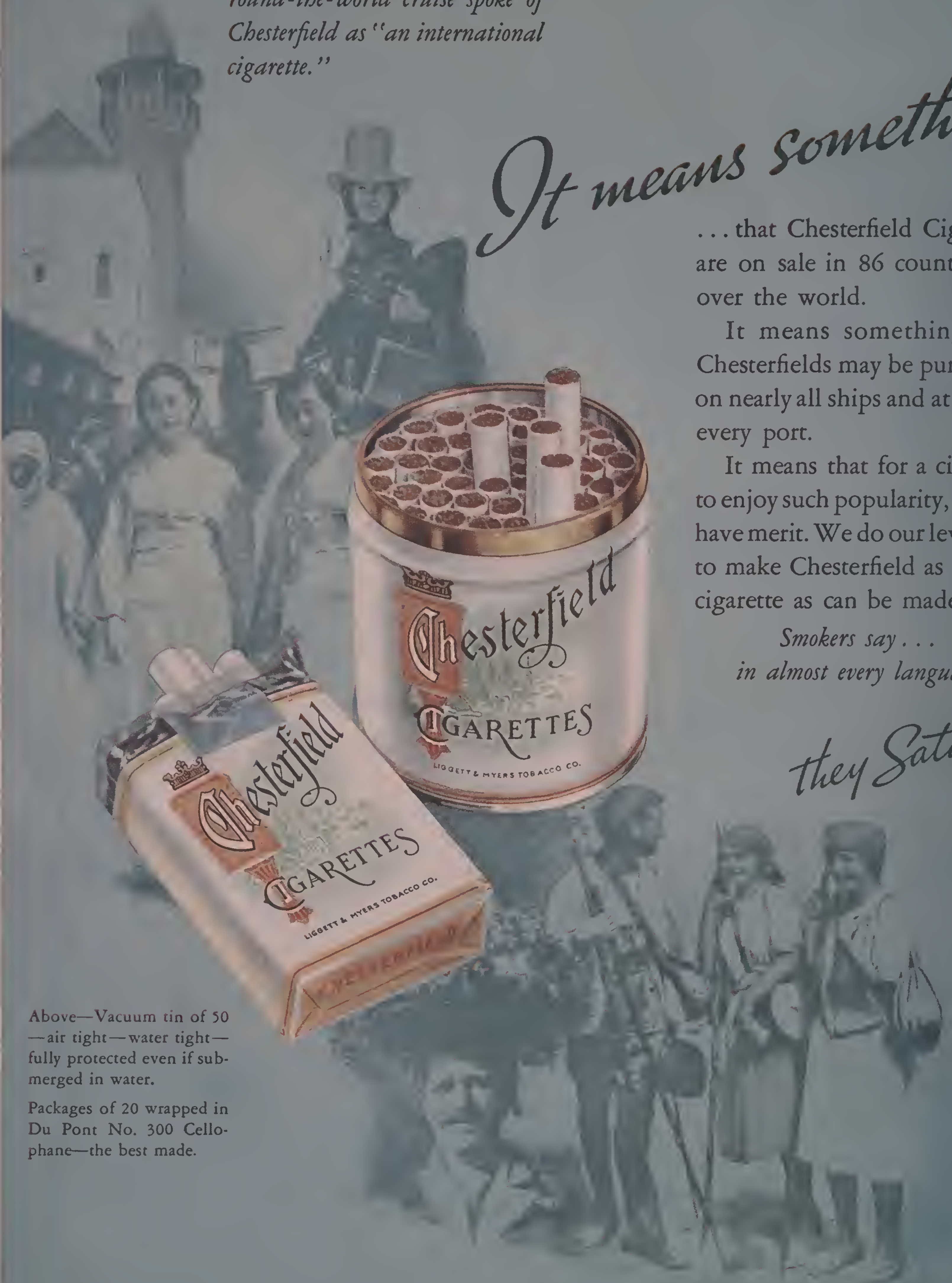
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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR
JANUARY

10¢

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of
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Why
FRANCIS LEDERER
has never married

DAVID COPPERFIELD

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NEXT MONTH—

MADGE EVANS' Advice to SHIRLEY TEMPLE

A former child-star, now a popular adult star, breaks down and tells the new child-star about fame's pitfalls. A fine and human article you'll want to read.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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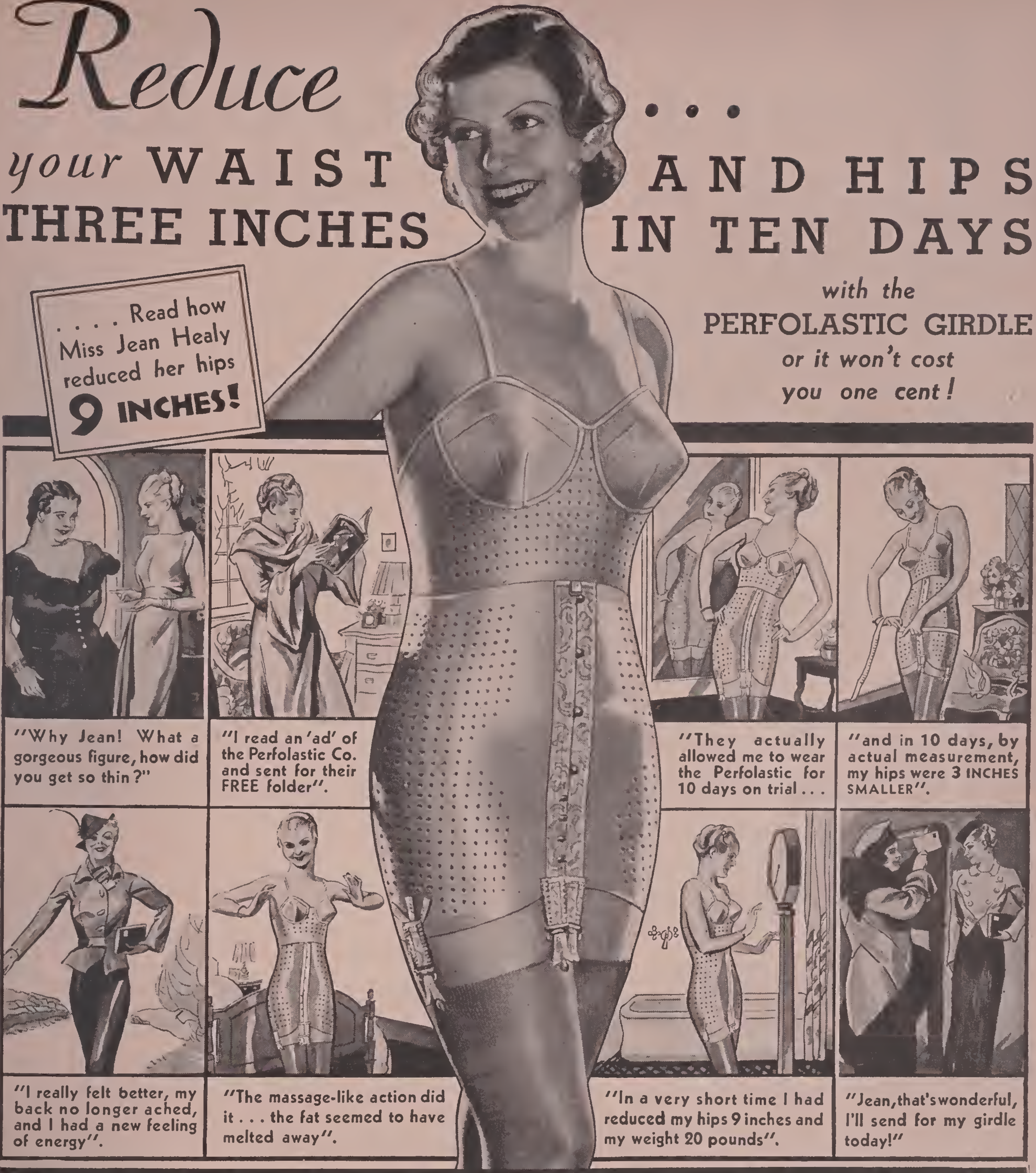
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The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

OUR EDITOR UNEARTHS THE VERY LATEST LOWDOWN

One of Hollywood's loveliest girls is still unknown to the silver screen. Yet Paulette Goddard may be our next great star!

I SHALL always wish I had possessed courage enough to write this at the time it happened.

I was a guest at what is called a "private" party out here, which means a party not given for a star and to which the press as such is not invited. Such parties are gatherings in the usual sense, people who like one another getting together for the fun of it—which is rarer than you would believe in this town. Amusingly enough, it is only at such parties that you ever see many stars or get to know them as real people.

Mary Pickford came in. It was about three days after Douglas Fairbanks had returned to Hollywood. The papers, morning and evening, had been full of statements that Mary and Doug had probably been together, had probably talked, had probably reconciled. The curiosity of the whole world was piqued, but no one knew a definite thing.

The hush that fell over the room at her entrance was as biting as frost. Each of us was so afraid of asking the question uppermost in our minds that no one of us dared speak. We had all seen the single orchid that graced her shoulder. We had all known Mary long enough to know that in the old days Doug had always sent her just such an orchid every morning.

Rosie Dolly, still as vivid and exciting as in the days more than a decade ago when she and her sister Jenny danced across the stages of two continents, alone had both bravery and tact. She ran across the room and, lace dinner gown, diamonds and flowers disregarded, knelt at Mary's feet, brought Mary's little hand to her lips and asked: "How are you, darling?"

Mary gave her a lovely smile but did not answer at once. She had a cocktail and ate a Little Pig sausage from a toothpick. Then she spoke to all of us.

"I've been here ten minutes," she said in that soft voice of hers. "Ten happy minutes, and I never live more than ten minutes at a time."

It seemed to me then that it took a very brave woman to talk that way. I couldn't believe that a woman who anticipated the rebirth of an old love could possibly be that philosophical, but friends of Mary's kept whispering that she and Douglas would be back together again soon. I thought I must be wrong.

Two nights ago—as I write this—I visited Hollywood's most glittering cafe. There was a party in progress for the Countess Di Frasso and among the guests was Douglas Fairbanks. It was a very gay, colorful party. Suddenly Mary Pickford came into the place in the company of the Johnny Mack Browns and her cousins, the Sonny Chalifs.

The Countess Di Frasso is also Mary's friend. She rushed over to greet her. So did Mrs. Clark Gable, who was in the Countess's group. Somebody brought Douglas Fairbanks to Mary's table. He sat there visibly ill at ease. The matchmakers beamed. The happily married women in the room beamed. But after a few moments Douglas got up and left. There was a terrible stillness over the room. Everybody knew then the truth that sentimentally no one had wanted to face. There will be no Pickford-Fairbanks reconciliation. You can wager, I believe, any amount of money on that.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE

The next day the papers carried cables to the effect that Merle Oberon would not marry Joseph Schenck.

If you remember, the news of the Oberon-Schenck merger made the headlines just at the time that the Pickford-Fairbanks reconciliation rumors were hottest.

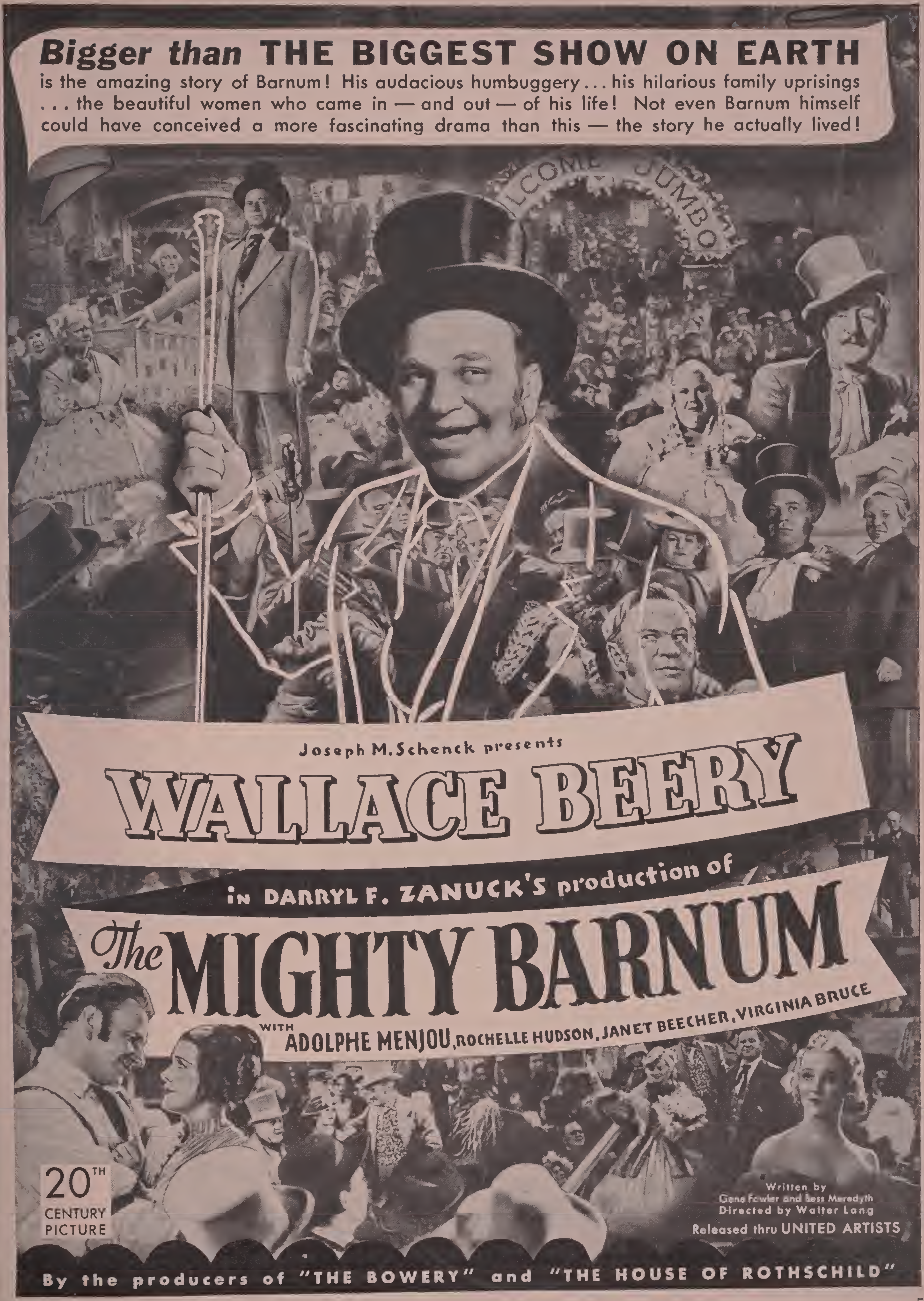
Doug Senior and Joe Schenck returned to this country together bearing a print of "Don Juan," the picture which stars Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Oberon.

It isn't so fearfully hard to figure out why all that romantic news leaked out at the time, is it? Or to figure further why it's being killed now that there is a good chance that "Don Juan" will never be released here?

ATHLETIC NOTE

With all the build-up about the virility of men in the West, will you tell me why Hollywood always makes its boy actors into cry-babies? Jackie (*Continued on page* 95)

by Ruth Waterbury



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Directed by Walter Lang
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Helen Vinson, who just completed her rôle in "The Captain Hates the Sea," goes coasting with Johnny Mack Brown, Columbia's newest star.

Speak For Yourself

$20 LETTER

Bitter Denunciation

I hereby denounce James Whale, Director, R. C. Sherriff, Adapter, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., Producer, for transcribing John Galsworthy's sensitively beautiful novel "One More River" into a picture so fatuously artificial, so pettily bourgeois, so perversely stilted, that I daresay Galsworthy would turn in his grave if he knew it.

Where is the inimitable sense of humor, the essentially English detachment and the social and intellectual éclat that so perfectly characterize Galsworthy's portrayals of the English temperament? I fear it was all lost in the deluge of plebian enthusiasms that Whale inflicted upon his cast.

It takes more than a few over-affected speeches, and a bit of synthetically bucolic "atmosphere" to put over an idea of Galsworthy's poignantly accurate conception of the English character, and assuredly, Sherriff should have known this even if Whale and Laemmle didn't.

About the only justification for the cinema version of "One More River," that I have been able to discover after careful consideration, is the fact that Diana Wynyard has a body of dignity and moves with a rhythmic, pagan grace, and that young Lawton knows how to pronounce "been"—albeit he manages to overwork even this lone achievement. Still, it's obvious that Whale, Laemmle, *et al.*, had nothing to do with any of this. But then, it may be, that I am becoming too cynical in my declining years.

Frank H. Kennedy,
Chicago, Illinois.

"One More River"—just one more cinema.

$10 LETTER

Hollywood Has Come of Age

Hollywood has come of age, it seems, and the art of acting has actually been called in to relieve the overworked writers of dialogue. One can no longer feel that puppets—beautiful puppets, of course, emote upon the screen, taking their characters only from the lines which have been written for them. By some strange metamorphosis the motion picture "star" has come to merit the title of "actor." Whether the change be due to the influx of English performers with stage experience, or to the development of the motion picture from an industry to an art, I cannot tell. The fact remains that Henry Wilcoxon was able to rise above the terrible blunder of the scenario writer who inserted the Shakespearean line, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," into "Cleopatra"! that Ann Harding and Brian Ahearne gave better portrayals of the characters intended by Morgan than did the adapter of the novel, "The Fountain"; that Frank Morgan stole the "Affairs of Cellini" from the competent Fredric March, because his comedy rested upon delivery rather than line.

These performances are prophetic of good things; they indicate that the motion picture is at last entering the sphere which gave the stage its title of "legitimate," implying some less honorable quality to the screen.

La Verne Madigan,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Yes, Hollywood grows and grows!

$1 LETTER

Lauds Lloyd

Why do we have to wait so long to see that refreshing guy called Harold Lloyd?????

His "Cat's Paw" was a wow—we get pretty tired of the eternal triangles, the semi-gangster stories, the American tragedies, etc., and I consider him perfectly harmless to all members of the family. The picture named was entirely different—all except the specs, and he made us laugh right out loud. We didn't care who heard us. Thank you, we'd like to have more such pictures, and we promise to see them at least once.

G. W. Wheelis, Jr.
Shreveport, La.

We second the motion!

$1 LETTER

A Long Suit for Shorts

I like to see credit given where credit is due.

The people who conceive and work out these short subjects, which often are better and much more enjoyable

Speak for Yourself

entertainment than the highly ballyhooed feature, certainly deserve more credit and better billing.

An outstanding example is "La Cucaracha." Done in color, it drew more applause than the rest of the show.

Harry Haugh, Lawrence, Kansas

$1 LETTER

Sparks Sparkles

Three cheers for a really fine actor. No, it's not Clark Gable. It's the one and only Ned Sparks. This cold pan star never fails to amuse us.

He has his very own way of winning our admiration. He uses none of the ordinary facial expressions used by most actors. A smile in his eyes is funnier to us than facial contortions from another actor.

Glenard Smith, Jackson, Mo.

$1 LETTER

Flicker Impressions

CAROLE LOMBARD: Bon-bons . . . young widows alone in Egypt . . . pink seashells . . . Galatea.

NORMA SHEARER: Little breeze laughing to itself . . . sparkling Burgundy . . . messages d'amour in old prayer-books . . . red dancing slippers.

WALTER CONNOLLY: A great adventure retold at sixty . . . Indian summer . . . lost collar buttons . . . shamrocks in Central Park.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: Exclamation point . . . first robin . . . sunshine after rain . . . story of "The Little Red Hen."

WILLIAM POWELL: Incarnation of Poe . . . smoke in a mist . . . Sir Walter Raleigh . . . lady's glove in strange gentleman's pocket.

GRETA GARBO: Sunrise on lake . . . lonesome little girl behind a picket fence . . . wistful smile . . . Valkyries and castanets.

ANN HARDING: Gardenias on black chiffon . . . fireside at dusk . . . minutes on a spinet . . . pearls in a scarlet box.

Kay Beckwith, Seattle, Wash.

$1 LETTER

Wants Substance

I do not care for pictures that give me mental indigestion. For instance, Janet Gaynor's "Servant's Entrance." The characters are so unreal that the whole picture is out of key with life. I can enjoy a picture that is pure fantasy such as "Alice in Wonderland" or one with some mystic symbolism as "Death Takes a Holiday," but when a film has nothing but exaggerated "sweetness and light" I'd rather play bridge.

A striking example of a photoplay that has the breath of life itself is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Movie-makers, please give us the substance, not the gilded shell of human experience.

Mrs. E. P. Vincent,
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Great Alone . . .
Perfect Together!
TWO BRILLIANT STARS BROUGHT TOGETHER
IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!
The Comedy Successor to
"It Happened One Night"

WARNER BAXTER MYRNA LOY
IN
"Broadway Bill"

A
FRANK CAPRA
PRODUCTION

By ROBERT RISKIN
Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
with WALTER CONNOLLY
HELEN VINSON
•
A Columbia Picture

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

MOVIE MIRROR's HOMEMAKING PAGE

Here's how to give your walls the proper color

by HAROLD GRIEVE

Much as he would like to, Mr. Grieve can't possibly tell you how to decorate or plan a whole house. If you will ask him specific questions, however, on how to curtain your living-room windows, or what to do about rugs, or how to get color into a room, or similar things, he will be glad to advise you. Address: Mr. Harold Grieve, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

SINCE we have discussed floors and window treatments our next consideration is walls and color. With these four basic points understood, as well as their relation to one another, we are ready to put the room together. In this big step we must decide on the feeling desired in the room. By feeling I mean, shall it be light or dark in tone; bright or drab in color, or gay or formal in mood?

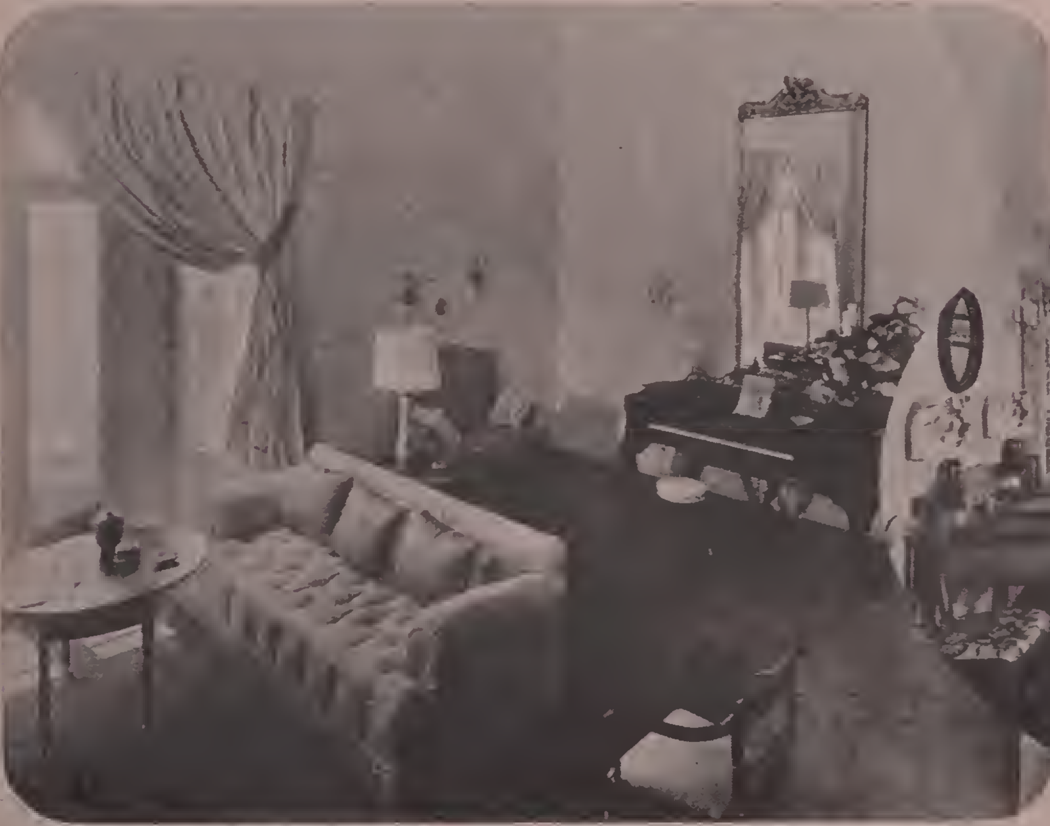
By color I mean the entire effect as you enter a room. Walls may or may not add to the color note. In some of the most successful rooms walls have become completely unnoticeable through the use of neutral gray or sand color or off-white, which has become very popular lately. There is a distinct advantage in these neutral walls—they are easiest to handle and we are less apt to tire of them. Walls done in a decided color are gay and perhaps more unusual but they *are* difficult to handle. If you do decide upon getting part of your color effect from the walls, I should suggest that you consult a decorator. This year the trend is often to strong colors in walls—blue, brown or dark green—but that does not mean the neutral wall is not still used extensively. It's like the styles in women's clothes. Dressmakers must suggest a longer skirt or a wider sleeve now and then to give new interest to women who are tired of the old styles.

There are times when nothing is quite so effective as figured walls. For instance, in decorating and building early American or English rooms figured wall paper or figured Sanitas, which now comes in smart designs, is most advisable as it gives a cozier, more homey feeling than plain walls. Of course, when figured walls are employed, little if any figure should be used in coverings or curtains without a decorator's advice. In the room shown in Director David Butler's home, I used figured wall paper, figured drapes and hooked rugs, but this takes judicious handling. One must be very careful of the difference in scale or size of the figures of the walls and curtains. Too, in this room the plain furniture, plain floor and plain bedspreads relieve the figure effect of walls and curtains.

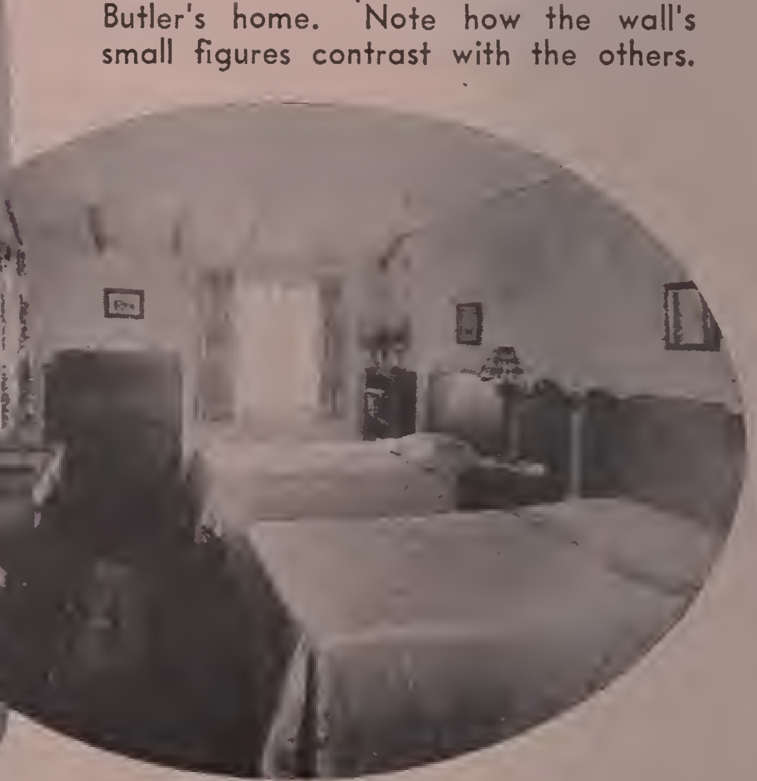
IN the Zeppo Marx sunroom there are a figured floor covering and plain walls. The curtains and couch pillows in this case are figured to give a bright, gay feeling. This is entirely possible since the couch coverings as well as the walls are plain.

It is not, you see, that I do not care for figured walls. I think they are charming. And it is not that I should advise against figured curtains combined with either figured walls or figured floor coverings. I simply (*Continued on page* 74)

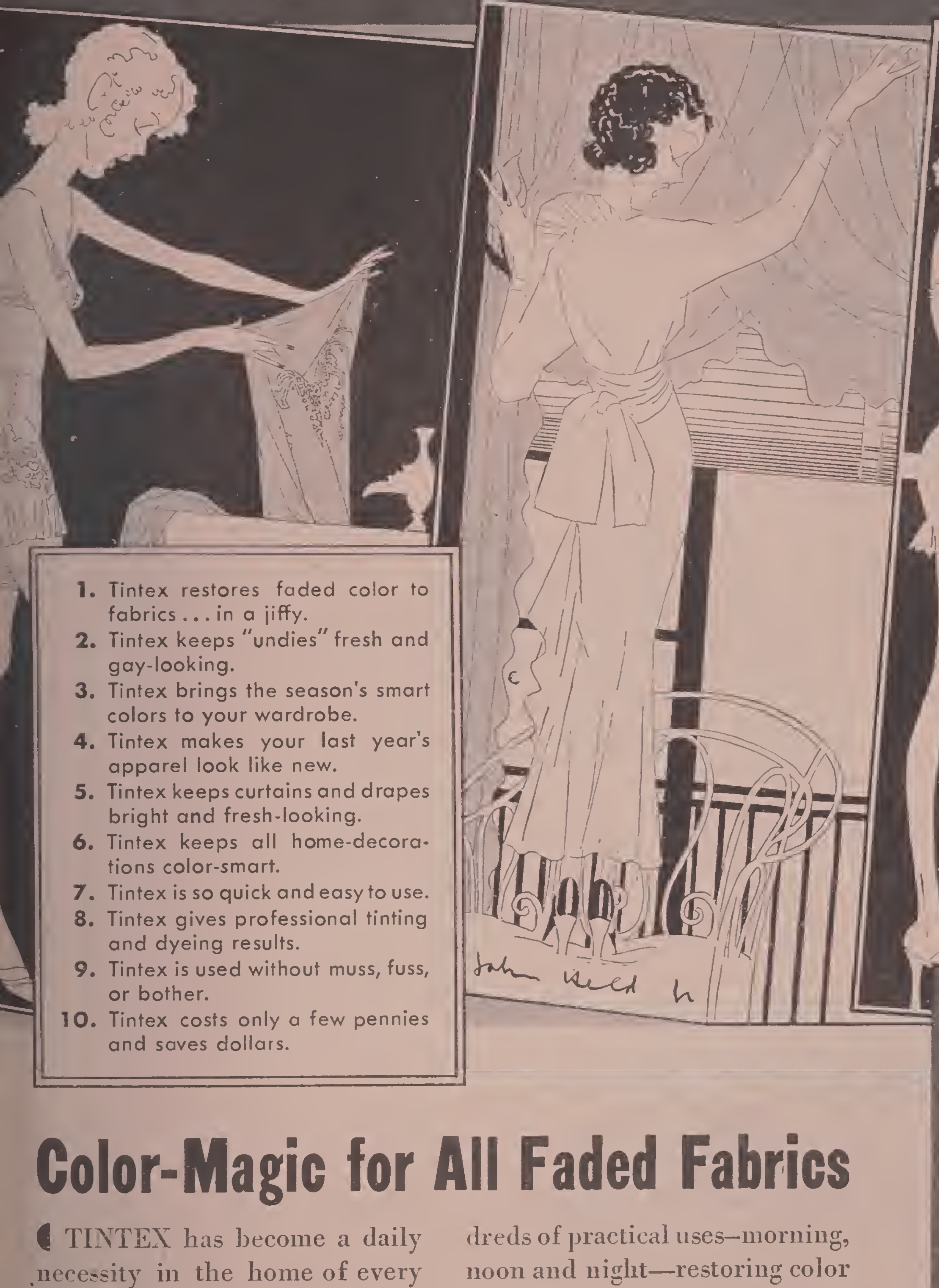
The charm of this living-room in the home of Zeppo Marx is in its tonal harmony. The plain walls and curtain are neutral in off-white.



Below is the simple bedroom in David Butler's home. Note how the wall's small figures contrast with the others.



10 REASONS WHY MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE TINTEX



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AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

The ROMANTIC GRACE MOORE'S

The girl you saw in "One Night of Love" was a new Grace Moore—and this fine story tells the reasons

by ALYCE AMES

Grace Moore's charm for men was one of New York's legends. She had made a hit in opera, and she had appeared in two pictures for M-G-M. But it was a different woman who came to Columbia to try her luck once more at fame in movies!

WHEN Grace Moore came out to the Columbia Studios to start "One Night of Love" early last Spring, she announced to the publicity department that she was willing to see interviewers.

No interviewers appeared.

She told the publicity department she was very willing to pose for portraits, too. Scores of pictures, very beautiful ones, were immediately taken of her by the studio photographer. But none of them appeared anywhere.

Weeks passed and for the first time in her felicitous life, Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera star, concert artiste extraordinary, woman of the world, sought-after hostess to artistic celebrities, whenever residing on Park Avenue, New York, at her villa in Cannes, or at her house in Paris, was as far as Hollywood was concerned, just a flop.

She couldn't excuse it on the grounds that Hollywood didn't know who she was. Hollywood knew all too well. When she had entered pictures four years previously, at M-G-M, the amount of red carpet spread under her feet would have reached from Louis B. Mayer's office to Reno, Nevada, without a wrinkle. She had been wined and dined at Metro. Her salary had been terrific. She had done two pictures—one with Lawrence Tibbett—expensive pictures, opulent pictures.

And flop pictures. There you have the story. Those big, beautiful, dull Moore pictures expired at the box-office as quickly as Primo Carnera expired under the pummeling of Maxie Baer. The vivacity, the charm, the elan that was Grace Moore in private life was so much soda crackers when transferred to the screen. Even her voice didn't come through as anything much.

Now Columbia, when Grace Moore came to it, wasn't so much, either. Only a few years ago it was a "quickie" studio. It had, just about the time of the Moore advent, produced "It Happened One Night." But the wise guys of Hollywood—there are millions of them—said that was an accident, a Capra accident. Capra, said the wise boys, was all Columbia had. Its having Grace Moore under contract was just one of those things, and a rather laughable thing, too. The whispers were that Grace Moore had met Harry Cohn, the astute manager of Columbia, in New York, and had talked him into giving her another chance.

Certain it was that La Moore wasn't, in the prima donna

SECRET of SUCCESS

sense, getting any money at all. It was a definite fact that Moore had agreed, instead of a proper salary, to take a percentage of the gross on the picture. Only everybody knew there wouldn't be any gross. Then to sink the whole enterprise deeper, the direction was given to Victor Schertzinger, a director who hadn't had a hit in goodness knows how long. The whole thing was a joke, probably at the expense of Harry Cohn.

THUS "One Night of Love" went into production. Grace Moore discovered in about five minutes the relative unimportance of Columbia in the studio scheme of things. She found it wasn't any Metro. There was no lavishness. There was no time wasted on delightful nonsense. But there was work. There were work and a spirit of enthusiasm and a spirit of experimentation. For instance, Columbia was trying out a new way of recording sound. Grace discovered she didn't have to hold her voice back as she had at Metro. She no longer blasted tubes in the sound apparatus when she hit a high note. She could sing just as she sang at the opera, and the studio gave her lovely tones back to her, not hurt, but glorified.

Columbia began declaring, after the first week of production, that it had a hit in the making, even a sensation. Nobody paid any attention to that. How could Columbia have a hit, with a director like Schertzinger, a star like Moore, and an original story?

The Columbia publicity department tried to place pictures. It tried to place stories. It couldn't

(*Continued on page* 75)

They met on the Riviera—Grace Moore and Valentin Parera. And their romance brought back into her life an almost forgotten dream. Left, you see them on the set of "One Night of Love."

Why FRANCIS LEDERER Has Never MARRIED

THERE is, in Prague, a girl to whom Francis Lederer once was engaged.

It is four years now since he has seen her or heard from her. But she continues to stand between him and every other girl he meets.

Love is like that. Sometimes.

"She was all life to me," Francis says. "I was very young. And most unbelievably poor. I was humble. What you would call a Nobody. Comparatively speaking, she was rich. Her father was prominent in musical circles. She had known many advantages. She introduced me to a new world. She brought me to emotions and interests and ideals I had not even dreamed about.

"Because of her there were years when life was wonderful. I cannot seem to get over regretting them."

Once having made up his mind to talk about this romance which has had such a lasting influence upon his life Francis Lederer was frank and direct. He hoped, I believe, to squelch some of the idiotic rumors which link his name with every beautiful girl with whom he is seen.

We sat together in his portable dressing-room on the set of "Romance in Manhattan." He was dressed as a young immigrant, in a shabby suit and a dark shirt. The dilapidated suit-case he was to carry on in the next scene stood at his feet.

"Since that time," he granted, his eyes grave, "I have come to have affection for other women. But I have met no one who could—how do you say it in English?—thrill me!

"One day I will, I hope. And one day soon. For cer-

The story of the girl who stands between him and every other girl he meets—told here for the first time

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Hollywood gossip has persistently linked Francis with fiery little Steffi Duna. Below, he is shown with Ginger Rogers in RKO's "Romance in Manhattan"—ironic or prophetic, that title?

tainly when you are in love life is richer."

Life was rich for Francis during those years in Prague. When he was very young. And that girl walked beside him. That is sure.

During the day he worked in a shop where they sold material for women's clothes. It would have been a dreary business measuring out the lengths of dark cloth, standing straight and stiff, bowing, saying, "Silks? You will find them in the rear, Madam!" if that had been all there was to it. If there hadn't always been other things occupying his mind and his heart.

Sometimes, coming to from his dreaming with a start, he would find himself tying a string in a neat little loop so his customer might carry the bundle over her finger. And he would be frightened that in his absorption he had said or done something strange. But, of course, he never had. Of course his conscious mind always had gone right on functioning efficiently even though his subconscious mind had been meandering elsewhere.

It was, however, when that shop closed its shutters, evenings and Sundays and holidays, that Francis really lived. Then he would hurry to the theater or to the girl, often enough even forgetting to stop for the meager dinner he was able to afford.

The roles he played in the theater varied. One week he might be a second lead. And the week after that there might be no part for him at all. Then he would work as a stage hand. In any event he was in the theater. And that was what counted.

He had one suit. When a role permitted he wore it. Other times he used to borrow trousers from one actor, a shirt from another, and so on.

The deprivations which poverty brings never worried him. I doubt they ever would. As a child he was very poor. It wasn't often his father's customers could afford new boots. So it wasn't often his father sold any of his leather. They lived cramped in a tenement. Their dinner usually was bread and soup. Bread alone when times were bad. Sausage too, infrequently, when times were good.

FRANCIS' older brother used to complain bitterly about the monotony of their meager fare and grow despondent over their circumstances. To Francis' amazement. He was unhappy too but not because they were poor. He was unhappy because his mother and father separated and the family was divided. The court awarded his mother the middle son. And Francis and his older brother lived with his father and an aunt.

"However," he says, "an emotional disturbance of any nature, suffered at any age is enriching. Ultimately. The more you have felt in your life the more you should know. And the more you know the more you bring to every experience, the fuller your life must be."

It was through mutual, professional friends that Francis and the girl met.

The very first time (*Continued on page* 78)

MOVIES of the MONTH

A Truly Dependable Guide Telling You Honestly for What Pictures You Should Spend Your Money

Cheers for Anne Shirley and Tom Brown in "Anne of Green Gables," a one check picture. O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley get some raves, too.

"The St. Louis Kid" offers fast action and delightful romance with Jimmy Cagney and lovely Pat Ellis.

THERE isn't any great, big picture this month, but the month shapes well, nevertheless, for general entertainment. The best musical is easily "The Gay Divorcee;" the best star picture, Jimmy Cagney's "The St. Louis Kid;" the best mystery film, "Menace," which is one of the best mystery films ever made; and Wheeler and Woolsey's "Kentucky Kernels" in their best film yet. A highly effective picture is "The White Parade," and one which should be seen.

Disappointments were Joe E. Brown's "6-Day Bike Race" and the fact that there aren't any really major stars represented in this stretch of previews.

The month's big moment for the children: The ice-cream sequence in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions."

Something Terrible Note: "The State vs. Elinor Norton." Keep away from this one.

✓✓ "The White Parade" (Jesse L. Lasky—Fox)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, John Boles, Dorothy Wilson, Muriel Kirkland, Astrid Allwyn, Frank Conroy, Jane Darwell, Joyce Compton and Sara Haden.*

It's About: *Probationary nurses in a hospital training school.*

Humanly, artistically and emotionally, Jesse Lasky has unfolded this tale of the probationary period of those sisters of mercy, the nurses. We promise you that you'll have a new and greater appreciation of the fine spirit and high ideals of the young women who serve you in hospitals when you leave the theatre.

Loretta Young is the probationary nurse who puts service-to-many above love-for-one. John Boles is a wealthy polo player who learns to love her after they have been brought together by a ruse, devised to save her from the ridicule of other students. Dorothy Wilson, too fond of bright lights, is expelled for staying out late and tries suicide. Others manage to stick through three years of rigorous duties, discipline and difficult studies, while still others "flunk out."

Top honors go to Jane Darwell, hard-boiled counsellor for one group of probationers. She is almost perfect as the toughy with a heart of gold. Sara Haden, as superintendent, and Frank Conroy as the surgeon who puts duty ahead of a glittering and shallow wife are excellent. Miss Young, tremulous and radiant, coming into deserved stardom in this is sure to appeal to all women who possess emotion, imagination and ideals.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll laugh, cry and be fascinated with the story and the way it's handled.

For Children: Those over 12 should understand it. Too adult for the others to enjoy.

THE EDITOR SAYS:

Columbus month! Never have I seen so many discoveries. Eve Sully, late of vaudeville but absolutely new to pictures, steals "Kid Millions." Nick Foran is made important via "Gentlemen Are Born." Erik Rhodes, a very funny guy, makes "The Gay Divorcee" even more amusing. Fred Keating, making his debut, is most ingratiating in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Anne Shirley in "Anne of Green Gables" is nearly perfect. And watch a lad named George Murphy in "Kid Millions."

Ruth Waterbury

(✓Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓Double check for extraordinary ones you shouldn't miss.)

Eve Sully, that cuckoo comedienne who's half of Block and Sully, runs away with "Kid Millions." But Eddie Cantor puts up a good scrap.

In "The White Parade" Loretta Young comes into deserved stardom, while Jane Darwell gets highest honors.

✓"Anne of Green Gables" (RKO)

You'll See: *Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Sara Haden, Murray Kinnell, Gertrude Messinger, June Preston, and others.*
It's About: *The growth and development of an orphaned girl adopted by an elderly brother and sister who wanted a boy.*

This contribution to an era of sweetness and light in motion pictures is a delightful surprise. It is well-constructed, has some delicately touching situations, fine characterizations and is nearly perfect technically. At the start, Anne, the orphan, is not very helpful to her foster-parents—in fact, takes almost too much of their attentions. The picture clings closely to the book, but showing-time limits force episodic treatment and many eliminations as the years pass.

Anne Shirley (real and character name), once known as Dawn O'Day, is brought by a friend to O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley, elderly brother and sister, who wanted a boy to help on their farm. Her brightness wins them. They decide to keep her. She grows older, falls in love with Tom Brown against their wishes. Through Anne's and Tom's efforts, Heggie, ill, is given medical attention which saves his life. Heggie and Westley relent, consent to the Shirley-Brown romance.

Your Reviewer Says: Note the splendid performances by Shirley, Brown, Heggie and Westley.

For Children: From 8 to 80.

✓"Gentlemen Are Born" (First National)

You'll See: *Franchot Tone, Jean Muir, Margaret Lindsay, Ann Dvorak, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran, Charles Starrett.*
It's About: *The problems of four college graduates who face the depression.*

This production faces facts.

It is a screenplay told in a bald and frank way. It is entertaining and should serve as an inspiration to youth freshly turned out by any school or college, faced by no job, low wages, love, marriage and the future.

Franchot Tone, most important of the graduates, becomes a newspaperman. He has a hard time convincing Margaret Lindsay, daughter of a wealthy broker who loses his money and kills himself, that money isn't everything. Nick Foran, football hero, marries Ann Dvorak, steals for her, is killed by a policeman. Ross Alexander, potential architect, fares better when he marries Jean Muir on a shoestring, becomes a debt-laden father. Robert Light, number four, is a rich boy who becomes poor.

Good performances are turned in. This Nick Foran has a smile, talent and a physique which may send him to stardom.

Your Reviewer Says: This awakens you to present day problems.

For Children: Entertaining and enlightening.

✓"Kid Millions" (United Artists)

You'll See: *Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, Ethel Merman, George Murphy, Eve Sully, and the gudgeous Goldwyn girls.*
It's About: *A dopey guy who inherits seventeen million dollars and who has to go through Egypt and love, to get it.*

Well up to the standard but not one inch beyond it is this newest Cantor picture. The settings are beautiful, the cast is grand, there are several hit tunes (we'll bet on "Head on my Shoulder") the final Technicolor sequence is the loveliest we've ever seen. But—the plot is pretty mad, even for a musical comedy. You never quite know what all the shooting's for with the result that the opulent effect of the whole is marred by long stretches when nothing much seems to be happening. Despite this weakness, however, there's a lot of fun in the film.

Right, Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland, Wheeler and Woolsey in that rip-roaring laughgetter, "Kentucky Kernels."

"Menace," a swell mystery, presents Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill. Double check!

Below, the lovers in "The Captain Hates the Sea"—John Gilbert and Tala Birell. Victor McLaglen, Wynne Gibson, and Alison Skipworth are also in it.

The screwy story, such as it is, centers around Eddie, a New York orphan who inherits money. An underworld gangster and his girl try to horn in on it. So does a wealthy Southern gent who is blessed with a beautiful daughter. They all meet and are held prisoners in a sheik's harem with such hilarious results as you might expect.

Special acting credits go to the star, to the new Eve Sully, to lovely Ann Sothern, who sings exquisitely, and to handsome and also new George Murphy. Ethel Merman has her way with two song numbers—and a very box-office-y way that is, too.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have a good time.

For Children: Absolutely ideal, since they won't know what some of Eddie's cracks are about.

✓✓ "The St. Louis Kid" (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Hobart Cavanaugh, Spencer Charters, Addison Richards.*
It's About: *A tough truck driver who solves an inter-state delivery problem, wrecks the strong-armers, wins the girl.*

Containing rough-and-tumble humor, likeable characters, a fast moving plot, a delightful romance and a series of breath-taking situations, "The St. Louis Kid" is just about perfect entertainment.

Your Jim, aided by Allen Jenkins, is a tough inter-state truck driver who uses his head—to knock his enemies cold. He gets into more trouble than a pup in a butcher shop. He meets Patricia Ellis under smashing circumstances—her car hits his truck—en route. He traces down a killer who has kidnapped Patricia, has a gay if hazardous time doing everything. The story, starting out humorously, builds to a climax reminiscent of gangster days and will have you on the edge of your seat. Jim was never better. The rest of the cast is aces.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it!

For Children: You owe it to them.

✓"The Firebird" (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Lionel Atwill, Anita Louise, C. Aubrey Smith, Dorothy Tree.*
It's About: *The murder of a philandering Viennese actor.*

Designed to be a mystery, this production really concerns the character development of the too sheltered daughter of a Viennese diplomat. She sees an opportunity to break away from classical music played on the phonograph and Milton's "Paradise Lost." She permits herself to be entertained in his apartment to the tune of popping champagne corks by an actor she at first thinks charming.

The murder follows. The suspects include the girl, played with excellent feeling by Anita Louise; her father, played by Lionel Atwill: Verree Teasdale, for some unknown reason cast as her mother (Miss Teasdale is one of the most vivacious and attractive of all (*Continued on page 72*)

IDA LUPINO

This English lassie is just beginning to grab the attention of the public—she has acting ability, charm and well—er—everything. She's to be seen opposite Richard Arlen in "Ready for Love" and will be making many more films for Paramount, her sponsors.

A beautiful scene from Fox's "The White Parade" which is said to be one of the big 'uns of the season. John recently made a trip East for a fling in radio (Chico in "Seventh Heaven") and Loretta, severed from Spence Tracy, is being seen with Fred Perry, the tennis champ.

John Boles
and
Loretta Young

ANNA NEAGLE

The bewitching English star plays the title role in the British and Dominions production, "Nell Gwyn," which United Artists will shortly bring to these shores. Sir Cedric Hardwicke co-stars as Charles II of England in this picture based on the diary of Samuel Pepys.

INSIDE STUFF

by Peter Abbott

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: Authentic reports say that **Chaplin** is holding up the announcement of his marriage to **Paulette Goddard** until their next picture is released. He feels that a marriage announcement now would destroy her romantic appeal at the box office.

Big Boy Williams and **Barbara Weeks** tore up their marriage license. This is the second time that Barbara has done this; she tossed over a naval lieutenant two years ago just as abruptly.

Charles Winninger, originally the Captain in the stage production of "Show Boat," has been signed for the role in the picture which Universal will make from the play.

Henry Armetta, making a short comedy called "Henry's Social Crash," crashed once too often during the filming of the picture, breaking a bone in his foot and delaying the picture.

Ralph Forbes is staging a sensational comeback since his marriage to **Heather Angel** and is now working in two pictures at once—"The Enchanted April" with Ann Harding and "Strange Wives" at Universal.

Anne Shirley is such a success in "Anne of Green Gables" that Radio has taken up her option a month ahead of time. She was formerly Dawn O'Day, child star, and she will play the lead in that popular story "Freckles."

Wesley Barry is trying another comeback, this time a small part in "Night Life of the Gods."

Tallulah Bankhead has returned to Hollywood in an attempt to resume her film career.

Douglass Montgomery is back from New York. He has abandoned the idea of spending six months there and six in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, he is through with the stage entirely, devoting himself solely to pictures.

The **Judith Allen** and **Donald Cook** romance is on the rocks.

Virginia Valli kissed **Charles Farrell** wildly on his return from London, hoping to kill rumors of a separation.

On the other hand, Edward Maschke, the husband of **Helen Morgan,** did not even bother to meet her train when she arrived here for pictures.

Kay Francis returns to Hollywood with the memory of an Italian count met in New York still lingering on.

Hugh O'Connell, the New York stage star of "The Milky Way," will play his role on the Los Angeles stage to prove to Paramount, which has tested ten men for the part, that he can play it.

Mary Brian is decorating the twenty-two-room house which **Dick Powell** will call home at Toluca Lake, while Dick has bought an auto trailer and is living in it on the property until his mansion is completed.

Mrs. Grant Withers is apt to get a black eye at any moment now—because Withers walks in his sleep and shadow boxes, from the nervous strain of preparing for his role in "Kids on the Cuff" with **Max Baer.**

Austin Parker and ex-wife **Miriam Hopkins** are seeing each other very often, talking over mutual problems. Friends hint at a reconciliation.

Rudy Vallee says that if "Sweet Music" is a success he will stay in California, and has signed for four more pictures with Warner Brothers. He does not fear any further suits from Fay Webb, and says he would like to do another picture with **Alice Faye,** who is now under contract to Fox.

Mervyn LeRoy and **Doris Warner** are blessed-eventing.

(Continued on page 22)

At the Cafe Trocadero: Loretta Young, Clark Gable, Elizabeth Allan, Bette Davis, Fred Perry (standing), Mrs. and Mr. Gary Cooper.

The GIBSON FAMILY

Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months.

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion *is* rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.

SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that "Ivory-baby" look. You, too, can win that baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with **IVORY SOAP · · 99 44/100 % PURE**

IVORY SOAP
IVORY SOAP
IVORY SOAP
IVORY SOAP
IVORY SOAP

"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful,'" grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES

"C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOL"

CHOICE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

(*Continued from page 20*)

Bill Gargan has lost thirty-six pounds.

Old-timers **Pat O'Malley, Kate Price** and **Jack Mulhall** are with **Sylvia Sidney** in "Behold My Wife."

Walter Wanger is giving a one-man preview of "The President Vanishes" to **Francis Lederer** because peace-loving Lederer is afraid it is war propaganda even though Wanger says it isn't.

Anna Sten sneaked out of Hollywood and spent ten days at the Chicago World's Fair without being recognized. Added to the cast of "Her Wedding Night," her next starring vehicle, are **Ralph Bellamy** and **Helen Vinson,** with **Gary Cooper** playing opposite her.

Helen Mack has had a tonsillectomy. (Tonsils out to you.)

Gary Cooper has been confined at home with a cold, so they have been shooting "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" around him until he recovers.

* * *

PRESS reports of injuries received by the cast during riot scenes in RKO's "The Little Minister," didn't do justice to these events.

John Beal, leading man, was struck by a soldier's sword, the blade piercing his cheek a quarter of an inch from his eye. He went through the production thereafter with stitches and collodion covering the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dinehart as they arrived all bundled up at the Grand Central Airport. He was called from New York City by Fox.

Another shot at the Trocadero, a close-up of Fred Perry, tennis champ, and Loretta Young who is said to be the apple of his eye.

La Hepburn collected a sprained ankle, Richard Wallace, director, was struck on the head by a papier mache rock and more than 20 extras were treated at the emergency hospital after one of the battle scenes.

* * *

FRIENDS of Jimmy Cagney are about to take up a collection to buy him first award for absent-mindedness.

Jim went to a friend's house for a visit. Mrs. Cagney, remaining at home with a house guest, missed certain keys she needed and called Jim on the telephone to see if he had them. He said that he'd look in his overcoat, laid aside the receiver.

He found the keys, put them back in his overcoat and returned to the dinner table. Two hours later his host found the receiver still off the hook—but Mrs. Cagney was NOT at the other end.

Gloria Stuart with her new husband, Arthur Sheekman, at the Brown Derby. If you'll look well you'll recognize Chico Marx, too.

* * *

TOBY WING finds herself dazzled by all the stories which appear about her in newspapers and magazines. She confessed that she was trying to figure out what to buy Jackie Coogan for his birthday, a friend suggested that she might give him frames for all of the pictures he had of her in his room at home.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed Toby. "Can't you see those headlines—"COOGAN FRAMES WING ON BIRTHDAY?"

Toby, who once played opposite

Sally Blane, with her dancing partner at the Trocadero. When they tango together, everyone stops to admire them.

Mary Pickford's rehearsing for one of her Wednesday night broadcasts at the NBC studio which is at RKO.

Jackie in a Chaplin picture, confides that Jackie is a great guy—but that she is getting telephone calls, and liking them, from approximately ten other lads.

* * *

AN interesting social note is that recently B. P. Schulberg, the producer, gave a large party.

Sylvia Sidney stayed home and read a book.

* * *

Wally Beery, current hero of "The Mighty Barnum," told us that he decided to bring the midgets, Olive, George and Richard Brasno, working in the production, home to meet little Carol Anne, aged three. He lined them in front of the bar.

"I'll take Scotch," said Olive.

"Give me Bourbon," ordered George.

"A glass of sherry," said Richard.

"Wally give me wine," protested Carol Anne. "Me big as they are. Wally give me wine. Wine. WINE!"

Wally, seeing that there was no explaining things, gave her the "wine," a big shot of root beer, and Carol Anne was content.

* * *

Very Important
IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN

It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Fred Astaire

If you haven't seen this charming gent in "The Gay Divorcée," with Ginger Rogers in the title rôle, you've got a big thrill ahead of you. Not only is Fred one of the greatest toe-twinklers in America, but he's also proving that he has a debonaire manner that will endear him to thousands of new fans! How he dresses, girls!

MORE HOLLYWOOD NEWS AND GOSSIP

WE thought that James Cruze, who always wears white clothes and always changes an entire outfit after collecting one spot, who always washes after shaking hands with anyone, was the last of the directors with peculiar and temperamental quirks.

Imagine our surprise when William Dieterle, who is directing Paul Muni in "Border Town," and who always wears white gloves on the set, showed up with two right ones!

Dieterle hit the ceiling, no directing was done that day until his chauffeur drove home, secured the left glove. Then all was well at Warner Brothers-First National.

* * *

FRIENDS of Jack LaRue are commenting that he appears more attractive and less menacing. The inside is that Jack took himself to a plastic surgeon and had his nose re-landscaped. Instead of wandering from bridge to tip, it is now Grecian.

So startled by the change for the better was Josef Von Sternberg that he immediately wanted Jack for the rôle opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnole." If Jack gets it, it'll be a case of winning from the competition by a nose.

* * *

"ANNA is getting better," says Dr. Eugene Frenke, of his wife, Anna Sten. "She does finer work in 'We Live Again' than she did in 'Nana.' We both feel that she has yet to do her real work. Maybe she should get down to earth."

This is frank, interesting and sincere comment from one of two people who are very happy together. Both Miss Sten and her husband, were adjudged upstage when they first came into prominence in Hollywood—he is a director—actually very shy, as a very few real intimates know.

"I have been in Hollywood for two and a half years," says Frenke, "and it wasn't until a month ago that Anna and I went to an expensive, exclusive restaurant."

* * *

HUGH O'CONNELL, well known on the stage, particularly because he made "The Milky Way" one of the outstanding Broadway plays, is now in Hollywood.

Paramount, having purchased the stage play, has tested Charles Ruggles, Jack Oakie and Max Baer for the leading rôle. The company is still looking for the right man and hasn't yet thought of Hugh.

* * *

MORE comeback news:

Pola Negri, flaming siren of the silent days, is again making her personality felt in Hollywood. She who startled the world by claiming she was engaged to (*Continued on page* 64)

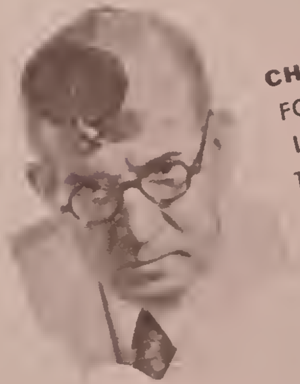
Isn't this shot (below, left) one of the grandest shots of Clark Gable ever? He's with his step-son, Lucas.

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS

• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



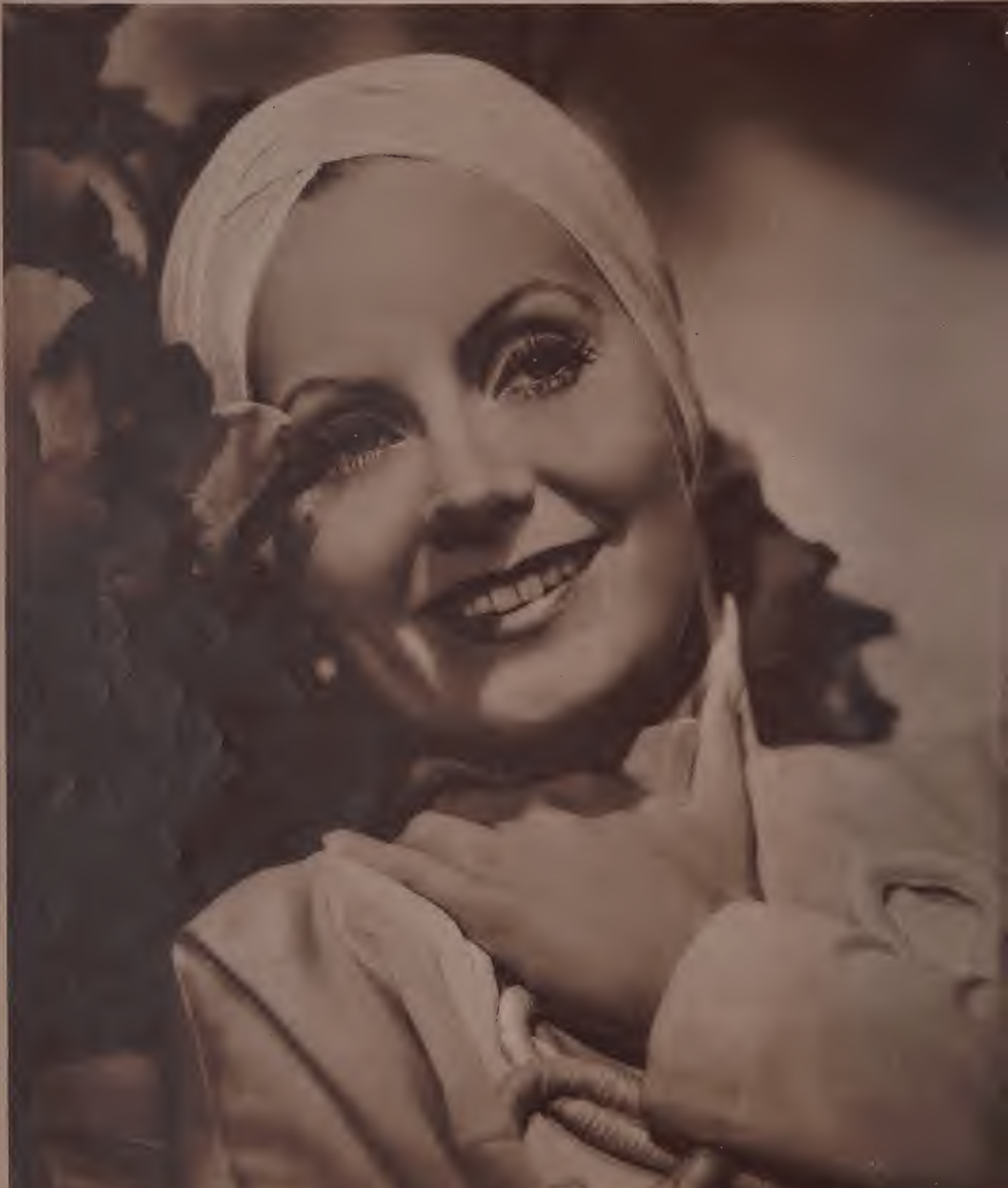
CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ...THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

GRETA GARBO



The screen's First Lady looks radiantly happy, doesn't she? But she won't tell why! The long delay on "The Painted Veil," which has been subjected to a number of retakes, has only whetted the appetite of Garbo fans for their idol's next appearance. Busy as usual with frantic matchmaking, the gossipers have paired off Greta with handsome George Brent, who —why, there he is across the page!

GEORGE BRENT

You'll be seeing him in "The Right to Live," for Warner Brothers, his producers. And he shares male honors with Herbert Marshall opposite la Garbo, having been borrowed by M-G-M for the rôle. Personally we don't believe a word of it, but they do say Greta has been visiting him at Toluca Lake. All the same, we're eagerly awaiting "The Painted Veil," based on Somerset Maugham's fine novel.

FAY WRAY

This beautiful lady, who vies with Joan Crawford as Hollywood's most successfully photographed actress, is making "White Lies" for her home studio, Columbia. Remember her fine work in "Richest Girl in the World" for RKO?

IN ONE YEAR and out the other

by

BEVERLY HILLS

Do you agree with this famous critic's relentlessly honest opinions about movies during the year just past?

1935
MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

The new star of the year —Shirley Temple. Mr. Hills says, "I have strong doubts about her durability." What say you?

After the trouble-making "Riptide," Norma Shearer (right) gave her finest performance in M-G-M's "The Barretts."

Editor's note: Beverly Hills, movie critic for Liberty Magazine, *is one of the most widely read commentators on motion pictures in America. I do not present his evaluations as* Movie Mirror's *evaluations—but I believe they are so provocative and controversial that every movie goer will want to read them. Do you agree or disagree with his estimates? Let me hear from you.*
R. W.

THE past year, 1934, has been one of the most interesting years in the cinema since the birth of pictures some twenty-five years ago.

The biggest furor in Hollywood in 1934 was not caused by new personalities, but by outsiders. Censorship struck and struck hard. Mae West's double entendres and Norma Shearer's *Riptide* were the primary targets of the blue noses, but these films served mainly to fan the fire which had been kindling for some time, and were attacked as the weak spots in Hollywood's armor.

In answer, the studios began to turn on the sweetness and light, offering such sugar coated pills as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Girl of the Limberlost* and *Have a Heart,* and succeeded by pleasing no one, not even the

LET'S LOOK 1934 OVER —

In "We Live Again," Anna Sten justified Goldwyn's faith in her and Fredric March proved the public's faith in him was right.

censors. Surprisingly enough, two of the most sophisticated films ever to come out of a Hollywood sound stage were hatched during the censor war. They are *The Thin Man* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*

These films mark Hollywood's greatest advance during the year. They show a maturity of attitude on the part of the producers and, a thing that we have long suspected, show by their enthusiastic reception that there are enough grown-up minds in the public to support adult entertainment. *The Thin Man* deserves every bit of the praise that has been heaped upon it. And if you missed it, you missed the surprise hit picture of the year. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* due to Charles Laughton's amazing command of pathological characters, carried an undercurrent of twisted love which added much to its emotional power, and in no way bothered those who supposed that the picture was merely a lovely bit of old-fashioned sentimentality.

But these two films were not the only sign that Hollywood is approaching maturity. Others, like *The Fountain, Little Man, What Now?, The Age of Innocence, Of Human Bondage* and *As the Earth Turns,* showed that the studios are willing to tackle themes which a few seasons ago would have been overlooked as too high hat. While these pictures were not entirely successful, they showed a sincere and honest effort to exhibit worth while things, and mark a trend which should lead to a plenitude of engrossing cinema evenings in the future.

No new Mae West, Gable or Garbo has exploded in our midst, the only public-made new star being a child, Shirley Temple. Whether she will hold her public remains to be seen, but I have strong doubts about her durability. And though the year introduced few new stars, it had the best average of fine performances and pictures in some time.

Getting right down to examples, we offer with absolutely no apologies our list of the best pictures of the year. These are not listed in order of merit, as they vary greatly in mood and theme, but each is a gem of its type.

Here it is:

Viva, Villa! Wallace Beery's swift, bloody and beautiful life of Mexico's premier bad man. *One Night of Love.* Grace Moore's is such a gorgeous voice that the routine story is easily forgotten. *The Affairs of Cellini. The Thin Man.* The funniest, wisest picture of the year, presenting the most delightful married couple of the year. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* A tender lyric treatment of a difficult and delicate story. *The Pursuit of Happiness.* A sly, highly comic exposé of Puritan morals and bed manners. *The House of Rothschild.* Mr. George Arliss giving his standard performance of From Outcast to Knighthood, but backed with a lavish production and a story which gained a certain timeliness through the current Hitler activities. *The Count of Monte Cristo.* Dumas' rich adventure story richly and excitingly imagined. *You Belong to Me.* A "little" picture raised to heights by the sincerity of its performers and its sound and sympathetic handling of what might have been mushy situations. *It Happened One Night.* The most purely pleasant picture of the year, with Gable at his best in a simple little piece of comedy and romance. *Catherine the Great.* The English studios give Josef Von Sternberg a lesson in biography, and give us their best film.

A heartening note about these pictures is that they are pretty nearly all making money, (*Continued on page 70*)

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF 1934

WALLACE BEERY in *"Viva, Villa"*
CLARK GABLE in *"It Happened One Night"*
WILLIAM POWELL in *"The Thin Man"*
ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH in *"We Live Again"*
ELIZABETH BERGNER and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., in *"Catherine the Great"*
CAROLE LOMBARD and JOHN BARRYMORE in *"Twentieth Century"*
FRANCIS LEDERER in *"The Pursuit of Happiness"*
GRACE MOORE in *"One Night of Love"*
FRANK MORGAN in *"The Affairs of Cellini"*
WILL ROGERS in *"Judge Priest"*
EDWARD ARNOLD in *"Sadie McKee"*
BETTE DAVIS in *"Of Human Bondage"*

SIFTING GOOD FROM NOT-SO-GOOD

According to Mr. Hills, Wally Beery rates a "best performance" in "Viva, Villa!" (above right) and a "worst" in "Treasure Island." Agree?

Both Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Catherine the Great" (right), are on Beverly Hills' list of "best performances of 1934."

THE WORST PERFORMANCES OF 1934

WALLACE BEERY in *"Treasure Island"*
FRANCHOT TONE in *"The World Moves On"*
CARL BRISSON in *"Murder at the Vanities"*
CHARLOTTE HENRY in *"The Last Gentleman"*
CHARLES RUGGLES in *"The Rear Car"*
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY in *"Little Man, What Now?"*
SAM JAFFE in *"The Scarlet Empress"*
RICHARD DIX in *"His Greatest Gamble"*
ELISSA LANDI in *"The Count of Monte Cristo"*
MAY ROBSON in *"Lady By Choice"*

Bill Powell,

He says his lucky breaks have made him—but he's really made 'em for himself!

by GAIL ROGERS

It's a grand friendship, the one that exists between Bill and his young son, also named Bill. Every time senior has a holiday they spend their vacation together.

"IT'S the breaks that make you. Why, I can trace the influence of the things that happened to me, that brought me where I am today."

William Powell leaned back in a long white chair. We were sitting in his gay, awninged loggia. His swimming pool lay before us like a great slab of blue sky that had fallen there in the fragrant garden. We had just been served a perfect luncheon on the long white table and were lingering over coffee and cigarettes.

Billy Haines who is decorating the new house Bill is building farther up in the hills had just departed, samples of the wood panelling for the drawing-room and samples of the marble for the bath of guest-room number two under his arm. He had tossed an amusing sally behind him. It had referred to movie actors who had illusions of grandeur.

Bill Powell had turned down the idea of linoleum for the floor of the downstairs dressing-room in favor of marble. And he had held out for a softer, older, richer effect in the panelling of the drawing-room walls.

"I might as well be good and sick as the way I am now," he'd said. "Sometimes I wonder who'll live in that house anyway. I'll probably have to sell it to a rich Indian with an oil well."

Now Bill sipped his black coffee. He seemed to find life good. Certainly there was every reason why he should.

"I'm no longer a youngster," he will tell you. Nevertheless still far from being old he's independently wealthy. He's at the top in the work he chose for himself. And he has the mental and emotional equipment to enjoy all this to the utmost.

Could lucky breaks be entirely responsible for such a Nirvana? I wondered while Bill proceeded to enumerate them, counting on his fingers.

"My mother and father were pretty swell," he began indicating this initial good fortune with his thumb. "They always did everything they could for me. More than they were in a position to do, often enough.

"I was an exhibitionist even as a baby apparently. I used to orate from my high-chair. So when I grew up I was given lessons in public speaking. My parents saw me as a brilliant trial lawyer and prepared to train the old voice.

"My public speaking teacher was my second break. He insisted I try for a part in the Christmas play at school. I made it. And knew I wanted to be an actor, not a lawyer.

"A wealthy aunt loaned me seven hundred dollars to study at the Sargent Dramatic School in New York.

"The director of the stock company I played with in Oregon had a good memory. He liked the way I portrayed that sardonic guy in 'Within the Law.' And later when he had a similar part in a play he was doing on Broadway he sent for me.

"Then I joined the Lambs. To convince myself I was an established actor. I met Al Parker there. He was directing Jack Barrymore in 'Sherlock Holmes' and he offered me a part. I was in pictures!

"I'M . . . er, well, *grateful* to the indulgence of pictures. To put it mildly. Audiences don't seem to see the strong resemblance between the shape of my head and a potato, that I always see. But then they probably look at the other people on the screen with me and, therefore, aren't so observing. Being an actor, of course, I never see anyone on the screen but myself."

Bill made the events which have brought him to success sound very lucky, very simple. He makes a lot of things sound that way. Including a number of things which weren't so darn simple when they were happening. When Bill's up to his neck in anything you hear nothing about it. With time, however, he's always able to transpose his experiences into some casual bit of philosophy or an amusing point of view. Time's a big help that way.

asual Cavalier

To show you what I mean, recently at a movie party there was plenty of talk about a motion picture actor and actress who have fallen madly in love with each other although both are married.

Bill sat smoking and took no part in the general castigation that was going on until someone asked him, point blank, if he didn't think it was a pretty bad state of affairs. Really now!

"Unfortunate, I should say," he answered. "For everybody concerned. But I can't see what there is to be done about it. Love isn't anything that either comes or goes at bidding."

Obviously no one is born with the kind of wisdom that lay behind Bill's remark. It was wisdom that always must be learned at first hand. But when Bill was in deep, learning it, he kept quiet.

I WAS, therefore, aware of Bill's genius for being casual about the most trying circumstances, once he's put them behind him, that I refused to be taken in by any such summary of lucky breaks.

Take that seven hundred dollar loan . . .

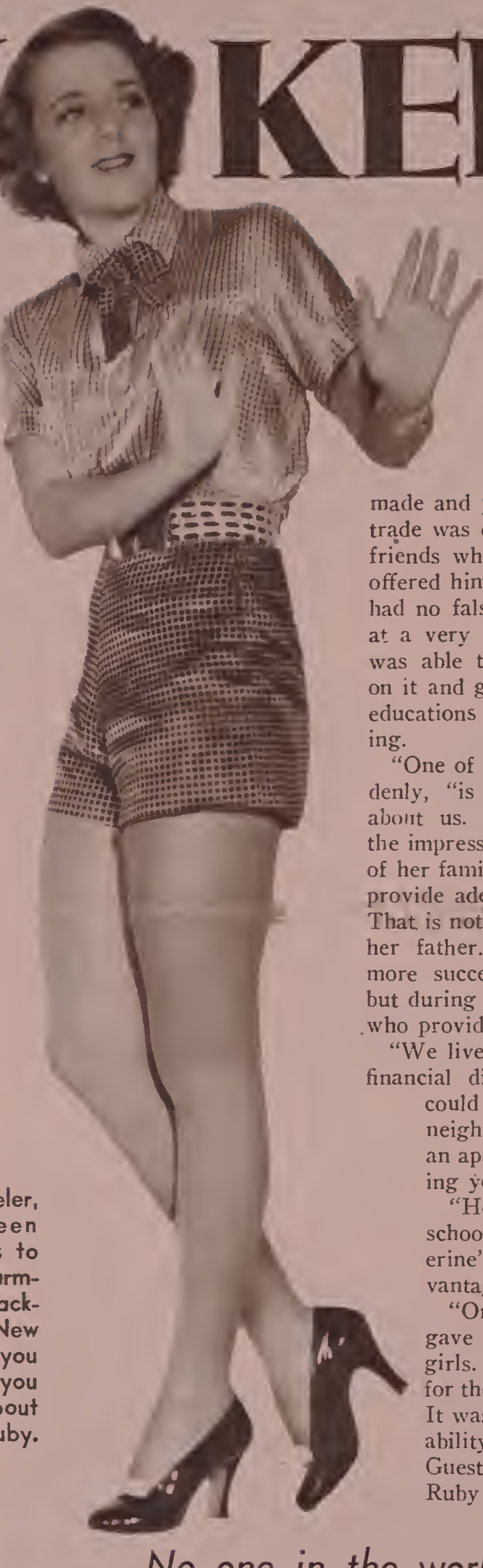
Bill's aunt didn't suddenly divine that he wanted to be an actor. She didn't suddenly feel that he was wasting his life working as a clerk in the telephone company and eating sandwiches out of his desk drawer so he could spend his lunch hour in a movie theater. And feel called upon to do something about it.

Bill received her money only after he'd written her a letter, twenty-three pages of letter, explaining how he was situated and what he wanted to do.

"It was months in the making, that letter," Bill admitted. He took precise aim. The ash from his cigarette landed on a yellow eucalyptus leaf that had fallen to the pool. "That particular aunt, you see, wasn't any too sympathetic towards my branch of the family. I was weeks finding the courage to approach her and as long again composing my letter, doing justice to my burning genius, as it were.

"I'll never forget the morning my mother called me at the telephone (*Continued on page* 81)

The RUBY KEELER



"THERE is no one who knows a child like its own mother," said the quiet woman opposite me in the large room that looks informal, secure and comfortable.

It was the Keeler living room, to be exact, in the pleasant house they have in Jackson Heights, with eight large windows, its grand piano, its books and pictures of the family giving it an air of real warmth. The house, I might add, that Ruby, for all her fame and wealth and position, is still inclined to think of as "home," simply because—outside of Al Jolson—everyone who means anything to her lives there.

What a privilege it was to hear the story of Ruby Keeler for the first time from the woman whose testimony cannot be doubted—whose say-so carries the weight of authenticity and who, at last, would clear up vague facts and correct fallacious rumors.

Mrs. Keeler, short, with keen dark eyes, clearly and progressively painted a word picture of Ruby Keeler.

"Mr. Keeler and I have six children," she began. "There are five girls and a boy. I married when I was twenty-five and Ruby is twenty-five now. There are Ruby, the eldest, Bill the only boy, Gertrude, Helen, Anna and Margie, who is the baby of the family.

"We come from Halifax, Nova Scotia, where Mr. Keeler was engaged in the business of sausage making. It was a good business and profitable.

"When Ruby was five we came to America and soon after we settled he found sausages were made and packed differently here, so that his trade was entirely lost to him. We had some friends who owned an ice business and they offered him a job driving an ice wagon. We had no false pride and Mr. Keeler took it—at a very good salary. For many years he was able to support his family comfortably on it and give his children the benefit of fine educations and training in music and dancing.

"One of the things I resent," she said suddenly, "is the frequent distortion of facts about us. A recent magazine article gave the impression that Ruby was the sole support of her family—that Mr. Keeler was unable to provide adequately for his wife and children. That is not so and is unfair to both Ruby and her father. Ruby, as she grew older and more successful naturally supplied luxuries but during many long years it was her father who provided well for all eight of us.

"We lived, in the East 50's not because of financial difficulties, but frankly, because I could find no landlord in the better neighborhoods who was willing to rent an apartment to a family with six growing youngsters.

"However, Ruby was sent to a private school in the neighborhood—St. Catherine's—and this was of itself an advantage.

"One of the teachers, Helen Guest, gave what is known as 'drill' to the girls. To her must go most of the credit for the successful career of Ruby Keeler. It was she who first recognized dancing ability in the eight-year-old child. Miss Guest spoke to me and suggested that Ruby be given private dancing lessons.

Left, Mrs. Keeler, short, with keen dark eyes, talks to you from her charming home in Jackson Heights, New York, and tells you all the things you want to know about her daughter Ruby.

No one in the world could give you a better picture of your favorite than Mrs. Keeler who's known her longer than anybody else and tells all in this story!

By DENA REED

Her Mother Knows

"At that time Miss Guest had—and for that matter still has—a ballet class at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and there Ruby was sent. Does it seem reasonable that had we actually been poor we could have allowed our child something that is certainly not a necessity?

"FROM the years between eight and eleven Ruby continued as a pupil with Miss Guest and then went to Jack Blue's dancing school.

"During all these years Ruby's main thought was of her sisters. She asked her father to build a board in the cellar on which the whole family was lined up to practice tapping. She was as anxious for them to become successful as for herself. It has always been 'one for all' amongst us and she was as delighted as they when Gertrude was given piano lessons and Helen took up the violin.

"Ruby, like her sisters, always disliked school and spent all of her spare time working out new dance routines.

"Gradually Ruby was placed in semi-professional shows and then in night clubs, when she appeared with N. T. G. Finally she went into vaudeville and it was necessary for me to accompany her. It would not have been considered that she go alone. So, with little Margie, we went on the road.

"Luckily we had a housekeeper whom the family had known from Novia Scotia—a woman who had raised a large family of her own. She took complete charge of things and solved our immediate problem. But their father was as good as she with the children. He has—has always had—a fine way with them—but when they go to him while I'm home he'll send them to me saying, 'Go to your mother. When she's home—she's the boss of the family!'

"Strange as it may seem my girls have never quarreled, but talk things over and understand that give and take makes for good sportsmanship and a happy family. For instance, the girls always borrow each other's clothes, but they respect property rights and never wear any article without first asking permission—which, under such circumstances, is naturally granted.

"Later Ruby went into the '300 Club'—the late Texas Guinan's famous night club—and we were all together again. That was very wonderful and gave Ruby an opportunity to help her sisters and brother still more.

"AT that time she had a great many young men courting her and then she had met Al Jolson. The question of whom she was going to marry became more pressing and, as with all her other problems, she came to me.

"We had a long serious talk. I asked her to think carefully before she came to a decision.

"She told me about Mr. Jolson and how wonderful and good he was. I said:

"'You're not marrying for money, are you, Ruby, because you're making a good salary yourself?' She was earning $700 a week, all of which she always turned over to me. 'There are many younger men who are fond of you, who are of the same religion and who, too, are making a fine living.'

(*Continued on page 82*)

Ruby and her sister are in Hollywood—but behind them is the place they call home in Jackson Heights, N. Y.

ROMANCE-

Henry Wilcoxon seeks adventure and uncertainty—and finds them—but he says "Who knows what love really is?

HENRY WILCOXON walked into Hollywood eight months ago under a lethal cloud of typical De Mille publicity.

The perpetually eloquent Cecil had previously announced to the press that the young actor had been fetched from England to play Marc Antony in the super-production "Cleopatra" because "an army can be camped on that magnificent British chest."

The reportorial claque that has found relaxation for years in verbally tweaking De Mille's nose, automatically marked that "army camping chest" of Henry Wilcoxon for a special load of editorial barbs. Long before the press previews of "Cleopatra" were scheduled, the old timers in the movie village weren't giving thin dimes for Wilcoxon's future on the screen.

But by sixty minutes following the preview of "Cleopatra," one hundred typewriters were tapping out globe-circling reviews that gave the massive Englishman a secure ticket into the charmed cinema circle.

By the sheer oily smoothness of his portrayal of a superbly masculine Antony, Wilcoxon slipped through the critics' trap, his forty-two inch chest forgotten in a medley of praise.

And now that he is an initiated member in Hollywood's flourishing fraternity, the time has come to take him apart and find out what makes him tick.

THE "ticking" began in the tropics. He was born in the tiny port of Roseau on the West Indian Island of Dominica.

In spite of the primitive jungles that surrounded the Wilcoxon family, they lived a typical English life like all good British Colonials. There was tea at four o'clock even if it was served by a barefoot native servant, and there was an ivy covered house that must have appeared grotesque among the riotous tangle of the growth that surrounded it.

At six Henry was diving along with the natives for salvage from sunken ships in the harbor of Jamaica. At the same time he was attending a rigid English day school and nicknamed Biff for the success of his constant fistic encounters.

At nine, he was roaming the jungles of Barbados alone, shooting down his lunch and dinner and cooking it over a crude fire. But on school days he was an avid follower of all the typical games of British youth, soccer, rugby and cricket.

At ten he was just another sturdy, unimaginative, game-loving English boy, when the suffocating colors of a Trinidad sunset suddenly opened his eyes for the first time to the gripping beauty that cradled his hobbledehoy buffooneries.

Quite secretly the gangling Biff bought a pot of paints and behind locked doors tried to recapture the glory of that sunset on a piece of wrapping paper. Thereafter, drawing pictures was an escape from the isolation of his boyhood. In 1933, when a London exhibition was held of his work, it caused a sensation in modern art circles. But when he was only ten, he ran to his paint box for the warmth and affection that were lacking in his motherless youth.

"My mother died when I was two," Wilcoxon reluctantly recalled the pattern of his beginnings for me one day. "My father was an official in the Colonial Bank and was constantly transferred from one branch to another in the West Indies. He had no way of caring for two small boys, so my brother and I were sent to England."

Right there the narrative stopped, and he skipped to his sixth year when he returned to his father in Jamaica.

"I cannot talk about those four years of my life," was his only answer to my determined efforts to unveil this early mystery.

"I was a very unlucky child," he admitted. "I was caught in every prank and usually punished for all the misdeeds of my classmates. You Americans can't realize the harsh discipline of the English schools in the West Indies at that time. Corporal punishment was the favored method of keeping the boys in order, and this is actually true, I was 'caned' every day of my life during my six years at Wolmer's College in Jamaica.

"Those daily floggings naturally left a horrible twist in my emotions. The moment I was outside the schoolroom, I used my fists to eke out some sort of justice from the world. It's a habit from which I have recovered only recently. You know, for years I've been leaping into the middle of other people's arguments if I thought an injustice was being done. I've battered many an eye and had some bloomers myself from that abnormal urge to beat fair play out of the world."

But the youthful Biff discovered that his fists wouldn't help him much in exacting justice and fair play from the Juggernaut of big business. At seventeen, bank officials' salaries being what they are, Biff's father packed him off to England to work out his own economic problem.

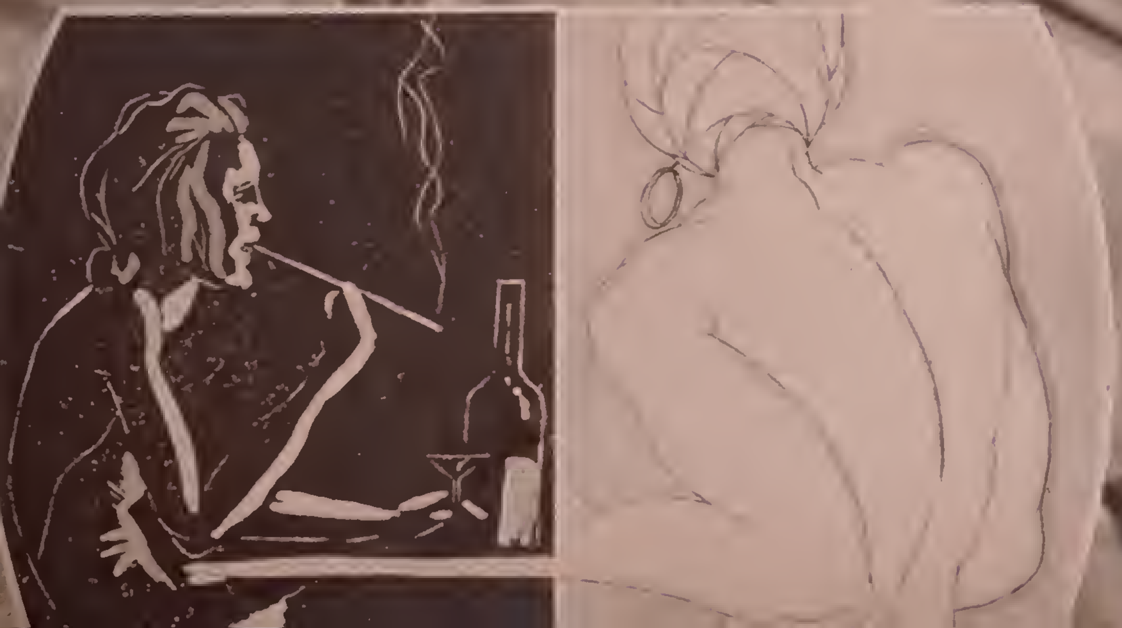
AT eighteen, a large milling company was grinding out nine hours of daily labor from him at the rate of five dollars a week. There wasn't enough money to purchase the art supplies he so badly needed, (*Continued on page* 84)

Wilcoxon Style

By

Julie Lang Hunt

On the other page, "Biff's" boat—the Wanderlure 11, a 40-foot schooner. Paradoxically enough, the drawings below are the work of this sea-loving rover who began his adventurous life in the tropics!



The Success of Elizabeth Allan

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

SOMEHOW the apple-pie order of Elizabeth Allan's life disturbs me.

She admits to no other desire since her twelfth birthday than an almost fanatic hankering for the stage. No disturbing complexes, no doubts or fears, no unruly emotions have ever slackened her straight-lined pace to a single urgency. Romance, love, vanity, the entire kaleidoscope of human frailties didn't once succeed in flagging her to a stop.

Somehow this peerless performance in ladder-climbing saddens me. To the letter, she has lived up to the schoolroom syllogism of success, but I sort of wish her foot would slip just once. I think she would be happier for a dizzy skid or two.

In a little more than a year in Hollywood, she has made seven pictures, each one a slick little stepping stone to a better role in the next. "The Mystery of Mr. X," slipped her into "Men in White," and the momentum of her flawless work as the nurse in this picture, shoved her into the second lead for "The Green Hat."

"A steady grind, seven pictures in fourteen months," I observed during one of her rare workless afternoons.

"It's the sort of grind I like," she made short shrift of sympathy.

And Elizabeth Allan is built for a grind. She has the tall, spare physique that usually covers a galvanic constitution that stands up well under murderous working hours, devitalizing set lights and the nervous exhaustion of redoing emotional scenes for interminable hours.

Her face, however, seems to bear no relation to her tall, strong body. A pair of sophisticated green eyes, set off by sooty lashes and widely arched brows, a tiptilted, childish nose, a pleasingly rounded but decidedly firm chin and a thatch of mahogany hair. But her mouth is puzzling. It dominates her face and gathers it into something that oddly enough looks like a repressed sob. Silly, probably, but I could not shake the idea during an entire afternoon, that a silent sob was packed away somewhere in Elizabeth Allan's face.

It was a tormenting fancy, so I asked, "You were married shortly before you came to Hollywood?"

"Yes, eight months. My husband is William O'Bryen. He is an artists' manager. He is my manager. That is how we met. He is in London."

These facts were clipped off quickly, as though she deliberately wished to skirt the edges of the conversation.

"But eight months, how can you stand such a separation? Is a career worth it?" I wasn't skirting the subject.

"He accompanied me to Hollywood, and stayed until I finished my first picture, and saw that I was settled. He left on the Empress of Britain with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence. It was Ernest's last journey, you remember? When I returned to Hollywood from the pier, I had a bad time of it for a while, of course, but I knew I was very fortunate, very lucky.

"You can't imagine what a Hollywood contract means at home. Success in films here is distinctly impressive in England, and when you return from it you are SOMEBODY.

"I dreamed for years of coming to Hollywood under just such circumstances, but never talked about it with anyone. I felt that somehow if I talked about it, it wouldn't happen. When my husband received an offer for me to sign with M-G-M, he didn't even know that I wished to go. He was surprised when he discovered how terribly I wanted this opportunity in Hollywood."

SO Elizabeth Allan is a girl living in a dream come true. She listed seven pictures at the studio, her Beverly Hills bungalow, a lovely garden, an impeccable servant and a comforting dog and asked, "Am I not lucky?"

And I recalled that her husband was in London and thought, "Not so lucky."

The conversation suddenly switched to her childhood. Her first impressions of the world and people were depressing, she told me. She was a war child, about three when her father and two older brothers left their big house on the seashore at Skegness to serve.

Miraculously the three men returned, but during those four years Elizabeth's orbit contained only tragic-eyed, busy women, with brief brilliant interludes of jolly men in fascinating uniforms.

When her father came back to gather up the pieces of his medical practice in 1918, Elizabeth was established in the village day school. Because there were six children, Dr. Allan educated both the boys and the girls to be economically independent.

"Father urged me to become a dispenser. I believe you would call it a physicians' assistant over here. But not one of the children, including myself, ever turned to medicine, and I believe it was a disappointment to father. When I was about ten, I was sent to the Polam Hall School, a

Story

"I think she would be happier for a dizzy skid or two," says the author

strict Quaker institution, but it offered an excellent course in elocution, and that made up for all the rigid rules that so limited my freedom."

I asked her about girlhood friends, school day crushes, but none stood out in her memory. However, her work in school dramatics, her directing of plays and her acting are reminiscences, indelibly notched.

"I didn't talk with my family about wanting to go on the stage. It was a dream, and I felt that somehow if I talked about it to anyone it wouldn't happen.

"But in my senior year at Polam I was selected as one of ten girls from various English schools for the annual scholarship to the Old Vic Theater training school for young actresses. Fortified with this victory, I asked my family for an allowance to cover my expenses during training. My father agreed to help for two years. After that, I would be self supporting on the stage, or I would have to go home and take up teaching. In fact, I taught at the Skegness school for six months to help toward my expenses before going to London.

"Mother took me to London, and placed me in a comfortable woman's hotel near the school. When she left, I figured that I could make my two-year allowance cover three if I cut down my living expenses to the bone. I did just that. I moved to a dingy room, they call them bed-sitting rooms in London because during the day it boasts the respectability of a throw over the bed. I cooked all my meals for two years on a gas plate and made every stitch I put on my back. I walked miles to save bus fare, and skipped meals for the same reason.

"But I saved money, and it was a good thing I did. Although I went to work after graduation with a Shakespearean repertoire company, touring the provinces, I had many an unemployed month with which to cope in London. I wonder now from what source I drew my courage. I had few friends, no one to go to during those weeks of gas plate meals, watching my money rapidly dwindling. But I was young, only sixteen, when I started, and the confidence of youth is always a little mad."

BUT what of the other insanities of youth, I asked. Surely there was something besides grim travail and eked economies to daub her sixteen years, surely one or two of the ecstatic lunacies of youth were experienced.

There were, I suggested, men, romance, hopes and outlandish dreams during those days that had nothing to do with the stage.

But the answer was no. There were no men. There was no romance.

"I met men, of course, but I made up my mind that they would only interfere with my work. I never went to dinners or parties, and I refused their friendly advances during those first years."

And remember that this bit of

(*Continued on page* 83)

Continuing the absorbing, revealing reminiscences of Hollywood's highest-priced scenario writer

As the author of this fine series looks today, posing in her garden with her St. Bernard dog.

and

WHEN that telephone call from Al Kaufman half promising me a rôle in Mary Pickford's new picture brought me back from safe and sane San Francisco and my job as assistant dramatic critic on a leading paper there, I saw a new Hollywood.

Those thirty-six hours away from the movie city gave me a perspective I had lost in three years of living there. Now that I was back again I saw how conditions had been changing and how important Hollywood and its people had become.

Salaries were booming. The Famous Players Studio was adding prestige and dignity to the new art that was sweeping the country. World famous novels and plays secured at prices of two and three hundred dollars were taking the place of the original stories bought at five and ten dollars apiece. We were sure that price was the top! The Strand, the first of the movie palaces to grace Broadway had proved a decided success in New York in spite of its fabulous admission price of fifty cents!

Mary Pickford had become a name as glamorous as Sarah Bernhardt and the first fan magazine had appeared.

This then was the Hollywood of 1914, and even before Al Kaufman told me I had been accepted for the rôle in Mary Pickford's new story the "Old-Fashioned Girl," I decided definitely to cast my fortunes, whatever they might be, with the movies.

I was to be the female vamp, one of a cozy nest of villains, threatening the screen happiness of Mary and Marshall Neilan, her handsome leading man. Donald Crisp, Glenn Martin and myself were banded together in the ugly business of thwarting the romance of the young lovers.

They had persuaded Glenn Martin, then a young aviator, to take a fling in pictures. And none of us dreamed of the important figure he would become when aviation was to be as everyday a thing as the movies, and his Martin bombers to become famous the world over.

Allan Dwan was directing the picture and in the first scene I played he discovered, to my immediate

MOVIES, MILLIONS MADNESS!

By FRANCES MARION

dismay and ultimate good fortune, my uncontrollable habit of blushing. From then on he took an unholy delight in teasing me and made me play hectic love scenes with Mickey Neilan before a filmless camera for the sole amusement of himself and the company. But I got my revenge as a good villainess should when I cornered him one day and insisted upon telling him my story "The Foundling."

He liked the story and told me to write it, and then when I produced it triumphantly sent it on to the office with his recommendation that they buy it.

IT was a thrilling moment, that day when Adolph Zukor who was boss of the whole works sent for me. Even as I tried to appear the casual and superior writer I felt the hot color flaring into my cheeks as I listened to his guarded praise. Since then I've discovered that any producer's praise of any story is as guarded as a movie star's baby.

Miss Marion saw Theda Bara, the greatest mystery woman before Garbo, at close hand. Thanks to Fox Film Company for this rare photo.

Left, a fine picture at the old Famous Players Studio—Doug Fairbanks, Frances Marion, Allan Dwan, Cecil B. DeMille, Mary Pickford and the "boss" Adolph Zukor.

He liked my story and said he would buy it and if I would write the continuity and the titles, help Mary with her costumes, play in the picture and help with the publicity he would give me two hundred and fifty dollars for everything.

It seemed miraculous to me and I was so afraid he would change his mind I could hardly wait to get both our names on the contract. If anyone had told me I would some day get $50,000 for one single story, I would have known I had gone crazy.

Waiting until "The Foundling" finally got into production seemed an eternity and then after the cameras began grinding, the time before I began to see the rushes became just as endless. Everybody was enthusiastic about it from Mary herself down to the prop boys and I saw vistas of fame opening before my incredulous eyes.

In fact I got so cocky, Hollywood was no longer my mecca. All the important scenario writing was being done in New York then and the Metropolis became my new goal. But the expense of the trip seemed prohibitive. As I was wondering about ways and means, Allan Dwan told me excitedly that the great stage star, Pauline Frederick, had been signed by Famous Players and was on her way

Madge Evans at the age of six. She used to tell Frances Marion her ideas about stories for the Lee sisters, who were her greatest rivals!

west to make a picture. That was all I had to know. I rushed home that night and began writing a story for her. It sold and the price I got for it meant only one thing, a one-way railroad ticket to New York.

Only when I got on the train did I realize what a formidable venture I had started on. I had no money for clothes and my entire fortune consisted of the twenty-five dollars. It was autumn and my California wardrobe was hardly one to withstand the rigors of New York's rapidly approaching winter.

But because it looked impressive I took along a hatless hat box stuffed with newspapers.

Before I had a chance really to become frightened, I discovered Lois Weber and Jack Holt as fellow passengers on their way to Chicago to make a picture with Pavlowa. Lois and I fell on each other's necks with delighted whoops. Then Jack Holt and some other boys in the company and myself settled down to while away the tedious hours with a game of poker. Common sense should have told me not to gamble but my luck held and I came out of that game twenty-five dollars the richer. Storming New York seemed easy with fifty dollars between myself and the wolves.

But Lois wasn't as impressed with my wealth as I was, and asked me to stop over a week in Chicago to do publicity for the Pavlowa picture. Grand and generous as she always has been, she made her offer appear as a favor to herself rather than what it really was, a means of helping me.

I WAS entranced with the lavish sets for the Pavlowa picture at the Studio in Chicago, and I could hardly wait for my first glimpse of the great Russian dancer. I had seen her dance, a fairy figure in gossamer white and I hung expectantly around the entrance waiting for her arrival in the huge limousine manned with the liveried chauffeur and footman that must surely be the entourage of the world's greatest dancer.

It was raining, and a plain little figure came flopping through the downpour in a shabby rain coat and galoshes. She touched me hesitantly on the arm and asked directions to the set. She looked so little and forlorn that I took pity on her and escorted her into the studio only to discover when the whole company almost fell on their knees before her that it was the great Pavlowa herself.

Since then I've discovered that it is their very simplicity that evidences the truly great and I've learned never to be impressed by the airs and self-importance of the Hollywood meteors who crash almost as quickly as they rise.

One unforgettable week as a member of Pavlowa's company and then, New York. It seemed pretty big to me as I emerged from the Grand Central Station. My knees wobbled. Then rather too fiercely I told myself I had nothing to fear. In a week or so "The Foundling" would be released and my name on the screen would be an open sesame to the New York studios.

A week later my confidence fell crashing to earth. The Famous Players Studio had burnt and the negative and prints of "The Foundling" were destroyed with it. And I had only twenty dollars left in my pocket book!

Outside of demonstrating the severest cold spell it had enjoyed in years, New York did not celebrate my arrival. I stuck newspapers under my dress to shut out the cold, and pretended to be a warm blooded gal with no need of a coat. I sallied forth to look for a job.

It took me a day or two to discover the studio office boys were only a little more difficult to pass than the King's guard in front of England's Buckingham Palace.

New York wasn't the old Hollywood where everybody knew everybody else and didn't give a hoot how unimpressively they lived. I decided a good address was necessary. Leaving the cheap Broadway hotel where I had been stopping I went boldly to the Algonquin, which had always been a glamorous place to me since I knew Mary Pickford had lived there, and asked for the cheapest room in the place.

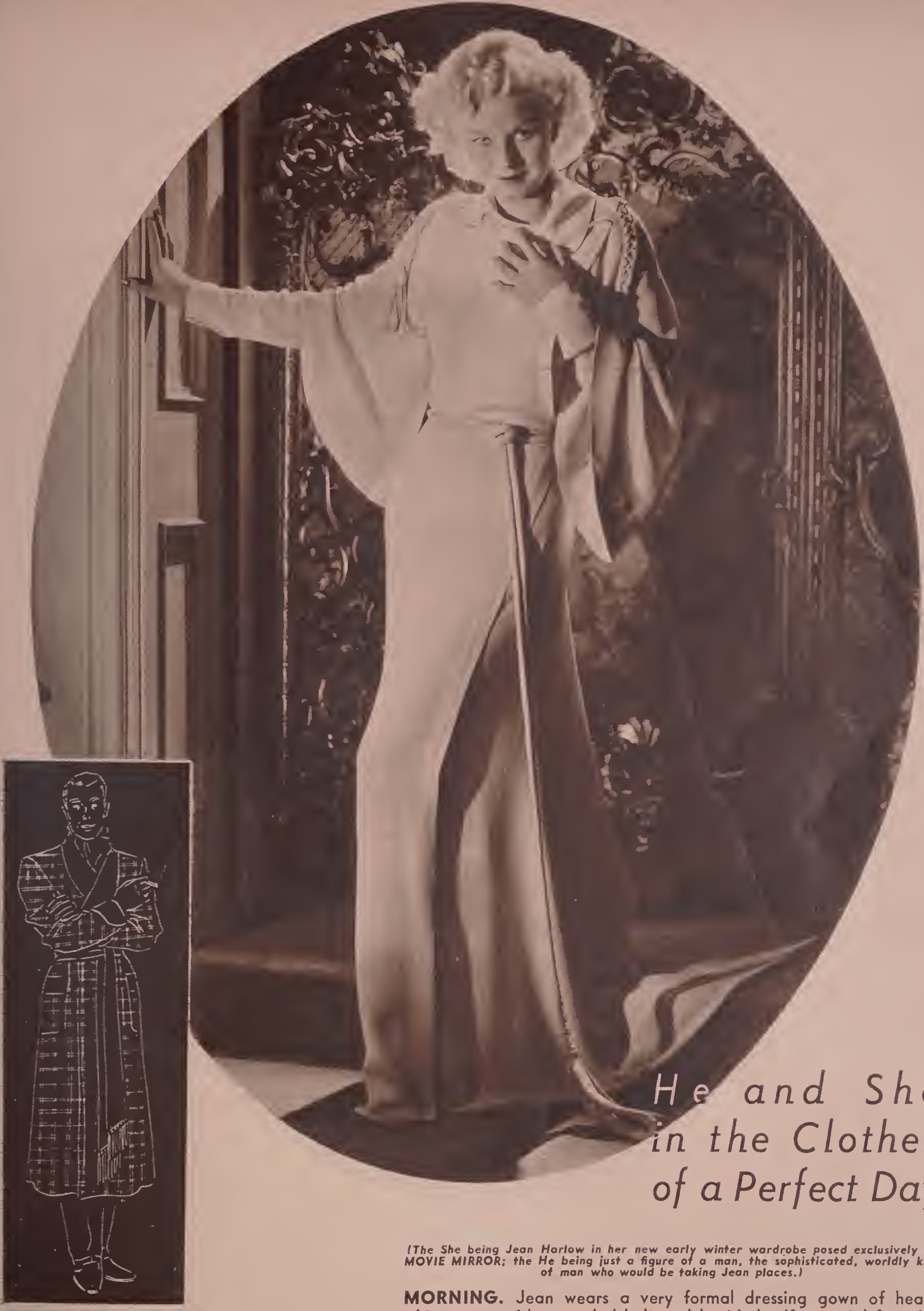
Then I sat down and wrote letters on the Algonquin stationery to the three most important studio heads in New York, two west to Forty-sixth street, to William Fox and William A. Brady respectively, for the offices of Fox and World Film were housed in the same building, one flew east to Fifth Avenue and Daniel Frohman, then head of Famous Players. As the days went by and I received no replies I thought I was left holding the proverbial cuckoo's nest.

Now I'm not surprised at their reception though at the time I wrote the letters I had counted on their very boldness to attract attention. In a day when the top-notch scenario writers were getting seventy-five dollars a week I offered my services free for three weeks on the condition that if I made good I would be given a year's contract beginning at two hundred a week and skyrocketing to two hundred and fifty for the last six months.

My money was dwindling as rapidly as my courage. It was hard to pass the fragrant aromas and huge pastry trays of the hotel dining room to go down the street to Childs'. My meals were always the same, coffee for breakfast and baked beans and butter cakes for lunch and dinner. An unwholesome combination but very, very filling. Then after my twentieth consecutive plate of baked beans the desk clerk hailed my arrival back to the hotel with the impressive news that the secretaries (*Continued on page* 96)

For many years, people have tried to persuade Frances Marion to write down for the public her intimate recollections of the greatest idols in movieland's history. MOVIE MIRROR is proud to have succeeded in bringing this hitherto-untold story to its readers. You cannot afford to miss a single installment!

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

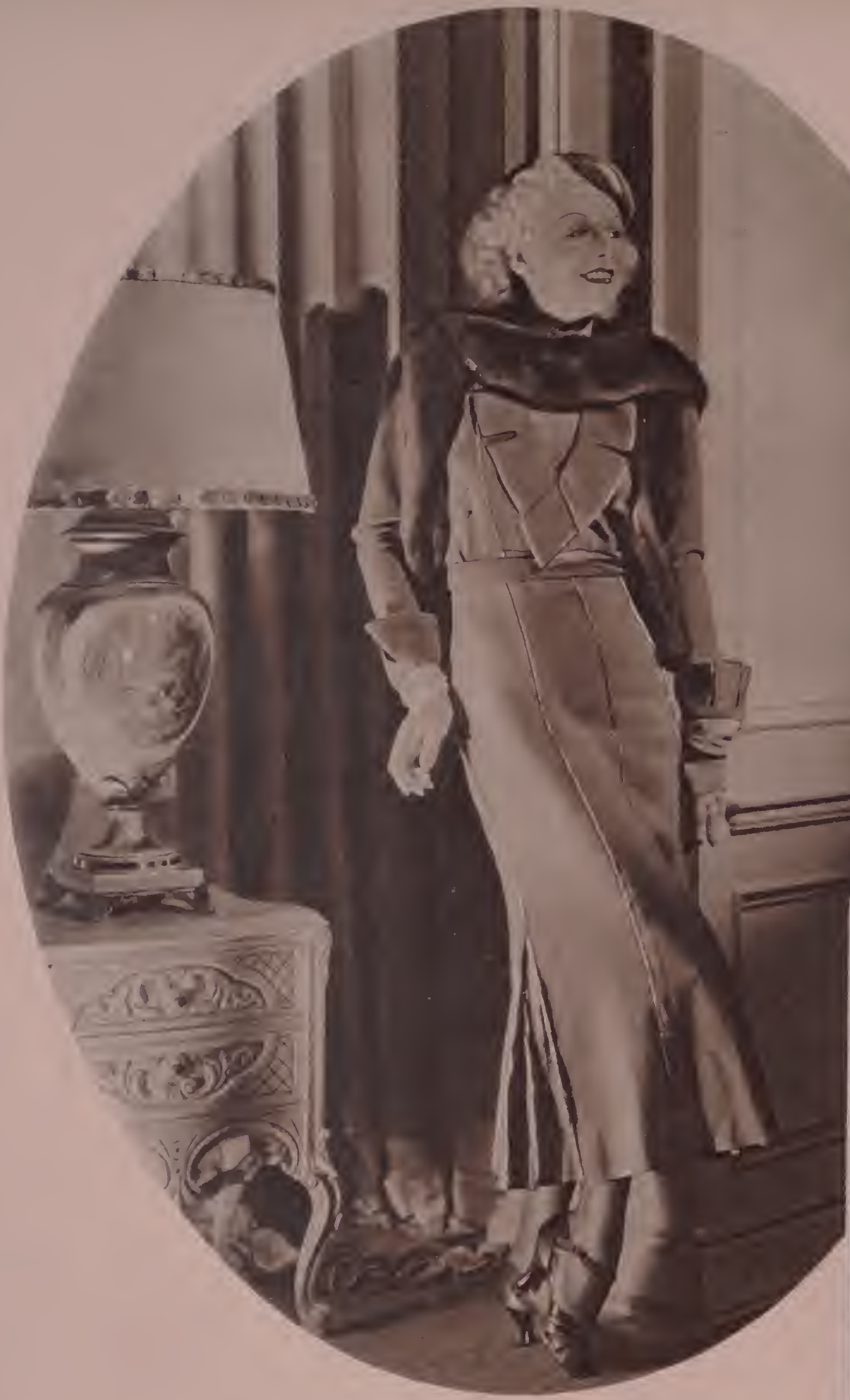


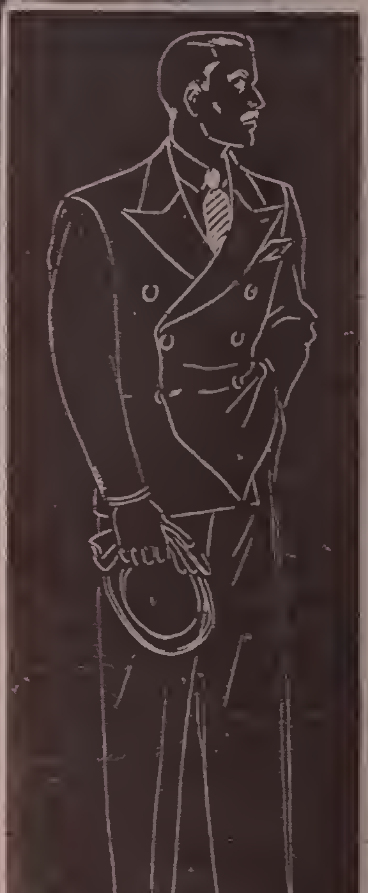
He and She in the Clothes of a Perfect Day

(The She being Jean Harlow in her new early winter wardrobe posed exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR; the He being just a figure of a man, the sophisticated, worldly kind of man who would be taking Jean places.)

MORNING. Jean wears a very formal dressing gown of heavy white crepe with a corded belt and braided self material for trimming. HE wears a heavy silk dressing gown of russet brown and kelly green plaid, calf length, and set off with a light woolen scarf of contrasting or blending color. It's very effective either way.

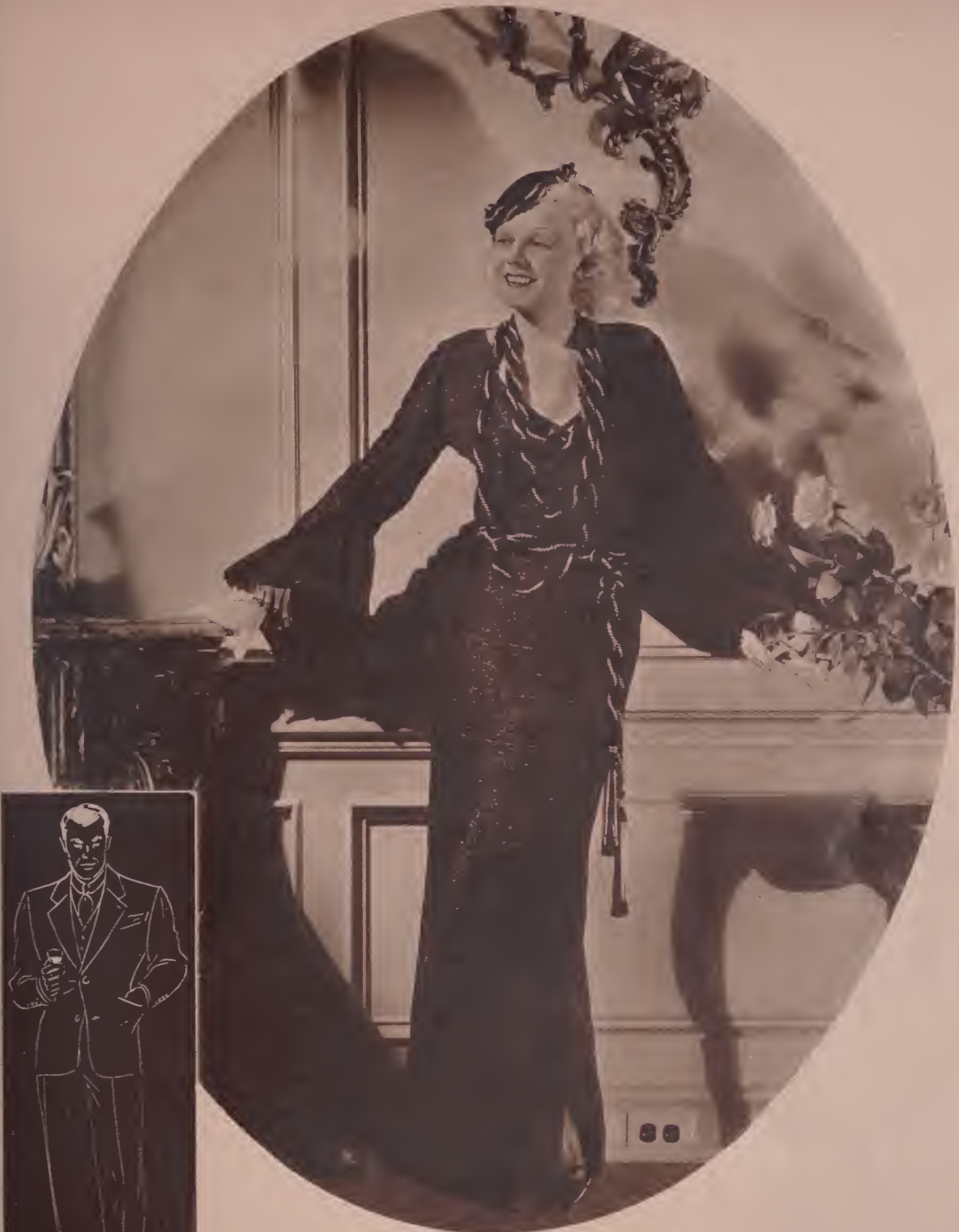
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters





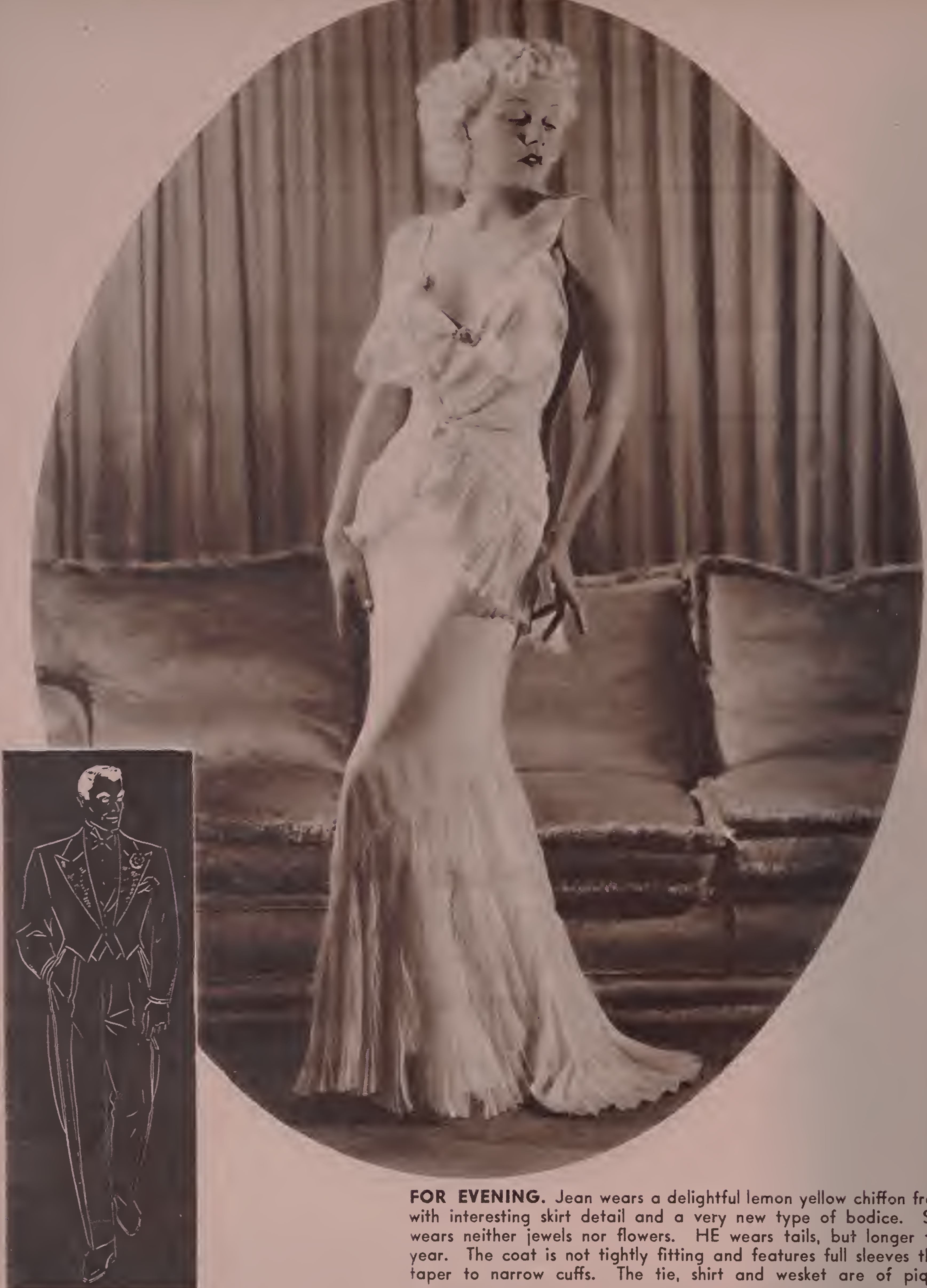
LUNCHEON. Miss Harlow wears a tan ribbed silk street frock made particularly smart by having its seams edged with gold. Her tiny hat, her sables, and dark suede gloves are perfect finishing touches. Note the length of Jean's dress, a shade shorter than last season. HE wears a casually easy suit of soft grey flannel. His shoes are brown scotch grain, his tie tan crepe. His hand rolled linen handkerchief has a hand rolled border in matching tan. His shirt is a tab model of blue broadcloth, the collar unstarched.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



DINNER. Jean wears a black crepe ensemble highlighted with gold metal threads, made with the skirt slit on the sides to the knee. For ornament Jean wears silken leis of black and gold about her neck, and a matching hat. HE is not dressing, so he wears a dark blue suit of sharkskin, the trousers being not so full as they were a year ago and which do not break. His shoes are highly polished black calf skin, his gloves grey suede, his collar is starched and his tie is smartly striped with blue and white regimental stripes.

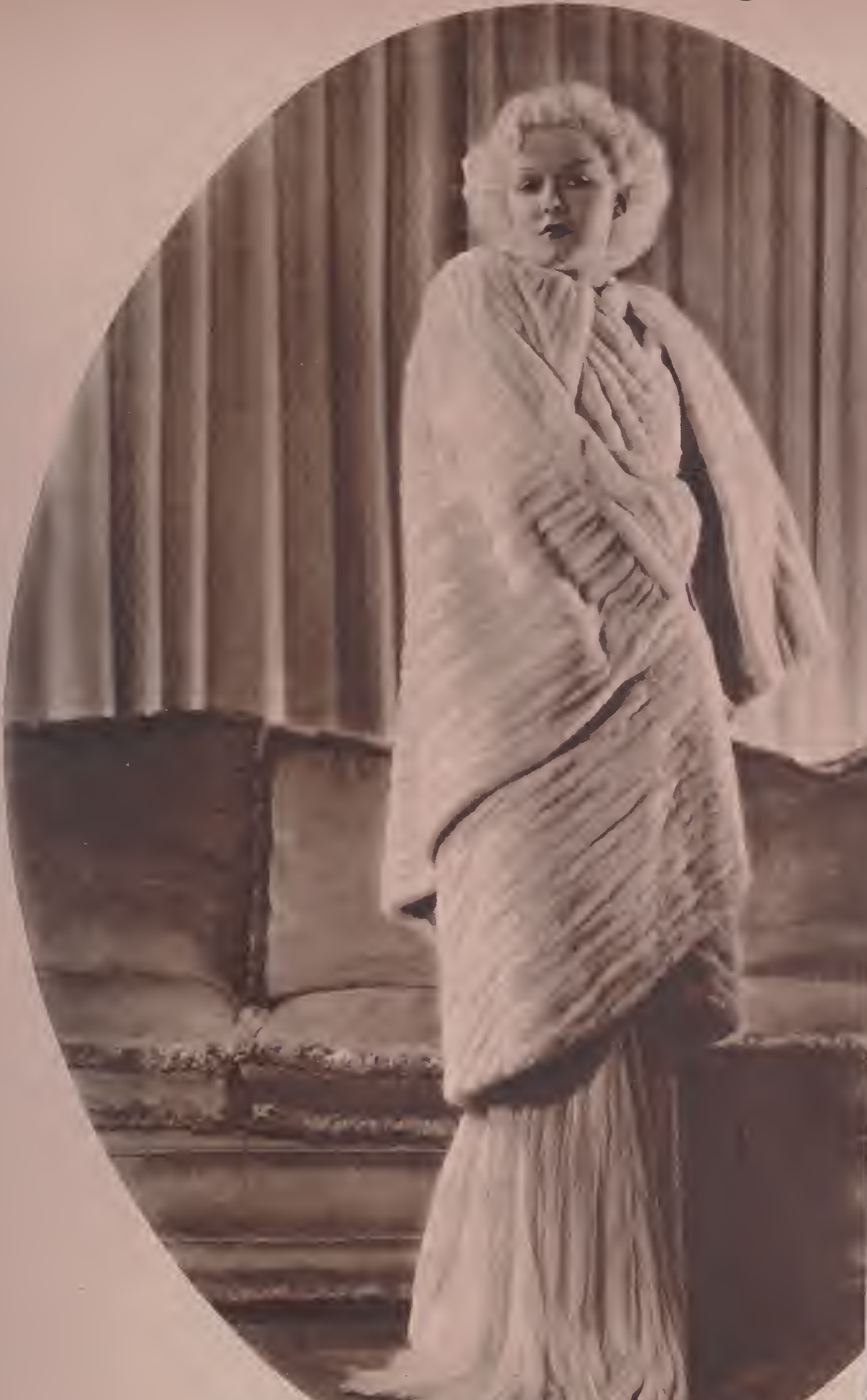
star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

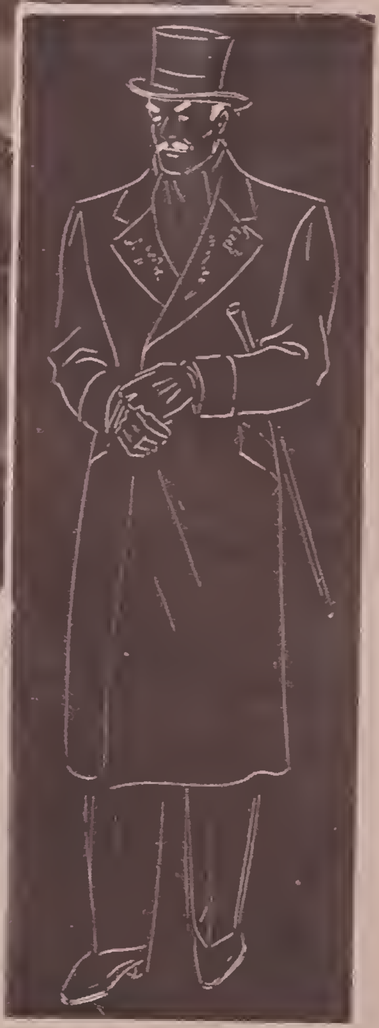


FOR EVENING. Jean wears a delightful lemon yellow chiffon frock with interesting skirt detail and a very new type of bodice. She wears neither jewels nor flowers. HE wears tails, but longer this year. The coat is not tightly fitting and features full sleeves that taper to narrow cuffs. The tie, shirt and wesket are of piqué.

INTO THE NIGHT. Jean wears a classic white ermine coat; its deep straight collar falls below the waist. HE wears an overcoat in the new length, flaring at the skirt, with angled pockets. His ascot scarf is of heavy silk; his opera hat is of dull grosgrain as are the coat lapels. His carnation is maroon, or bright yellow, never white.

star fashions . . by . . gwenn walters





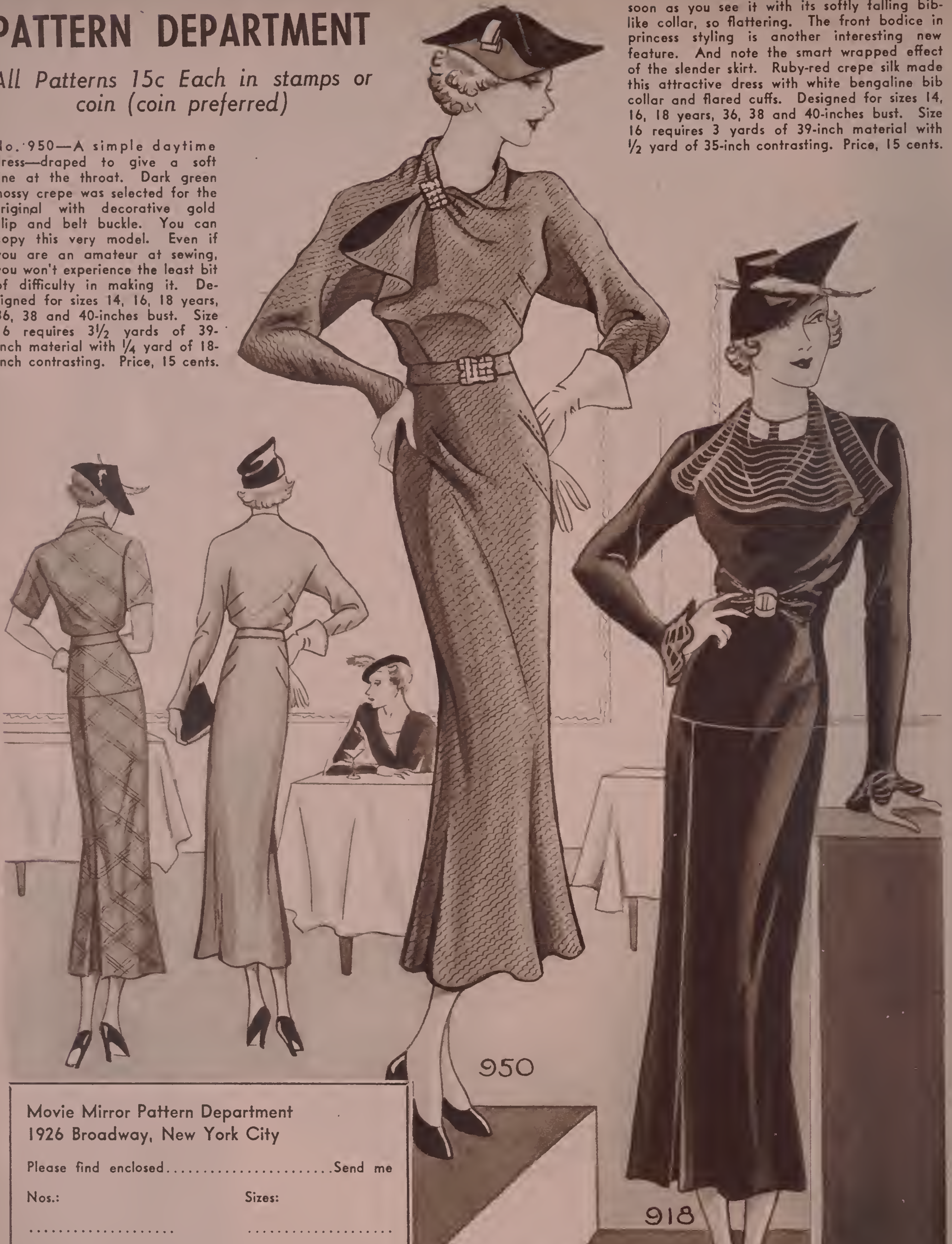
Do you know what to wear and when to wear it? Would you like to know about the new, smart colors? What fashion problem is puzzling you? Write Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif., and don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MOVIE MIRROR'S
PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each in stamps or coin (coin preferred)

No. 950—A simple daytime dress—draped to give a soft line at the throat. Dark green mossy crepe was selected for the original with decorative gold clip and belt buckle. You can copy this very model. Even if you are an amateur at sewing, you won't experience the least bit of difficulty in making it. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¼ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

No. 918—You'll like this individual model as soon as you see it with its softly falling bib-like collar, so flattering. The front bodice in princess styling is another interesting new feature. And note the smart wrapped effect of the slender skirt. Ruby-red crepe silk made this attractive dress with white bengaline bib collar and flared cuffs. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.......................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
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Name...

Address...

A new face for a new year

by Gloria Mack

THE old year is almost gone. We will be celebrating New Year's Eve very soon now—New Year's Eve with its joyous carefree parties.

When midnight begins to strike, celebrations all over the country will pause for the last moments of the old year, passing into history with its burden of old disappointments, old unhappinesses, old heartaches—ten—eleven—TWELVE! And the cry goes up: "Happy New Year!"

Let me wish you all a Happy New Year right here and now, but what's more, let me help you to *make* it a happy new year.

It is every girl's right to be happy.

I wish everyone of you was going to a party that night, with your best-beloved. I like to think of you, in your most becoming dress, and beautiful with that inner beauty which shines through us all when we are happy.

Yet I know from letters I have received, that even New Year's isn't going to be gay for some girls. There won't be any best-beloved to take them out; no one for whose admiring eyes they will dress that night with loving care, and a song in their hearts.

I'm talking about those girls, and there are so many of them, who suffer from the lack of a fine, clear skin. They write me such pitiful letters of the good times they have had to give up, or worse than that, the good times they never had a chance to accept. They realize so keenly that their blemished skin can't be successfully covered with the heaviest make-up; and sometimes the blemishes are so noticeable that the girls cringe before even the casual observer. But I'm going to tell you how to get over all that, so you will never need to be unhappy in just that way again.

You see, it's amazing what we can do with our bodies. Doctors tell us that every seven years, our bodies are completely made over. This process of renewal is going on all the time. You can direct this process, instead of letting it drift haphazard. Don't let life play tag with you. Take it into your own hands and literally "mold it nearer to your heart's desire." Build for beauty; build consciously, with knowledge; build with courage, not with a flair of enthusiasm that dies of its own intensity, but with a quiet steady courage of everyday living, and time will serve you as a friend and not as an enemy.

Through this year, which is going to be *your* Happy New Year, I shall write about ways and means of making this body-renewal process work for you; broad principles; practical hints; what other girls have accomplished; experts' discoveries; all sorts of things. If you do not find the answer to your particular problem, write me personally, and I will make every effort to help.

Now let's get down to business on this skin blemish business. Do you need to have them? You do not. There's an expert right here in Hollywood who has guided hundreds of women to health, and preserved the beauty of some of our loveliest film stars. She is Louise Brown, Managing Director of the Ambassador Hotel Lido Health Club, and she told me: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a girl can cure her own skin blemishes. If she is really serious about having a beautiful skin, she can have it if she will religiously observe certain things."

Miss Brown knows that a beautiful skin is the result of a healthy body. Everything in that body functions in relationship to the rest of it. Do you hurry, worry, sit up late nights, gobble your food, the wrong foods and too much of them? Are you lazy about (*Continued on page 74*)

Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror's beauty expert, is at your disposal to answer any questions you have about your beauty problems. Just write and ask her to help you and don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood California.

"Beauty is as Beauty exercises" is the premise on which Maxine Doyle, Warner feature player, works as she does her daily abdominal stretches and double leg throws.

Would YOU have the COURAGE to

The man she loved was dead . . . not only insolvent but a million dollars in the red . . . and people whispered, "Billie Burke is through." But she wasn't through!

by VERA INGERSOLL

When that great theatrical producer, Flo Ziegfeld, died — Billie Burke said in her grief, "My life with him was too glorious to end. It's going on."

Start Again at FORTY?

SUPPOSE the world had poured its most dazzling gifts at your feet while you were still in your teens! Beauty, fame, applause, adulation, unbounded family affections. Crowned at length by a love so vivid and glamorous that cynical Broadway knew it couldn't possibly last! And yet it did last, for all of two decades, only to be cut off suddenly by the Final Director's "Stop" and—Quick Curtain!

Would it be Lights Out and End-of-the-Play then for you for all time, or some way, somewhere from the depths of your soul could you summon courage to announce staunchly to your world: "Here's where I begin all over again. Come, Life, let's see what more you have for Ziegfeld's wife!" For that's what Billie Burke still is to all who know her, all who talk with her. Still the idolizing wife of her great and gifted husband.

"He's not my late husband. Don't call him that, ever," she protested piteously enough, back in those first anguished days. "Flo's not gone. He's mine still. Just as much as ever mine. More!" Through all the piteousness, a dauntless note sounds like a clarion call. "My life with him was too glorious to end like this. It's going on."

That has been Billie Burke's most effective challenge to the many who some months back would have coolly decreed: "Burke is through." They didn't know the special brand of fortitude that draws inspiration from the very depths of despair. She is still Ziegfeld's wife in her heart. His name is constantly on her lips, as for two years past she has set herself the task of creating a new life from the wreck of her old—not by forgetting the past, but by keeping it ever before her!

In the course of the process, a new and distinctly more impressive Billie Burke is emerging. A Billie Burke able to meet disaster unflinching, and still carry on!—with head high and feet firmly on the ground.

It was said of "Ziggy" that if a bomb exploded suddenly beneath his chair, he would ring for a messenger boy to ask the house manager to ask the general manager what had happened. No such system of circumlocution was needed that dark July day two years ago to inform his grief-stricken wife that a bomb had exploded beneath her life. But as a matter of fact, though hoping to the end, for many sad weeks Billie Burke must have been aware that the bomb was overdue.

"Ziggy" had been unable to work for months. With his inactivity, immediately stopped the thousand dollars per week paid him by Erlanger for each show put on, the "quick cash" income which alone had justified his prodigious spending. But the sudden cessation of this with Ziegfeld was only the signal for more prodigious expenditures—on credit. His whole structure of life had been reared on credit. It was Billie Burke who, grasping firmly her own movie contract, insisted that all the Ziegfeld homes be closed, their lavish household staffs disbanded, and the stricken Flo accompany her to the coast, there to become a patient in the Los Angeles hospital he was never to leave. To the end, it was Billie Burke, wife and business partner, who watched most tenderly over his last hours, despite the heavy strain of her own work at the studio.

"Good trouper," was the last whispered tribute paid her by the dying Flo. A tribute well deserved, as none knew better than the man who paid it, after twenty years' knowledge of her wifely devotion and courage.

YOU think it took no courage to recognize herself as hopelessly enthralled by the man whose multitudinous "affairs" and reckless plunging had been the gossip of two continents? Read what Billie Burke had to say herself in her memoirs of that New Year's Day, 1914, after the Masque Ball at the Hotel Astor, at which she first met and was smitten by the renowned Ziegfeld fascination. "All the way home in the icy dawn, I sat stunned and miserable," she wrote. "I knew no good could come of it."

But here the last struggle of the fearful swimmer ready to take the icy plunge. . . . For in April of that same 1914, Billie Burke secretly married Ziegfeld in Hoboken, and from that day on, deliberately submerged her life in the effort to hold him, even when both inclination and principle must often have rebelled at his method of rearing palaces on sand. If it took courage to marry Ziegfeld, it must have taken manifold more courage to stay married to him . . . as she is still married to him today.

"I believe the husband should be the head of the home," Billie has often expressed herself in interviews, and there is every evidence that this was practice as well as principle with her. Extremely sweet-tempered and amiable by nature, it was instinctive with her to defer to those whose ability she held higher than her own. More (*Continued on page* 85)

AROUND

With

A study in Brown. Or is it brawn? Be that as it may, Joe E. is still leaping to fame. Gangway! And below, a study in parental division. Patricia Kirkland, with her mother at the Russian Eagle, looks more like her pappy who's now married to Jayne Shattuck. Mama's Nancy Carroll, of course.

Below, Movie's Who's Who meet at the Irving Netchers' housewarming: On the floor, Pat Paterson, Carl Brisson. Above them, Bill Powell, Jean Harlow, Connie Talmadge, Ketti Gallian.

(Below, right) A new film foursome—Wesley Ruggles "Biff" Wilcoxon, Lyda Roberti, Arline Judge at Sebastian's Cotton Club.

he TOWN

HYMAN FINK

Pola Negri, glamor gal of the Silents is often seen with Ramon Novarro. Is it because he's supposed to be another Valentino? Below, the latest in honeymooners, the Adolphe Menjous, filmland's fashion plates, show that it's quite fashionable to be happy though married, even in divorce-famed Hollywood.

Below at left is another motley group of screen luminaries at the Trocadero! Warner Baxter, La Swanson, Elizabeth Allan, Herbert Marshall, Evelyn Laye and her beau, Frank Lawton.

More Netcher party notables: Lupe Velez, Cary Grant with his arms about his wife (there's been a rift since), and Ketti again.

What YOU Can Lear
WARNER BAXTE

by Maude Lathem

He's known all kinds of privations so his advice is never smug or complacent!

EVERY morning of his life, Warner Baxter in the privacy of his own room, with the window opened wide, gives ten minutes in expressing his gratitude for blessings received, and in declaring success for him. Sometimes he connects these assertions with people or productions, but always he makes them positive and outspoken. For, long ago, he became firmly convinced that all success must be built from the inside out, and he believes his kind of thinking can conquer all obstacles.

"It doesn't so much matter," he said, "what happens to us, I mean what experiences we have, but it does matter tremendously the manner in which we react to these experiences. It makes all the difference in the world whether we become embittered, cynical, selfish and morose or whether we retain our hold on *real* things, knowing that nothing can touch the inner man unless we give our own mental consent."

As you read this, you are perhaps thinking to yourself, "Oh, yes, I could feel like that if my life had flowed along as smoothly as Warner Baxter's." But don't defend yourself in that manner, for he has had every kind of disagreeable, disappointing experience one can imagine, all kinds of privations, and he believes he conquered them with thought.

He doesn't mind that he has been without food, clothing, and shelter; he doesn't mind that he was compelled to work at anything he could, many times, until he was able to get back into his chosen profession. He doesn't even deplore the times when he lost everything—once when he and his mother lived in San Francisco, and the fire following the earthquake wiped out everything they had except the clothing they had on. Another time when the brother of his first wife persuaded him to invest his life savings in a garage, and the entire amount (a few thousand dollars) was wiped out before Warner ever saw the garage!

In both cases, he had reason, from the average viewpoint, to be bitter and discouraged. But he refused to be submerged by self-pity. He didn't have the positive, working knowledge of the mental outlook at that time that he does now, but he had an innate faith—a positive conviction, in fact—that he was born to succeed and that no material loss could keep him from it.

"NOTHING really matters," he said, "except what you say to yourself. Always I said to myself: 'If you let this whip you, you are not made of as fine material as thousands of men who have gone before you. Countless numbers have gone through worse experiences and come out victorious.' And always before I ceased talking to myself, I could lift my head with belief in the future, and a love for my fellow man."

Lest you think that all through this Baxter was thinking only of himself, in his desire for success, I will have to tell you some of his private business, which I learned from close friends, which he never mentions. He is extravagantly generous. But for the fact that he has a most practical (as well as artistic) wife and a competent business firm to handle his investments, I don't know where he would be. If he buys a car or radio for himself and someone else admires it particularly, he gives it to them, *pretending that he was already planning to get a new one.* He has been known to buy as many as ten radios in a year, always giving the old one to a friend or relative. And *he is financially responsible for from six to ten families* all the time. As the responsibilities increased, his wife said: "Don't you think that might be too much for you, dear?" To which he invariably replied: "No, darling, responsibilities are good for one."

You see, instead of saying, "I can't do this because I already *have* to do that other thing," he says to himself, "Responsibilities are a privilege, and I will enjoy them while I can."

Warner is a brunette and of average height and weight. Because he is always immaculately dressed, he creates an impression of youthful slimness. His hair is black and his deep brown eyes are keen and bright; his chin strong and well-

In his home at Bel Air with Winifred Bryson Baxter and their dawg.

From

"It's what you say to yourself that counts," declares Warner Baxter.

moulded, his entire face creating a feeling of both strength and sensitiveness. His smile has an unusual persuasive quality and somehow carries the impression of peculiar refinement. While he is decidedly musical, his hands are not those of a musician. They are rather short and stubby, suggesting the practical type.

His sensational rise in pictures is almost too well known to bear repetition. He told me, with pardonable pride, of how he felt when his success in "In Old Arizona" was so widely heralded. You see, prior to talking pictures, Warner had been a leading man for Paramount, appearing with all of their feminine stars of that time. He was always "adequate" but never startled the world with his performance, and eventually his contract expired without an offer of renewal. The Paramount officials thought he was finished. Other studios were not more discerning. But, during this interim between the expiration of his contract and the beginning of talking pictures, Warner had appeared in a radio skit that was a tremendous success. So, when Raoul Walsh because of losing his eye had to give up the part of the "Cisco Kid," the Fox officials immediately thought of Baxter, because of the deep, musical cadence of his voice over the radio.

AS you know, "In Old Arizona" was an over-night success and Warner stood at the top, with permanent contracts being offered from almost every studio. But his *real* delight, which we can all so readily understand, came when the Paramount studio (where he had been accorded small attention) sent for the film and asked him to be present when it was shown. After the showing, all the officials and players came around, congratu-

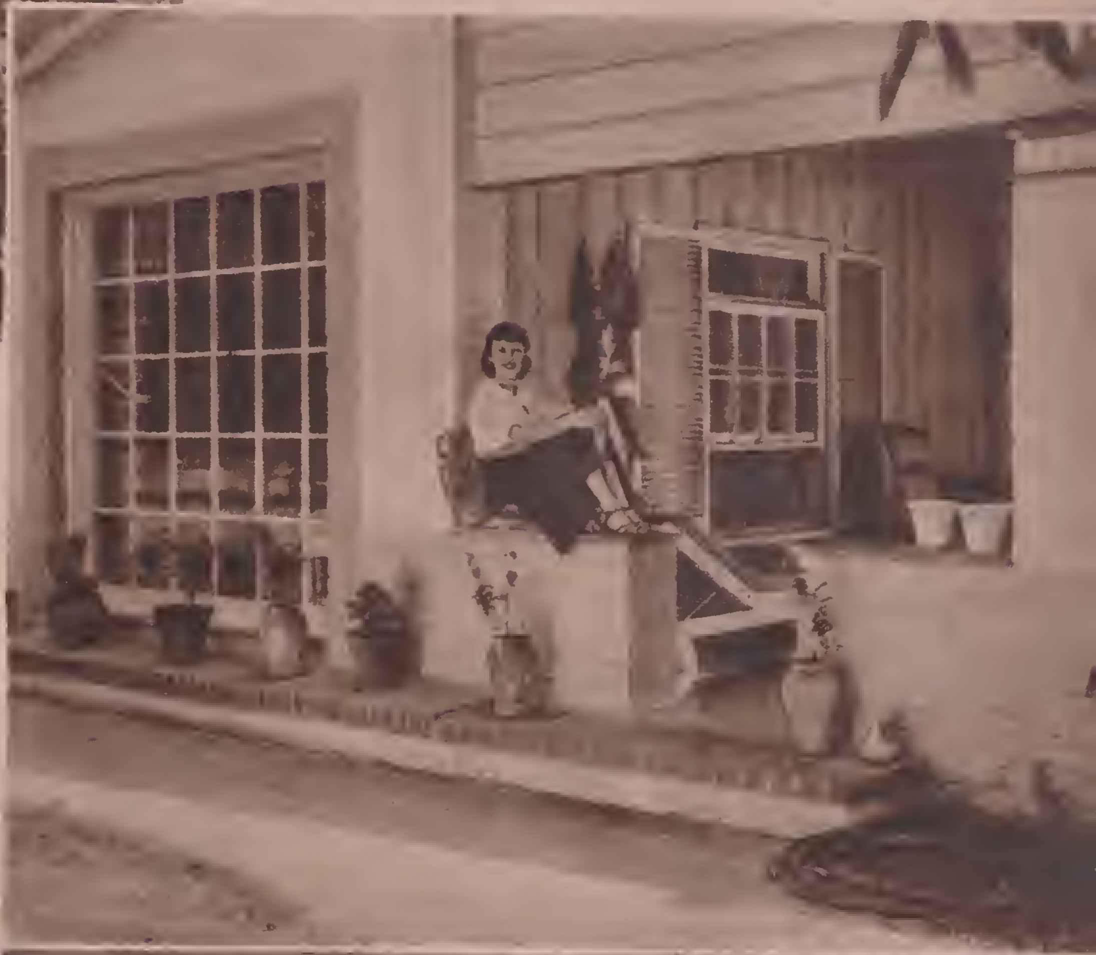
(*Continued on page* 80)

Ann Dvorak's

Some people build castles in Spain, but Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton came back from a honeymoon there—to build a three-room farmhouse in the Andalusian style! Above, Ann and the puppies welcome you to the Fenton farm, which is really a forty-acre walnut ranch in San Fernando Valley, with the Paul Munis as their neighbors.

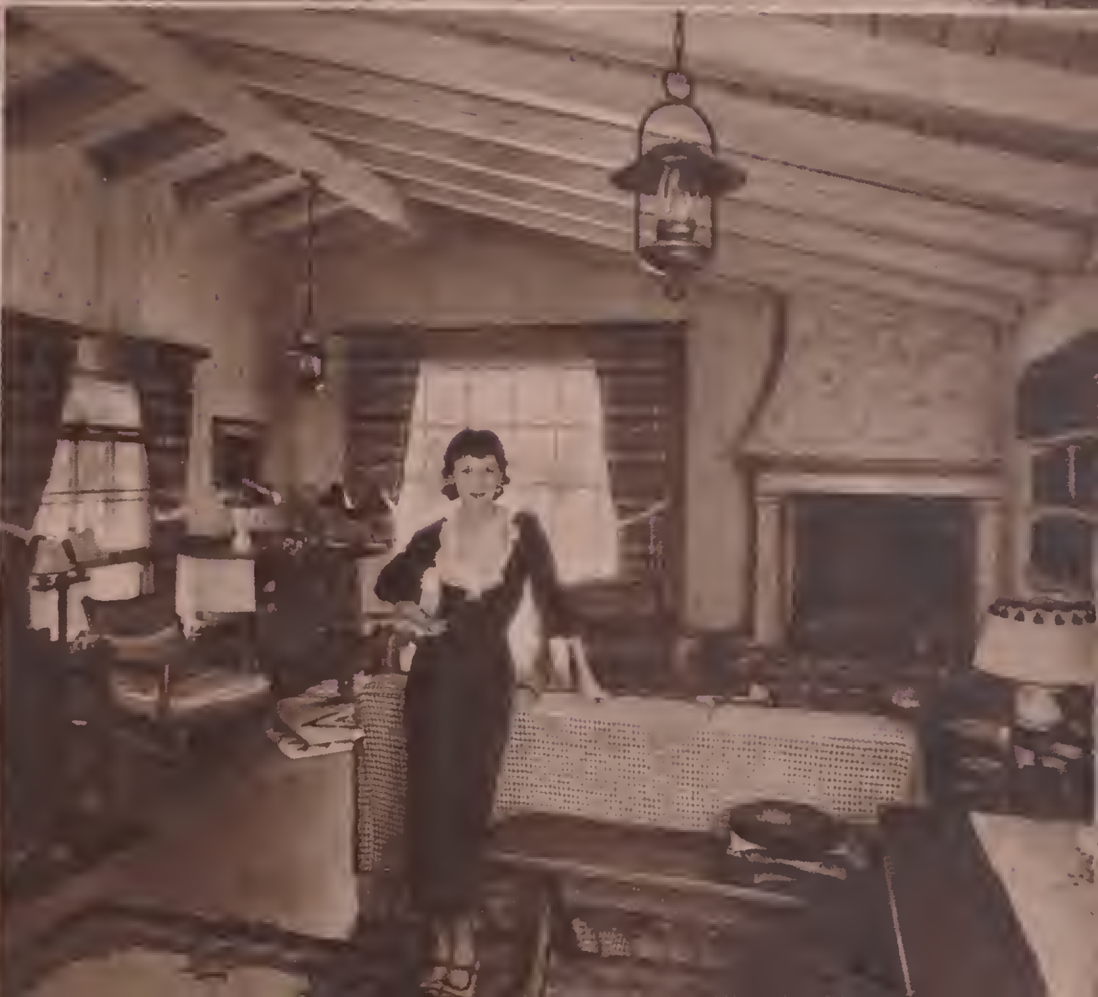
Ann says the wide veranda (left) really gives another room, and the wheelbarrow-style couch is an ideal spot for a true Spanish siesta. Her bedroom is another restful place and, like the rest of the house, was decorated by Ann herself. As a matter of fact, it is probably the simplest boudoir of any star in the whole motion-picture colony.

FARM HOUSE



At the right is another exterior view, with a good example of the unusual full-length windows which give a feeling of added space and sunshine to the simple, tiny house, which has whitewashed brick walls, both inside and out, with ceilings and woodwork of knotty pine (also whitewashed). For Leslie and Ann, this cozy home is the dream come true.

Below are two pictures of the homelike living-room, with glimpses of the dinette and its quaint peasant sideboard, and of the very different, elevated fireplace (yes, it's traditional Spanish, too, and it doesn't smoke!). The grand piano is a great favorite with Ann, who has composed several of those melodious songs you hear in Warner Bros. films.



The RIGHT to LIVE

FICTIONIZED BY DOROTHY EMERSON

He had a right to LIFE—but must his wife and his brother give up their rights to LOVE—because of him?

THE CAST

Colin Trent	GEORGE BRENT
Stella Trent	JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
Maurice Trent	COLIN CLIVE
Nurse Wayland	Peggy Wood
Mrs. Trent	Henrietta Crosman
Dr. Harvester	Leo G. Carroll
Alice	Phyllis Coghlan
Major Liconda	C. Aubrey Smith

From the play by SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Copyright by Warners-First National Pictures

STELLA TRENT walked wearily down the corridor from that hushed room. She had not been aware she was tired. She had not been aware of anything but Maurice's long figure lying motionless, while the doctor and the nurses kept expert watch over their patient.

As dawn came, Dr. Harvester relaxed his vigil for the first time. "He'll do now," he said. "The danger is over. He's rallied from the shock. What worries me is the condition of his spine. You must face it, my dear. I do not think he will walk again."

Stella felt a wave of faintness sweep over her at the full implication of the words. She grasped the bannister of the great stairway that was one of the beauties of famous old Gatley House. Looking down into the wide hall, she could see the stately wide entrance. Maurice had brought her through that door as a bride. He had laughingly performed the ancient Saxon rite of carrying his bride over the threshold and they had clung together, still laughing, for a brief moment, after he put her down. Inexpressibly sweet, that time when she had first set foot in the old English house, Maurice's home, their home, as it had been the home of the Trent family for generations.

She moved softly down the stairs. Everything around her spoke of Maurice, of the strenuous, typically English country life he had so loved, and had been so eager for her to share. And she had—oh, she had. There were the long walks, in which Maurice kept a competent eye on the practical details of the estate; the swift canters on their favorite horses over the sweet, springy turf of Surrey; the sudden decisions to go up to town for a theatre or a night-club, and the ever-new joy of getting back to the country again. No wonder Maurice had taken up flying. He belonged so whole-heartedly to the world out of doors, the limitless space.

Was it only yesterday Stella had seen the new plane come down from its proud flight to end in a battered mass of wreckage from which they had extricated her husband's broken body?

"Stella, dear," he said to his wife, "you and Colin are back much too early." "Who sang?" Mrs. Trent asked. "I . . . really didn't pay much attention," Stella confessed.

"You're lord of creation up there, Stella," he had said, just yesterday morning. The accident had happened in the afternoon. Was it only yesterday she had seen the new plane come down from its proud flight, to end in a battered mass of wreckage from which they had extricated Maurice's broken body?

She reached the garden and realized she must rest. She needed time to think. But what had she to think about? There was no decision to be reached. She had only one thing to do: to make Maurice's life as bearable as possible. Could it be bearable at all, for him to watch life passing him by, from an invalid's bed? She must lighten his helplessness, bring interest into his restricted outlook, cheer and brighten the bitter times when they came.

Unconsciously she straightened her shoulders. This was her job. She heard Maurice's mother coming toward her, and the two women who loved this man looked at each other and found courage in each other's eyes.

SLOWLY the household settled into a new orbit, one that revolved around Maurice, and only Maurice; that had for all its end and purpose but one thing, his healing and happiness. How much Maurice was aware of this, no one could guess, possibly excepting Nurse Wayland, the efficient young woman on the case. What she may have known, she kept to herself. And Maurice had refused to allow either his wife or his mother to help in the actual physical care of him.

He had said to Stella: "I don't want you smelling of antiseptics, nor seeing my black moods. I want you to smell the dawn."

She took her cue from this, and they played a game, these two lovers, a game of thoroughbred courage. Up to the time of the first consultation, Stella had cherished hopes of a complete recovery for him. Both Dr. Harvester and the specialist, Sir Stephen, who came down from London, were professionally cheerful.

"Three more months," Harvester said easily, "and we'll operate and have you on your feet again." But there was something not quite right about his tone.

Stella glanced apprehensively at Maurice, who was watching the doctor. "Very nice," he said. "How do you chaps do it? Just like fortune-telling. I suppose I'll be walking, and running—and flying?"

"Er, well, not all at once. Got to take it slowly, you know."

"Yes, I know, but, in the meantime, what about that devil, insomnia?"

"Exactly, I'll give Wayland (*Continued on page* 90)

Never has Rochelle Hudson looked lovelier than in this charming costume which she wears in Twentieth Century's production written by both Gene Fowler and Benn Meredith.

Wallace Beery seems to be the perfect choice for the role of P. T. Barnum himself. We can just hear Wally saying, "There's one born every minute" for which phrase P. T. is as well known as for his circus heroics and exploits.

"The Mighty Barnum" brings to the screen the colorful life of the greatest showman of them all!

The ex-Mrs. John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, is given a great chance to show off her winsome beauty in "The Mighty Barnum." And Adolphe Menjou, with her above, is a great lover again.

Jean Parker's 5 YEAR

"I AM not engaged to Pancho Lucas, though practically every newspaper and fan magazine in the country has said that I am. I'm in love with him—yes, I love him more than anybody in the world—but we're not engaged!

"Being engaged means the giving and making of promises—and I don't believe in making promises. It means that two people have a 'lien' on each other. It's the beginning of possessiveness, which is the thing that ruins happiness more than anything else in the world. You can see I don't wear a ring. Please, oh *please* be careful what you write about our love. It's so beautiful, so wonderful, that even when I talk about it, I am afraid I'll spoil it."

If you had been sitting opposite Jean Parker the newest star in Hollywood when she said those words, you would have felt, as I did, a little catch in your throat.

She was so natural, so unaffected, as she leaned forward and touched my hand, in her earnest desire to impress me with the seriousness of this, her first and only love. Life recently has given her so many blessings. Almost overnight she has been raised from poverty to stardom, from highschool girl to a place in the world's spotlight. In the past, she has known more than the average suffering. Now she is knowing much more joy than most individuals pack in a lifetime. Her large, grey-blue eyes, that usually have something of a mischievous kitten about them, gleamed now with a soft inner light, tremulous and tender. Jean is full of emotions, and they are all lovely warm ones, love for her Pancho, adoration for her guardian, ambitions, plans, hopes, dreams—all of the things which we know most forcibly at the sensitive age of seventeen. You may wonder what a girl of seventeen can know about a lasting love, but if anyone that age knows, it is little Jean Parker.

As she explained, "You see, I've al-

Pancho Lucas, below, is only eighteen, but his marriage to Jean is all planned—though they're not engaged!

PLAN for LOVE

ready known him and been in love with him for four years. That is why we can plan for five years ahead, as we are doing now. Neither of us believes in looking back. What is now is important, and the year after this, and the year after next. When I met Pancho, he was the son of very wealthy people, and I was as poor as could be. Then things changed. I got a break in the movies, and Pancho's family lost their money. Things are reversed. But that doesn't make any difference. Pancho will be a success. I have more confidence in him than I have in myself, even. He's only eighteen, but he's much older than that mentally. He's awfully serious, awfully wise. He gives me advice. I look up to him. I count on him.

"I do want to marry Pancho, in spite of our young years but I won't let myself for his sake, more than mine. Think how difficult it would be for him and his career. That is why we evolved our five-year plan."

I could hardly believe my ears. Here I was, interviewing one of the most promising starlets in the movie colony, and she *didn't* say, "I am not going to marry now, for I have my career to think of first."

"When I marry," Jean went on, "I must be sufficiently established so I can devote a great deal of my time to my husband. I want to listen to him talk about *his* work. I want to be free to give him encouragement and help and the time and understanding that every wife should be free to devote to her husband. These people who say that the key to a successful marriage is keeping your own identity are simply all wet. Think of those who have said it, and have tried—only to end up in the divorce courts. I believe that intimacy—intimacy of ideas and thoughts and plans—is the greatest thing for a marriage. Intimacy does not breed contempt—it breeds understanding.

"Pancho has at least five years ahead of him before he can attain the standing and position in his field that he deserves. By the end of that time, I will know how my career is faring, whether I am destined to continue for a good many years on the screen, or whether I have made little or no progress. If I haven't developed five years' worth of good acting by that time, I shall give up the screen and become just Mrs. Pancho Lucas. Could anything be nicer than that?"

"Another thing," Jean went on. "You know you never really get to know anyone in just a year. It takes five years at least to honestly know a person. Isn't it true that the first year, two people are always on their best behavior with each other? They are careful to always appear as attractive as possible and that doesn't mean just physically attractive, but each one allows the other to see his personality only in its best-dressed moments. You are always so careful—careful to say and do only the most agreeable things, and you're so very anxious to please.

"But the second year things are a little different. No one can be perfect all the time—and by then you begin to let down the bars a bit. If you're tired and don't want to go some place, you are more liable to say so. If you're upset about something, you usually show it. Each person begins to let the other person in on his less agreeable side. Which isn't always disastrous, because some faults are often as attractive to those who love you, as those qualities which the world may term your best. But at any rate, it calls for a readjustment.

"Then the third year. Well, look around you and see for yourself what happens to people who have been (*Continued on page* 86)

The Newest Bright Star in Hollywood Reveals a Love Program That is Courageous—and Sensible

by KATHARINE HARTLEY

Here's Maureen O'Sullivan back in Hollywood with John Farrow after their trip abroad. Are they wed?

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

(*Continued from page* 25)

Valentino at the time of his death has just revived these memories by asserting that she will buy the late actor's home, "Falcon's Lair."

When not house hunting, she is playing the rôle of George Sand, the eccentric writer, in "The Life of Chopin."

Grant Withers, whose re-entry into Hollywood life created scarcely a ripple, and who smilingly went about the mental task of acting in serials, has won his reward for being a good trouper about everything. Paramount has put him under contract.

* * *

You can't get around this gal, Margaret Sullavan.

Recently, an harassed publicity man asked her to pose for a photograph with the grandson of the beloved General, Robert E. Lee. She asked several questions about the young man. The publicity gent began to think she was taking an interest in the project.

"Yes," he pursued, "he's a genuine grandson. Born in Virginia. Just as you were."

"Then we're related," said La Sullavan. "I'm a descendant, too."

The publicity man's eyes lighted. "Then you'll—" he began.

"I'm sorry," said La Sullavan. "I never pose with relatives."

She returned to her work on "The Good Fairy."

* * *

BORIS KARLOFF and a friend were discussing a certain well-known figure in the motion picture industry.

"Does he know much about the stars?" the friend asked Boris.

"I'll say he does," the "monster" replied. "He knows us by our right names!"

* * *

THE sad parade of former stars now in the extra ranks continues—but fortunately there are more in the parade. For a while, many were on the sidelines, completely forgotten.

In "The Mighty Barnum," starring Wally Beery, if you look closely you'll see Frank Mayo, Helene Chadwick, Gertrude Astor, Naomi Childers and Florence Turner.

* * *

AMAZED by the magic swiftness with which the estates of the stars are constructed—they blossom out into mansions which look at least fifteen years old in the course of six months—we cast about for an explanation. We found it at the Paul J. Howard Horticultural Establishment, largest institution of its kind in the southwest, in an interview with Mr. Maylon V. Chipman.

Mr. Chipman obligingly informed us that a typical one-acre estate, no matter how barren, could be transformed into a growing garden, with trees thirty feet tall to touch it off, in thirty days. He said that six months later the place would look quite as if it had been there always—a remarkable transformation.

Floral-minded stars may have a nice restful view from all windows of the new home through the investment of $3,500 per acre. To be really distinctive, they must spend $5,000. An additional $10,000 will create a swimming pool with dressing rooms, while another $5,000 will put in a tennis court that even Fred Perry would deign to use.

Topping the expense are the best oak trees, which, fully mature, may be purchased for from $250 to $750. If rarity is demanded, a coral tree can be had for $1,000.

The greatest spender of all time was Charles Ray, who expended $75,000 in horticultural wonders. Reginald Barker, the director, accumulated $35,000 worth of flora and fauna. However, in recent years, stars have preferred bonds to botany. Among the more prominent of the Howard clientele are Lionel Barrymore, Adrienne Ames, Stan Laurel, Joe E. Brown, Edward Everett Horton, Charles Ruggles, John Barrymore, Frances Marion, Mary Astor, El Brendel, Mary Brian and Victor MacLaglen.

* * *

That very nice new blue coupé which Ginger Rogers is driving around Hollywood is a gift to her from Lew Ayres.

* * *

WE thought that all the rackets practiced on the stars were to be found right here in Hollywood. However, players returning from New York City say that the film colony out here doesn't know what real racketeering is.

For instance, Minna Gombell went into a dress shop on Fifth avenue. She was told by a saleswoman that she could buy anything in the place but some exclusive models just selected by Mae Clarke. Knowing that Mae was under the care of a physician in California—

(*Continued on page* 76)

Two more returned travelers —Dolores Del Rio and husband Cedric Gibbons at the Airport. They're just back from their visit to Mexico.

HOLLYWOOD CHEAT

by
NELL MARTIN

"That matter of a contract for you," said Holtzwasser, "that was for the daughter of Alan van Cortland-Rensellaer. It wouldn't be fair if I made it out for Marnie Mason, would it?" Marnie couldn't answer; for she was too near to tears.

CONCLUSION

MARNIE MASON was at the end of her great adventure. Penniless and friendless, she had plunged into a remarkable plot, in an attempt to persuade the great Holtzwasser of All-Star Productions that she was a society debutante with wealth and breeding behind her. And now—the final pay-off. It came in Holtzwasser's office.

"So, what have you to offer?" he asked, smiling. "Not the name of van Cortland-Rensellaer, of course."

Marnie stared.

"Norman West is a close personal friend of the van Cortland-Rensellaer family," he went on. "I happened to mention to him just after I telephoned you that I was persuading one of their daughters to come into the company. He didn't quite believe me, so I showed him your test. He assured me that you were not one of the three daughters."

"I told you I wasn't," Marnie flared. "I told you my name was Marnie Mason. It is. And I am from Webb City, Missouri, just as I said. I don't know where you got the idea I was of that Rensellaer family. I certainly never said I was."

"You may not know, but I do," he said sharply. And then he softened and smiled again. "It was a grand idea, and I almost fell for it. I admit that I probably would have, until Norman West said you weren't one of the Rensellaers. He wasn't even sure until he saw you in person. He said you might be one of the long-legged kids grown up. Girls do change. But at luncheon he knew. So, just in case he was right, I did a little telephoning. You were at the King's Club, last night, I believe, with a Mr. Ives and Duke Lansing."

Marnie didn't reply. Holtzwasser suddenly laughed aloud.

"I figured it out after that. The plot sounds exactly like Duke. In fact, it pleased me so much that I'm going to give him his job back—after he pays me the thousand. He won't get past the gateman until the week's over. And then that matter of a contract for you—that was for the daughter of Alan van Cortland-Rensellaer. It wouldn't be fair if I made it out for Marnie Mason, now would it?"

Marnie couldn't answer now. She was too near to tears. Failure! She would never get into the movies now. This story would go all over Hollywood. The laugh was not on Holtzwasser. It was on her.

"Don't feel too badly," he said kindly. "I realize it wasn't something you thought up yourself. And so I'm not going to penalize you for something you didn't originate. After all, I've already said that you photograph beautifully. Some experience as an extra may do you a lot of good. So—I'm going to put your name on the casting director's list so you can have extra work whenever there is any. If you have the stuff stars are made of, you'll get your chance after a while. As for that contract—"

"Extra girls don't get contracts, do they?" Marnie asked.

"No, my child, they do not. And sometimes other people don't get them when they deserve them. I'm thinking of Miss Randolph. I think I made a mistake when I let her get out from under my management. I'm going to ask her to come back."

"Oh, that's wonderful," Marnie said instinctively. "It did seem such a shame to me that she was out of pictures."

"You made me think so the other night," he told her. "So—I've had a contract drawn with her name on it, instead of yours. I'm going to let you take it to her. If she wants to sign it, I will be very happy. I think she can stage a comeback. I'm willing to try it if she is. So—our little joke wasn't for nothing after all. Eh?"

"You know, Mr. Holtzwasser," Marnie said, with tears in her voice, "I'm gladder than if I was taking back one for me."

"I believe you are," he said. "The only unsatisfied person, I imagine, is Mr. Ives."

MARNIE was struck dumb again. This man knew everything.

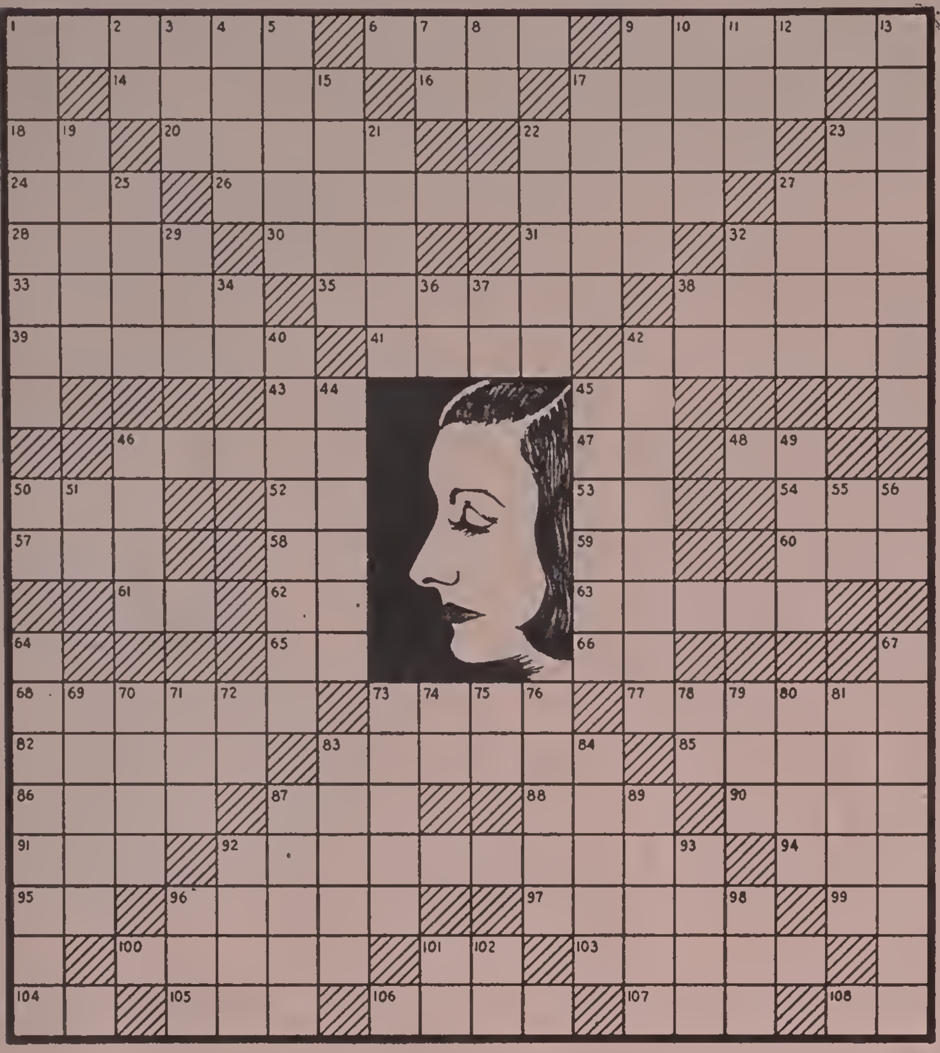
"And I imagine that won't last very long either. Miss Arden had a fit of temperament this morning that did not endear her to her director. It would not surprise me if she decided that pictures were too much trouble."

He had pushed a button while he was talking, and now a secretary brought in some papers and went out again.

"This is Miss Randolph's contract," he said. "And now, my dear, take a bit of advice. Don't aim at something you know you can't hit. You are, as I have said, a lovely child. You have fire and ambition; you have youth and grace and poise. But so have twenty thousand others. It remains to be seen whether you have staying powers. And believe me, nothing will give me more pleasure

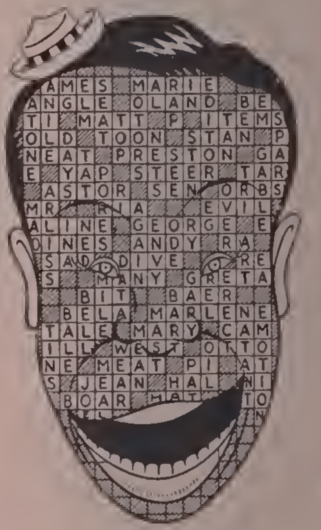
(*Continued on page 87*)

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE



Movie Mirror awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of September to Eleanor Follett, 777 Kansas Avenue, N. E., Huron, South Dakota. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phony definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Submit it before January first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Star of "Roman Scandals"
6. Anna Sten's first American movie
9. Star of "The House of Rothschild"
14. Four-door closed car
16. Preposition meaning "toward"
17. Mollusk with shell
18. Exclamation
20. Vaulted roofs
22. Backbone
23. She played in "Manhattan Melodrama (init.)
24. Part of verb "be"
26. Jewish banker rôle played by Arliss
27. Unit of length
28. At liberty
30. Born
31. Before
32. Familiar term of "mother"
33. Musical drama
35. Star of "30-Day Princess"
38. Derivative (abbrev.)
39. Star of "Bulldog Drummond"
41. Hold
42. Instrument to make motion pictures
43. Exclamation denoting slight surprise
45. Depart from
46. The actress represented by sketch
47. Prefix signifying in or into
48. Exclamation
50. A large snake which crushes its prey
52. Suffix meaning "pertaining to"
53. Old style (init.)
54. Before (poet.)
57. To make a mistake
58. She plays in "Ready for Love" (init.)
59. Opposite of left (abbr.)
60. A communist is called this
61. You (Biblical)
62. Negative
63. Last name of one in sketch
65. Exclamation of regret (slang)
66. Same as 47 across
68. Myrna Loy's husband in "The Thin Man"
73. "The Belle of the Nineties" was her latest film
77. The new little girl star of Hollywood
82. Her next song will be "Sweet Adeline"
83. The lead in "Stand Up and Cheer"
85. Measurement of distance
86. Take care of
87. Pertaining to ships (abbrev.)
88. Type of rôle played by Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"
90. Tidy
91. Popular style of whim
92. The "Royal Family" of the cinema
94. Cool drink or nectar
95. Abbreviation meaning "the same"
96. Her first name's Billie
97. Very swift
99. Used after name to indicate the older of two bearing it (abbrev.)
100. Oral or written signs expressing an idea
101. Same as 34 down
103. Her first name's Elissa
104. Swedish comedian
105. Reply (abbrev.)
106. The principal member of a theatrical performance
107. Boy's nickname
108. Part of verb "to be"

DOWN

1. Star of "Chained"
2. Star of "Riptide" (Init.)
3. Boy's name
4. Smell
5. He played in "Laughing Boy"
7. Preposition
8. Negative
9. Old womanish
10. Famous for her fan dance
11. Falsehood
12. Same as 54 across
13. Her latest was "Little Man, What Now?"
15. Upper tones in old Greek music
17. Tapering like a pyramid
19. One of the four Marx brothers
21. Novarro was this in "The Barbarian"
22. Animal covered with wool
23. A giant; character in Norse myth
25. Observed
27. Female horse
29. Period of time
32. Memorandum (abbrev.)
34. He's Ruby Keeler's husband
36. From or of (French)
37. Point of the compass
38. Baby LeRoy's first word
40. An act of holding back (rare)
42. Continual
44. M-G-M Platinum siren
45. La Chatterton's ex
46. Co-star of "Operator 13"
49. What the male lead is called
50. Exist
51. Co-ordinating conjunction
55. Prefix denoting again
56. "Fire Chief" on the Radio (first name)
64. Katharine Hepburn was a "witch doctor" in this
67. Ken Maynard plays in these kind of movies
69. Mountain nymph
70. Go one's way
71. It's written to indicate the finish of a picture
72. "The" (French)
73. A town in Belgium, near Brussels
74. A prefix denoting "out of"
75. Road in a city
76. Lanny Ross has a charming . . . . . . voice
78. Prefix; measure of type
79. Marie Dressler played her, opposite Wallace Beery
80. An entreaty
81. The principal rôles are called these
83. Sounds uttered by dogs
84. Pertaining to the country.
87. Aromatic plants from which unguents are prepared
89. Pertaining to the back of the neck
92. Injure by fire or heat
93. Latin form meaning "without"
96. Large venomous snake
98. Doctor of Dental Surgery (Abbrev.)
101. Preposition meaning by
102. One of the notes of the musical scale

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY

Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?

We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet *not* to mention.

* * *

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.

And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn Le Roy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!

MOVIE MIRROR'S COOKING PAGE

Luscious Steaks to Please the Discriminating Epicure and Dieter!

by ANN HAMILTON

STEAK will make any meal a success where a man's concerned. Men love it. But there are steaks—and steaks. If you want the pleasure of seeing a man push back his chair with that semi-dazed, rapt expression which denotes the completely satisfied male, you will prepare your steak with these points firmly in mind:

A good steak begins when you order it. It simply must be thick, and this is one point where you can't compromise. When you buy a steak for simple broiling, choose either sirloin or porterhouse. Porterhouse has no bone or waste, and is more expensive, but many prefer the more subtle flavor of the sirloin. After you've bought it, take your steak seriously. Steak must be cooked with the same attention to detail you would give any other delicious food.

Always pre-heat your broiler. This helps to seal in the juices and preserve the flavor. After you put it in the oven, keep your mind on it. Don't wander off to finish laying the table, or to powder your nose. Watch that steak! Turn it frequently. Hover over it till it has reached its maximum of juicy tenderness, and not a moment more.

A good steak should be the star of a meal. Use plain vegetables and serve a simple salad. Go easy on the dessert which follows it. One last thing: don't let your steak waste its fragrant perfection in the kitchen. Rush it to the table—hot.

No amount of trimmings can make up for a badly burned or underdone piece of steak; but when you have learned how not to have to apologize for either, steak will lend itself to some very fine variations. For instance, there's steak with onions, that life-saver of the hungry man:

STEAK WITH ONIONS

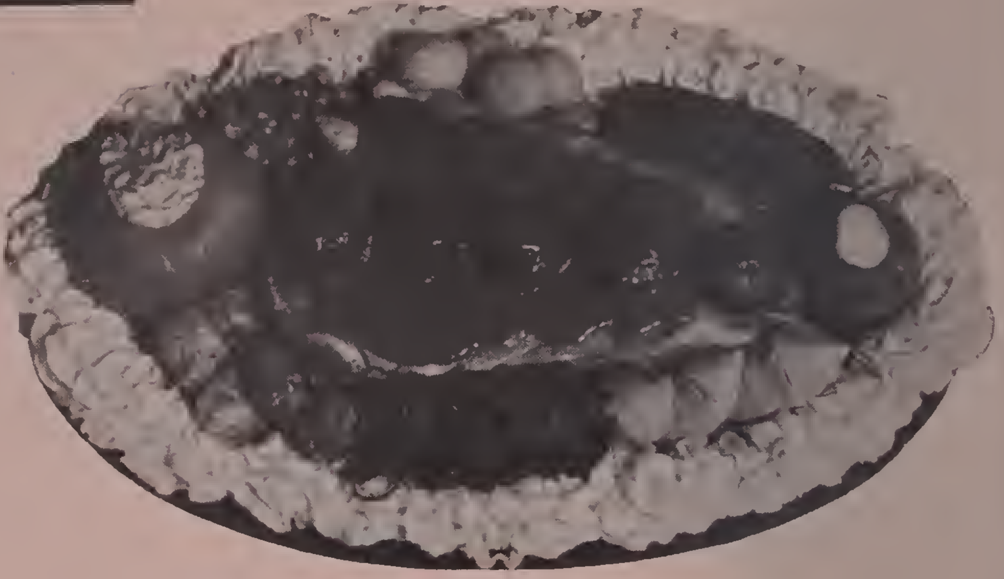
1 thick steak
2 tablespoons butter
3 medium-sized onions, sliced
½ pound mushrooms, peeled and sliced
salt and pepper

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook under a hot broiling flame, turning every few moments. When done, place on a hot platter and smother with the onions and mushrooms which have been fried in the butter until they are tender, about seven minutes. Season with salt and pepper and add more butter if desired.

THIS MONTH'S REDUCING HINT:

"Steak isn't fattening, so help yourself. Gravy, sauces, and that succulent fat around the edges are, so take your steak straight to keep down weight."

Planked steak—fit for the gods and goddesses of Hollywood as it's served at Al Levy's Tavern. The recipe appears in this department.



Planked steak is just what its name implies; steak served on a plank. You can buy these oval, specially prepared planks in any hardware or department store. This royal dish is a great favorite at The Brown Derby, Hollywood's famous restaurant; where it is served to many of the film royalty. Edmund Lowe, Lee Tracy and George Raft all like their steak planked. It isn't only the men who appreciate this hearty fare. Loretta Young is just as fond of it and so is fragile looking little Joan Bennett. Even Pola Negri, that famous exotic of the screen, likes this typically American dish immensely.

Don't let the elaborate appearance of this Brown Derby masterpiece discourage you. Try it in your own kitchen, like this:

PLANKED STEAK

Select a steak at least an inch and a half thick. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and place it in a marinade dressing made of three parts salad oil and one part tarragon vinegar or tomato juice together with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and a little onion juice. Allow the meat to stand in this dressing about half an hour before cooking. Sear both sides of the meat under a hot broiling flame. Broil

Have you a little cooking problem in your home? Something you'd like to know how to do better? Something your family asked for, and you can't find a recipe to suit them? Write me c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for free advice on whatever's bothering you. And don't forget that next month this page will be all about cooking to help you to reduce!

the meat, turning constantly until the desired degree of doneness is reached.

Place the steak on a good-sized plank. Surround it with a border of mashed potatoes put through a pastry tube. Garnish with one or more already cooked, drained, and prepared vegetables. You can be as fussy or as plain about these as you choose. The following are a few suggestions: stuffed onions, string or wax beans, cubed carrots, sliced beets, radishes and parsley; and practically any others may be used.

If you haven't a pastry bag, just pile the potatoes loosely. It tastes just as good, but it doesn't look quite as professional. Brush the potato with beaten egg-yolk, place the loaded plank in a hot oven until the potatoes are golden brown. Bring immediately to the table, plank and all.

This next recipe is still steak, but steak gone completely sophisticated, steak with a French accent, the steak of the epicure. You've probably had it in restaurants, and it seemed so simple you tried to do it yourself, but somehow, that elusive flavor was lacking. It's the spice that does it, and does it so thoroughly that you'd better make sure you have plenty of the sauce. The family will lick their platters and call for more.

FILLETS OF BEEF, BORDELAISE

Have slices cut from fillet about one inch thick. Wrap bacon around the edges and secure with a toothpick. Broil the fillets under a hot broiling flame, turning them every few minutes. When they are done, remove the toothpicks, place on the hot serving platter, serve with the following sauce, and garnish with parsley.

SAUCE BORDELAISE

2 tablespoons butter
1 shallot, finely chopped
2 slices onion
2 slices carrot
1 cup boiling water in which has been dissolved one bouillon cube
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ bay leaf
8 pepper corns
1 clove

Cook the vegetables in the butter with the seasonings until well browned. Add the bouillon, simmer ten minutes. Strain, and serve over the meat.

You can have steak with a splendid flavor that is much cheaper than the traditional steak cuts. This recipe, made from the round, has a savor all its own, which will please the family and fit snugly into your budget as well:

SWISS STEAK

1½ pounds round of beef
¼ cup flour
1½ tablespoons shortening
1 onion sliced
1½ cups canned tomatoes
salt and pepper

Wipe the steak with a damp cloth. Mix flour with salt and pepper to taste, and pound into the steak, using the edge of a plate or a meat tenderer. Melt shortening in a frying pan, add onion and brown. Sear steak in the fat on both sides and add tomatoes. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender, about 1½ hours. Add water or more tomatoes from time to time as needed. Add any vegetables during the last hour of cooking, if you wish to make this a "one dish" meal.

On Guard: FOR LOVELIER SKIN!

Woodbury's two new *Germ-free* Beauty Creams give your skin a new scientific protection

SKIN blemishes commonly arise from tiny infections. When you protect your skin against these infections, it's bound to be lovelier, every way.

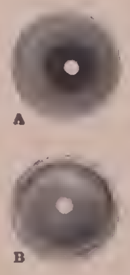
And that's what happens when you use Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams. They're pure and germ-free when you open them—they stay germ-free as long as you use them—as long as they last. No other creams guard your skin in just this scientific way.

109 leading skin specialists tested Woodbury's Creams. 93.5% of them agree that these new germ-free creams can safely be used on every type of skin—even those which are most sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin. It contains exclusive Element 576 which *stimulates* the oil glands to feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream gives two-fold protection against infection and weather—cold, wind, dust—and forms an exquisite powder base. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

"BING CROSBY ENTERTAINS" Tues. evenings, 9:00 p. m., E. S. T., Columbia Network. "Dangerous Paradise", Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:45 p. m., E. S. T., N. B. C. Network.



PROOF THAT THEY'RE GERM-FREE
Agar plates covered with infectious germs. In Plate A, Woodbury's Cream has cleared the grey surface of germs as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. In Plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, the grey surface has not been cleared of germs. They are still dangerously alive.

SEND FOR "LOVELINESS KIT"
Enclosed find 10c. Send me the "Woodbury Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Wnodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the 6 fashionable shades.

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In One Year and Out the Other

(*Continued from page* 31)

which proves that you are not the dopes the producers had imagined you.

1934 had its bad guesses. While we have been able to forget some, a few still infest our memory. Consider yourself lucky if you missed *I Give My Love,* a stale reproduction of the old Madame X act.

Others which messed up nice clean celluloid were *His Greatest Gamble.* Richard Dix talking in over-ripe song lyrics and the rest of the cast being too poetic for words. *Our Daily Bread.* A fairly timely and interesting idea ruined by the unknowing treatment of farms and farmers. *Let's Talk It Over.* Let's not! *Straight Is the Way.* Franchot Tone playing a Jewish gangster in such style that our way was straight to the exit. *Servant's Entrance.* Janet Gaynor's alleged cuteness aiding a soggy story not one bit. *The Lemon Drop Kid.* Damon Runyon going sour in a mixture of race-track smarties and small town bodies. *The Scarlet Empress.* Dietrich's opulent and garbled life of Catherine the Great. *Love Time.* Reputed to be the life of Franz Schubert, a pale, mawkish conception of a musical genius at work and in love.

THE stars had their ups and downs, too. Among the big names, Joan Crawford managed to hold her place with two rich and standard productions, *Sadie McKee* and *Chained.* While these did nothing to further her career, they didn't hurt her any. But M-G-M is not as certain of her drawing power as it was a few seasons ago and are now giving her the support of Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable in her latest, *Forsaking All Others,* so there can be no accurate deduction on her present box-office pull.

Hide-Out, a neat little piece of comic sentimentality, kept Robert Montgomery in the running, while *The Belle of the Nineties* slipped enough past the censors for Mae West to keep her grip. Gable has been entirely miscast on his home lot but *It Happened One Night,* which he made at Columbia, offered him the best role of his career and was enough to counteract the frothy parts he drew at M-G-M. Gable is the most mishandled personality in pictures today, and proof of his potential greatness is that he remains popular in spite of the way he has been kicked around.

Arliss, with *The House of Rothschild* and *The Last Gentleman,* is still one of the big stars, and his next picture, to be based on the life of Cardinal Richelieu, should find a large public greeting him. Of the old timers, Harold Lloyd kept going with *The Cat's Paw,* a new type of story for him, one which offered less gags but more chance for characterization. So far it has met with a fairly enthusiastic reception and may encourage him to do more stories of this genre. Ronald Colman seems to go on forever. Known in the silents for his heavily romantic activities, he switched to light comedy with sound and *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back,* a spoofing mystery thriller, lost him none of his fans.

However, more established stars slipped in '34 than held their places. Those glamor gals—Dietrich, Garbo, Hepburn—all took a nose dive. Each had but one picture, and none of them—*The Scarlet Empress, Queen Christina, Trigger*—was up to their usual standard. Mary Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin lost ground through inactivity, though Fairbanks has an English made film, *The Loves of Don Juan,* ready for release. Karen Morley, the interesting young woman who showed such great promise a few seasons ago, took time out for a child and since her return to the screen has been given such poor material that interest in her has waned considerably.

Georgie Raft, Connie Bennett and Leslie Howard faded somewhat, too. All possessors of distinct personalities, they suffered from uninspired material and from lack of freshness. Helen Hayes, catapulted to movie fame overnight with *The Sin of Madelon Claudet,* had but one picture, *What Every Woman Knows,* and its strained-for whimsey will do little to save her from the impending obscurity. Margaret Sullavan has done nothing since *Only Yesterday* to top that performance. Janet Gaynor has been cute and cuddly ever since *Seventh Heaven,* and with the syrupy *Servant's Entrance* as her latest offering, it looks as if she'll not be cute and cuddly on the screen much longer. Maurice Chevalier bounces and smiles in *The Merry Widow,* but it's all quite mechanical now and just a matter of time for his finish.

But all the stars aren't dimming.

Norma Shearer, after the trouble-making *Riptide,* came right back to give her finest performance in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* her most ambitious undertaking. The urbane William Powell began a new contract at M-G-M by smacking right out as Nick, the hard-drinking detective in *The Thin Man,* and his career never looked brighter than it does at this moment. Bing Crosby's succession of smash hits has brought him the most enviable contract in Hollywood. He is slated to draw a pay check at Paramount every week for the next five years, and that with no options.

ANNA STEN, Sam Goldwyn's Slavic beauty, proved that she was up to all her advance ballyhoo by her sterling portrayal in *We Live Again,* while Fredric March's performance in the same film shows that he is steadily gaining ground.

1934 has been good to Jimmie Cagney. The pugnacious redhead did not get any pictures as exciting as *The Public Enemy,* but *Here Comes the Navy* and *The St. Louis Kid* found him still possessing the shrewdest understanding of lowly characters in the cinema.

Myrna Loy, a siren on the screen and a freckle faced farm girl off, has been a prominent player for a long time, but in '34 she really blossomed out for the first time. She gave a succession of fine performances, notably in *The Thin Man,* and I believe she's on the road to film greatness. Claudette Colbert and Jean Harlow fared well, also. No girl has yet matched the sadistic relish with which Miss Harlow portrays hussies, and few stars have been as lucky in their material as the shrewd and shapely Miss Colbert.

The best performances of the year were given by Clark Gable in *It Happened One Night.* Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa!* William Powell in *The Thin Man.* Francis Lederer in *The Pursuit of Happiness.* Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great.* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *Catherine the Great.* Anna Sten and Fredric March in *We Live Again.* Carole Lombard and John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century.* Frank Morgan in *The Affairs of Cellini.* Grace Moore in *One Night of Love.* Will Rogers in *Judge Priest.* Edward Arnold in *Sadie McKee.* Bette Davis in *Of Human Bondage.*

And here, if you must have them, are the worst. Players frequently get the credit due writers, directors and cameramen. And when their assistance is lacking, the players are the ones who suffer. But, on whomever the blame lies, these are bad performances:

MAY ROBSON'S unpleasant and forced behavior in *Lady By Chance.* Wally Beery in *Treasure Island.* Beery plays all his roles alike. In each he is gruff, lumbering and lovable. The danger in this is that it doesn't always suit the story. Where in *Viva Villa!* the characterization fitted, in *Treasure Island* it bogged down what should have been a highly suspenseful film. Franchot Tone in *The World Moves On.* He went through the entire film, and it was a long one, with a grouch. Carl Brisson, on the other hand, is entirely pleased with himself. He dimples his cheeks about everything. But we cannot share Mr. Brisson's enthusiasm for Mr. Brisson and found his antics in *Murder At the Vanities* both dull and annoying. Douglass Montgomery cried his way through *Little Man, What Now?* and took all the pathos out of a sincere attempt to portray poverty. Sam Jaffe, as the mad Grand Duke in *The Scarlet Empress,* gave a fairly accurate imitation of Harpo Marx. Charlotte Henry reached the year's high point in saccharine girlhood in *The Last Gentleman.* Charlie Ruggles worked hard at a comedy part in *Murder in the Rear Car,* and about all that can be said for his efforts is that he worked hard. Richard Dix's work in *His Greatest Gamble* will be passed by without comment, while Elissa Landi's performance in *The Count of Monte Cristo* cannot truly be called bad, because it was no performance at all.

W. S. Van Dyke had one of the best directorial years. Popular in Hollywood, because he turns his pictures out on time, he has a much more important asset—the public likes them. His reputation was established by travel films such as *Trader Horn* and *Eskimo.* He was sent on these location trips so often because he could, and did, come back from his wanderings with pictures. This year he remained at home to do *Manhattan Melodrama, Hide-Out* and *The Thin Man.* His next film will be the Crawford, Gable, Montgomery opus, *Forsaking All Others.*

Photography, as important as any item in picture making, reached its highest peak this year in Gregg Toland's masterful and lovely handling of *We Live Again.* James Wong Howe's work in *Viva Villa!* pressed him for top honors. Alfred Newman's musical scores for United Artists were consistently intelligent, beautiful and always in harmony with the feeling of the picture. Of the writers, Damon Runyon's long list of stories seemed to make the most effect. But as they are generally of the same pattern—sentimentality and underworldlings—they are likely to be but a temporary flare. The Silly Symphonies with *Peculiar Penguins, The Flying Mouse* and *The Wise Little Hen* continued their complete domination of the cartoon field.

1934 saw the death of Marie Dressler. After a life time of successes and failures, she died one of the greatest stars in theatrical history. Dorothy Dell, killed in an automobile accident, and Russ Columbo, shot accidentally, were both taken away with their careers just getting started. Columbo died but a couple of days after the preview of his first starring picture, *Wake Up and Dream.* Miss Dell, with three films, *Little Miss Marker, Wharf Angel* and *Shoot the Works* showed definite promise of real stardom. Lilyan Tashman, publicized as Hollywood's best dressed woman, was certainly not that. But she was a vibrant, keen person and her death took from Hollywood one of its most colorful personalities.

So 1934 has come and gone. The past is over and we know something about that. How about the future?

My guess is that you will be seeing a lot of Helen Mack. She is an intense, emotional actress who can do almost any type of role well. In fact, that's her great danger for she can be thrown into a part on a day's notice and emerge with a creditable job. Consequently Paramount has not been treating her too well but if you saw *All Of Me* you know the sort of thing she can do. With proper guidance, she should be one of the stars of the future.

OTHERS worth your watching are Fred Astaire, who wrought delightful entertainment out of the hodge podge called *Flying Down to Rio,* and whose dancing in *The Gay Divorcee* makes him welcome in Hollywood as long as he wants to stay. After two mediocre pictures, Grace Moore skyrocketed with *One Night Of Love* and can be marked as a star of the future. Maureen O'Sullivan popped out with two fine performances in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Hide-Out* and is coming into delayed favor.

Some one, now unknown, will rise to stardom in 1935. That happens almost every year. But in the meantime, be on the lookout for these you know!

Walter Connolly, Brian Aherne, Jean Muir, young David Holt, Gertrude Michael, Robert Young (he has a great performance hidden away in him somewhere) Katherine de Mille, Josephine Hutchinson, Binnie Barnes, Madeleine Carroll and George Brent.

These are our views on the past and future. Sorry you don't agree. Or do you?

Hey, you Joan Crawford fans—watch for a fine story about her, written by Adele Whitely Fletcher, appearing soon in MOVIE MIRROR. We haven't had a big story about Joan in a long while—and THIS IS IT!

I had tried seven perfumes before
I finally discovered FAOEN

says—Mimi Richardson
(WELL KNOWN MODEL AND NEW YORK DEBUTANTE)

MORE than a mere perfume, FAOEN will give you a new *personality* . . a more mysterious, thrilling personality, to bring men's hearts to your feet!

As Parisian as the Café de la Paix . . as feminine as Cleopatra . . as exciting as a champagne cocktail . . FAOEN enhances your charm and discovers your hidden depths of lovely, languorous allure!

You would have to pay more, for a less effective perfume! The tuck-away size . . can be bought at your local 5 and 10 cent store.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 16)

motion picture actresses and has difficulty looking like the mother of an eighteen year old girl); a governess and the actor's ex-wife. The actor is Ricardo Cortez.

Your Reviewer Says: A well presented, well acted production.

For children: For the older ones.

✓"Kentucky Kernels" (RKO)

You'll See: *Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Mary Carlisle, "Spanky" McFarland, Noah Beery, Lucille LaVerne and others.*

It's About: *A vaudeville magician and his partner mixed up in a Kentucky feud.*

"Kentucky Kernels" is hilariously funny slapstick, the best production ever turned out by Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. The story at times runs to the ludicrous, gags from early vaudeville days pop up here and there, and the junior partner gets a trifle silly. However, if you can sit through it with a dead pan, something worse than the depression has you and you'd better do something about it.

Bert and Robert, stranded, live in a river shack. A would-be suicide gets into their fishing net and they save him. He confides that he has loved and lost. They persuade him to adopt a child. He elopes just as the boys have secured adoption papers on "Spanky" McFarland, plump little trouper from "Our Gang" comedies. "Spanky" is heir to a Kentucky estate. They go there to find hillsides bristling with feudists. They find themselves in the middle of cross-fire after Bert falls for Mary Carlisle, daughter of Noah Beery.

"Spanky," a mischievous devil who has a penchant for breaking anything made of glass, is a small riot.

Your Reviewer Says: It gives your sensayuma a workout.

For Children: Right up their alley.

"Great Expectations" (Universal)

You'll See: *Henry Hull, Phillips Holmes, Jane Wyatt, Florence Reed, Francis L. Sullivan, Alan Hale, Rafaela Ottiano, George Breakston, Walter Armitage, Jackie Searl and others.*

It's About: *A youth who, having aided a criminal to escape, is given an education by the man.*

A motion picture tapestry, acted superbly by a splendid cast of comparatively unknown screenplayers, and produced with fine feeling, this picture, one of the most pretentious on Universal's program for the year, emerges as a bore. It is heavy with Dickens, ponderous with dialog, complicated in plot, slow in movement. It is one of those things compounded by a fine chef which, contrary to all expectations—and they were great—refuses to jell.

Henry Hull, the brilliant stage player brought to the screen by Universal, proves his artistry. For those who delight in fine histrionic craftsmanship, the production may be interesting. However, to the average motion picture goer it is pretty heavy fire.

Your Reviewer Says: Achieve a patient mood before entering the theatre.

For Children: Not enough action.

✓"The Captain Hates the Sea" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth, John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating, Leon Errol, Walter Connolly, Tala Birell, Walter Catlett and others.*

It's About: *The adventures of assorted passengers on an ocean liner as it travels from California to New York City.*

Reminiscent of "One Way Passage" and "Transatlantic," this production measures up to both. It possesses a splendid cast, humorous and dramatic situations well played, fine characterizations, and a haphazard story.

Pull a steamer into dock, stock it with a detective, a crook, his charming assistant, a genial writer-drunk in love with a motion picture player, a jovially disgruntled captain, an hilariously funny steward, an ancient, wealthy and hard-boiled lady, a wife reviler, the wife, who was formerly an easy lady, a gentleman with long whiskers, a Central American revolutionist and a bartender who knows his applejack. Then figure out the plot for yourself.

Everyone does good work, especially Victor McLaglen, John Gilbert, Fred Keating, and Walter Connelly. Tala Birell, once muffed as a fine dramatic actress by Universal, is both lovely and talented in her role.

Your Reviewer Says: Very human, full of real characters, laughs and tense moments.

For Children: Those in long pants will love it—those in knickers will be puzzled.

✓✓The Gay Divorcée (RKO)

You'll See: *Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Erik Rhodes, many others.*

It's About: *A girl getting a divorce, the boy she mistakes for the professional corespondent and the mixup therefrom.*

There's a new star in the cinema heavens and his name is Fred Astaire. There's a new starlet and her name is Ginger Rogers. There's a new dance you'll be mad about called "The Continental." Comedy by Alice Brady, which is delicious, and even more comic comedy by Edward Everett Horton and Erik Rhodes. Mix this all together with lights and gowns and beautiful girls and you have "The Gay Divorcée" and if you miss it, you're cheating yourself.

This is easily the musical of the month, of several months, in fact, and if it does run a bit long and drag a bit, here and there, it really doesn't matter, so good is the whole thing. RKO and everyone concerned deserves the highest praise.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a honey. Go for the fun and the joy of it.

For Children: They won't know what the plot's about (which is just as well) but they'll love Astaire's dancing.

✓✓ "Menace" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanaugh, Henrietta Crosman, John Lodge, Raymond Milland, Berton Churchill, Halliwell Hobbes.*

It's About: *An insane, knife-throwing young fellow who sets out to murder those he wrongfully accuses of killing his brother.*

If you chill and thrill and sit on the edge of the seat—in other words, if you get a real wallop—out of suspense, menace, threat of sudden death, and miss this, you are just being silly. It is foolproof, as far as naming the killer is concerned. It has a fine twist on the finish. And, while progressing from start to finish there is a jolt a minute for the susceptible. It is logical, does not strain the credence of the most analytical. In fact, it gives you no time to analyze.

Everyone in the cast does a creditable job.

The builder of a South African dam suicides when the dam washes out during a storm, drowning his sisters. His deranged brother, whose face and figure are not shown on the screen, learns that Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanaugh and Berton Churchill, have asked him to leave his work at the dam to play bridge with them. He decides to do away with them. The trio receive threatening messages, come to California. They are trapped in a seaside mansion. The maniac starts his fiendish work.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the most exciting mystery stories in a decade.

For Children: They'll have fun at the theatre—and you'll have fun getting them to sleep.

"6 Day Bike Rider" (First National)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Maxine Doyle, Frank McHugh, Gordon Westcott, Arthur Aylesworth, Lottie Williams, Dorothy Christy,*

It's About: *A bumptious small-towner who goes to the city, wins a bike race and his girl.*

Aided by such remarkable properties as a wad of cotton soaked with chloroform, a loose board in a bicycle track and a squirt gun which supplies him with coffee as he rides, Joe E. Brown manages to win the six-day bicycle race. At the same time, the small-town girl who fled to the arms of his rival, a big towner, learns that the rival is married, hastens back to Joe.

Joe's oral cavity emits the usual strange sounds, causing the audience to look around now and then to see if the theatre is pinched. Maxine Doyle has little to do, Frank McHugh, who can be funny is so busy punishing a bicycle that he never has a chance, and Gordon Westcott contents himself with a ten, twent', thirt' sneer.

Your Reviewer Says: Okay for Joe E. Brown fans who like slapstick, too.

For Children: Sure!

✓✓"Evelyn Prentice" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *William Powell, Myrna Loy, Una Merkel, Rosalind Russell, Harvey Stephens, Isabel Jewell, Edward Brophy, Henry Wadsworth, Cora Sue Collins.*

It's About: *The misunderstanding between a lawyer and his wife, caused by his overwork, ending in tragedy.*

When a leading Manhattan criminal lawyer works too hard and the woman he has saved plots to undermine the understanding possessed by the lawyer's wife, there is the making of real melodrama. When William Powell is the lawyer and Myrna Loy is his wife—remember "The Thin Man"?—you have something to see. Don't miss it.

Powell saves Rosalind Russell from prison. She, wild about him, manages through subterfuge to make Myrna Loy think he is using his work as an excuse to philander. Myrna Loy, intrigued by Harvey Stephens, a gigolo and the sweetheart of Isabel Jewell, writes him letters. She goes after the letters. A pistol is discharged. The resultant trial will make courtroom history in motion pictures.

Playing with perfect restraint, William Powell and Myrna Loy are perfection in their rôles. Isabel Jewell rises to magnificent heights on the witness stand, quietly tearing the story of the tragedy from her heart. Lest the tale become too heavy, Una Merkel is on hand with bright dialogue and entrancing gestures just at the right moments. The supporting cast supports—and how!

Your Reviewer Says: A perfectly gripping concoction served entertainingly.

For Children: The older ones will love it.

"Limehouse Blues" (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Jean Parker, Anna May Wong, Kent Taylor, Montague Love, Billy Bevan, John Rogers, Robert Loraine.*

It's About: *A half-caste Chinese smuggler in London's Limehouse district who gives up the white girl to his white rival.*

George Raft is not convincing in Oriental make-up with Oriental mannerisms. The story is familiar, having the old East-West theme of the Chinaman who loves a white girl and gives up his life that she may be happy, and the dialogue is stilted. Credit goes, however, to Anna May Wong as a fine villainess.

Your Reviewer Says: Raft fans may go for the novelty of his rôle.

For Children: The dramatic backgrounds may appeal to their imagination.

✓✓"Broadway Bill" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly, Helen Vinson, Douglas Dumbrille, many others.*

It's About: *A racing horse, his owner, and a girl who loved them both.*

Frank Capra, that smart director who made "Lady for a Day" and "It Happened One Night," has rung the bell once more with "Broadway Bill," the finest race-track picture ever made. This is at once the swiftest, funniest and most romantic film of the madness called horse-racing ever put on celluloid, and if you miss it you will cheat yourself of an evening that will keep you sitting right on the edge of your theatre-chair.

Warner Baxter in a rôle that was originally written for Clark Gable, and which still cries for Clark, is a lover of horses who is forced into the paper-box business by his wife. He acquires Broadway Bill and the racing fever overcomes him sufficiently to make him leave home, fortune and comfort in order to further the career of his horse. Without money or backing of any sort, he goes through tribulations both hilarious and tragic to get Broadway Bill entered into the Derby. The only person who sticks by him is Myrna Loy, who shouldn't stick by him at all since she is his wife's sister. The ending is charming without being too sentimental. The Derby scene is one of the biggest thrills ever photographed and the cast is almost perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: You really must see this—it's swell.

For Children: Very fine.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

"Woody" Van Dyke is slated to direct Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Naughty," the famous musical comedy, which is good news. Also good news is the fact that Eddy, who has sung now and then—never enough—in several M-G-M pictures is to have virtually a starring rôle.

George Ranft, ex-boxer, now actor, has made himself legally George Raft.

Fred Astaire is definitely a smash after "The Gay Divorcee" and RKO has given him a long term contract. "Roberta" will be his next. He'll get $17,500 a picture and a percentage on the gross.

The girls seem to be going for executives in a big way. Sari Maritza and Sam Katz, M-G-M associate producer, have eloped to Yuma, and Frances Drake is said to be betrothed to Richard Blumenthal, who holds the same kind of job at Paramount.

His romance with Sylvia Sidney having gone glimmering, B. P. Schulberg and his wife Adeline may be reconciled, after separating in February, 1932. Sylvia keeps on, however, under his management, with Mrs. Schulberg as her agent—as always.

The Faye-Vallee romance is coming out into the open, with Alice visiting Rudy at Warner's and watching rushes of his picture, "Sweet Music."

Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, holding the long-time courtship record for Hollywood to date, will be married on Christmas Day if the Catholic church grants special dispensation. Johnny has been divorced. Major Charles J. O'Sullivan, father of Maureen, will come from Dublin to witness the ceremonies. If there aren't any, he'll come anyway to be with Maureen.

Hollywood is excited over the announcement of the impending marriage of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Insiders have suspected for a long while that this union was inevitable but Ginger and Lew have been so emphatic in their denials that some insiders have kept their suspicions under cover. But now it's all arranged and both of these nice young people are taking a second plunge at matrimony. Heartfelt good wishes, Ginger and Lew.

First Mary says yes, then she says no to the question, "Are you reconciling with Doug?" As we go to press the answer seems to be "No." But you never can tell.

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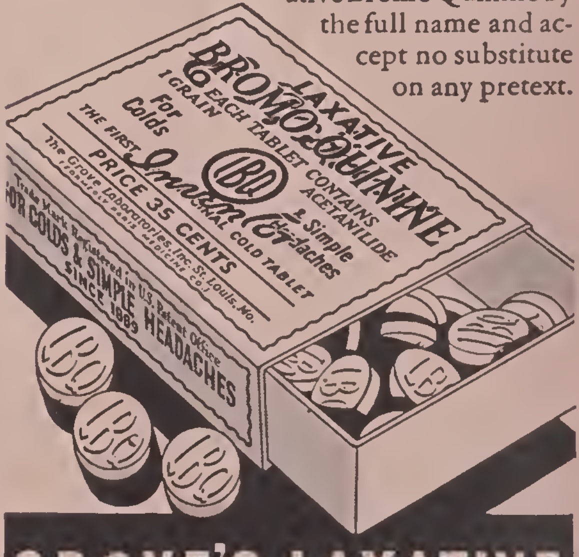
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Movie Mirror's Homemaking Page

(*Continued from page* 8)

wish to impress upon you that this form of decoration is difficult to handle and should not be undertaken without the advice of a decorator. Generally speaking plain walls are more practical, however.

If you have a dark hallway in which you do not want to paint the walls a soft yellow, as I suggested last month, a colorless spot like this can be given real character by using gay wall paper—much gayer in fact than you would dare use in a room in which one would live.

A problem with which I think many of you may be confronted is the one which arises from building a room around an Oriental rug which has, of course, variety of color and pattern. Since an Oriental rug is so dominant I suggest, if you paint the walls of the room where the rug is to be used, that you choose the camel's hair or sand color which may be found in the border of the rug. If you want the room to reflect lots of light use a flat paint or calcimine. If you prefer to paper the walls, oatmeal paper has enough texture and comes in such soft shades as to make a nice background. As a variation to this, if your figured rug has a predominance of blue, you can paint the walls a soft blue-gray. Whenever using blue be sure to keep it light enough in value. A spot of red mixed in will take the chill off blue paint. Also let me warn you to see your blue in the night light, as blue is one color which changes greatly in daylight and electric light.

With camel's hair color walls I should suggest covering your large sofa or davenport in a predominant color in your Oriental rug. For instance, if mulberry is the strong color influence, cover the davenport and perhaps one other lounge chair in camel's hair color. The main point to remember is to *take* color suggestions from your rug rather than add more colors or figures.

Since walls are important in putting a room together I should speak of wood paneled walls. They cost a trifle more but give a warmth and quality to a room not possible in any other treatment. In many of the early American houses all the interior walls were wood. That is an idea often followed now. For instance, in Richard Arlen's living-room I used a pine wall back of the fireplace, also for the dining-room end wall and above the window seat, beside a wood wainscot about 30 inches high around the entire room. Clear or knotty pine is not costly and this idea of combining it with plaster walls is most pleasing.

The living-room in the apartment pictured on the opening pages is a good example of the charm of the room where plain walls become only a pleasant background. The walls are off-white, the carpet is plain rust color, the curtains off-white trimmed with flame, a lighter rust color. The davenport is covered in natural colored texture material trimmed in cotton fringe. Pillows are done in different material, striped silk, in rust color and the love seat is upholstered in flame. The pillows on the love seat are Chinese blue and white chintz. Ash trays, cigarette boxes and wall brackets above the love seat are blue and white overlaid glass. The blue color accent is used to relieve the continued use of off-white and rust.

In a small house I should paint the walls all alike, especially where the rooms are connected with arches. In the apartment shown the dining-room and a living-room are connected in this way. Here the walls of both rooms are off-white and the blue used as an accent in the living-room becomes the main color note of the dining-room curtains and upholstery. In this way two rooms, thrown into close proximity, are kept in harmony and yet varied enough to be interesting.

As a good color scheme which I might suggest to you in closing, paint the walls a very soft light green and use a golden yellow floor covering, carpet or an inexpensive fluff rug. The upholstery would be cinnamon with one chair covered in dark green, an olive green. The glass curtains, lamps and accessories should be white. If you keep your colors soft the effect will be excellent and quite unusual.

A New Face for a New Year

(*Continued from page* 49)

getting exercise and fresh air? Then you are probably seeing the results on your skin, because these things upset proper elimination and cause the blood stream to be filled with impurities.

Fresh air! That's one of the master words. Miss Brown's exercise for making you breathe deeply and properly was in last month's MOVIE MIRROR. If you missed it, write and I will send it to you.

What about your diet? Naturally rich foods must be left alone. An overfed body never has a healthy, glowing appearance. You should drink a lot of water as it flushes the kidneys and assists in ridding the body of poisons. Eat meat only once a day and it's an excellent thing to set aside two days a week when you eat nothing but large quantities of fruits and vegetables. If you can't always get fresh ones, use the canned kind. Canned tomatoes, spinach, and pineapple are particularly good, and don't forget fruit juices and the splendid canned tomato juice.

At the same time you must have exercise to stimulate the circulation, stir up the liver and promote proper elimination. Here is Miss Brown's famous "Liver Squeeze," just as some of her famous pupils do it under my critical eye:

Lie flat on the floor, heels together, toes pointed forward, arms at sides. Raise right knee to your chest, as high as you can, without assistance, clasp both hands below your knee and give an added stretch, bringing the knee completely to the chest. Return to starting position and repeat this about ten times, alternating your knees.

And here are two of the best possible exercises for toning up the abdominal wall and making sluggish bowels behave. You do the "Abdominal Stretch" like this:

"Lie on your stomach on the floor, legs outstretched together, toes pointing downward, hands under your chest, palms down and elbows pointing down towards your sides. Raise head and shoulders with your arms as in the photograph of Maxine Doyle (featured Warner Brothers player) at the bottom of the first page of this article. Continue for ten consecutive times.

This next one, the "Double Leg Throw" forces the stomach up to its natural position, so it is an aid to digestion as well as good elimination:

Lie flat on the floor with your heels together, toes pointed forward, knees straight and arms at sides about six inches from the body. Throw both legs over your head, touching the floor above your head. Quickly return to starting position. (The photograph at the beginning of the article shows you Maxine Doyle with her legs in proper position and on the way over to touch the floor above her head) Remember to keep the hands on the floor, your knees straight at all times, and to raise your buttocks off the floor as you throw your legs over. Begin by doing this just a few times, and work up to ten times gradually, as it is strenuous.

These four exercises, done faithfully night and morning while you are watching your diet, your sleep, and your hours in the open air, will do wonders for any complexion. Please understand that I am not speaking of skin infections which should have the immediate attention of a doctor. But you will find methodical body care a marvellous aid in helping to relieve even the most stubborn cases. It may be a month before this body care causes a perceptible change in your skin, but be patient. It stands to reason that you can't cure over night what you've been years bringing on yourself.

Follow this simple facial régime, and be as faithful to it, every night, as you are with your exercises. A beautiful skin must be a thoroughly clean skin. Wash your face every night with a pure soap, and water, and then leave it free to breathe during your sleep. Once or twice a week, use a Green or a Sulphur soap, which you can buy at any drug-store. If your skin seems dry, massage a good nourishing cream into it twice a week and leave it on for an hour or so.

Never use make-up on a blemished skin. It can't really hide it anyway, and it may further irritate the blemishes. There are fine, medicated greaseless creams that can be rubbed into the skin. They take off the shine, and when you use eye-makeup and lip rouge you will find you can temporarily do without powder. Many of the movie stars out here do this in private life. It gives their complexions a rest from the heavy studio make-up.

None of what I have told you is hard to do, is it? And it's bound to do you good!

The Romantic Secret of Grace Moore's Success

(*Continued from page* 11)

get an inch of space anywhere else.

Then the press preview came and for the first time ever seen at a press preview, the entire preview section was standing on its respective feet, screaming, crying, applauding, almost sobbing after the picture had been running only about fifteen minutes. When the preview was over, Moore was mobbed. Stories were wanted. Pictures were wanted. Schertzinger was established once again as an important director. Columbia had not only its biggest hit, but one of the biggest hits in picture history. A new cycle of pictures had been started. An entirely new treatment of sound, of pure music, had been inaugurated. And a great new star had been discovered.

The production of "One Night of Love" was, in all truth, a happy accident. The story was good enough, the cast was all right, the lighting was satisfactory, the direction was fine, the sound was thrilling. But those things were fused, glorified, transmuted into the realm of true art through the person of one woman, the driving force of one woman's soul, through Grace Moore, the girl who had been such a flop in exactly the same medium with twice the backing, four years before.

The secret of it was Love.

THE story of today's Grace Moore is a love story of four years old. To tell it properly one must cut back some ten or more years when Grace Moore first came to New York determined to be one of the sensations of the musical world.

You undoubtedly know she had started life in Jellico, Tennessee, one of the five children of R. L. Moore, a banker. She spent her childhood in the Cumberland mountains and her first ambition was to be a missionary and go to China. More of that later. It is important to this story.

She went to Ward-Belmont to become "finished" and was taken to hear Mary Garden sing. The glamorous Garden changed the course of Grace Moore's life since she made the girl determine at once that she, too, would be a singer.

She let nothing stop her after that. She got to New York, sang in a Greenwich Village café for her dinners, got into a New York show and established herself when the real prima donna became ill. She went into "The Music Box Revue" and earned enough money to go to Paris and later, Italy, to study. She had an utterly impossible ambition for a young songstress—to get into the Metropolitan Opera. They say there are 100,000 girls studying singing in New York alone. Heaven only knows how many there are to be added to that in Paris and Rome. All of them want to get into the Metropolitan Opera.

Well, Grace Moore got there. She got there in five years. The undeveloped, untrained girl of the musical comedy walked out on the stage of the Metropolitan in February, 1928, a finished artist.

The Moore charm for men became one of New York's legends. Rich men, distinguished men, famous men laid their lavish gifts at her feet. But Moore only kept on singing, until she went abroad just after her Hollywood fiasco and met on the Riviera a young Spanish actor named Valentin Parera.

He had relatively little to offer her. He was a handsome boy, and in Spain when he passed down a street, eager crowds rushed out to touch his coat, to catch a glimpse of his smile. He was the motion picture idol of Spain but beyond the boundaries of his own land he was quite unknown. He had enough money, not the sort of money that buys yachts or paintings by Old Masters or square cut emeralds. He used his slim money for other things—to buy him free days to lie in the sun, to buy him hours to look at the sea, to buy him little evenings at home with his closest friends.

He offered Grace Moore, however, what no man had thought to offer her before, a complete, unselfish, unmasking love. He knew that she had to go back to America and that if he went to America he would have to sacrifice the career he had started in Spain. He knew he would have to start all over again, an unknown in a strange land. He loved not the prima donna but the qualities he saw buried within her, behind her veneer of worldly success.

When Grace Moore fell in love with him and married him, the deeply religious strain in her came to the fore, and once again she wanted to save people, wanted to put things right in the world.

Her personal career became of secondary importance. She didn't go back to the Metropolitan. Oh, she sang, of course, for singing was as important, as natural and as necessary to her as breathing. She sang on the air and did several important recitals. But the drive, the hard, fighting thing of the careerist was gone out of her. She was a woman in love now. She was even more. She was a wife in love with her husband. She kept thinking about his career. She was living for some one else.

IT was about this time that Fox offered Valentin Parera the chance to come to Hollywood and accept a long-term contract to make Spanish versions of their pictures. His own country men wanted to see him again. It was a great chance for him. Grace Moore wanted him to take the contract, only she wanted to get a contract for herself, not for her own career but so that she could be near him, so that they both could be working in the same industry, having the same interests.

That was why she took the contract at Columbia at a salary that four years previously she would have scorned. That is why she and her husband rented a simple but lovely house with a big garden, and drove a little car, and lived quietly. They didn't want to live any other way, for if they had, they couldn't have been alone with one another so much. And that is why when "One Night of Love" was shown a new star was discovered.

The ending is that Mr. Parera has his Fox contract and is a terrific European success, and Grace, too, has her triumph.

She is delighted at this greatest success. But she would dump the whole thing if it threatened her husband's happiness.

She has lost her smaller self in a greater love. It is this love that is the secret of her new warm charm, her new success.

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Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 64*)

she's getting better, by the way—Minna sent a telegram to Mae's mother for confirmation. She gave the reply to the manager of the dress shop. "Mae Clarke." becoming suspicious, never returned for the garments—and the manager was saved from a bad check racket.

Bob Armstrong reports that a group of men inspects reports of incoming stars. One of the group immediately goes to the hotel where the star has registered, says he is a property man, grip or electrician "who worked with you on your last picture." The star's confidence gained, the man tells a sob story about a sick wife and starving family, and displays a phony telegram stating that if he can get back to Hollywood there is a job waiting for him. He then hits the star for the carfare home—which never goes for a railroad ticket.

* * *

SPANKY McFARLAND, starting his career in "Our Gang" comedies at the Hal Roach studios, was busy confusing motion picture traffic at a motion picture intersection, all in the interests of his newest picture. He had his own whistle. While an irate cop tried to locate him, he sent out blast after blast. Before he had finished a huge pile of wrecked cars had been stocked at the intersection—and it was all very funny.

However, experienced observers made a startling discovery. One of the junks, purchased for the occasion, was Harold Lloyd's 1922 Lincoln—his first big car, once a proud creature of the highways. Two cars deeper was a Cadillac phaeton which in other days had caused awed pedestrians to say, "There goes Hal Roach!" A third, battered and rusted, was once the proud possession of Will Rogers—and the crowning development was that the smashed police patrol wagon was the one which had taken the notorious killer, Hickman, on his fatal trip to a local jail.

* * *

OUR department which investigates What Has Become of Who wishes to report that Al Shean, erstwhile famous half of the firm of Gallagher and Shean, has an important rôle in "Music in the Air," which brings Gloria Swanson, looking about 25, back to the screen after a long absence.

Charlotte Henry, who was ballyhooed from hemisphere to hemisphere in "Alice in Wonderland," and then returned to an abrupt obscurity, is said to be coming back with a smash in Laurel and Hardy's "Babes in Toyland," soon to be released. The book for the picture was purchased from the Victor Herbert estate for $50,000, and the picture has been harassed with bad breaks. A fortnight was lost when Stan Laurel damaged a large assortment of ligaments.

Popping into this same picture are the once familiar faces of Florence Turner, Alice Lake and Florence Lawrence.

* * *

IT is interesting, if not sensational news that curly-topped, very Irish, very East Side Mister Douglas Fowley, just completing "Night Life of the Gods," has a silk shirt. Whether or not you have one, you should thrill with Douglas, as it is his first.

Son of a Shakespearian actor not too blessed with this world's goods, orphaned at nine, in his second year of college at seventeen, and knocking around the country since, he has not had time or money to buy silk shirts.

Just a year ago, after leaving Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., with $4, he arrived in Hollywood dizzy with hunger, feverish with fatigue. He camped in a tent rented for $2.50 a week, shared Irish stew with bums who had cadged its ingredients, barnstormed beer joints swapping songs he sang for sandwiches, talked and gestured his way into Fox's "The Mad Game." He has done twelve pictures and a play in twelve months, holds a Universal contract.

The sleek sheen of a silk shirt naturally is symbolic—and, in a sense, his reward to himself.

* * *

WE commented on Marlene Dietrich's very pale face, which seemed to indicate that she had been overworking to get the right coiffure, make-up and costumes for "Caprice Espagnole," in which she'll be seen as a blonde—believe it or not—Spaniard.

"Not at all," she said, "I prefer pale make-up."

Whereupon she topped off a light lunch of beef and salad with lemon chiffon pie.

* * *

JUNE CLAYWORTH, Universal player being co-starred with Roger Pryor in her first picture for Universal, "Strange Wives," observes:

"Hollywood amazes me. Real people come out here, change overnight into a bunch of stuffed shirts. I'm just starting my career. If I go through this change—even if I start—I'll take the first train back to New York City. I want to keep my friends."

Muttering incoherently to the office wall, we file this under Things To Be Investigated and will make a further report a year from now.

* * *

JOE MORRISON, who was so successful with W. C. Fields in "The Old-Fashioned Way" that Paramount has decided to star him in "One Hour Late," is having lots of fun with lots of dates, but this department goes on record that only one is serious.

Joe lost his heart in high school and never has gotten it back.

"I write and wire her all the time, call her on the telephone once a month, Christmas and Fourth of July," he says. "If the company takes up my next option, I'll call oftener."

* * *

THE most harassed man in Hollywood is a director, Henry Hathaway, guiding the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," costing approximately a million dollars, featuring Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell. Hathaway finds himself in the center of religious controversies between approximately two hundred genuine Hindu and Mohammedan actors.

These gentlemen are at all times ready to fly at each other's throats and at times have designs on Hathaway himself. Gathered from fertile California valleys, where they thrive on agricultural pursuits, they cling to old country customs. They must eat only certain kinds of foods, must dress because of religious customs in specified manner, must not touch certain forms of animal life. Much of Hathaway's confusion arises when, in soothing the feelings of one contingent he offends another.

Considerable confusion was caused, for instance, when someone discovered that ham had been cooked in the company kitchen. The followers of Mohammed refused to eat anything brought them from the unhallowed stoves, required a new commissary. Statues of women adorning the walls of a maharajah's reception room had to be torn down for a certain group was not permitted to look at them.

Hindu turban wrappers were called in to wrap Hindu turbans while Mohammedan turbans were wrapped by skilled Mohammedan hands.

The result is that even after spending nine months in India, Mr. Hathaway had three technical directors flanking him at all times.

* * *

The biggest mistake of the month was made by Betty Furness when she introduced her socialite boy friend from New York City, Jimmy Blakely, to Mary Carlisle.

* * *

IN these days of obviously artificial back drops and process shots, it is refreshing to know that Darryl Zanuck demands, through Julie Heron, perfection to the last detail on Twentieth Century sets. However, there is such a thing as carrying realism too far, as indicated by a recent event on "The Great Barnum" stages.

Miss Heron produced a barrel of this and a barrel of that for Barnum's general store. One of the barrels contained herring. Heat from the light brought olfactory reminders that the fish had long since passed on.

The issue became so paramount that either the herring or the actors, Wally Beery and Janet Beecher, had to leave the stage. Mr. Beery and Miss Beecher won. The pay-off came when it was found that the entire sequence would have to be retaken as the herring and the barrel had occupied an important position in the background and subsequent scenes did not match.

* * *

ANDY DEVINE, the fun-loving fat boy, has a new racket—fishing at his beautiful home in the Hollywood hills.

On the face of it, this seems a little silly. However, if you know Andy, you can expect anything.

Seems that Andy ties a shoe onto the end of a fishing line, casts, and his dog, "Toughy," bites. Thereupon Andy plays the dog until he lands him. Claims it's more fun than sword-fishing.

* * *

THINGS YOU MIGHT WANT TO WORRY ABOUT

Sixty pianos, which means 240 legs, will amplify the human extremities used in "Gold-Diggers of 1935!"

Joan Blondell received 300 gifts for her baby before it ever arrived.

Paul Muni stained his hands brown to make his art convincing in "Border Town."

* * *

JIMMY CAGNEY has found a way to reduce, not recommended to anyone living far from the ocean or possessing an income of less than $25,000 a year.

He reports losing eight pounds raising and lowering sails on his 68-foot schooner over a period of two weeks. Mrs. Cagney and Chester Morris went along.

* * *

DON'T let anyone kid you.

Phil Regan isn't in love with Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, the Boswell Sisters (whom he takes out three at a time) or even May Robson. It's just a lot of publicity, and Phil, the singing ex-cop, is pretty sore about the whole thing.

"I'm nutty, always have been nutty, and always will be nutty, about a little gal named Jo Dwyer. I went to school with her. Pretty soon I'll go to the altar with her."

And, to prove that the love was mutual, he flashed a telegram from her which must have made old Western Union himself blush.

* * *

FOR fifteen years, Edwin, sway-backed horse, has been a featured player in such pictures as "Suds," many of the Buster Keaton comedies and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." He has just put in an appearance as a curly-haired discovery of P. T. Barnum in "The Mighty Barnum."

A curious extra girl, knowing nothing about his history, asked a property man where Edwin came from.

"The glue factory," said the man.

"And where will he go?" she asked.

"Oh, we take 'em back of the sound stages and shoot 'em," said the fun-loving informant.

The girl fainted.

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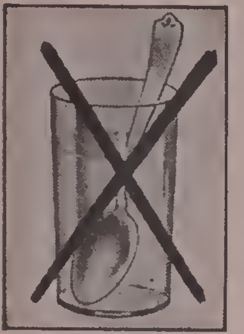

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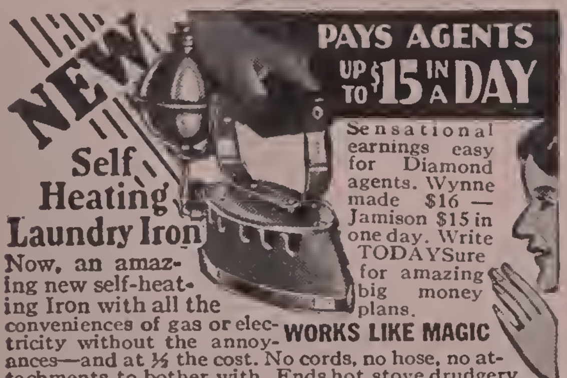

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Why Francis Lederer Has Never Married

(*Continued from page 13*)

he saw her he knew how it was going to be. The sight of her, fragile and fair with eyes sometimes gray and sometimes softly green, set his heart to singing.

"In her heart," he told me, "she was just as beautiful. It was that which licked me. You can get over a love affair with a girl who has only surface attractiveness without much difficulty. But when you also fall in love with a girl's mind and spirit . . . Well, experience makes me sure you don't recover fully. Ever!"

It was like that with the girl too. She had had other suitors. But never before had she noticed with what clean, smooth lines a man's neck flows into strong shoulders or felt a funny little catch in her throat every time she heard a man's laughter.

A first love which strikes deep, according to the psychologists, always leaves some mark.

The love Francis Lederer knew for that girl in Prague was his first love. And everything indicates it was a perfect love.

"Prague is such a romantic city," he told me.

It was for him. Of course. And land or city or countryside to which you bring romance is romantic.

There was a Sunday in the park when the weather kept the crowds away, when they had the wooded acres, the paths winding in and out of the gardens, and a bench in a little copse all to themselves.

Sitting there, close, hands clasped, they didn't wish for the sun. They thought the trees in the mist the most beautiful they ever had seen then.

And they didn't talk about the flat they would have when they could be married. And they didn't plan how they would hang curtains at their own windows and cover their tables with a bright cloth. They dreamed, out loud, of other things. Of the wonders people could accomplish with their brains and their spirits if they only would try. Of the beauty life might attain if men and women only would raise their eyes beyond curtains and bright cloths and grasp a greater vision.

Overhearing them some would have laughed and even jeered, thought them a little crazy, a couple of nuts.

But others, overhearing them, would have sighed and prayed that life might not alienate them from such dreams.

It was that Sunday that the girl gave Francis the little book he prizes beyond everything else he owns in this world. On the fly-leaf she inscribed a quotation, which has been his watchword ever since, "Forward, upward, ever upward!"

The time came, not long after that, as it does for all young men in Europe, when Francis had to leave his work to turn soldier. The camp to which he was assigned was many miles from Prague.

Every night he wrote the girl. And his pen was as hasty to tell her all the things he thought and all the things he felt as his tongue and eyes always had been. She wrote to him too. As often.

Whenever he had leave he rushed to see her. He walked five hours to get there but returning was able to make a train connection which left him only a two hours' walk on the other end. This gave him a half hour with her.

As Francis himself has said he was unbelievably poor, a nobody. Hardly a suitor to fill any mother's heart with joy. However, while he had been there in Prague there was little or nothing to be done. The love between him and the girl obviously was too great, too close to be influenced by any third person, even a mother.

But when Francis was away at camp the girl's mother found it feasible to do a great deal. She brought other young men to the house. She marked their attractions and advantages easily and casually. She teased the girl's young vanity by repeating the compliments they had paid her.

She was a pretty girl. And when she danced young men thought they held a sprite in their arms. She did not lack either invitations or suitors.

At the big parties which she attended first simply to please her mother and later because she came to find them exciting other girls preened before dressing-room mirrors. And awakened her to a natural sense of feminine competition.

Very slowly, very gradually the relationship between Francis and her changed. Telling about it he was honest enough to admit that he probably could not have stood the loss of her had it happened in any one hour, day, or week.

A different tone crept into her letters. She wrote less about the mystical things which had occupied her before and more about gaiety. She described the grand parties she had danced at and wrote of her new gown, pale mauve, with which she had worn violets pinned at her waist.

At first Francis wouldn't admit, even to himself, that the girl he loved was changing. When she wrote and said things which let him down, things which indicated she had been infected with the virus of her mother's ambition, he would tell himself he was too critical, that he was unreasonable, that he exaggerated things.

But at last a day came when he faced the fact that he had walked for five hours to visit a girl who was a stranger. He was unspeakably sad.

An idyl was over. A love was lost.

The time came at last when Francis Lederer was through serving his years as a soldier. He returned to the theater. To work hard and give unsparingly of his time and energy so that he would have little time for self-pity or regrets.

Soon in Prague and later in Germany he came to great success. Now he might have a carriage in which to drive to dinner parties. Now he might buy violets for a girl to pin at her slim waist. Now he might be considered an acceptable suitor even by the most ambitious mother. For obviously he was going to be somebody.

The ladies of Prague and Berlin whispered of him behind their fans, of how handsome he was, and how charming, of the flash in his eyes.

An idyl was over. A love was lost. But neither was forgotten.

Francis went to London. To become the rage. The aristocracy took him up. Parties were given in his honor in the most exclusive houses of Mayfair. During the social season he never had more than four hours sleep a night. A great lady, wrapped in furs worth a royal ransom, motored him to Windsor Castle where, because of her friendship, he was privileged to see King George's priceless collection of pencil sketches by the greatest painters.

"They were charming and fascinating people," he says, talking of the friends he made during that London season. "I shall be grateful to them always. For many things."

He sat beside me dressed as the humble immigrant boy. But I had no difficulty picturing him in those Mayfair drawing-rooms. Tall and straight, dark and lean, bending, with a charming deference, to kiss a lady's hand.

Among all the beautiful women he met in Prague, Berlin, New York, and Hollywood there was not one he could love. The rumors about him and Steffi Duna, like all other romantic Lederer rumors, have come to naught.

"I should not doubt that the man who can love a girl simply because she is beautiful and gay, irrespective of whether she inspires him mentally and spiritually, is more fortunate than I," Francis told me that day. "Perhaps if I'd never known that girl in Prague it would be different with me. But I did know her. And if because of the dreams she left in my heart I never, until I die, meet another girl I can love, even so I am glad for her and those years we had when we were young."

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What You Can Learn from Warner Baxter

(*Continued from page* 55)

lating him with "I always knew you had it in you, old boy." You can't blame him for enjoying this. It was one of the happiest moments of his life.

But the interesting part of this story—the part that makes it qualify for a place in this article—is that Warner was perhaps the only person in Hollywood who did not think his picture career ended when his Paramount contract expired.

"I never allowed myself to become discouraged," he said. "I argued with myself every day: 'the reason I am out of this job is that there is a better one awaiting me. All I need to do is to keep my eyes open so I can see it when it comes along.' I knew I was a better actor than when I started; that I would be more valuable to a producer than in the past years. I declared this to myself so often that I never had a doubt but that something better was just around the corner. Even when our savings began to dwindle, I would not change my outlook. I knew if once I began to feel that I could not do for other people, couldn't afford to live in a modest, comfortable manner, I would begin to doubt my own ability, and that certainly would have worked out my downfall. No man can be better than he thinks himself to be."

ONLY recently has Warner built a beautiful home in fashionable Bel Air which is a suburb just beyond Beverly Hills and overlooking the Pacific. All of these years he has lived in an unpretentious home in Hollywood. But always, too, he has had in mind that he would some day give his wife a million dollars. The beautiful Winifred Bryson has been married to him sixteen years. In the early years, when they had some terrific financial struggles, he said, "Don't cry, darling, I'm going to give you a million dollars some day."

Maybe this is one of the reasons that he has always lived simply. His salary runs into four figures and warrants a comfortable but not an ostentatious style of living. Yet he is the only man in pictures who has been outspoken in the matter of high salaries. He believes *high salaries are slow suicide*. Says a company cannot make money when exorbitant salaries are paid to the stars. His fan mail is perhaps the largest on the Fox lot, yet he doesn't use this as a whiphand to obtain higher salary. (But, in the face of this, his present contract with the company runs through 1937 without options!)

This is in line with the governing motives of his life. While he firmly believes he will be able to give Winifred the million dollars some day, if he does, you can rest assured that he has made many millions for the company. He doesn't believe a deal is ever right for anybody unless it is right for everybody concerned. He would not continue a contract, no matter how enticingly remunerative to him, if he were not making money for the producer.

He believes in financial success, for he thinks we are intended to live a full, expressive life, and it can be done with greater ease if one is not financially embarrassed. I wouldn't want to discourage him about his millions, but if his generosity keeps pace with his earnings as heretofore, I don't see how he can do it—unless it be that it comes from the fulfillment of a great metaphysical law which is to the effect that we only receive as we give. Maybe he has a glimpse of that and is *more afraid to withhold than give.*

EVEN after all the phenomenal success under the new Fox regime (for it was with them he signed after doing "In Old Arizona"), there eventually came a time, about two years ago, when it seemed again as if he were finished. There was no talk of his option being taken up, and conjecture had already arisen as to who would take Baxter's place on the program. But Warner never believed it for a moment. He didn't think of whether or not he would remain with Fox. He neither knew nor cared. He merely declared success and growth for himself each day and went serenely on his way. He never even thought of including in these declarations the hope that his place might continue to be with the Fox studio.

"If I had done that," he says, "I would have been limiting the infinite plan. I didn't even know if my place would be there, nor did I care, much as I love the place and my associates. It might be that continuous progress would mean I should work elsewhere. I never for a moment saw myself idle. I never imagined that I had less to give to the screen. I never wondered what would become of me. I went right ahead with my plans for a home."

You probably know the balance of the story. Warners-First National were looking for a man to play the producer in their big special, "42nd Street" and Warner was borrowed for the part. In less time than it takes to tell, the news reached his own studio of his fine performance, and Fox hurried to exercise its option on him. More care is given to the selection of his stories now and he is not required to make as many pictures in a year as formerly. So other studios borrow him occasionally. He's just finished "Broadway Bill" for Columbia.

IT is small wonder that women are so attracted to him. And the charm of the man is felt by men as well. With all the adulation, Warner has never been in love but once in his life. True, he was married to Viola Caldwell for a brief three months, but that was the result of propinquity. On January 29, 1918, he married Winifred Bryson, who was then rapidly making a name for herself on the stage. In all these sixteen years, they have been separated only one week, a time when she could not accompany him on location. Furthermore, even the women whom he admires on the screen—Norma Talmadge, Ruth Elder, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert—are all exactly Mrs. Baxter's type.

Warner has been quoted as saying: "No man likes a woman who is too mental . . a woman who knows more than he does." Yet he married a woman who is not only beautiful but brilliant, and whose tact is such that he will never suspect that she knows as much as her husband does.

Bill Powell, Casual Cavalier

(*Continued from page 33*)

office and read me the letter which had come from my aunt's solicitor. Five minutes after I'd learned there was a check enclosed and an assurance of other checks at stated intervals I'd grabbed my hat from the rack, informed my superior that I was leaving, and was walking down the street, headed for the house of the girl I was in love with, entirely confident of our future."

There was a particularly bad time ahead for Bill. Immediately he finished at the Sargent School he got a job. But when that play closed he couldn't get another. His friend, Ralph Barton, let him bunk with him in his New York studio. But there were plenty of days when they didn't have a ten cent piece between them.

"We hocked everything," Bill told me. "Our dinner clothes first. We knew you aren't asked out for dinner when you actually need a meal. Our walking sticks. Our watches. Finally our suit-cases. They'd become entirely superfluous. We'd no longer anything to pack in them. Even if we'd been going any place."

At this time Bill's father urged him to return home. He was conscious of that girl waiting for him too. It looked as if it was the end of everything. And it would have been if Bill hadn't had the courage to go hungry when it was necessary and fight his sense of failure.

Bill's breaks may have made him. But Bill himself has made his breaks. In his private life too. For unlike many outstandingly successful people individually Bill is quite as well off as he is professionally.

With one close, masculine friendship a man is fortunate. Bill has two, Dick Barthelmess and Ronny Colman.

When Bill and his first wife, Eileen Wilson, found they weren't getting on they talked things over and agreed to separate before they had destroyed the mutual respect they bore each other with nervous quarreling and bickering. And you've never read any complaints made about Bill by Eileen Wilson because there never have been any.

CAROLE LOMBARD will tell you with a kind of regretful, vehement sincerity that Bill is a "swell guy."

Towards his son Bill has done his practical duty with trust funds and generous annuities which make the boy independent for life. But the friendship that exists between these two has rooted itself in the weeks they spend together in the mountains or at the shore every time Bill has a holiday between pictures.

Nowhere in Bill's house is there and slipshod indication that Bill keeps bachelor's hall, that there is no woman to direct the servants in those small tasks which even the finest servants perform only under direction.

Later, Bill and I went inside. We perched on the high stools at his bar. There were bowls of salted nuts at hand. Several kinds of cigarettes. Matches. And the bath-house beside the swimming-pool had been perfectly appointed too, with various size swimming suits and caps and huge fleecy towels. As well appointed as the charming living-room with its bowls of flowers, Venetian blinds drawn against the slanting rays of the sun, and lamps convenient to the deep sofas and chairs.

Over Bill's bar hung an oil painting of Dick Barthelmess. A fan had sent it to Dick. Originally, I understand, the cheeks had been an apple red. Dick, in turn, had sent it to Bill with a card which read "This is what clean living will do for you."

The cheeks in Dick's portrait no longer are apple red. Rather a grayish, bilious green. There are deep circles under the eyes and more than a suggestion of pouches. Jowls are indicated by dark smudges rubbed in by a none too professional hand. The Powell hand.

The minute Dick steps into the house Bill scrutinizes him carefully and then, irrespective of how fit he may look, adds further indications of age and dissipation to the portrait.

Men have such odd ways of showing their affection for one another!

IT was in Italy, years ago when "Romola" was being filmed, that Bill and Ronny Colman first met. Both men had reached the place where they had to admit their marriages were over. Emotional disturbances behind them, for the time at any rate, they found it good to be together, two men who understood each other and liked to do the same things in the same way.

"Those months in Florence with Ronny remain the happiest I've ever known," Bill will tell you.

"We didn't do anything particularly. There were a couple of weeks when we weren't working that we spent exploring the city. And what a city that is to explore! We wandered around up in the hills of Fiesole. Then, every afternoon, we went to Piazza Signora. If our table was taken we felt outraged.

"Our waiter would bring us tea and brioche. Later sherry or Scotch and soda. Sometimes other members of the company joined us. To sit, in the beautiful, leisurely Italian way, and smoke and talk.

"When Ronny and I were in Rome, later on, we found the house Romola had lived in. I hadn't expected to get terribly excited over it. But as we approached the old place I found a big ostrich egg in my throat. You know how emotions sneak up on you. I was embarrassed and began swallowing. Hard. When I dared look at Ronny I found him swallowing too."

I asked Bill if he knew what quality it was in Ronald Colman that he liked most. He didn't hesitate for a second.

"Validity," he said.

That's a splendid word to have used to describe him, And immediately Bill said it I wished I'd thought of it. It was a perfect one word description of him too.

Bill got up, went behind the bar, poured two glasses of sherry. He held up his glass and admired the color of the wine, golden in the light.

"Here's to the breaks that make us," he said, getting back to where we had started.

"Here's to those who make their own breaks," I added.

Bill smiled, a quick, warm smile. One eyebrow lifted. It created that typical Powell "Thin Man" look.

He's nice. He's such a casual cavalier.

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The Ruby Keeler Her Mother Knows

(*Continued from page* 35)

"Ruby looked me full in the eye and replied simply:

"'No mother, I love him.'

"I realized she was deeply and sincerely in love and I answered:

"'Marry the man you love, Ruby. If you make a mistake that's all right too; other people have made mistakes.' And so they were married shortly after by a Justice of the Peace.

It didn't seem, as she talked, that Mrs. Keeler realized she had done anything big or unusual. How many mothers would put the happiness of their daughter before their own personal scruples, especially with religion involved? But by this time I realized that Mrs. Keeler was both an unusual mother and an unusual woman.

"If they have children in what faith would they be brought up?" I asked.

"IF the child were a boy, in Mr. Jolson's faith," returned Mrs. Keeler. "I think that only fair, don't you, for Jewish men take such pride in their sons; and if it were a girl I really don't know but I'm sure that it would all come out right because they respect and love and understand each other. Jewish men make marvelous husbands—and that isn't just talk, let me tell you. Al has been wonderful to Ruby and all of the family—and as for me—well, he couldn't do more for his own mother because there isn't anything left for him to do for me. He has looked out for my comfort as much as Ruby has; he set Bill up in business in Wall Street; he's done everything for all of us. He has a wonderful brain—you can ask him about anything. When I need advice about small or large things I always consult him. I like to have him sit at our table and listen to him talk about the world as well as more personal affairs.

"Ruby is crazy to have children. She often says to me, 'Mother how is it that you had six children in succession and I'm married six years and haven't had any yet?'

"I tell her that perhaps she will have her family later—after all I was twenty-five when I married and she is just that age now. That seems to comfort her. Bill who has a lovely wife and has been married three years has no children yet either. I say we must take our fate as it's given—what's to be will be. Ruby and Al have talked about adopting a baby and I think if they decide to do it, it will be a good thing, even if they have children of their own later.

"Ruby is the eldest and has been in a position to become high-hat if she were ever going to. But nothing has changed her. She is almost like an only child in her devotion to me. When she's away she will telephone me every day no matter where she may be. She's just as devoted to her sisters and usually has one or two of the girls with her all the time. She has no bosom friends among the stars. She has lots of friends with whom she golfs and attends a movie or goes shopping but when it comes to a confidante Ruby chooses one of the girls. Right now Gertrude is with her. But please don't get the impression that Ruby is any different from the rest of the family. To this day even Bill will 'phone me when he is out of town so that I always know where to reach all of them.

"Ruby gave me her salary before she was married and still does because Mr. Jolson as you know is very well able to support her. They have three beautiful homes, an apartment, a house in Scarsdale and one in Hollywood.

"This brings me to an incident which has come in for a great deal of attention. I'd like to tell the truth about it, once and for all.

"There has been some talk—now and again—about Al Jolson's personal jealousy when it comes to Ruby. How he didn't want her to appear in the Cantor show 'Whoopee' and that she dropped out of Ziegfeld's production after three or four weeks on what seemed like a very flimsy pretext of illness.

"If Al has ever been professionally jealous of either Eddie Cantor or of Ruby he certainly has never shown it. On the contrary, he has done everything possible to help Ruby get ahead.

"It was while she was in Pittsburgh, I believe, that Ruby got a wire from her husband to get on a certain train and go to New York to meet him. She was puzzled and immediately 'phoned him explaining that she couldn't leave the show—that Mr. Ziegfeld had given her her big chance in 'Whoopee' and that now she couldn't let him down.

"His reply was that she should be on that train. There was no argument, he merely intimated to her that it was important that she comply with his request.

"'What shall I do, mother?' she asked, 'I want to be fair to Mr. Ziegfeld, yet Al seems to feel that it is imperative for me to leave the show and join him immediately. I don't know how to decide.'"

"'RUBY,' I reminded her, 'this is the man you married—the man you love. If he wants you to be on that train you'd better listen to him. You must think of your happiness.'

"I never really found out just why Al made such a point of Ruby returning at that time. I never asked. But I know, as I know them both, that there was a good and sufficient reason—and a personal one.

"Mr. Ziegfeld felt she was right in going to her husband. He admired her for it. Later he starred her in 'Show Girl'."

The Keelers are a very normal, happy, Irish family of talented youngsters, and over them all rules this wholesome, unambitious mother whose native intelligence has been so invaluable. To a girl who might easily have suffered from delusions of grandeur and wrecked both her career and her private life, this background has been her salvation. Ruby has managed to see that neither career nor marriage has suffered. But I am certain should there come a time when she will have to choose she will remember the words of her mother that, as I left, came back with such a good, clear ring.

"If it is a case of choosing between a career and a happy marriage—let your personal life come first!"

The Success Story of Elizabeth Allan

(*Continued from page 39*)

glacial logic was compounded by Elizabeth Allan when she was four years this side of childhood.

She was a success, naturally. There wasn't a weak chink in her armour. Even Nature couldn't discover a penetrable Achilles' Heel.

When she was eighteen, she made her first London appearance in "Michael and Mary," a play starring Herbert Marshall and his wife Edna Best. The Marshalls became her closest friends and at the end of the season, they introduced her to William J. O'Bryen, well known actors' manager. Young O'Bryen took over the Allan career, and soon found a part of her in a motion picture titled "Alibi."

During the following two years there wasn't a single workless week. The new manager kept her rushing between pictures and plays and often both at once.

In 1932 they were married.

"And what finally attracted you, made you forget your resolutions?" I queried.

"After two years as friends and business associates, I knew that he was one man who would always consider my career as seriously as I did. I knew that he would never hinder me or stand in my way. He would help me."

AND right she was. Eight months later when, as her manager, M-G-M talked Hollywood contract with O'Bryen, he didn't welch, or once ask her to stay in London with him. He even left his business for three months to help his wife over the first difficult weeks in a new country.

I think this William J. O'Bryen is a swell egg.

But there are nights, week-ends and scattered days when Elizabeth Allan cannot fill the hours with work.

What of loneliness then?

"I play tennis and ride constantly and in fine weather swim." A sun-glazed nose and a frond of freckles attest to this fact.

"I have friends, too. There are the Clive Brooks, but they are in England now, the Richard Barthlemess's, Mrs. Howard Hawks, she is Norma Shearer's sister, you know, Mrs. Ernest Torrence and Diana Wynyard.

"We are all quite informal. We seldom dress for our parties and I like that. I never learned to like clothes. I never shop unless my wardrobe is in a shocking state. In England I was spoiled. I called my modiste on the telephone and told her to run up something for tea Thursday, or a formal frock for Saturday night. I didn't have to go through the ordeals of fittings."

BEAUTY parlors are also an aversion. Twice a month for shampoos is sufficient when she is not working. She investigated one of our famous American facials out of curiosity, but disliked it.

"Tell me," I prodded for just one fragile link in this staunch chain, "don't you ever feel that warm surge of triumph when you look in the mirror and see yourself, glamorous and lovely, in a very successful new frock?"

"No," she answered, "or at least, very, very seldom."

There is little doubt that she will be a success in Hollywood. M-G-M has little to fear for her future. The Allan code would put the ancient stoics of Sparta to shame, and it's bound to get her exactly what she wants.

But still I say, poor Elizabeth. I keep wondering when life will begin catching up with her. You can't deny it always. Some day a great, warm, demanding devotion is going to overtake her—and what will Elizabeth do then? Or am I all wrong and is there in her excellent acting the proof that in her lie vast emotions which she expresses in art and art alone?

I don't know. I only know that I like and am baffled by Elizabeth Allan, and that I most certainly want to watch what she does with her career.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of MOVIE MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Eastern Editor of MOVIE MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Eastern Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1090 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is ...... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1934, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35. Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

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Romance, Wilcoxon Style

(*Continued from page 36*)

and for once he couldn't beat a square deal out of an unconcerned world with his battering hands.

Biff decided to use his head instead. He had the temerity to ask for a job as traveling salesman for the Corn Exchange, and he got it. He made good on the job. He had to or there would be no afterglow of paints and brushes to make the daily plodding bearable.

After three years, even art couldn't make the plodding endurable. He strained away from the crushing mould of big organizations and the paralyzing grip of routine business.

Biff made long lists of all the possible occupations open to him that would offer a modicum of romance, adventure or uncertainty, and after a careful check up he decided upon the stage.

It is amusing to hear Wilcoxon tell of his deliberate plans to become an actor.

"I was still looking decidedly Colonial as to clothes, so I decided to throw up the solid respectability of my corn selling job for the menial tasks of a salesman in a Bond Street tailor shop. I planned to gather a wardrobe at small cost through the job and learn a few secrets of social poise in the bargain.

"WHEN I had a dozen excellent suits and twenty pounds saved, I quit, dressed myself in the smartest addition to my wardrobe and ran over the telephone book list for the names of theatrical agents. I wrote down the address of the first one in the book and although this is difficult to believe, I was given work in a film three minutes after I landed in that agent's office."

But Wilcoxon is wrong. It isn't hard to believe that an agent would instantly recognize good profits in a perfect physique, a group of nicely assorted features and a booming bass voice.

After films came the stage, and not once has it disappointed the boy who wanted romance, adventure and uncertainty. He adored every chink in the backstage labyrinth. He always made it a point to ask for the assistant manager's berth in addition to his part, to enable him to spend his mornings and afternoons as well as his evenings in the theater.

"I found my work on the stage, and my relaxation in drawing. My life was quite filled with the two," he said. "All I needed was the certainty that I was progressing."

That explains, I think, the small part women have played in Biff Wilcoxon's life. He admits that he likes feminine company, that an evening of dancing and dining is great fun, but the "throw everything overboard sort of love" is an unexplored world to him.

Of course, he won't admit this. Instead he says, "How can anyone tell what love really is. You see, to me it is like a pair of scales. On one side are weighed all the glamorous attractions of the woman of the moment, on the other side are her unattractive characteristics. Today the attractions outweigh the faults, and we call it love, but tomorrow the faults might suddenly pull up the good side, and then we would call it a mistake."

Henry Wilcoxon has never been in love, or he would never have said this.

But let's get back to London and the theater, Henry Wilcoxon is playing the leading rôle in "Eight Bells" and Benjamin Glazer, a Paramount executive, is in the gala first night audience.

An extremely casual test was the result of Glazer's scouting, and Wilcoxon forgot about the fateful hundred feet of film over the week-end.

Months later in Hollywood Glazer was running the innumerable tests accumulated during his typical studio officials' European vacation. Cecil DeMille was waiting impatiently for the same projection room. He walked in believing the tests finished, and halted when he heard a basso profundo voice, and sat down when he saw the towering bulk of Henry Wilcoxon looming at him from the screen.

He said, "If you don't mind, Glazer, I want that man to play Marc Antony. What's his name?"

So Henry Wilcoxon came to Hollywood where he continued to live his rather isolated English life in spite of chatter columns and susceptible blondes. He was entirely impervious to the allusions of the press anent his chest before the preview of "Cleopatra" turned attention to his acting ability. His work, his art and now a new forty-foot schooner are the three points of his life, and he travels between them in placid contentment.

His friends are sparse in number, but he likes it that way. He literally worships DeMille and spends his week-ends on the director's ranch, or yacht.

He has been seen escorting Frances Drake and Heather Angel to the night places, but they are both old London acquaintances. And now Heather Angel is Mrs. Ralph Forbes. So——

At the moment most of Paramount's unattached feminine gender is casting encouragement in Biff's path, but so far he hasn't tripped.

I wonder if Biff Wilcoxon will ever discover irony in the fact that his pursuits of romance, adventure and uncertainty, finally led him to Hollywood, the only spot on earth saturated with the three hazards?

Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond were snapped by Hyman Fink between scenes of "Behold My Wife" on the Paramount lot.

Would You Have the Courage to Start Again at Forty?

(*Continued from page* 51)

than once she came to Flo's assistance during a tight period. Once when backing was needed for "Sunny" and Erlanger refused it, Billie Burke supplied it from her own earnings. That she was both able and willing to do this was undoubtedly one of the strongest bonds between them.

But to try to describe her life with Ziegfeld as one of unruffled calm would be absurd. If a woman desires that type of life, she must not marry a Glorifier, for whom beautiful girls were not only a passion but a career.

"He is an artist, with all that that implies." Miss Burke disposed of such incidents briefly. Still, it is well known, storms did arise to threaten the Ziegfeld boat more than once, and even threaten to capsize it. It took considerable clarity of vision, plus much wifely devotion and tolerance, the earnest entreaties of friendly advisers, and above all the common bond in the little Patricia, to whom both parents were devoted, to enable that hard-pressed bark to weather the storms. It did weather them.

Rest assured, it took courage, up to the very last zero hour, when all balances must be struck and many painful fears confirmed: Flo had died not only insolvent but a million dollars in the red! Simple enough to understand, when we recall his perpetual atmosphere of unbridled personal luxury, and also that many of his most glamorous shows were grand gestures rather than big profit-winners.

"If it were to run two solid years," a friendly rival producer said of one of the last of the Follies, "it might possibly have netted him—a hundred dollars." While even one unsuccessful show could easily have set him back a cool million.

BILLIE BURKE must have known many or most of these things, while practically unable for years to do anything about them. Now, for the first time, she was both free and forced to act, both for herself and for Flo. The family credit was at stake. Not merely her own credit, but Flo's as well. He was a great man, the king of all great men to her. It must be the work of her life to prove it.

When the end came, Ziegfeld's wife was caught midway in the making of "A Bill of Divorcement," and no front-trench soldier ever took his obligations more seriously than did this daughter of the circus and stage, bred to the traditions of all good troupers, "The Show must go on," no matter whose heart was breaking. The body of Ziegfeld lay in state, while his wife finished her part in the picture. No time to weep now, or even to complete her plans for "Ziggy's" burial in the East, but one thing was certain. It would not be a spectacular, state funeral, such as "Ziggy" himself would have exulted in; such as Jimmie Walker, then still Mayor of New York immediately leaped forward to urge.

"All the condolences in the world," he is known to have wired the young widow. "Hope you will unfailingly bring your distinguished husband here to receive the civic tribute New York is eager and waiting to extend him."

"All the thanks in the world," Miss Burke wrote, not wired, her response to this noble gesture. "But Flo has no need of such tributes—now. His funeral must be of the simplest." And it was.

A job for the young Patricia was her next concern. "I want Patsy to have the best of business training, so that she may be able to make her own way always, whatever happens," Patsy's mother explains simply. "She has shown no special leaning toward the stage. We gave her the chance, but it didn't work out. Certainly, I wouldn't want to force her. Her talents, I hope, may lie along executive lines—like her father's. We are both happy to have her make her start on the picture based upon her father's life."

So the little girl who so lately was her father's idol, the toast of Broadway, "the little girl who had everything," is now slated for a small studio job that shall pave the way to a knowledge of the technical end, and meantime is studying hard at her pothooks: "Dear Sir, I have yours of the tenth, yours of the tenth, yours of the tenth,"—Who says Billie Burke's feet are not firmly on the ground?

WHILE as to her plans for her own future:

"No woman after forty can hope to build up a following on her physical glamor. That would be absurd," Miss Burke said recently, thereby proving no mean ability to look a fact in the face. "But there are other things it seems to me she should be able to bring to the screen. If she has been in the business since she was a young woman, she has perfected her technique, and she has greater experience and understanding to bring to her work. It is too bad, or so it seems to me, that time has to take toll of her physically the way it does." Here speaks the old fêted darling of the stage, and if with a sigh, who can blame her? "But even that must be no bar to success," Billy Burke insists, "so long as she makes it a different form of success. She must play characters that suit her. Both the stage and pictures offer fine opportunities to women long past forty, if they have ability. We have two great instances lately in women like Marie Dressler and May Robson becoming America's sweethearts at even past fifty. Such instances should be multiplied. They provide a splendid inspiration to other actresses past forty seeking the way."

Suffering is said to bring out the best—or the worst. There is no question it has brought out in Billie Burke the truly constructive qualities. Flo Ziegfeld died insolvent because his wealth was almost wholly gambler's luck, and his old-time power to coerce luck had passed from him. Billie Burke is still solvent in a big way, because trials and adversity have but brought out the true, abiding qualities of resolution, careful, constructive planning, hoping, loving. All the highest and most powerful success qualities.

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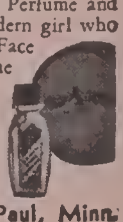

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Jean Parker's Five Year Plan

(Continued from page 63)

closely associated for several years. Aren't they apt to take each other a bit too much for granted? That's the most insidious change of all . . . for its effect is not always felt at first . . . but this casualness, if not checked, may be very heartbreaking. People forget to do the little things for each other that they did in the beginning. They are not quite as thoughtful about each other's comfort and happiness as they once were. It's a human failing, and a very sad one.

"Then that fourth year! Oh, dear . . . well, let's see how I can explain it. The two who were so content before to spend all their time together, alone, now begin to go around in crowds. There's always another couple along, or two or three couples. The two sweethearts begin to look outside of themselves for entertainment and companionship . . . which is all right, if it doesn't bring about what usually happens in the fifth year. Because it's then that other eyes may beckon, and either one or the other may get the habit of indulging in mild flirtations, which, especially in Hollywood, seems to be a very definite part of one's social qualifications. These flirtations, even if they are not serious, are bound to bring about some kind of misunderstanding. One person will, in some way, hurt the other terribly. And here is the climax of any friendship or romance. When such a misunderstanding occurs, there is only one thing to do. Have a good heart-to-heart explanation—which, if both people are intelligent, will result in understanding and forgiveness. Such a patched-up problem usually brings two people closer than ever before.

"Pancho and I think we love each other—but we are two people who must be sure. A defeated marriage would break our hearts. That's why we are willing to give each other five years, first. We look forward to those trial years, even if they should disappoint us because the chance of proving that our love is permanent and steadfast is such a wonderful thing to gamble and wait for! I am dating those five years from now, for the few years that we have known each other up to now we were really only children."

"BUT, Jean, how are you going to overcome these human pitfalls that shadow every romance? You seem so confident. Have you a plan of attack for each stage? The third-year slump, for example?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "but my plan of attack as you call it is made up of only little things—attitudes, mostly—that I hope will last throughout the five years. You see, simply because Pancho and I do recognize these problems, we have an advantage over couples who go on blindly together, oblivious to the things that are really happening to them. Because we do see the obstacles in the road, we know when to jump. We don't just stumble over them. First of all, though we would like to see each other every day, we don't. Rather than have our meetings commonplace, we see each other only on Sunday—and do we look forward to it! We get into Pancho's little open car and go down to the beach where we race along the sand and climb upon the rocks for a picnic lunch. Naturally, when we do have these weekly meetings together, we have loads of things to tell each other and we do tell each other everything. I make it a point to talk freely about the people I am working with, and especially about the men with whom I have my love scenes in pictures, so Pancho will never have any cause for jealousy. He will never think that I am keeping anything from him. And he is the same with me.

"I don't go out with other men alone and Pancho doesn't have dates with other girls. When we want to see other people, we see them together. We go to parties occasionally, and all of my friends are Pancho's friends, and vice versa.

"If either one of us hurts the other, we don't sulk and act nasty about it. We just frankly say, 'Hey, what's this all about?' And we usually find out there's really nothing to be upset about at all. We love arguments, but not disagreements, and there's a difference. We do not pick on each other, over little things. The color of the tie that Pancho wears has nothing to do with me, even if I don't like it. If Pancho thinks I wear too much lipstick, he may say something about it, but he never nags me about it. Usually one such suggestion from him is enough.

"YOU see, these are all little things, but it's the little things that keep peace in a family, and in a family-to-be."

There was a lull in the conversation, as both of us looked thoughtfully at each other. Somehow all of Hollywood, its great industry, its made publicity, its hectic battle of human emotions had suddenly faded from the picture. The movie colony had nothing to do with this romance. It lived and breathed and blossomed in *spite* of Hollywood. I didn't even have to ask what Pancho was like. I knew. He is one real person in a thousand. Jean Parker, being so natural, so real herself, could love only that kind of a man.

"He's working now, you know," Jean told me, and that same look of tender pride came back into her eyes—"working in a steel company. He's beginning at the bottom, but just you wait! He wanted to study law, but that would take too long, too many years of study. Ours would have to be a ten-year plan if that were the case. And five years is long enough. You see . . ." and here Jean paused for a moment. "It's—it's—" she tried to laugh, but it was a sad little sound. . . . "Well, it's not being able to have a baby for all that time. I would so love to have one! Why, if I had a little girl, I'd spend all my time caring for her——fussing with her hair, dressing her in pretty clothes. It's really awful, to have to give up that idea for so many years. I don't mean to sound sentimental and foolish, but *really*, it's one of the ambitions of my life. If they'd let me, I'd adopt a little girl now!"

"But you're so young! How could you adopt a baby? Don't you realize what a responsibility it would be!"

"I know," she said soberly. "That's what Jessica and Pancho said. Jessica's my guardian, you know. They both talked me out of it, but I still don't see why they won't let me. I've got enough money, and it would be so wonderful to have a little girl while I'm young, so we could both be young together."

"What did Pancho say about it?"

It was then that Jean smiled, and looked shy. "He said I had better wait till I can have one of my own," she said.

"Of course," I agreed. "Suppose you did adopt a little girl. You'd be sure to have one of your own some day later, and then the little adopted girl might feel she wasn't as close to you as your own, and that would hurt."

"Oh, but there wouldn't be any hurt!" Jean, herself, looked hurt as she rebuked my thought. "There would never be any difference between them. When I love anyone, I love him with all my heart!"

I couldn't say anything after that, for I believed her. There is nothing of the poker face about Jean Parker. When she says a thing, you know that she means it. "When I love someone, I love him with all my heart," she had said so simply, so honestly, that there could be no doubting her sincerity.

But while she loves with all her heart, she also has a keen ability for analytical thinking that, though close to her emotions, is at the same time intelligent and reasonable. A strange combination in one so young. And because of this quality Jean has put aside her desire to adopt a little girl. She believes in her love-plan so much that she will stick to it.

It's refreshing to find such a simple love-story in Hollywood, where love stories are usually so chaotic—and so brief.

Hollywood Cheat

(*Continued from page 65*)

than to write you a contract at such time that you show me you deserve one. Maybe Al Holtzwasser has learned something, too. And now, I'll send you to Fra—home in the car."

MARNIE found herself crying on the way back to Beverly Hills. She wasn't sure exactly why. Perhaps it was embarrassment that she had been shown up as a trickster, perhaps it was that she was glad for Francesca. But Al Holtzwasser could have been cruel, and he hadn't been. He had been grand. She was going to get extra work, which was more than lots of girls were getting. She would pay attention and learn all there was to learn. Some not-too-far-off day she might get a contract after all.

Francesca was on the lawn, in a glider hammock.

"Hi!" she called, as Holtzwasser's car disappeared. "I was too lazy to dress and go on up to Hollywood. Get the contract signed?"

Marnie walked across the smooth lawn toward the hammock.

"Hey, you've been crying!" Francesca said. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Marnie said. "That's why I was crying. Everything's so very right. And here's the contract. You read it."

Francesca took the document, and at the second line she paled. She gave Marnie one stricken look, then her eyes went back to the paper. She read it through. When she finished, she was crying too.

"The old fool," she said. "Oh, Marnie, there is a God!"

It was five minutes later before she remembered to ask about Marnie. And when the whole story was out, she alternately laughed and cried, until the two of them were in near-hysteria.

"Wait till Duke and Lee hear that!" she gasped. "He beat us at our own game." Then she cried again.

"You know," Marnie said idiotically, "I'll be ten years repaying Mr. Ives."

"Well," Francesca reminded her, "at least you've got a grand wardrobe. And that's something every extra girl has to have. And I'll make my bets six two and even you won't be an extra girl long."

Out of a clear sky Marnie said: "Glory! I guess I'll telephone Brandy Phelps. I can tell him the truth now."

As she got up to go into the house, Francesca said: "Yeah, I'll change that bet. I'll bet you won't be in pictures long."

"Long enough to pay Mr. Ives," Marnie said, running.

It took her ten minutes to get Brandy on the telephone. When he came on the wire all he said was: "Oh, hello, Marnie."

"Brandy," she said. "Look, I was keeping a secret last night but I can tell you all about it now."

"Did you get your contract?" he asked, formally.

"No, Brandy, I did not get my contract. The producer's interest was not in me, but in what he thought I was, and I'm not."

"But your rich friend, Mr. Ives, can probably fix it up for you some other place."

"He probably won't want to. I have the feeling that his interest in Hollywood is about over. He's in love with someone that he will probably get—very soon."

"You?" Brandy's voice was tense.

"No, not me, you goop," Marnie said. "I'll tell you when I see you."

"Could that be tonight?" Brandy said instantly.

"Tonight would be swell," said Marnie. "I've got loads to tell you."

"I'm all set to listen," he told her. "And listen, they're casting a new musical over here. Would you like me to see if I can slip you in?"

"I would," Marnie said. "Somehow I've got to earn five hundred dollars."

"Okay," Brandy said. "You don't have to earn anything. I can get you out of hock."

"No, you can't," said Marnie. "I have to do this myself."

"We'll talk that over tonight," Brandy replied. "I'll be out about seven. You're going to dinner with me. I'm sick of secrets. From now on, I'll have something to say."

"Yes, Brandy," Marnie said meekly.

"Okay, darling," he said. "See you at seven. What's that address?"

Marnie gave it to him. The movies were a long way behind her. But seven o'clock wasn't so many hours away!

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The Right to Live

(*Continued from page* 59)

instructions. She's to use a new prescription I'm sending down, but only one, at the most two tablets at a time."

On the way out, Dr. Harvester stopped for a word with Wayland. Maurice did not see her glance toward him as she listened to the doctor. It was a strange, revealing look, startlingly unlike her usual impassive professionalism. The doctor had repeated to her: "Never more than two tablets at the most." Then he had added, in a still lower tone: "And keep the bottle out of his reach."

Maurice had drawn Stella down to him, so that his arms encircled her and her face was close to his.

"Darling," he said, "For a moment I thought they were lying. But I decided it's the truth they're telling me. It must be the truth, Stella."

"Of course it is, dear. We'll have fun, won't we?"

"We will that. Sweet dreams to you, my darling."

"And none to you, my sweet."

He was still smiling at her when she closed the door, and she was smiling back at him, but she knew then in her heart what the doctors later told her and his mother. The case was hopeless.

"He'll make progress, of course. He may live a long time, but he's very high-strung, you know."

Mrs. Trent nodded. "I know. I hope this new sedative will help. I sometimes go down to him in the night and find him stark awake. He's living in the hope of a cure, for Stella's sake. It's what's keeping him going."

Dr. Harvester looked at Stella affectionately. "I'm betting on you, my dear. You've *got* to keep him going. Mustn't let the strain tell on you. I'll give you a tonic. You're looking a little fagged out. Can't have that, not now."

Mrs. Trent intervened. "I've an idea. I wanted to send for Colin. They are so near of an age, they've been more than brothers to each other. But Maurice wouldn't hear of his coming all the way from his coffee plantation. After all, South America is weeks from here. Stella is looking fagged, and Maurice has noticed it. He's worrying about her. I shall tell him that Colin will cheer her up, take her out a bit, that sort of thing, which of course he will, but beyond that, his mere being here will give Maurice a boost."

Dr. Harvester approved the plan heartily, and the little scheme was put into effect. Colin arrived, and Stella, seeing the meeting of the brothers, thought how characteristic it was of the family.

Maurice said: "Stand off, old son, and let me have a look at you. Top hole, eh, Stella?"

"Pretty good yourself, Maurice," Colin answered heartily.

"Oh, I'm no blooming wreck. Nothing gone but my legs. I say, hope you had a restful trip because I've got a job for you. Stella's been a bit liverish, and she needs to be toured around town—put her through her paces. Are you the man for it?"

Colin looked at Stella. "If I'd known the job, I'd have come sooner," he laughed.

After Maurice had been wheeled to his room, Colin said to Stella: "What a face he puts on it. I've never seen courage like that." He paused, and began carefully filling his pipe. Then he went on, a little hesitant: "Don't think I'm blind to what it's meaning to you. All you've given him——"

Stella said gently: "You don't think of that when you love someone, do you?"

"No, of course not—but it counts, just the same."

"We're being too serious, really. It's splendid of you to come and it will mean a lot to Maurice."

Stella was right in this. She could see how Colin's presence stimulated Maurice, how much their man-talk meant to him, but she was a little dismayed at Maurice's insistence on Colin's "job."

He sent them out together on the round of gaieties that is the London season, but he gloated so lovingly over the good effect it was having on Stella that she could not refuse to go.

And they did have fun—Ascot, Henley, parties and theatres. The months passed so easily, the release from the long strain was so needed, that she allowed herself no thoughts but the pleasure of the moment. She was unprepared for the abrupt scene which occurred at Claridge's.

She and Colin had agreed to stay in town for tea, and had given their order in the luxurious lounge, when she felt Colin's eyes on her. When she looked up, he avoided meeting her gaze, and toying with a spoon, he said:

"I've been having letters from my overseer. Things are at sixes and sevens down there on the plantation. Got to be getting back soon."

"Soon, Colin?"

"Yes, very soon, immediately, in fact."

It was all very commonplace, this exchange of words. So was Stella's next remark. She said:

"If you don't mind, Colin, I've changed my mind about staying up. Let's go home. Do you mind?"

Yet in the pause before she spoke, they both realized that they had irrevocably declared themselves. Neither had wished it. They would have denied it if they had been able. But it had happened; Colin must go.

When they returned, Colin tried to tell Maurice he was needed back at his coffee-growing, but Maurice remonstrated vigorously: "Why. Col, you can't run out on me. You know you're not. You wouldn't go back on me." He enlisted Stella's aid: "We won't let him, will we, Stella, after all he's done for us both? You look so much better, you know."

Stella laughed. "I ought to. He's toured me around like visiting Royalty."

Maurice turned excitedly to Colin, the feverish flush rising in his thin cheeks. "There, you see, old man?"

Colin walked over to his brother's couch and gripped his shoulder. "I'll try and work it out from here, then," he said soothingly. "I'll try."

Stella's knuckles were white as she clenched her handkerchief. Colin would have to stay. She saw that. Could she stand this new strain, this two-way pull at her heart?

Stella dared not obviously avoid Colin, nor, he, her. The next day, she had promised Maurice to bring him violets from a little wood even they had both known and loved. It was natural for Colin to go with her. The horses were brought round, and they cantered off.

"It's going to rain," Colin observed.

"If it rains, I shall love it," she cried as she dismounted and began gathering the fragrant wild flowers.

"It's going to storm . . . hard. Hurry, Stella."

But before they could return, the storm broke, and they stood under a big tree as the curtain of rain descended. It seemed for a bit that the worst of the storm would pass them by, but the thunder grew louder and the lightning increased.

"Can't last long at this rate!" Colin cried reassuringly.

The next second a crash, and a brutally vivid flash from the riven sky, completely unnerved Stella. She screamed with terror and cowered toward the man at her side. His arms were about her, and they stood so, while the reverberations echoed among the hills. This was the peak of the storm. It gradually drew off, and Stella, still shaky, attempted to release herself. "Sorry, silly of me to be so scared."

Would he follow her lead? He would not, and as he kissed her, she surrendered to the inevitableness of it.

"We've got to face it now," she murmured to him. "I knew yesterday, but I couldn't confess it. I didn't mean it to happen. I thought we could keep it, always, unsaid, between us."

"You knew . . . why I had to leave?"

Stella nodded. She let him go on. She knew he had to talk.

"I've spent hours trying to find a way out. You see, he's not just my brother. We've played and worked together. And then I always come back to it. I love you, Stella. I can't see your life descend into nothingness. Perhaps that doesn't mean anything. I don't know."

She was still in his arms, but she spoke quietly and firmly: "Nothing means anything, nothing except Maurice, who can live because we give him life. Now you'll have to go away, Colin. You must find some reason that Maurice will believe."

SHE marvelled at Colin's diplomacy in the way he persuaded his brother to let him go back to his plantation. He traded subtly on Maurice's interest and pride in Colin's career, and the case was won.

Stella would have preferred that Colin sail before they were forced into another tête-à-tête, but a particular fine performance of "Tristan" was being sung, and Maurice would have been unhappy if they had missed it. Somehow, they never got on to the opera, lingering over dinner, talking, talking.

"Is there something wicked and dishonorable in me that makes me love you like this?" Stella put her nightmare of the last few days into words.

"Life doesn't always fit the copy-book maxims, dear."

She continued her restless thought: "But people, people we know and respect, would say I was wicked. I don't understand it. I love Maurice—every pain in his soul, I can feel in mine. And, yet, until that day in the woods, something in me was dead."

He put his hand gently over hers. Reluctantly she glanced at her watch. "The opera must be over. We must go."

THEY were surprised to find Maurice still up. He was playing chess with Dr. Harvester, but his attention seemed strangely unclaimed by the game. Stella suddenly remembered that the three months the doctors had spoken of before they could operate had elapsed. How could she have forgotten? She wondered if Maurice had been quizzing the gentle doctor, whom she knew could lie only with a bad grace. Had Maurice guessed that the promise of the operation was a futile gesture?

In a wild panic, she imagined he might have overheard her farewell to Colin, spoken outside the house. She had almost broken down; begged him to take her with him; for a hideous moment even considered telling Maurice of their love for each other.

"You've a right to live," Colin had answered passionately, caution swept to the winds on this eve of his leaving her. "I'll tell Maurice myself . . . tonight."

That had brought her up short. "No . . . no!"

"What then, Stella?" Colin had asked.

Stella had no time to think about it. As they entered the room, the conversation became general. Dr. Harvester was nervously bidding Colin *bon voyage,* and then all stopped to observe Maurice.

IT had been a pathetic fancy of his to keep his old walking stick beside him. Now, wanting a smoke, he had reached out the crooked handle of the cane, and deftly hooked the leg of the tabaret on which the cigarettes were, drawing the light table toward him.

"Very neat!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," Maurice answered, with a bitter undercurrent in his voice. "I'm full of little tricks like that. Almost makes a complete man of me, doesn't it?"

Nurse Wayland appeared at the door.

"I'll be coming along shortly," Maurice called to her. "Good night doctor."

On his way out, the doctor said casually: "By the way, Wayland, better lay out one of those sleeping tablets. The patient will need it, I'm afraid, after his exciting chess victory over me."

"What imaginations you doctors have!" Maurice smiled as he watched the doctor go. The friendship between them was of long standing.

"Stella, dear," he said, turning to his wife. "You're back much too early. What's the use of my buying you a new dress when you won't show it off? Oh, I know you said it was much too elaborate for the opera, but I love to see you in it."

"Darling, I wanted to parade up and down the aisles between acts, like a peacock in it, but I hadn't the nerve."

"Who sang, Stella?" Mrs. Trent asked.

"What? Oh. It . . . was Lotte Lehman as Isolde."

"Did you ever! And I was sure it was Rethburg this week."

"I . . . really didn't pay much attention to the names." It seemed to Stella that she could feel Maurice's eyes, and the eyes of Mrs. Trent on her. Even Wayland seemed to be staring at her accusingly.

"Did you bring a program, Colin?" Mrs. Trent asked her younger son.

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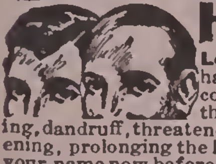

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"No matter," Maurice interrupted. "Stella, take off your wrap and let's see you in that gorgeous new frock."

It was apparently the friendly, intimate badinage of any congenial family group, but Stella was immensely relieved when at last she could wheel Maurice to his room. She tried to say goodnight, but he caught her hand.

"Did you refuse to go on for supper and to dance because you thought I'd be waiting up for you?"

"Don't be a silly!"

"You're only a girl. You ought to be having the time of your life . . .oh, my dear, it's rotten for you."

"You talk as if I were shut up like a nun. I've been going out all the time."

"Why don't you try and persuade Colin to stay?"

"Oh, he's got to get back to his work. You know that."

"Yes, I know. What about you, Stella?"

"What makes you think I'm not all right, Maurice?"

"You're wonderful, you've always been wonderful. You've made the very best of a bad job, all right. I've had to, but why should you? Resignation! I've had to set my teeth and learn it. But what's a girl like you to do with it?"

His vehemence alarmed her. To be agitated like this would keep him awake.

"Don't talk like that," she said. "You mustn't think such things."

He was quieter now, but his voice was very serious. "Oh, my dear. We can't love because we ought to. Love comes and goes and none of us can help ourselves." His hand moved toward hers, and softly caressed her fingers. "You know, if I have seemed, often, to take for granted all you've done for me, you mustn't think I'm not conscious how much I owe you."

"You've never let me do anything for you, Maurice," she protested.

He pressed her hand. "I've never let you nurse me. No. I couldn't have stood that." He paused, and then went on: "You've never looked as beautiful as you do tonight. You are ever so much lovelier now, Stella, than when I married you. I watch your face, so hungrily. I know every change in it."

Stella tried a light touch. "You'll be finding a gray hair before you know it."

"NO, you mustn't ever grow old. I couldn't bear it. It's cruel enough already, all that beauty, all that superb and shining youth of yours. . . ."

She sprang up. "Don't Maurice, please."

He ignored her plea. "It would have been better for us both if I had been killed. I'm no use now. Why didn't they put me out of my misery when I was all smashed up? It was cruel to bring me back to life and ten times more cruel to you."

"I won't let you say it," she cried. "It's not true, it's not true."

"If we had only had a child . . . you wouldn't have felt you had entirely wasted your life."

"My dearest, I'm not wasting my life!"

"Life is so far away from me now. I want to take you in my arms as I used to, to see your eyes close, and feel my arm tightly about you. Stella, Stella, I can't bear it." His voice broke. He buried his face on her shoulder, and she could feel, though he kept them inaudible, the sobs that wracked him. They hurt her, too.

"Maurice." Her voice was deep and strained with emotion. "Maurice, darling . . . don't! I'll always be with you, always. Nothing shall ever come between us, or take you away from me."

After a bit, he grew quiet, and lay passive in her arms. He opened his eyes and stared at her, almost impersonally, as at a stranger. It alarmed her at first, but his scrutiny was that of a man who had learned many things, and she realized that she and Maurice had both been learning.

"Yes, I believe that, Stella. No matter what happens, some part of us will always remain together. I know that now."

She did not know how beautiful her face must have been to him as she went on: "But nothing can happen, my dearest. We'll have years and years ahead to laugh at life, and be happy together, always together, Maurice, you and I!"

"Yes, dear, always together, you and I." He had himself in hand and he smiled whimsically at her as he said: "What a fool I've been. Nerves, just nerves. I feel better, my own kind of binge, I suppose. Run along now, bedtime for little girls."

Stella rose. "Sure you're all right? Nurse has left you a sleeping tablet."

"Yes, my own darling, quite, quite all right. Good-night."

THEY were the last words Stella ever heard him say, for in the morning Maurice was dead.

Wayland made no attempt to soften the announcement. She came in while they were at breakfast. When Stella finally understood the thing the nurse was saying, she fainted.

Later on, she and Mrs. Trent and Colin went to Maurice's room. It was empty now, but being there made them feel nearer to him. All the necessary things had been done. Dr. Harvester and the Major had seen to that. The house was very quiet, a genuine house of mourning. The servants, too, down to the newest gardener, had adored Maurice. Mrs. Trent raised her head sharply at the sound of footsteps and raised voices in the corridors. There was a knock, and the Major came in with Dr. Harvester, and Wayland.

The Major was twisting his moustache nervously. He cleared his throat. "Stella," he said, "I've something very unpleasant to tell you. Wayland isn't satisfied that Maurice died from heart failure."

The doctor growled: "I've signed the death certificate. That ought to be enough, but Wayland wants an autopsy."

Shocked and startled, Stella exclaimed: "Never! I wouldn't consent to it."

The Major turned to the nurse: "I think that settles it, Wayland. A post-mortem can't be conducted without the consent of the nearest of kin."

Stella's eyes were riveted on the girl's face as she heard the nurse, whom she had thought she knew so well, saying: "Or on the order of the Coroner."

Stella asked in bewilderment: "What does she mean by that?"

Nurse Wayland forestalled his answer: "You've forced me into this position, Dr. Harvester, by your refusal to perform an autopsy. I mean, Mrs. Trent, that your husband was murdered."

"You must be mad, Wayland," Stella gasped.

Colin smothered an oath and said: "You must be mad indeed. It's preposterous!"

"Of course it's preposterous," echoed the doctor. "It's perfectly plain to me what killed Maurice. It was an embolism, common enough in other such cases."

Of them all, Wayland was the calmest. In simple, unemotional sentences she outlined her position. Dr. Harvester had ordered a sleeping tablet for the patient. She had put it beside his bed for him to take if he had required it. The tablet had come from an almost new bottle. When she had put it away in the bathroom last night there had been twenty-three tablets in it. This morning there were eighteen. She had the bottle in her hand, and showed it to them. The doctor was forced to agree that six would have been a fatal dose.

Stella looked directly at Wayland. "Do you really think that Maurice died of an overdose of the drug?"

Wayland was as direct. "I do. And I am convinced that he did not commit suicide. He couldn't have gotten to the closet where it was kept."

STELLA agreed, remembering with anguish Maurice's helplessness.

"Not that he didn't have reason to." Wayland was making her points one by one.

Colin said tenderly: "Yes, but Maurice wasn't the kind to run away from things. He had too much courage."

"He kept his courage for you. I was the only one who saw his expression." Wayland's hardness was breaking. "He hid everything from you. You never saw anything, all his moments of black misery. But I was only his paid nurse. He could quarrel with me and say he was sorry if he hurt me . . . knowing I didn't count. You saw only the white mask of the clown. I saw his naked, tortured, triumphant soul!"

Stella understood. "You loved him, Wayland."

The nurse had vanished, the lonely girl stood revealed: "I loved him! He was so helpless and dependent. I never showed him my love. He had no room in his heart for anything but his love for you, and you killed him!"

Dr. Harvester waved Stella to silence. "Wayland, no one had the slightest wish or reason to kill Maurice Trent."

Wayland was ugly when she sneered. "No? I overheard his wife and his brother plotting to run away together, last night when they came home, presumably from the opera."

Stella was sobbing. "It's true, but it was only a moment of weakness. Colin was leaving alone, today."

Mrs. Trent answered Wayland's sneer. "And how long has this situation escaped your observant eye?"

"*You* knew?" Stella asked her mother-in-law.

"My dear, I knew. It may sound strange to you all, but I knew, and I wanted Colin to stay on. I wanted Maurice to have Stella always near him, loving and kind, and I wanted her bound to this house by stronger ties than those of duty."

Wayland was more and more belligerent: "I think you are being odious and cynical. You must admit his death came in the nick of time. I'm going to the Coroner."

"Wait!" Mrs. Trent spoke sharply. "If only the truth will stop you, this is it. Last night I went down to Maurice; I often have. I found him awake, and he begged me for another tablet. The first had had no effect. I'm so lonely, now he is gone. It was a lovely dream he had, to the very end, and I loved him too much to have him rudely awakened. I mixed five tablets in the water, and he drank it. That is all! I'm quite willing to take the consequences."

While she talked, Colin had been prowling about. Now he had something to say. He pointed to Maurice's cane, which lay on the bathroom floor. He wanted to know how it could have gotten there.

"By Jove!" The doctor started. "It's not impossible. I've seen him move that wheeled bed, using the stick as a lever. But how did he get back without it?"

Mrs. Trent flung up her hands in resignation. Her maternal lie had been exposed. They were hearing the actual truth at last: "You demanded a murder, but I wasn't very clever. I should have seen that cane lying there. I did come down to this room last night. I found Maurice on his bed in the bathroom. I wheeled him back. He had already taken the tablets. He began to talk about Stella. He loved you so, dear. He didn't want you to know he had given in. He asked me to promise you should never know. It was then that I realized he was drifting into the sleep of death, and I resolved you *should* never know, Stella."

THE antagonism died from Wayland's face. She turned as eagerly as the others at the doctor's quiet words: "Mrs. Trent, Maurice would have killed himself if there had never been Stella in his life! I can see what happened. Last night, he asked me about the chances of his being cured. He caught me unawares, and I lied, badly. He saw through me. He knew he was destined to be a cripple all his life. It was that which killed him. He loved Stella too much to let her go to another man without a struggle, if he ever guessed that. But he couldn't face the other."

Wayland turned miserably to go. "I've been bitter and revengeful," she said. "I'm sorry, but I loved him, too."

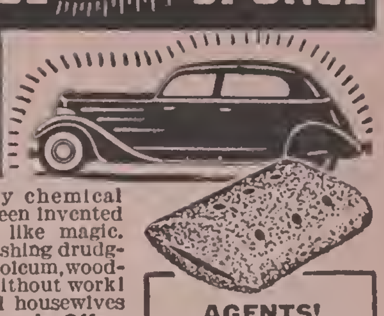
Mrs. Trent touched her gently on the shoulder. "We're all lonely now, Wayland. But so long as we can keep our love for Maurice in our hearts alive, a part of him will go on living. It was for all of us that he did it." She turned to Stella. So still and tearless. "We mustn't reject what he meant as a gift."

Colin's boat was sailing that afternoon. "I'm going," he said to Stella. "Some day, I'll be coming back, in a year, perhaps. Will you let me see you then?"

Her "Yes, Colin," was all the farewell he had. It was enough.

STARS ARE HARD TO LIVE WITH!

Famous movie folk tell you what's wrong with their mates—those little annoying idiosyncrasies which we all have—and all hate in others. Next month—in MOVIE MIRROR.



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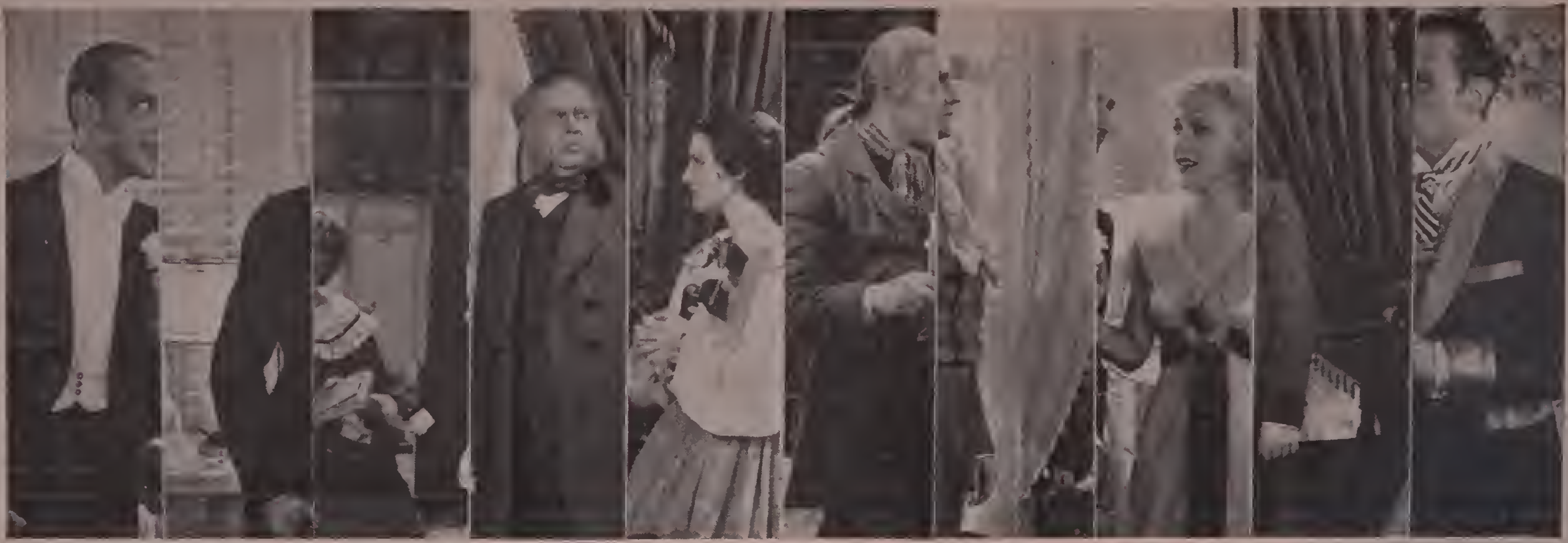

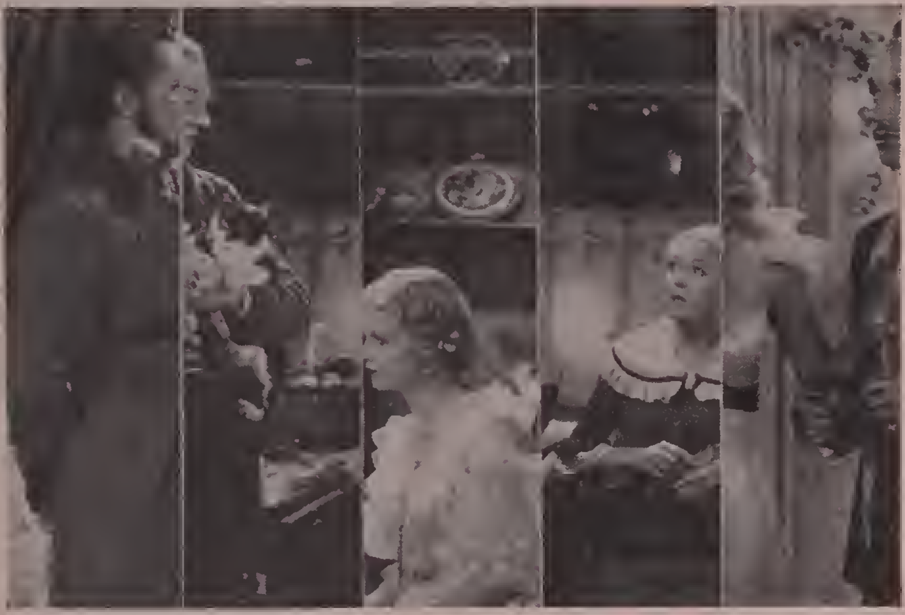

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish in scrambled form scenes from three widely-known pictures. Each of these nine scenes has already been widely published in newspapers and periodicals including this magazine. The motion pictures involved have been shown in theaters from coast to coast.

2. To compete, cut the scrambled strips apart, reassemble them properly into three complete scenes and identify the resulting pictures with the name of the movie of which each is a part. When your set of nine scenes is complete write a note of not more than fifty words telling "The motion picture involved in this contest I liked best, and why."

3. Cash prizes according to the schedule on this page will be paid for the best sets of unscrambled scenes accompanied by the best notes on the above subject. Accuracy and neatness in assembling the scenes will count. Clarity and conciseness will count in the note of preference. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in any scenes until your set of nine is complete. When you have them all, mail them together with your note of preference to SCRAMBLED MOVIES, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Simplicity of presentation is best.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 16, 1935. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

$500.00

CASH PRIZE

SCRAMBLED MOVIE

CONTEST

Re-arrangement of the several jumbled strips of pictures above into their proper relation will give you the final three scenes to complete your contest set of nine. You will then be ready to prepare your entry for submittal to the judges who will award the $500.00 in cash prizes. Do not prepare an ornate or elaborate presentation. Much time and money is invariably wasted in this way by competitors in every contest. It will happen again in this one. But that is no reason why you, yourself, should go to this entirely unnecessary and ineffective expense. Concentrate on accuracy and neatness. Let those who insist on ornamentation be ornamental. It will influence the judges not one wit.

FIRST PRIZE..............	**$200.00**
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FIVE PRIZES, *Each* $10.00...	**50.00**
TEN PRIZES, *Each* $5.00....	**50.00**
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each* $2.00...	**100.00**
TOTAL 67 PRIZES.........	**$500.00**

The work of judging will get under way as soon as the entries close and the ratings will be made as rapidly as is consistent with fairness to every competitor. Announcement of the awards will be published in the first available issue and prize checks will be mailed to the respective winners at the same time.

Be sure you get your entry in on time. Be sure your own name and address are plainly marked or printed on it.

MOVIE MIRROR WILL PRESENT A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT MONTH!

The Hidden Hollywood

(Continued from page 4)

AT HOLLYWOOD'S DINNER-OF-THE-MONTH

Carl Brisson, W. C. Fields, Queenie Smith and Cary Grant were among the lucky diners.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ruggles were snapped on their way to the Emanuel Cohen dinner.

Our camera also got the Dick Arlens and Bing Crosby, entering the Ambassador.

Above are Emanuel Cohen, la West and Gary Cooper, seated in the places of honor.

Coogan first, then Jackie Cooper, then George Blackstone, David Holt, and now, newest of the list, Frankie Thomas.

If this keeps up, that fresh young person, Miss Shirley Temple, will kill them all with cream puffs at forty paces.

THAT CHAPLIN FILM

One of the most fascinating-looking girls in this town is Paulette Goddard. She is beautiful, she wears her clothes smartly, she has a delightful speaking voice and charming manners. At last she is reaching the screen in the new Chaplin picture that is now finally under way. No matter what kind of a picture that is, I believe that after its release Paulette will be a star.

It is not supposed to be known, but I do know that Charlie will not talk in this, and that the sets of the picture are the most remarkable seen hereabouts for years. There is one, a factory room one hundred by three hundred feet, which has been constructed for one single laugh.

FILM FATES

It is possible to be too talented. Young Helen Mack, under contract to Paramount, is suffering from just that. Because she is so good a player, she is being pushed into every picture at the studio that looks as though it needs a little bolstering.

This is the same fate that Gable has suffered at Metro, and it is about the hardest thing in the business to beat.

George Hackathorne, once famous, now barely managing to exist with a few small parts here and there, made his greatest success in the silent version of "The Little Minister," twelve years ago.

The other day he was called to Radio Studios and asked to pose in publicity portraits with Katharine Hepburn, making a new version of "The Little Minister."

George arrived to have the pictures taken, hungry and without a job—and left the studio in exactly the same condition. No one thought to give him even one day's work in the film he'd once made famous.

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Movies, Millions and Madness

(*Continued from page* 42)

of the Messrs. Fox, Brady and Frohman had all telephoned and wanted me to call.

I went through the same paces in each interview, fighting their amusement, surprise and final complete indifference with the same weapons. In the end each one of them made me the same offer.

"We'll start you at thirty-five a week."

With quaking heart I refused.

Then came another call from William A. Brady. Inveterate gambler that he was, he had decided to take a chance on me.

I WAS given a tiny dark office in the Fort Lee studio and regarded as a nuisance by the whole force.

From my window I watched the glamorous ones arriving in their huge limousines. Alice Brady so young and piquant and dark with her wit that was the joy of the studio and the despair of her father. Ethel Clayton, lovely and patrician-looking with her delicate features and mass of red gold hair and her rounded slim figure was the secret envy of every one. Clara Kimball Young, the greatest of them all, with big wistful brown eyes and sensitive profile. She was almost as great a sensation as Theda Bara, the darling star of the Fox Studio next door. And then the outstanding male star, Robert Warwick.

It was the lesser lights in the studio who were to climb highest in later days. Clarence Brown, then an assistant director; Joe Sternberg who did unimportant jobs around the studio and who was to blossom out with a Von tacked to his name.

In the first week I would not have dared approach any one of them, so keenly did I feel my position of being there on probation only. I think it was the sense of having to prove myself that paralyzed me into a state of complete inertia. Wrack my brain as I would, I could get no ideas.

I was glad of the diversion when little Madge Evans, the child star, used to come into my cubby hole and prattle about the Lee kids who held down the infant honors at the Fox studio. And she told me her own ideas for a story for her rivals, of whom she thought so much.

Sometimes Rex Ingram, the handsome young Irishman who was James Young's assistant director, came in with a charming flow of studio gossip and speculation. Jim was an ace director and then husband of Clara Kimball Young. Rex and I knew we were kindred spirits the first day we met each other and he took my hand and raced me to the Fox Studio next door, where a tremendous crowd had gathered to glimpse the arrival of Theda Bara.

She was the greatest mystery woman before Garbo. Her beginnings were elaborately shrouded in mystery, too.

The days passed, but I wasn't making money and the end of my probation was near. *And still no ideas.*

Then in desperation I went to the studio manager and asked to see the films put away on the shelves. All studios have these costly mistakes, pictures that have been made and found unworthy.

Probably to get rid of me, the manager gave me the use of the projection room for a day and the films were run off for me.

Among the outcasts was one with an impressive cast but, probably through the fault of the director, so badly overacted by everyone in the picture, that I couldn't help laughing. *It was so bad, it was funny.*

That was it. It was funny! And I saw a chance of saving it. I raced back to my cubby hole and began typing. By adding a prologue and epilogue telling the real story, and making the unbelievably bad melodrama into an amateur play written and acted by the heroine and her friends, it might make a comedy.

I found out the picture had cost eighteen thousand dollars, a phenomenal figure for those days, and I could hardly wait to see Mr. Brady and show him my scenario. As he read it he chewed fiercely on the big black cigar always stuck at a jaunty angle in one corner of his mouth, and as I watched in terrible fascination I realized it was more the cigar than the man himself who terrified me. I held my chin up but my knees were clicking together like castanets as I waited for his verdict.

He was delighted and as there was no director available he directed the added action himself in two nights. I was taken off the free list and given my much desired contract.

Strange how casually people come into your life and drop out of it again, only to return later as so important a part of it. Marie Dressler was like that. One day I heard she had been signed by World, and the next day I met her again.

She recognized me and held out her arms impulsively and I ran into her motherly embrace. It was the beginning of our long friendship, of all the joys and sorrows we were both to know and share together.

Her first picture was "Tilly's Tomato Surprise", her next, one I wrote for her.

That picture was a success but the second I wrote for her was a dismal failure and Marie Dressler's star was eclipsed.

IT is hard to have any part in the failure of one you love. In the year I had been at World Film I had taken my failures along with my successes and had tried to be philosophical about both. But this was different. This was something I had done to a *friend*. It seemed more than I could bear. And that picture made a dent in Marie's pocket book and my heart, but not in our friendship.

And a year later when I had a breakdown caused by overwork, she was to prove that friendship. Success had come to me, but I was beginning to see it for what it was, a seesaw of hope and despair. A long, hard grind of working every day and almost every night.

How understanding Marie was when I was taken to the hospital at last to stay there for weeks of inactivity. She came there every day, and on Christmas she brought over my dinner. She had cooked it herself, turkey and stuffing and all the trimmings, and the grandest cake I had ever eaten. What fun it was to share it with her in that cold hospital room made suddenly warm by her presence.

It was Marie who told me that "The Foundling" had been made again and was doing a terrific business at the Strand.

Now Famous Players wanted to borrow me from World Film, to write the scenario for Mary's next story, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I did not want to do it. The failure of Marie's picture hit me so hard, I couldn't stand hurting another friend.

It was Marie who talked me into doing it and I finally gave in.

I did the scenario in the hospital. Working again was the best thing that could have happened to me. The lassitude that had been growing on me by my non-production disappeared, and from that day I began getting better.

One of the first things I did was to go to the Studio and see how the production was getting along and that day I met Mary again. We grew closer to each other as the days went on. I began to know her sorrows intimately, for Mary was definitely unhappy in her marriage to Owen Moore. She became as dear to me as Marie.

THE picture was finally finished and Mary's hopes and mine were tied up in it. We could not wait for the day it was being shown to the high moguls in the projecting room. Then slowly, surely, our hopes were dashed to the ground. We felt the coldness, the disappointment of the audience. When the lights flashed on in the room again, we saw their faces. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was in movie parlance a projection-room flop.

Mary's hand pressed mine sympathetically but I could not look at her. The two women I loved, Marie and Mary, the two people in the world I wanted to help! And I had a share in their failure.

There was talk of shelving the picture, and Mary Pickford was the only person who still had confidence in it.

It was she who fought for the release of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," fought for it with all the grit of her courageous soul. And the Studio heads gave in.

None of us were prepared for what happened. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" opened at the Strand to the biggest business the theatre had ever known.

I'll never forget the day I went with Mary to see it. The crowds outside the theatre closed in on her and it wasn't until I was in the theatre that I found her again. We felt their interest, their love closing in on us with a heart-warming rush.

Then came the dawning of the great year of 1917. The shadow of war hung over America. There were unrest and uncertainty everywhere. But in spite of the stirring things happening in the world at large I found a thrill in the fact that Famous Players had bought up my contract with World Film. That I was going back to Hollywood as Mary Pickford's scenario writer, at double my old salary.

How different it was going back. Nothing, I thought, could happen to hurt me again. That little five dollar dress I had made myself was laid away in moth balls.

But Fate had no intention of being half as kind as I anticipated.

Don't fail to read the next installment of Miss Marion's intensely interesting reminiscences—in the February issue of Movie Mirror. *Frances Marion has grown up with the industry and knows its secrets more intimately than any one in filmdom.*

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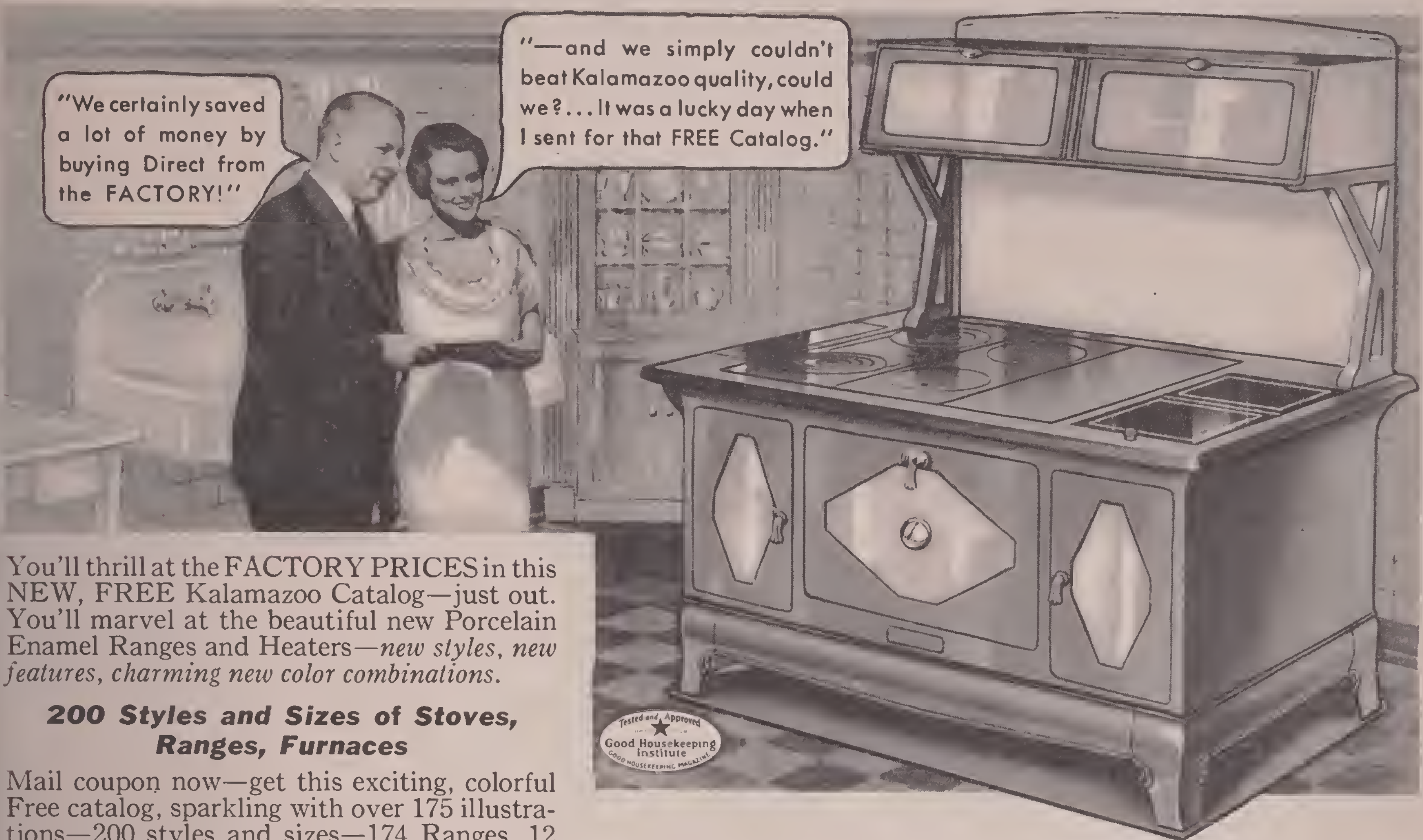
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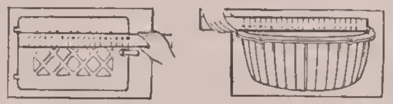

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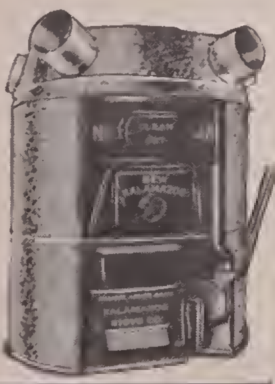

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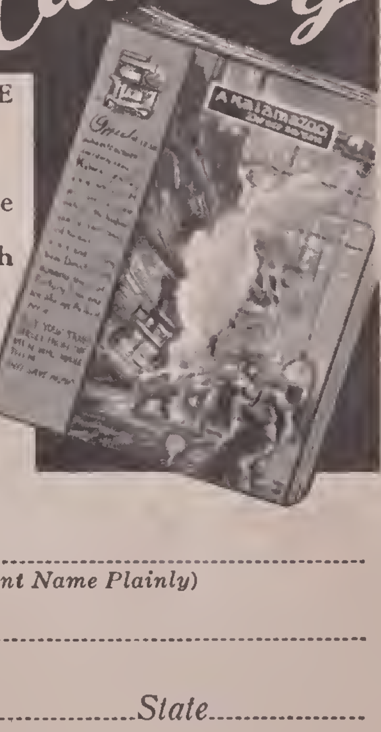

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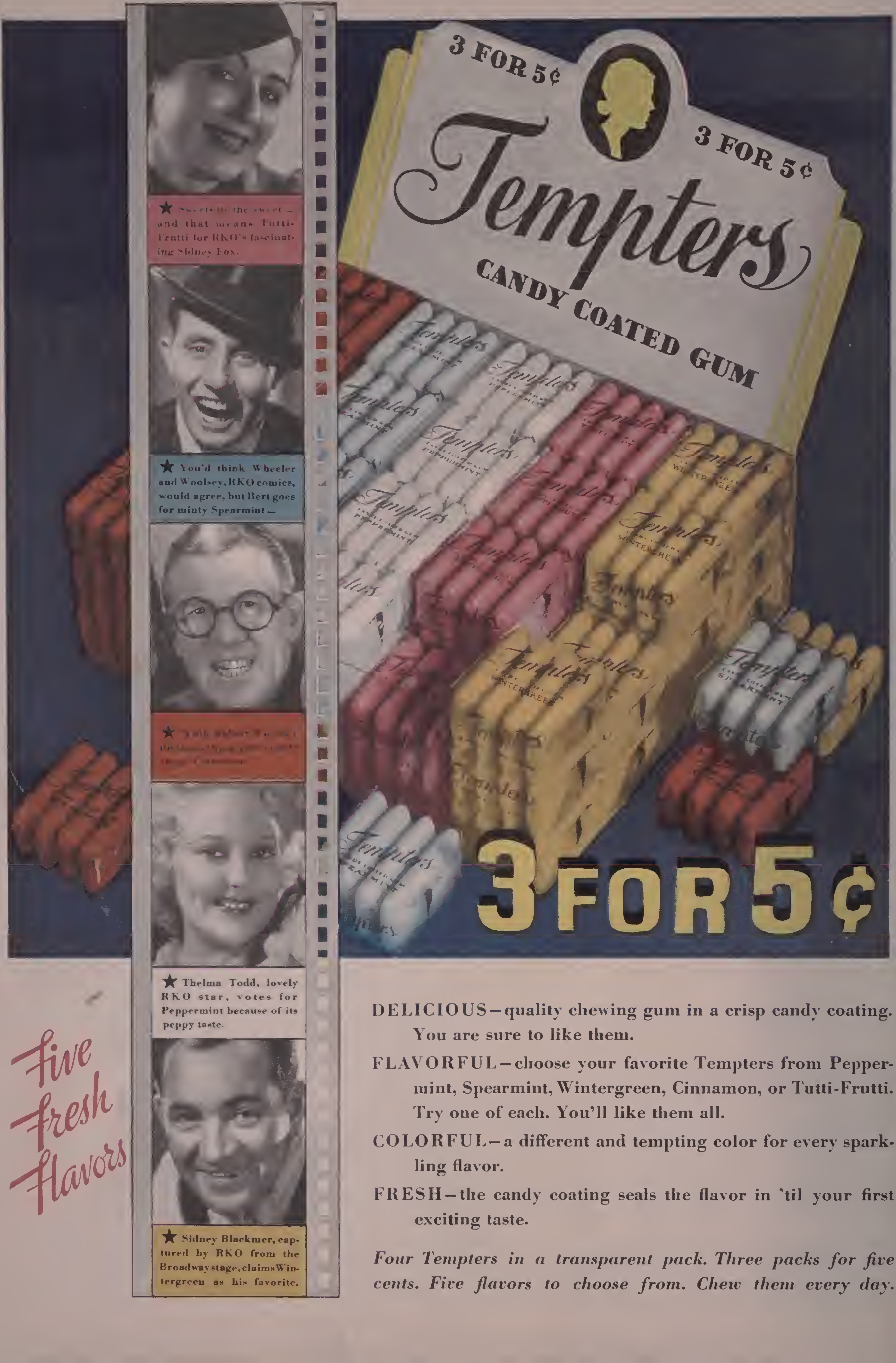

★ Sweets to the sweet — and that means Tutti-Frutti for RKO's fascinating Sidney Fox.

★ You'd think Wheeler and Woolsey, RKO comics, would agree, but Bert goes for minty Spearmint —

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★ Thelma Todd, lovely RKO star, votes for Peppermint because of its peppy taste.

★ Sidney Blackmer, captured by RKO from the Broadway stage, claims Wintergreen as his favorite.

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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

FEBRUARY

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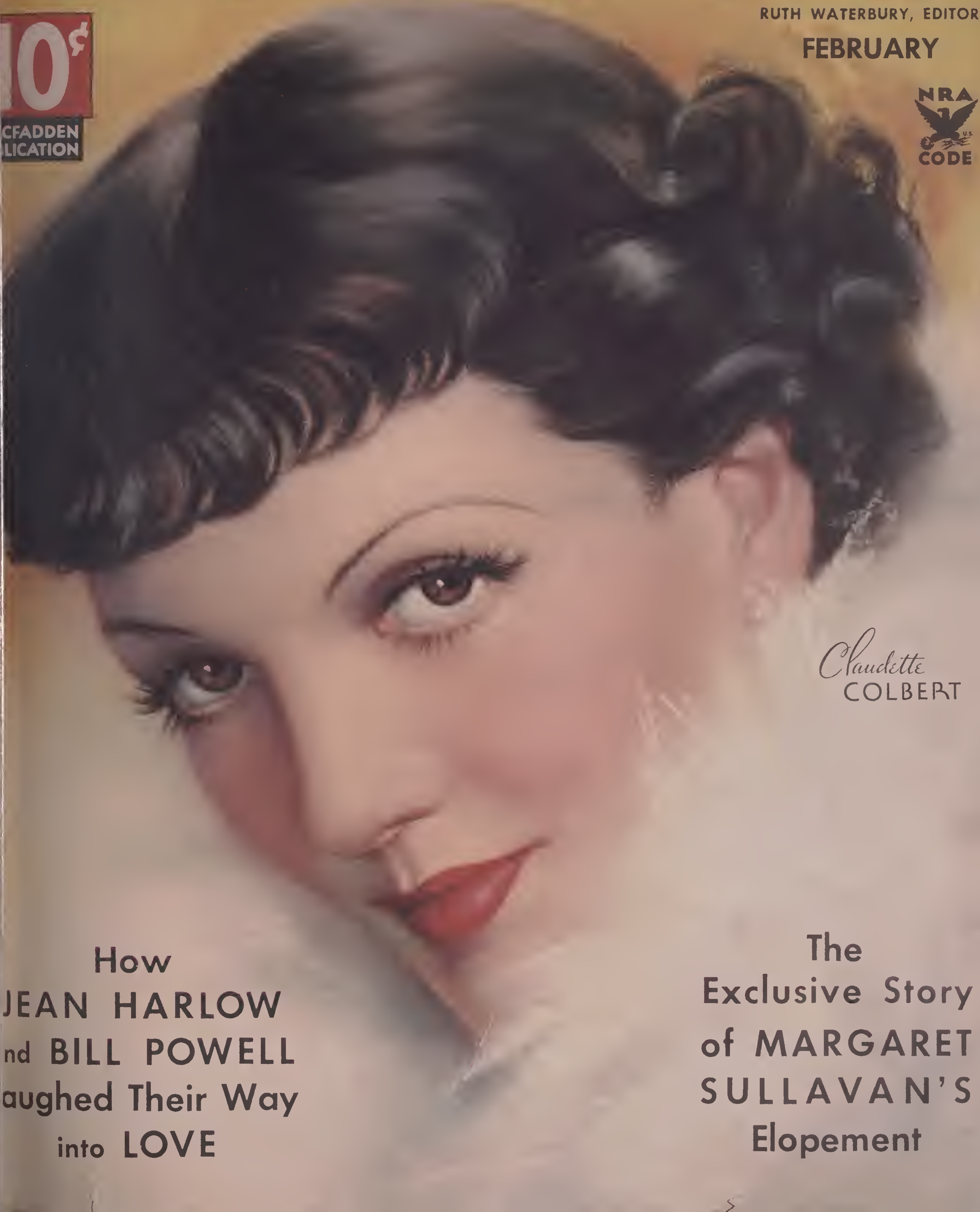

How
JEAN HARLOW
nd BILL POWELL
aughed Their Way
into LOVE

The
Exclusive Story
of MARGARET
SULLAVAN'S
Elopement

HEY! YOU FOLKS WITH NATURALLY SKINNY BUILDS!

Here's a Quick Way to Put On 10 to 15 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh and Feel Like a Million Dollars!

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100 jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

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What About GEORGE BRENT and GRETA GARBO?

You've seen them in "The Painted Veil." You've read the gossip about their romance. Don't miss the answers to your questions about them in our next issue.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
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Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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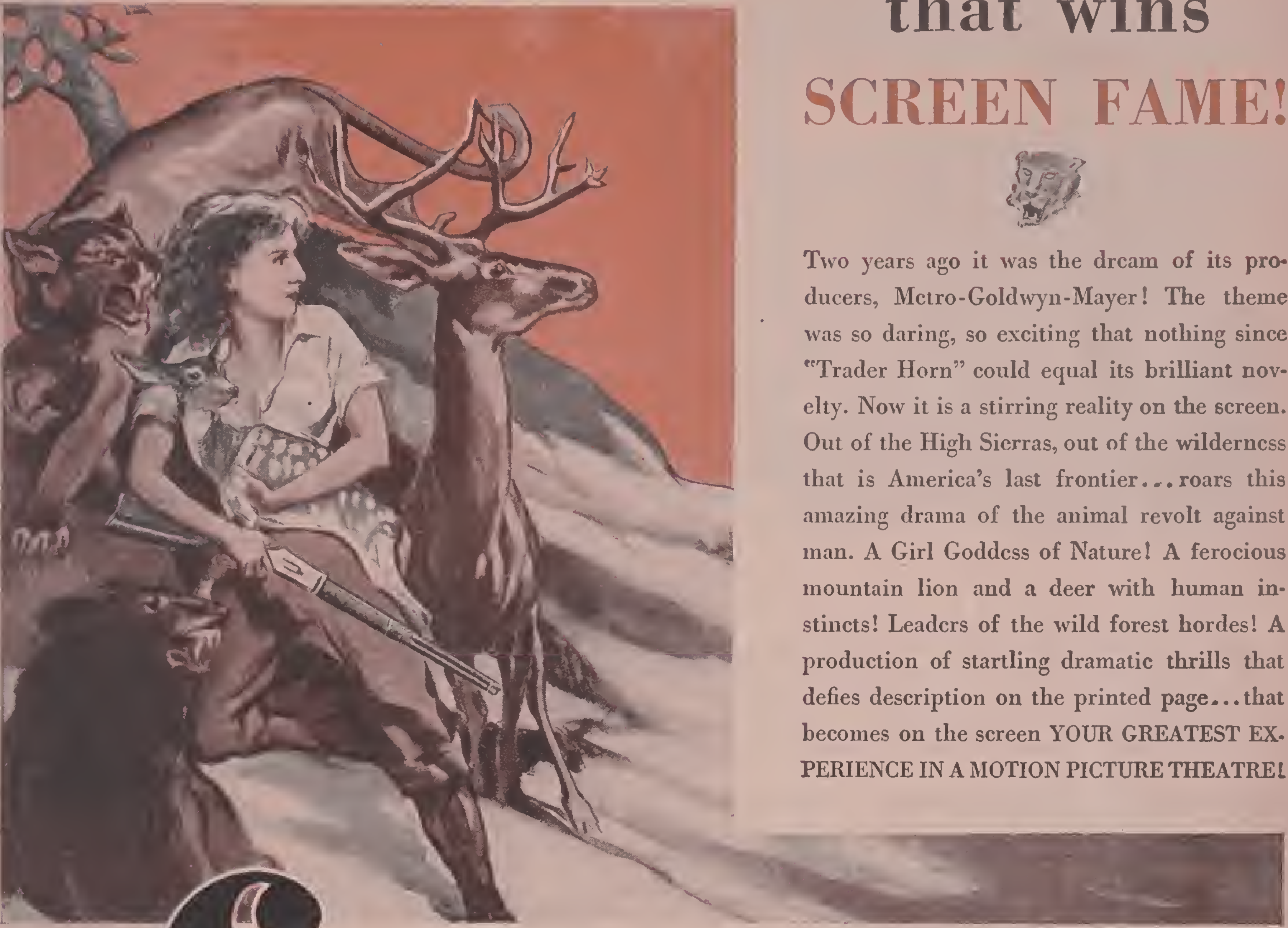
2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture that wins

SCREEN FAME!



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced
"SEE-
QUO-
YAH"

SEQUOIA

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Our Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

by

Ruth Waterbury

"I let myself be talked into doing a really unmoral girl on the screen lately," says Loretta Young. But now she is steadfast, even though it costs her thousands of dollars.

IT has always seemed to me that Hollywood will never be really great until people are willing to starve for it, as young writers starve in Greenwich Village in order to write novels; as young painters starve in Paris to turn out great portraits; as girls go hungry in Milan in order to get into the opera.

The most frequent remark of any Hollywood actor or writer is "Of course, I'm just out here for the money."

Consider then the case of Loretta Young. Last summer, on her vacation from Twentieth Century, Loretta had a three-picture contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Several stories were submitted to her, the last one of which was "The Gay Bride," which Jean Harlow had refused and which Carole Lombard finally made. Loretta turned down all the stories and particularly "The Gay Bride."

The officials of Metro were more than annoyed with the Young girl. They told Loretta she would either take "The Gay Bride" or they would cancel her contract. It meant a loss to Loretta of many thousands of dollars. But she remained steadfast.

"I want to do idealistic things on the screen," says Loretta, "or I won't do any rôles at all. I let myself be talked into doing a really unmoral girl lately. There was no excuse for her at all. I think the screen has a mission to bring beauty, ideals and happiness to people. I'll give up anything to be part of that."

When Loretta gave up "The Gay Bride," she got the rôle in "The White Parade." If you've seen the two pictures, they prove that idealism wins, once in a while.

TEMPERAMENTAL STAR

The situation that is amusing the hidden Hollywood most these days is that of a very temperamental star who has been working overtime trying to save her picture from being stolen by her new leading man. A production that started out to be a field day for her threatened to be a triumph for the man. So six endings were shot to the picture before the boys in the cutting room were able to eliminate most of the young man's scenes and yet have the story make sense.

Another story on the whisper circuit is the case of the handsome star long famous for luring and leaving his leading ladies. Recently he got a new leading lady who refused to be left when their picture together was finished. She kept right on being intense about the star—and he is that bewildered, as he doesn't know what to tell his wife.

CHEERS AND TEARS

My own special award of the month goes to Ross Alexander, who came into the story of "Flirtation Walk" right where it was sagging and suddenly made it fresh and amusing through the gay vitality of his performance.

My own special tears are shed over Jean Parker who seems to me to be getting too professionally charming for endurance. There is a youngster with beauty, talent and intelligence. Because she is intelligent, she will probably come safely through her present phase, but right now she makes me think of a luxuro chocolate ice cream eclair served with a side order of honey.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

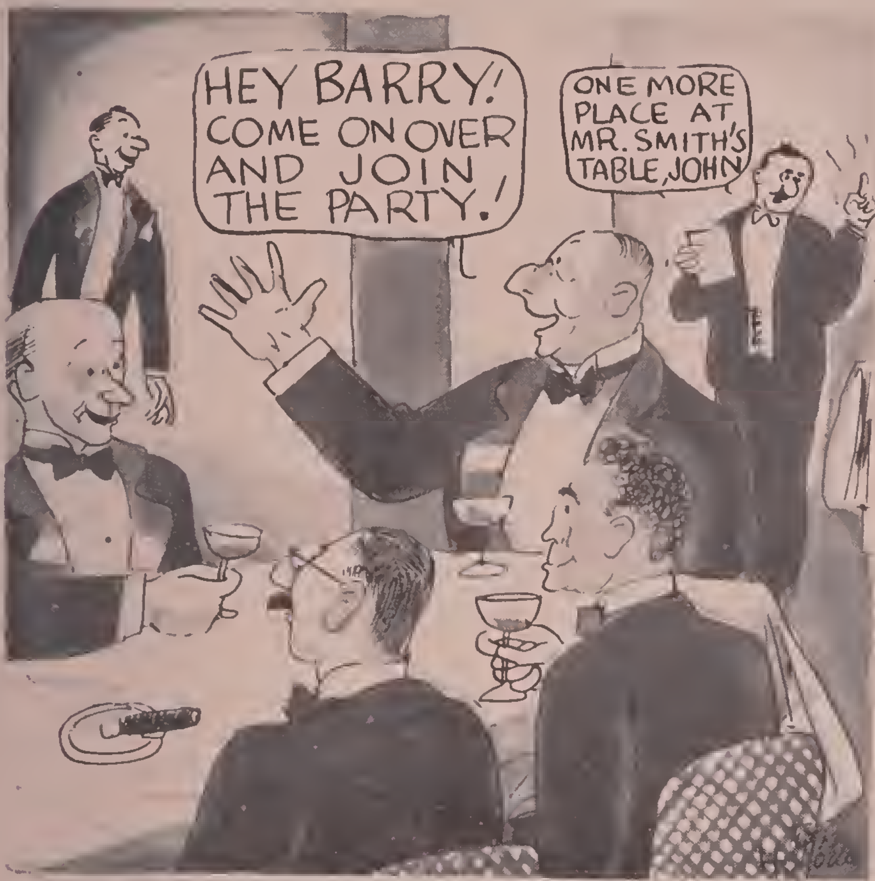
Four years ago one of Hollywood's outstanding gags was about song writers. It seems that a Hollywoodian greeting a friend at the Santa Fé station in Los Angeles asked how crops were in the Middle West. The arriving friend replied that the wheat looked pretty bare, to which the Hollywood smart boy replied that the condition was probably due to the song writers eating their various ways East.

Well, the song writers are now back again and eating nothing but pure gold since the success of "The Gay Divorcée" and other productions which definitely endorse the musical vogue.

Hollywood is now populated by twenty pairs of song writers, who team after the fashion of robins, thrushes and canaries. The not-so-hot ones (*Continued on page 77*)

YOU CAN WIN!

ENTER THIS $500.00 CASH PRIZE HIDDEN NAME GAME


HEY BARRY! COME ON OVER AND JOIN THE PARTY!
ONE MORE PLACE AT MR. SMITH'S TABLE, JOHN

Picture No. 1

Name of Player...

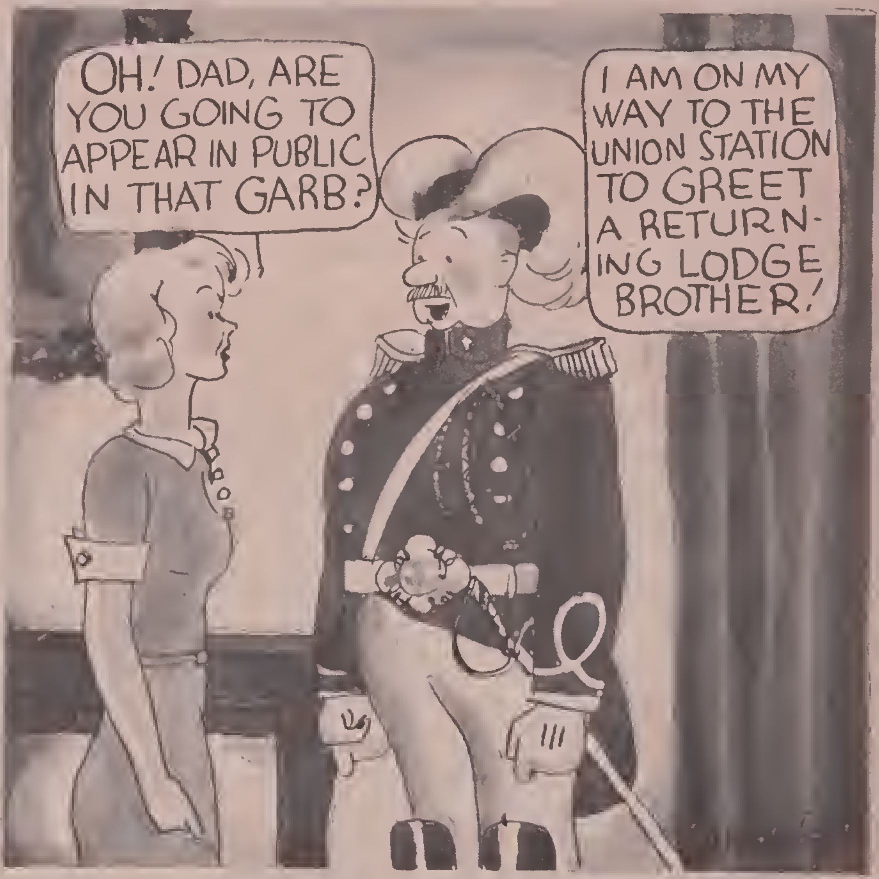
●

SIXTY-SEVEN CASH PRIZES TO BE WON YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT!

On this page MOVIE MIRROR offers a new type of contest for your entertainment and, if your skill is adequate, for your remuneration. If you can discover a film star's name in each of these contest drawings you will be well on your way toward winning one of the many cash prizes which MOVIE MIRROR will pay for the best entries on the basis outlined in the rules. Get into this interesting game right now. You may be the one to win the $200.00 cash First Prize! Worth trying for isn't it? And so is each one of the other sixty-six awards. Don't neglect this opportunity to win some extra money.

Read the rules carefully. They are brief but contain all necessary information to start you on your way toward a prize. Then get busy while you are in the mood. Wait until you have all six drawings before you send in an entry.

FIRST PRIZE	**$200.00**
SECOND PRIZE	**100.00**
FIVE PRIZES, *Each $10.00*	**50.00**
TEN PRIZES, *Each $5.00*	**50.00**
FIFTY PRIZES, *Each $2.00*	**100.00**
TOTAL 67 PRIZES	**$500.00**


OH! DAD, ARE YOU GOING TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC IN THAT GARB?
I AM ON MY WAY TO THE UNION STATION TO GREET A RETURNING LODGE BROTHER!

Picture No. 2

Name of Player...

●

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion picture star.

2 To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the motion picture star it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.

6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to HIDDEN NAMES EDITOR, MOVIE MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

TWO MORE HIDDEN NAME DRAWINGS NEXT MONTH

MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE EXCLUSIVE STORY TOLD TO MOVIE

MADCAP Margaret Sullavan, whose escapades have gotten her tangled again and again in the sparse locks of her boss, Carl Laemmle, Sr., since her arrival in Hollywood two years ago to make "Only Yesterday," has tossed another bombshell into his lap.

Keeping her plans secret from all Hollywood—harder to do than to shinny up the outside of the Washington monument—Margaret, on the arm of Uncle Carl's favorite director, William Wyler, raced to an airport, flew to Yuma, Arizona, married Wyler and flew back to Hollywood in six hours flat.

Uncle Carl was amazed.

Hollywood was struck dumb.

People working on the sets of "The Good Fairy," being directed by the 33-year-old Wyler, and acted in by La Sullavan, were as staggered to hear the news as was her public reading the announcements in the papers next morning.

Hollywood was struck dumb when Margaret Sullavan suddenly ran off to Yuma with 33-year-old Willie Wyler and became Mrs. Wyler. They're at the Trocadero, above.

Until a fortnight before the marriage, Wyler and his bride-to-be were staging frequent cat-and-dog fights on the Universal sets. Margaret, one of the most difficult of all players to handle because of an explosive temper and a hunger for having her own way, quit work as many as five times a day.

On several occasions, she left the set after an argument with the director over the way in which she should play this scene or that—over how lines should be read—because of the strain of carrying too heavy a load on her shoulders. Wyler had his ideas—she had hers—and that was that.

During these periods Wyler tore at his hair, paced up and down, wondered how to get her back to work again. Usually he waited for the storm to calm down. Then he went to Margaret and reasoned with her.

"The Good Fairy," originally scheduled to be completed in six weeks, had been in production for twelve at the time of the wild flight to Yuma and still was a week away from the final scenes.

During the two weeks prior to the wedding, a change came over Margaret. She was more tractable. The fighting between her and Wyler stopped. But, until the company stopped shooting at 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning—half an hour before the elopement—no one observed any indication of any kind that a romance was in progress.

AT the time of the plane trip, Wyler's name was being linked with that of Sheila Manners, a featured player. Margaret was the source of much speculation. She had said she would marry after the completion of the picture, but declared that the man would be "John Smith."

Ninety percent of those Margaret told didn't believe that she would marry. She has few intimates but those closest to her believed that she, a person of completely changeable moods, was just having her fun. She and Wyler jokingly told a writer, while at lunch at the Universal commissary, that she was going to be married. Wyler said that he was the man.

The writer laughed with them—and walked away with his pencil still in his pocket!

When Margaret said "John Smith," a few speculated. Some believed that she would remarry Henry Fonda, the actor, whom she divorced two years ago. Fonda came to Hollywood recently to make a picture for a company other than Universal. It was generally rumored that he would be placed under contract by Universal as a result of Margaret's efforts. He and Margaret were seen everywhere together.

"I'm just trying to help him get started," Margaret told the curious—but, knowing Margaret, nobody believed her. Recently he returned to New York City, and scored a great hit in a new play and is being once more sought for pictures.

Then there was Jed Harris, famous New York theatrical producer. Everyone knew Margaret and Harris had been frequently seen together in New York when she was there

ELOPES!

MIRROR READERS BY GEORGE MADDEN

last winter. Harris, last on the Pacific Coast several months ago, came and went mysteriously. It was during this visit that Margaret went fishing on a dude ranch in Arizona and returned with a black eye which she said was caused by being struck by a fishing tackle when casting.

Still others cast a speculative eye at John McCormick, once head of First National studios, now an agent and ex-husband of Colleen Moore. For months they went places together. The curious, trying to discover a romance, asked Margaret about him.

"I'm lonesome," she said. "I need someone to beau me around. John's a nice fellow. He's my agent—and he's supposed to look after me."

WILLIE WYLER'S name was not mentioned by anyone as a possible suitor until a week before the wedding. This writer at that time ranked him fourth in her affections.

The couple, after the ceremony, returned to Hollywood Sunday afternoon. Margaret called John LeRoy Johnston, head of the Universal publicity department, at his home. In a shy, frightened voice, before he could say a word, she confessed:

"I suppose you've heard and it's true and we're married!"

She ran the words all together. It was several minutes before Johnston had pulled himself back to normal and had collected the facts.

The next morning, as Movie Mirror's representative and the only member of the so-called "press" invited, I was present at what was one of Hollywood's weirdest wedding breakfasts. Shooting of "The Good Fairy" was supposed to start at 9:30. Willie, as he is known to his friends, and Margaret, appeared a few minutes late on Sound Stage Number 16. They hadn't eaten.

Forty extras in evening clothes and dinner gowns stood around waiting to start work. Electricians turned on overhead lights. Norbert Brodine, the cameraman, got Margaret's stand-in under the lights and began focusing his lens.

Willie called a property man to his side.

"My wife and I have to eat," he said. "Get us some coffee, some scrambled eggs and some hashed brown potatoes."

The stage was arranged as a ballroom scene.

Willie scouted around and finally found a tiny room off the main set. It was about six feet square, made by four "prop" walls. There was a door. He went inside, ordered property men to bring in table and chairs. They appeared with the typewriter table belonging to Willie's secretary, Frieda, a director's chair of wood and canvas, and a Louis XIV chair with high back and gold legs.

Margaret stood by, dressed in lounging pyjamas over which she had hastily thrown a fur coat. She had just had a finger-wave and hadn't taken out the hairpins. Willie ordered overhead lights shot into the impromptu room to warm Margaret. The food arrived. They closed the door so the curious extras and technicians couldn't peer in.

Two minutes later Johnston, flanked by two cameramen, three publicity men, one publicity woman and myself barged in. But our reception wasn't any too warm.

"This is a heck of a note," said Willie. "Can't a guy finish his coffee?"

"No," said Johnston. "I've gotta get these pictures to the local papers before noon."

"If you'll give us half an hour," temporized Willie, "my wife'll have on a swell dress—the one she wears in the picture."

Margaret speared some scrambled eggs on a fork. She consumed the morsel. She looked up at Johnston. She was beginning to burn. Her expression showed her temper was about to explode.

"This is a rotten imposition," she complained. "This, of all mornings!"

"Yeah?" replied Johnston. "Well, (*Continued on page* 79)

"I realized that he was just the kind of a person I needed," Margaret says. "Somebody to put the brakes on my temper and keep me from blundering . . ."

The lovely Evelyn Venable proves her heart's in it as she poses so prettily in expression of her Valentine Day greeting to her friends all over the world.

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Toughie Goes Soft

Am I turning soft or something? Listen!

I'm the guy who dotes on the tough babies. I go for the underworld boys like a kid for candy.

When Jimmy Cagney bashes a lady in the face my pulse leaps exultantly. When I see Jack La Rue and Georgie Raft and Edward Robinson and all those other vicious, moronic, beetle-browed gents with the snarly lips and leering grins, strut their stuff my soul is filled with a terrifying rapture!

I am a gangster addict in the worst way and the tougher they are the better I like 'em.

The other night me and the missus ankle down to the corner theatre, and what do we find? Nils Asther and Pat Paterson in "Love Time." Love Time!

"Nerts," I says.

"Nerts, nothing," says the wife. "I like Nils Asther. We're goin'."

So of course, we go, although I am far from jubilant over the prospects.

What happens convinces me that I am either just enterin' my dotage or that after all, at heart, I'm just a softie. I honestly enjoyed it.

It was a sweet, gentle little story. The music was swell. The acting was good. The photography was excellent. There wasn't an off-color gag. Nary a machine gun to be seen. Nobody was killed. Nobody was even shot at.

It was about the prettiest little fairy tale you ever heard. And me, I lapped it up and yelled for more.

I dunno, something must be wrong with me.

Frank H. Clark,
Zeigler, Illinois.

Sometimes it pays to listen to the wife!

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Norma's New Role

If her top-notch portrayal of Elizabeth Barrett means anything, it is that her "Scarlet Lady" roles have not ruined Norma Shearer for the finer and truly feminine roles. Miss Shearer was magnificent as the fragile and appealingly beautiful heroine who found new strength and courage in her love for the poet Browning.

With passionate love matched against a sense of filial duty, we have some of the finest scenes I have ever seen in the films, and Miss Shearer never overacts or exaggerates.

Miss Shearer has been the "ultra-modern" woman in so many of her pictures that many forget she can play other types with just as much intelligence and talent. And now she has proved how utterly fascinating she can be in a less modern role.

Samela Kay Parkhurst,
Seattle, Washington.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Plea for Opera

Now that "One Night of Love" has broken all existing attendance records here in the metropolis of the prairie, the question becomes more pertinent than ever:

Why not the real thing? Grand Opera's glorious music and all the magnificence of scenery that movies can give which even the Metropolitan cannot hope to more than approximate.

And above all, in the name of the millions of "hinterlanders" who can never hope to share the glamour of the golden horseshoe in New York, or

(*Continued on page* 83)

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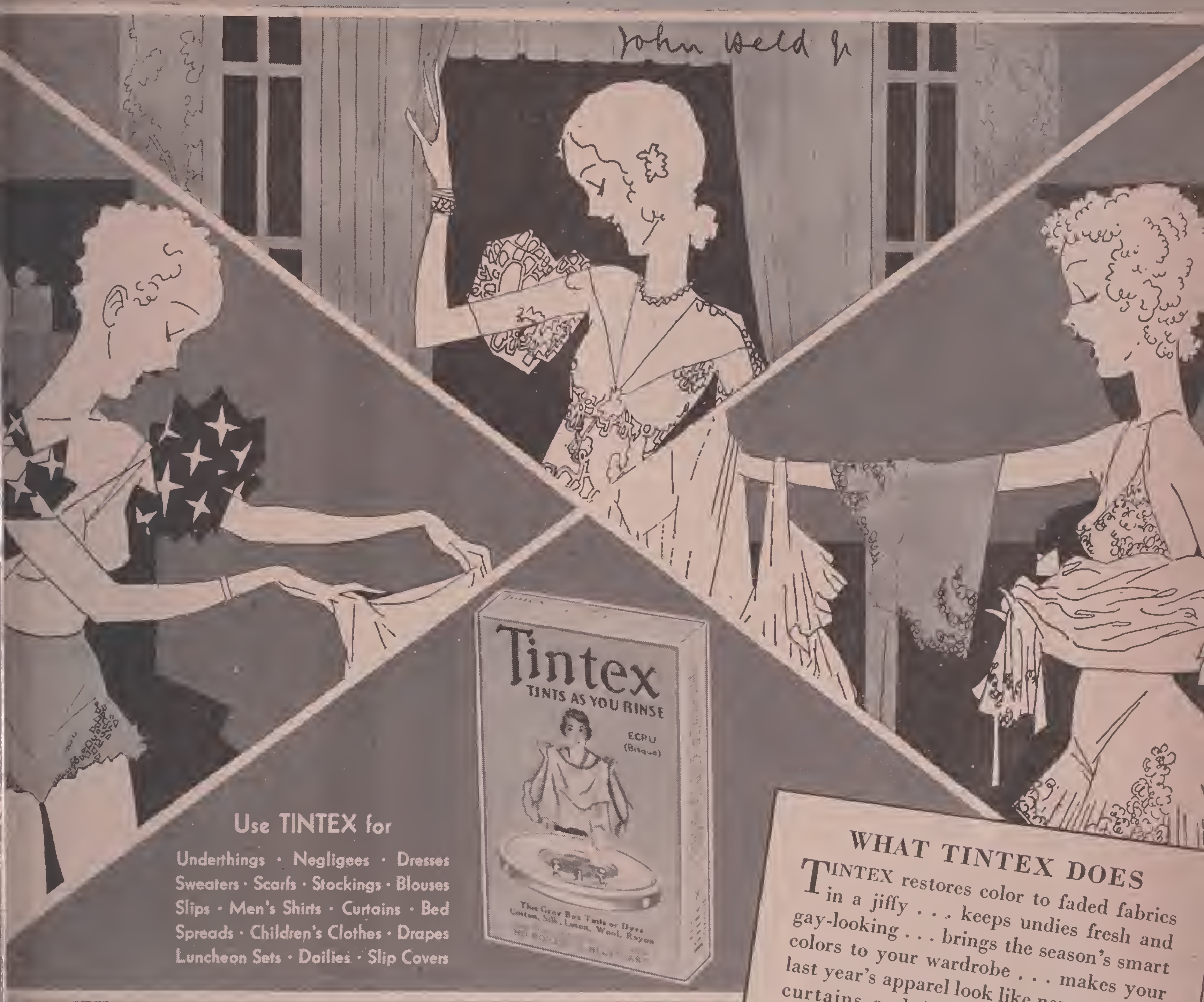
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"I WANT

Think of hiring someone to say that for you—and then getting it!

Have you any idea how Joel McCrea had to fight for his career after his marriage? Or why? Or what he did about it?

Do you know why Dick Arlen's agent made him leave Paramount after working there for years? And what happened then?

YOU want a raise. You've been wanting it for a long time, but you haven't dared ask the boss for it.

Consider certain Hollywood stars! Claudette Colbert recently got a raise. So did Joel McCrea. Fredric March told Paramount that $3,000 a week was just cake and coffee money to him, and when they asked what he considered real money and he told them, they gasped. "But Fred—" they said. While they were arguing, Twentieth Century offered him a contract that makes him almost a millionaire.

Why? How do they get that way? When you have to break your neck to earn $25 a week and are afraid to ask for a five dollar raise, how is it that certain stars can calmly walk into a producer's office and say that their $3,000 or $4,000 a week doesn't satisfy them? When you read about that, you'd like to wring their necks, wouldn't you? But wait a minute. Let's get to the bottom of this thing. It stands to reason, doesn't it, that the producers are not paying Fredric March $85,000 a picture because they like the color of his eyes.

At the beginning of his career Fredric March's name didn't mean very much to you and me, and certainly at first it looked as if Fredric were going to be just another leading man. But he began to sky-rocket in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and since then he has turned in so many grand performances that when you go to see Fredric March you practically have a guarantee that his picture is going to be good.

Stop and think. When you go to see a picture, you don't go to see Mr. Nobody-knows-his-name in Whatchamaycallit. Any more than you'd go to the drug store and ask for toothpaste, any old toothpaste. If you're a wise girl, you buy a well-advertised brand, one that you know to be reliable. And just as all other products have trademarks, so are the stars the trademarks by which you know what you're getting when you go to see a picture. Trademarks of enchantment, of entertainment, and of glamour. Trademarks that promise a magic world where dreams are realized, where troubles are forgotten, where your spirit is sent soaring.

Behind the stories of the raises stars get are stories of clever and intelligent planning and of stars who fought to make their trademarks mean something. And of a group of men who helped them get those raises.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who today is one of the most important stars in pictures and whose present Paramount contract now pending will make her salary one of the biggest in the business, was at the end of her rope only a couple of years ago. For years she had played nothing but society women, clothes horses. It got so that when you saw Claudette Colbert on the screen you knew that she'd throw a silver fox over her shoulders, look glamorous and bore you to tears. So what did you do? You stayed away from her pictures, that's what. By the tens of thousands you fans stayed away from them.

When her contract with Paramount was almost up, Claudette realized that unless something happened soon, she was finished, done for. And she knew, too, that it was up to her to make something happen.

Into Cecil B. DeMille's office she stalked one day, her head held high but with fear in her heart.

"Mr. DeMille," she said, "I hear you need an actress for the role of Poppaea in 'The Sign of the Cross.' Please give me a chance. I know I could play the role."

A RAISE!”

A real inside story about movie money maneuvers!

by ALBERTA THORNTON

What could Claudette Colbert do that time she realized she was finished, done for, unless—. Now she gets raises, big ones.

Why are the producers paying Fredric March $85,000 per picture? Does he just say "I want a raise!" and wait to get it?

“But my dear child, you're not the type,” said DeMille. looking at Claudette as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses. Claudette, the clothes horse, playing this wanton little empress? Why, it was laughable.

“At least test me for the part,” begged Claudette. Though he was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that she would never do, DeMille tested her, and she was a knockout. You remember.

When her contract came up for renewal, Paramount renewed it. Something seemed to have happened to Claudette. Maybe it was the thrill of having given a performance that had knocked everyone for a row of pins. Perhaps it was the subtle alchemy of changing her hairdress, her appearance, her personality so that people saw a new and more sex-appealing Claudette. At any rate, her box-office value rocketed.

Then Claudette, being a very canny girl, demanded light comedy roles, the kind she had always done on the stage. When Columbia needed a girl to play the role of the runaway heiress in “It happened One Night,” it thought of Claudette. “It Happened One Night” was a smash hit, one of the biggest of the year. Because of that one picture, Claudette's salary, after being a good one for years, has jumped into the important class. If all that thought, intelligence, and determination had gone into any other business, it would have brought just as grand results.

Often behind the stories of the stars' successes, there is another story, that of the Hollywood agents, who sell the services of the stars, just as your butcher sells bacon or your grocer sells canned goods. I want to let you in behind the scenes in Hollywood, and show you how the agents pull the strings in all the manipulations for bigger salaries, exacting the last ounce of gold for the human flesh they are selling.

Again and again producers have fumed and raged against them, branding them as chisellers and flesh peddlers and threatening to unite to drive them out of business. But their feuds with the agents are as useless as their stormy threats to abolish the star system altogether. They can't abolish it. For the stars have made them, and the lack of stars can break them, and the lustre of a star's name is the only thing that has ever been discovered that will bring you and you and you in droves to the theatres. The fierce, relentless competition for stellar names goes on and on, leading producers to forget agreements, and bringing the agent a flood of offers when he auctions film flesh to the highest bidder.

Often the agents have helped to save the stars from ruin. For instance, when a series of poor roles had made Warren William a weak brother at the box-office, his agent went to Cecil B. DeMille and suggested Warren William for the role of Julius Caesar in “Cleopatra.” Wheels were set in motion for Warners' to loan him, and darn glad they were to get rid of him for the time being, because his name had become poison at the box-office.

So what happened? So brilliantly did he play the role that the fans sat up and rubbed their eyes. So brilliantly did he play it that Edward Small tried to borrow him for the lead in “The Count of Monte Cristo.” But this time Warners' were not so anxious to loan him out. Waking up once more to his possibilities, they began looking for roles that would boost him to popularity again. Will he be worth a raise as his popularity zooms? Obviously, for his pictures will then be bringing more shekels to the box-office.

Stars' values rise and fall for (*Continued on page* 98)

why Ginger Rogers changed her mind about MARRIAGE

by JEWEL SMITH BOW

For the first and last time she talks about the facts and emotions that led to her becoming Mrs. Lew Ayres

"The second we find one little bit of trouble over my work creeping in," says Ginger (shown above at her wedding to Lew Ayres), "I'm going to give up my career!"

"THIS is positively the only story I shall ever give out about my marriage. The reason I will not talk about it is because I feel about it as I do about God and religion, and I don't run around talking about that. Another reason for absolute silence is: it eliminates the danger of people rehashing little intimate details of our lives together. In Hollywood, you have to be especially careful about telling anything, because splinters actually grow into trees in this town. If Lew should give out a story and it should be misconstrued, even I might be influenced by the writer's opinion of our situation. I know this to be true. It has been proven.

"But I do feel that the fans will want to know something of our marriage so this is the first and last time I shall talk about it!"

Ginger drew a long breath and her pert little figure grew tense. "And now what can I say? What is there to say about love and marriage and wanting to be together forever and ever?"

Another pause and the figure relaxed a little; the eyes caught that far-away expression that seems to glimpse a bit of heaven—the expression you see only in the eyes of young lovers.

"It's true, I said six months ago I'd never marry anybody. I thought my career must come first and everything else must come second . . . You know I've worked very hard trying to get somewhere in this business."

Yes, I knew. I knew what Ginger Rogers was saying without further explanation. Both Ginger and that remarkable mother of hers had thrown all of their resources into making a place in motion pictures for Ginger. I knew the mother had taken the political raps and Ginger had done the stiff work. I knew Ginger Rogers had been on the RKO lot six months before she even knew an official by sight. I knew her mother had been on that lot as many as three times in one day talking to officials to save her daughter from over-taxing ambition with that kind of strain. I knew Mrs. Rogers is not a regular movie mother who propels, but one who has rather helped and (*Continued on page* 84)

SLAYS HUSBAND, FREED—*story on page 15*

EXTRA!

Save your movie money for the best pictures—learn all about them in MOVIE REVIEW NEWS every month! ✓ Check for good pictures; ✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.

MOVIE Review NEWS

VOL. I, No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1935 Hollywood, Cal.

PRESIDENT IS KIDNAPPED!

DOUBLE MURDER PROVES A HOAX

Believing that he had killed two policemen, John Davidson, butler in the home of Ben Lyon and his aunt, Laura Hope Crews, ran amuck for several hours. During this period, he destroyed the happiness of Miss Crews' homecoming, nearly wrecked Ben's marriage plans, frightened Thelma Todd, Ben's fiancée and caused Ben to be accused of murder.

Chick Chandler, a newspaper reporter, raced around madly trying to solve the supposed mystery. Miss Kelton and Catlett posed as Miss Todd and her father, a naval officer. It was all very confusing to the players and the audience. The characters were unbelievable and the plot unconvincing. Practically everyone was glad when the police discovered the missing patrolmen in a sewer and Davidson was captured.

The Cast: Ben Lyon, Thelma Todd, Pert Kelton, Laura Hope Crews, Skeets Gallagher, Chick Chandler, Walter Catlett, John Davidson.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE (RKO)

DUCK WINS FOOTBALL GAME

Los Angeles—When the opposing teams of the Stacey and Whimple department stores went into their fiercely contested football match today, the game was swung by the appearance on the sidelines of Joe Penner, bird-store salesman and his duck mascot, without which they were powerless. With the winning of the game Whimple's store was wiped out and Jack Oakie won Helen Mack from Lanny Ross.

If all this sounds pretty screwy, that's what you'll find it is, but you'll like it!

The Cast: Joe Penner, Mary Brian, Helen Mack, and Lyda Roberti.

✓ *COLLEGE RHYTHM (Paramount)*

GANGSTER WOUNDED Goes Straight

Shot and seriously wounded by Leo Carrillo, last of his gangster pals, Chester Morris recovered and began operating a suburban garage. With him he took from the "racket belt" of New York City the blonde Carole Lombard, an erstwhile chiseler, miraculously reformed because of her love for him.

The story reminded one of the gangster cycle, the only difference being that it was built around a woman, and there were plenty of laughs. Miss Lombard was effective as the chiseler. Chester Morris proved himself an exceptional light comedian.

The Cast: Carole Lombard, Chester Morris, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Walter Walker.

THE GAY BRIDE (M-G-M)

Hysteria Grips Country as "THE PRESIDENT VANISHES"

America began the most thorough and frantic investigation in its history when President Stanley disappeared from the White House just as Europe plunged into another war. President Stanley, played admirably and with dignity by Arthur Byron, was trying to keep the United States out of it while Charles Grapewin, oil man; Sydney Blackmer, lobbyist; DeWitt Jennings, munitions manufacturer, and other powerful men fought to embroil the country so that they could make money. Charles Grapewin was using Edward Ellis, fanatical head of the "Gray Shirts," to force the issue. His journalistic crony coined a phrase, "Save America's Honor." They were willing to spend millions to shed America's blood. Congress was ready to vote for war when the President mysteriously disappeared. He's finally rescued by his bodyguard Paul Kelly after a search that was so intense that all thoughts of war were forgotten.

Walter Wanger did a tasteful and thorough job of producing this powerful preachment against war. William Wellman, director, made what might have been a fantastic flop believable. A uniformly capable cast gave splendid characterizations, with orchids to Byron, Kelly, Arnold, Grapewin and Peggy Conklin.

The Cast: Edward Arnold, Arthur Byron, Paul Kelly, Peggy Conklin, Andy Devine, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins, Sydney Blackmer, Edward Ellis, Irene Franklin, Charles Grapewin, Rosalind Russell, DeWitt Jennings.

✓✓ *THE PRESIDENT VANISHES (Walter Wanger for Paramount)*

TRAIN SMASHES SPEED RECORD ON LIFE-SAVING RUN

After traveling at speeds as high as 140 miles an hour the "Silver Streak," piloted by Charles Starrett, arrived at Boulder City from Chicago with respirators to be used to save Hardie Albright and several other Boulder Dam workers suffering from infantile paralysis. Starrett during the record run battled Irving Pichel, who had murdered a man in Chicago, knocking him out and saving the speeding train from destruction. At the end of the run William Farnum, president of the railroad, said the train was a success. Starrett was embraced by Sally Blane, Farnum's daughter.

The story was a heavy, very melodramatic affair. The director used several Mack Sennett tricks, such as lowering drawbridges and throwing switches just in the nick of time. Arthur Lake and Guinn Williams were on the train but didn't have much to do. Edgar Kennedy was very funny as the old-time engineer.

The Cast: Sally Blane, Charles Starrett, Hardie Albright, William Farnum, Irving Pichel, Arthur Lake, Guinn Williams, Edgar Kennedy.

SILVER STREAK (RKO)

Ruth Waterbury says:

The most daring, the most moving, the most beautiful picture of the month is "Imitation of Life," produced by Universal, directed by John Stahl, written by Fannie Hurst and starring Claudette Colbert. Its daring comes from its linking the story of two women, one white and one colored, both widowed mothers. Side by side, one as servant, one as mistress, they find success but face tragic problems in the management of their daughters.

Claudette Colbert, revealing a new depth of acting, gives her finest performance. She is beautiful, sincere and deeply moving at all times. But fine as is her work, she is topped by the performance of Louise Beavers as the colored mother. It is Miss Beavers who plays scenes, so touching in their bitter truth as to be almost unendurable. Special credit must be given to Fredi Washington as the daughter.

The most courageous part of the whole picture, however, is in Universal's daring to produce a picture that will create the discussion, and in some parts of the deep South, inevitable antagonism.

"Imitation of Life" is, in my opinion, a work of art.

MOTHER HALTS WEDDING FOR DAUGHTER'S SAKE

Negress, Heart-Broken, Dies When Her Child Renounces Race

Shortly after the death of her colored partner, Louise Beavers, whose daughter had broken her heart by renouncing her race, Claudette Colbert, "pan-cake queen" was forced to halt her marriage to Warren Williams because her daughter, Rochelle Hudson, had fallen in love with him. The story was a tremendous, stirring and real treatment of maternal sacrifice.

The beginning of the tale found Claudette, a widow, supporting her tiny child, played by cute Baby Jane. Louise Beavers asked her for work in the home. She was accompanied by her daughter, Peola. Claudette hired her. Claudette at first sold syrup, but soon got the idea of starting a cafe featuring Louise's pan-cakes. The place became successful as the years passed. One day Claudette fed Ned Sparks, out of work. He gave her the idea of selling the flour used in the pan-cake batter. Success was instantaneous for Claudette, Sparks and Louise.

Peola slowly developed into a problem because she looked white, although colored, and tried to pass as a white girl. Eventually she renounced her mother and the mother died. Claudette fell in love with Warren Williams, but so did her daughter, Rochelle.

Claudette saw that if she married Williams while Rochelle was still infatuated with him she would lose Rochelle's love. So she sent Williams away, promising to come to him when Rochelle had found other interests. Every mother should see it.

The Cast: Claudette Colbert, Warren Williams, Ned Sparks, Louise Beavers, Baby Jane, Rochelle Hudson, Fredi Washington, Alan Hale, Clarence H. Wilson, Henry Armetta, and many others.

✓✓ *IMITATION OF LIFE (Universal)*

PLEASURE REPORT FOR THE MONTH

The Finest Drama: "Imitation of Life."

The Most Fun: "The Mighty Barnum." Swell.

The Greatest Novelty: "Sequoia." An animal picture, beautiful and thrilling.

For Intellectuals: "The President Vanishes." Best political film ever made.

For Children: "Babes in Toyland."

Best Musical: "Flirtation Walk." Keeler, Powell, West Point and romance.

"College Rhythm." Goofy and gay, for Joe Penner fans.

Big Disappointment: "The Painted Veil." Despite Garbo.

Ruth Waterbury

WARREN WILLIAMS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

GIRL POSES AS A BOY

After the Civil War, Martha Sleeper and her father, Samuel Hinds, start for the West, accompanied by their faithful colored servants, Sleep 'n' Eat and Louise Beavers.

After an unpleasant experience, Martha decides to travel as a boy. From there on, our Western runs true to form; we meet our hero, Richard Dix, unjustly accused of rustling by the real rustlers, and on the open plains he joins up with our heroine's outfit.

The picture doesn't have suspense. The all-too-few bright spots are the moments that Sleep 'n' Eat and Louise Beavers absorb our attention.

It was very difficult to believe that Dix didn't recognize Martha Sleeper as a girl until after he rescues her from the river, and that no one else suspects her of being a girl, even though her favorite "cuss word" is "drat it."

All little boys will love it!

The cast: Richard Dix, Martha Sleeper, Samuel Hinds, Fred Kohler, Sleep 'n' Eat, Louise Beavers, Maria Alba.

WEST OF THE PECOS (RKO)

WOUNDED DOCTOR SAVED BY FAITHLESS WIFE

"Garbo" Finds Love in Stricken Chinese Village in "The Painted Veil"

Torn between her husband, Herbert Marshall, a physician fighting plague in China, and George Brent, Greta Garbo finally chose Marshall. She revealed that she had really learned to love him after he had been stabbed by a Chinese coolie who resented having his house burned down because it was infested with disease germs.

Garbo, daughter of an Austrian chemist, Jean Hersholt, married Marshall who took her from Austria to China, neglected her because of his work, and she met Brent. Brent made ardent love and she capitulated. Marshall took her to a pestilential village when Brent wasn't man enough to divorce his own wife and marry her. Under the stress of plague-fighting she learned what love meant.

The Garbo charm is still potent but not enough against so stilted a plot. The story, heavy with dialogue, drags. Brent and Marshall are effective mediums for the Swedish Duse's display of talents but both are wasted on weak roles. Children won't care for the production.

The Cast: Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent, Warner Oland, Jean Hersholt, and others.

THE PAINTED VEIL (M-G-M)

MIDGET SAVES BARNUM'S CAREER

When Phineas Barnum, who had risen from store keeper to manager of "The Greatest Show on Earth" had been exposed as a fake by newspaperman Horace Greeley, lost his wife due to his infatuation for Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, and was down and out, General Tom Thumb, one of his midgets, took him in and staked him to a new museum.

Somewhat sketchily presented, the life of Barnum has been turned in this picture into a series of gags for Wallace Beery. But you won't care particularly that the story is inaccurate and untrue to period, since it is all in such good fun. It's big and lusty and laughable, picturesque, loud and colorful, and what more do you want for your money?

The Cast: Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, Janet Beecher, Rochelle Hudson, hundreds of others.

✓✓ *THE MIGHTY BARNUM (20th Century)*

POLICE HELP DUPED ALIEN

Remains Here as Result

Faced with deportation proceedings as a result of the activities of Arthur Hohl, shyster lawyer, Frances Lederer was allowed to remain in this country and to marry Ginger Rogers through the efforts of several policemen, including J. Farrell MacDonald, Lederer's friend, and Sidney Toler, a sergeant.

Lederer, an immigrant, was denied entry into the United States because he didn't have enough money. While being deported he jumped out of a steamer porthole, swam ashore, and met Ginger Rogers, a show girl, when he saw food which had been left by other girls just inside a stage entrance.

Through Ginger and her brother, Jimmy Butler, he found work first as a newsboy, next as a truck driver and, finally, as a taxicab driver. Busybodies took Jimmy from Ginger, insisted that the boy wasn't in proper surroundings. The only way that Lederer and Ginger could save him from an institution was to marry. Lederer, in trying to marry, disclosed his identity to a shyster who tried to collect a reward for turning him over to the authorities. MacDonald and Toler, enraged, fixed the shyster—and arranged the marriage at the same time.

The rôles were well played by all concerned, Lederer again revealing the charm he so aptly displayed in "The Pursuit of Happiness." There was plenty of humor, enough action and enough work by Jimmy Butler to interest youngsters. More story material could have pepped up the production. The dialogue was very good.

The Cast: Frances Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Arthur Hohl, Jimmy Butler, Helen Ware, Eily Malyon, Lillian Harmer, Donald Meek, Sidney Toler, Oscar Apfel, Reginald Barlow.

✔ *ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN (RKO)*

WATCH FOR THIS MAN!

Ross Alexander, picture thief of the month, will be wanted by thousands of rabid fans after his performance in "Flirtation Walk."

Under the very eyes of such seasoned picture-stealers as Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Pat O'Brien, this talented newcomer carried off the highest film honors!

SOCIALITE SHOT; PLAYBOY, INDIAN WIFE CONFESS

Police Hold Pair

When Gene Raymond, society man, and his Indian wife, Sylvia Sidney, confessed to the killing of Monroe Owsley, who had trifled with the affections of Gene's sister, Juliette Compton, they both lied. Detectives had learned the truth.

The story began when Gene's father, mother and sister tried to bribe his affianced, a little stenographer, to let Gene go. She jumped out of a window. Gene went west, was shot by an Indian in a brawl, and Sylvia nursed him back to life. He married her to take her back east and shame his proud parents. The plot was so obvious that the audience could guess ahead easily. Sylvia was pleasing as the educated Indian maiden, Gene Raymond a little more colorful than usual. It's a routine product.

The Cast: Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, Juliette Compton, Laura Hope Crews, H. B. Warner, Monroe Owsley, and others.

BEHOLD MY WIFE
(Paramount)

Noted Criminal Saved by Priest

When Paul Lukas, as "Flambeau," realized through the admonitions of Walter Connolly, the priest in "Father Brown, Detective," that he could not continue to steal and still hope for the love of Gertrude Michael, he gave himself up to the police. Connolly, or Father Brown, first came in contact with Lukas when the latter attempted to steal four diamonds in Father Brown's crucifix. Lukas had met Miss Michael and was stealing the jewels for her. He also was trying to get six other diamonds by his wits to complete the present.

He got the six, but the strong faith of Father Brown and the devotion of Miss Michael forced him to surrender himself. As he drove away with the police he realized that when he had paid his debt to society he would be able to marry Miss Michael. Connolly gave an exceptionally fine portrayal of the "little priest"—Miss Michael was scintillating as the girl—Lukas was his suave self. This is nothing exceptional. Just a nice little story.

The Cast: Walter Connolly, Paul Lukas, Gertrude Michael, Robert Loraine, Halliwell Hobbes, Una O'Connor, E. E. Clive.

FATHER BROWN,
DETECTIVE (Para.)

HUSBAND SLAYER GOES FREE

"Mady Christians" Cleared by Devotion of Children

After approximately ten years Mady Christians, slayer of her drunken, bootlegging and thieving husband in self-defense, gave herself up to clear her conscience and was acquitted of the crime through the testimony of the children she had fought so hard to raise properly.

The story started in the bayou regions of Louisiana and developed in a thriving mill town farther north. During the latter stages of the production she fell in love with Charles Bickford, newspaper editor, and he understood.

The whole trouble with the story rested on the premise that a woman, happy with her children, much in love, and not hunted by the police, should voluntarily place her freedom in jeopardy. This is hard to believe. Miss Christians, making her début in talking pictures, did the best she could and Bickford, as her newspaperman-suitor, aided her.

The Cast: Mady Christians, Jean Parker, Charles Bickford, Betty Furness, William Henry, Jackie Searle, Betty Jane Graham, Sterling Holloway, DeWitt Jennings and others.

A WICKED WOMAN
(M-G-M)

FOR FURTHER NEWS OF THE MONTH IN PICTURES TURN TO PAGE 100

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

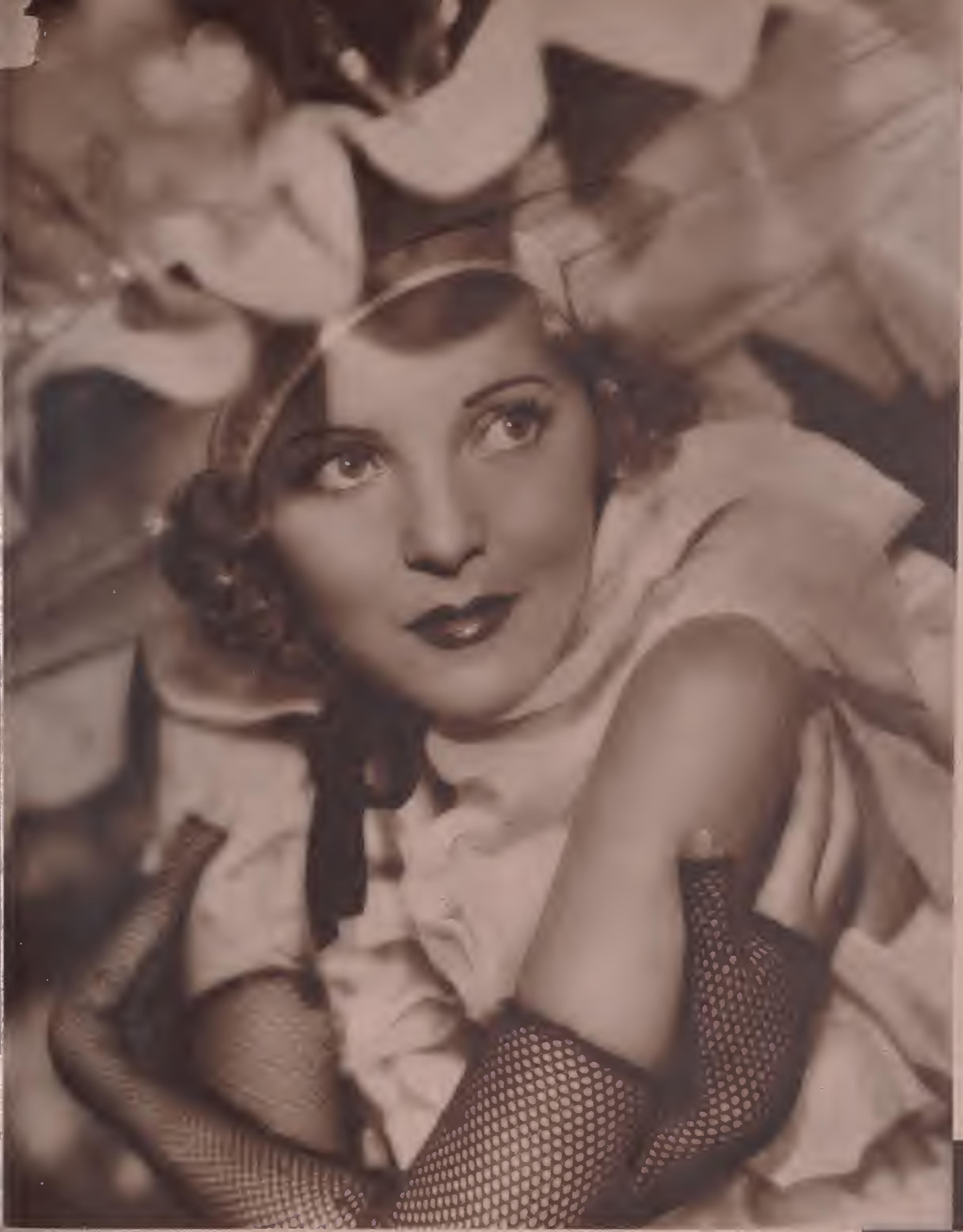
in *Bright Eyes*

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL
Directed by
DAVID BUTLER

FOX



PAT PATERSON

This charming English lass is back at work on "Lottery Lover" for Fox after spraining a rib or two going through her dance routines for the film. Lew Ayres, Hollywood's most recent bridegroom, plays opposite. Pat herself is just laying plans for her new home with husband Charles Boyer.

KITTY CARLISLE

With her present role as the Princess in Paramount's "Here Is My Heart," Kitty becomes the first girl to appear opposite Bing Crosby in a second picture. She's working hard—taking not one but *two* vocal lessons a day—and, after a year in Hollywood, hasn't gone to any parties.

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

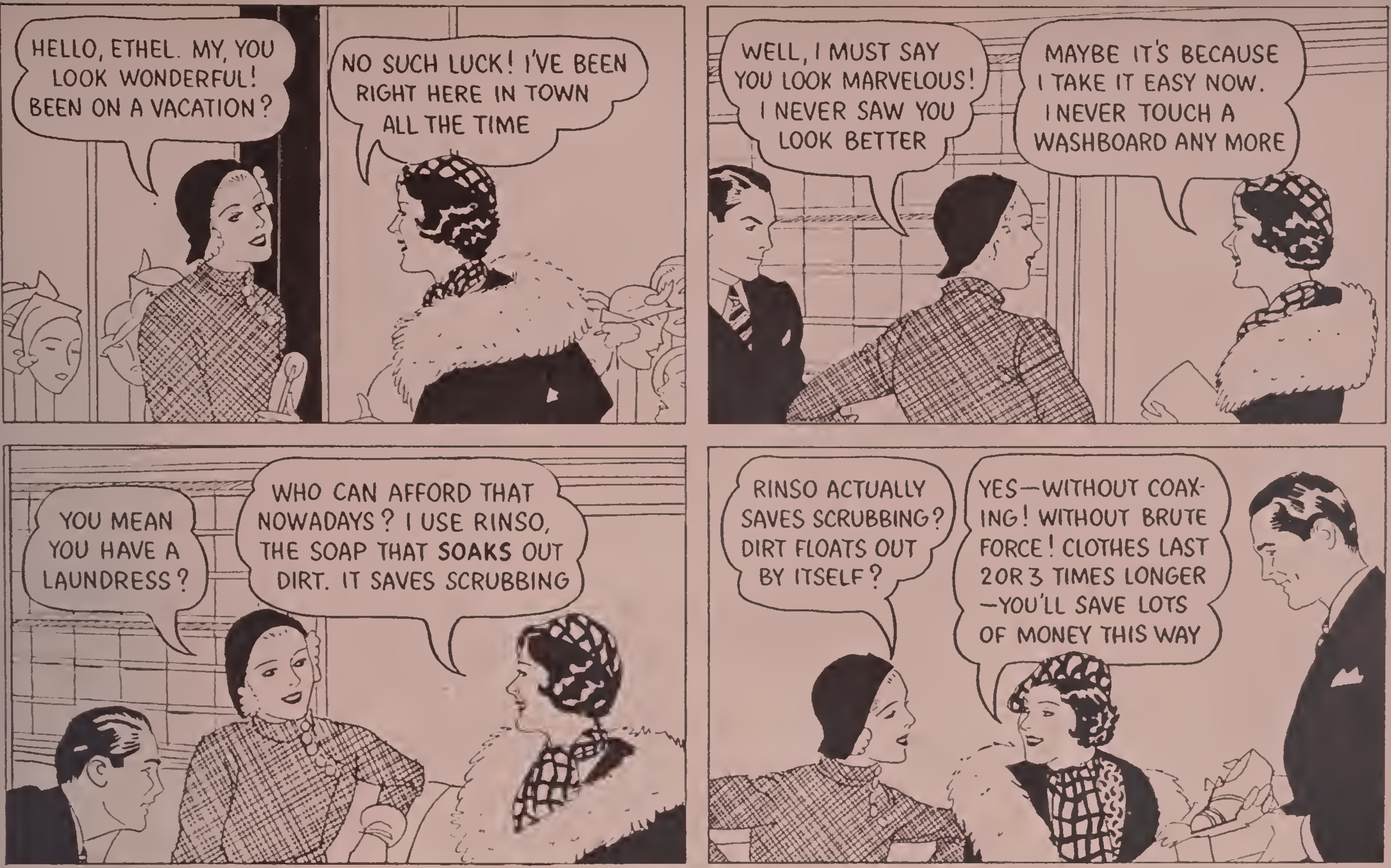
But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.

Advertisement

IRENE DUNNE

In Warners' production of "Sweet Adeline" Irene will sing some of Jerome Kern's most unforgetable music —"Here Am I," "Why Was I Born?" and "Don't Ever Leave Me"—in the famous Helen Morgan rôle.


HELLO, ETHEL. MY, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL! BEEN ON A VACATION?
NO SUCH LUCK! I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE IN TOWN ALL THE TIME
WELL, I MUST SAY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS! I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I TAKE IT EASY NOW. I NEVER TOUCH A WASHBOARD ANY MORE
YOU MEAN YOU HAVE A LAUNDRESS?
WHO CAN AFFORD THAT NOWADAYS? I USE RINSO, THE SOAP THAT SOAKS OUT DIRT. IT SAVES SCRUBBING
RINSO ACTUALLY SAVES SCRUBBING? DIRT FLOATS OUT BY ITSELF?
YES—WITHOUT COAXING! WITHOUT BRUTE FORCE! CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER —YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY THIS WAY

NEXT WASHDAY
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! MY WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—WITHOUT SCRUBBING! RINSO'S MARVELOUS, I MUST USE IT FOR DISHES, TOO

Keeps colors fresh and bright, too

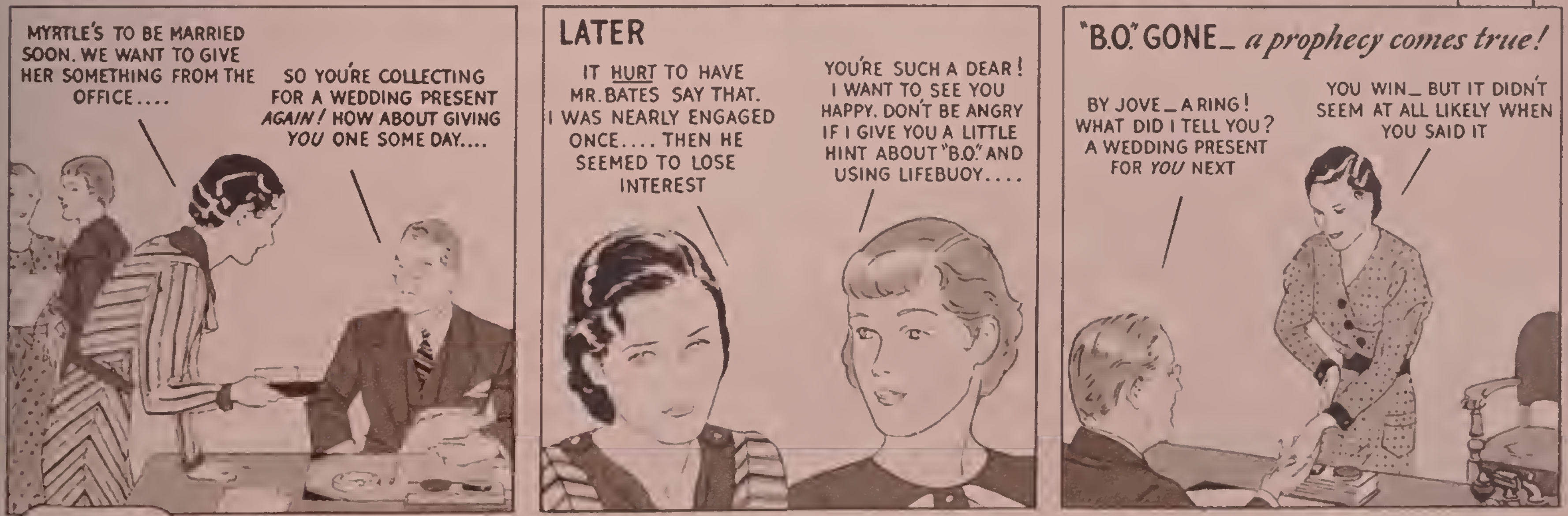
RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 40 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—*even in hardest water.* No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be *safe.* Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

RINSO GIVES SUCH LASTING SUDS
YES — EVEN IN WATER THAT'S HARD AS NAILS!
Rinso

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST—A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

NRA CODE


MYRTLE'S TO BE MARRIED SOON. WE WANT TO GIVE HER SOMETHING FROM THE OFFICE....
SO YOU'RE COLLECTING FOR A WEDDING PRESENT AGAIN! HOW ABOUT GIVING YOU ONE SOME DAY....
LATER
IT HURT TO HAVE MR. BATES SAY THAT. I WAS NEARLY ENGAGED ONCE.... THEN HE SEEMED TO LOSE INTEREST
YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR! I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY. DON'T BE ANGRY IF I GIVE YOU A LITTLE HINT ABOUT "B.O." AND USING LIFEBUOY....
"B.O." GONE—a prophecy comes true!
BY JOVE—A RING! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? A WEDDING PRESENT FOR YOU NEXT
YOU WIN—BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL LIKELY WHEN YOU SAID IT

YOU CAN WEAR ANY COLOR YOU WANT FOR YOUR GOING AWAY DRESS. YOUR SKIN IS SO NICE AND CLEAR
IT WASN'T—UNTIL I STARTED USING LIFEBUOY

A grand complexion soap—Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (*body-odor*) is a year-'round problem. Cold days or hot—*play safe!* Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and *deodorizes* pores. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

INSIDE STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

Marilyn Granase may be only Shirley Temple's stand-in but she's a real pal, too. Anyway, she didn't object when Shirley horned-in on her soda at the Assistance League.

HOT NEWS: **Gloria Swanson** is hiding out on the desert these days and even M-G-M doesn't know where to find her. She is contacted through her secretary, who is the only one who knows where and how to locate her.

An all-time record is being established by **George Cukor,** who has five sub-directors under him directing five different units of the "David Copperfield" screenplay at M-G-M. The reason for this is speed.

We don't know whether it is the **Dick Powell** influence or not but **Mary Brian** has at last given up her plan to appear on Broadway this winter. She'll first do a picture for Fox, "Charlie Chan in Paris." Dick's contract with Warner's says he can't marry before January 1—but after that—

Una Merkel put her thumbs down when M-G-M executives wanted to screen test her husband, **Ronald Burla**, aviation engineer. "One actor in the family's enough," she said.

Hollywood is cheering because **Richard Dix** has won the fight against him made by his former wife, Winifred Coe Brimmer. After her divorce was granted and Dix re-married, she brought suit for the invalidation of her Mexican divorce and for a new and larger property settlement.

Anita Louise's new contract with Warner Brothers calls for a starting salary of $450 a week, reaching $2,250 a week in seven years.

Stealing of dance routines is becoming popular among dance directors. **Alice Faye** and **Jack Donahue,** to forestall this, are holding secret sessions as they develop their steps for "George White's Scandals."

Stepin Fetchit has a bad case of jitters and is gradually turning green with jealousy now that Fox has imported **Bill Robinson,** famous Negro dancer, to appear with Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel."

Spencer Tracy, back with a heavy coat of tan from Honolulu, has taken on a new reform and is working in "Dante's Inferno." Completely forgiven for his recent indiscretions, he holds a two-year contract with Fox without

In return for a visit that James Blakely had paid Mary Carlisle, on the M-G-M set, Mary came to the Columbia studio to visit him and have a sandwich with Fay Wray, too.

"Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how in the world did you get so slim?"
...then she revealed her secret!
"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle . . . wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

You can Reduce your waist and hips

THREE INCHES in TEN DAYS with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

WHY NOT REGAIN YOUR YOUTHFUL SLIMNESS

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days at our expense!

Don't wait any longer...act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 282. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ *State* __________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Irving Netcher gave a party and Hyman Fink was the only cameraman invited! Among the guests: Sally Eilers, Joan Bennett, Leila Hyams and Harry Joe Brown, Sally's husband.

MORE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

options. **Claire Trevor** works with him in "Dante's Inferno."

Gene Raymond gets the lead in "Transient Lady" at Universal.

Onslow Stevens and **Phyllis Cooper** are in preliminary arrangements before telling a judge how their marriage didn't take.

Cora Sue Collins, tiny actress, has won a seven-year contract with M-G-M as the result of her work in "Evelyn Prentice."

The reason that "Kids on the Cuff," with **Max Baer,** was postponed for six months by Paramount is that the company wants to release it at just about the time Max is training—and thus can cash in on the publicity he'll get then.

Iris Adrian, an ex-Hollywood High girl who made personal appearances with **George Raft** as his dancing partner, will dance with him on the screen in "Rumba." This is her first appearance before the camera.

Ray Wise, the Jewish-Esquimaux boy who made such a hit in "Eskimo" under the name of **Mala** for M-G-M, finds himself learning Polynesian for his South Seas picture, "Typee," also for M-G-M.

Fay Wray has just dashed for London on twenty-four hours' notice to spend ten weeks there. She will appear in "Alias Bulldog Drummond." **John Monk Saunders,** her husband, will join her there.

Glenda Farrell has a brand new "racket." She buys homes, lives in them while she redecorates them and plants shrubs—then sells them at a profit.

Rudy Vallee, wanting to do a Jimmy Cagney role, has written a picture about a hard-boiled Army sergeant, has submitted it, and has had it accepted by Warner executives. It is being whipped into script form.

* * *

JIMMY CAGNEY had a close call from death by suffocation while making "Devil Dogs of the Air" at the Warner-First National studios.

Jimmy, waiting alone in a huge hangar, was overcome by smoke from several large smudge pots. He collapsed. Technicians working on the picture

At a party at the Trocadero, Norma Shearer announced the impending visit of an l. s. (little stranger). The Thalbergs are with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March.

The latest combine — Francis Lederer and Jean Muir — snapped at the Warner Theatre.

opened all doors, aired the hangar before they found him crumpled on the floor.

Production was halted for three hours while he recovered.

* * *

SURPRISING is the news, even to Hollywood, that Baby LeRoy, featured and virtually starred in several motion pictures, collected only $50 a week for his first year of success when working and $15 a week when not on the sets. This news is topped by the information that under his new contract he collects $60 a week when working and $20 a week when idle. The studio employing him agrees to deliver him on the set and take him home, which is something, as he cannot very well drive his own car.

In contrast to this is the contract which Lowell Sherman, who is good at arguing, has with Universal. He receives $5,000 a week at all times, $7,500 a week when he both acts and directs. Recently he was idle for six months—on salary—when the studio couldn't find a screen play suitable to his talents.

* * *

PROOF that Hollywood producers are up for talent and beauty combined is partly proved by the experience which has overtaken Ann Darling, 16,

To the Lovely Lady

IN THIS PICTURE

LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
F25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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Address____________________

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MORE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

recently signed to a Universal contract. At the moment the studio's executives not only are paying her a handsome salary for doing nothing but they are paying her tuition at a dramatic school in Beverly Hills in the hope that she'll reach stardom.

* * *

WE always thought that the gag about extras always being hungry was something which originated in a press agent's mind. Sad to relate, it seems to be true.

Wandering around the "I Murdered a Man" sets at Universal City we noticed a huge buffet loaded with food. We stopped to chat with Billy Reiter, one of our pet assistant directors. The conversation lasted three minutes and during that period seven extras approached him and begged him to shoot the buffet scene before lunch.

Reiter had to place a guard on the food.

* * *

"NORTH SHORE" is the next to the last picture which Barbara Stanwyck will make for Warners-First National.

Inside on the situation is that Barbara has received a tremendous offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She also has been pretty much of a Bolshevik with front office executives at the Burbank institution, claiming that she has not been given a fair chance and that her pictures have been poor. Barbara, a regular gal with the gang she works with, isn't afraid to tell any executive where to head in when she feels she is being stepped on.

* * *

OUR own Bureau of Vital Statistics begs to report that both Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee will be fathers again within a very short time.

* * *

AWED by the luxury of a Beverly Hills home which she had rented furnished, Jean Muir moved out—so that she could take a small apartment and sit on the floor when she talked to her friends.

* * *

SO much has been written about Hollywood's being or not being a 9 o'clock town that we rather hesitate to add weight to the charge that it is. However, we have uncovered the fact that several wives have organized a sewing circle. These include Mrs. James Cagney, Mrs. Allen Jenkins, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mrs. Frank McHugh and Mrs. George Meeker.

The wives sit home and do their sewing, visiting a different house each week, while husbands step out to watch local ring and mat gladiators at their gory work.

* * *

UNIVERSAL grooming players for future musicals particularly of the operatic type have signed Eole Galli, sister of Maria "Gamby" Gambarelli, dancer known best for her work in radio. Eole is reported to be able to hit a couple of octaves above high "C" or something like that. You pronounce it in three syllables E-O-lay!

* * *

WE sat next to DeWitt Jennings at the preview of "The President Vanishes."

As an actor on the screen, Jennings was a selfish, belligerent munitions manufacturer who wanted to plunge America into another world war, sacrificing millions of lives to make money.

Jennings in real life is the proud father of boys who are just the right age for cannon fodder. So he sat watching the picture, quietly hissing himself and clapping loudly for Arthur Byron, the peace-loving president, every time he made a pacifistic speech.

* * *

JUST before Fred Keating came into motion pictures he was very broke. Not only was he flat, but his Negro retainer, a swell guy named Aubrey, was also without funds. Aubrey's wife, Etta, had a job, but she lost that.

On Keating's birthday he returned to

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

Surprise birthday party for Mrs. Joe E. Brown at the Grove—Mrs. Joe cuts cake for Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Neil Hamilton, Lyle Talbot, Russell Simpson and Joe.

his hotel to find the following note:

"Dear Mr. Keating:

Etta and I are very sorry we cannot bring you your birthday cake, as we intended. The gas was turned off this morning. But anyway we both wish you a very happy birthday.

Aubrey and Etta."

* * *

Here's another way to get ahead in Hollywood.

A certain leading man, recently placed under contract by a large studio was found to be unsuited for motion pictures and was released from his contract.

However, during his brief reign at the studio, he had borrowed so much money from the larger executives that he was again signed—until the men he owed had taken his debts out of his salary!

At a special professional matinee of Noel Coward's "Theatre Royal" in London Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence stop to chat with Walter Chisholm.

Wide World

* * *

UNDER Edward G. Robinson's contract with Columbia pictures, he has reserved the right to leave the "Passport to Fame" set every afternoon at 5:30.

Reason is that Edward, Jr., is tucked into bed at 6, and Sr. feels he must be there to do the job properly. The nurse won't let Sr. see Jr. after 6 P. M.

* * *

FRANCIS LISTER, who plays a leading role with Ronald Colman in "Clive of India" is fresh from England.

He decided that his dressing room was cold, so he turned a little handle to warm it up.

An assistant director came to the dressing room to call him to work, smelled gas—and saved his life.

* * *

JEAN ARTHUR, while working with Edward G. Robinson in Columbia's "Passport to Fame," won a large "pot" on football results. So what did she do?

She immediately went to fifty extras and invited them all to return to the set on the last day of filming for a party—and invested the entire sum in entertaining them.

* * *

ALTHOUGH they have publicly broken their engagement, Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, the cameraman, are still very much interested in each other. When Miss Venable appears at the studio wardrobe for costumes, Hal is there to approve and criticize. They also dine together in the Cafe de Paris at Fox—so it looks as though they may be reconsidering.

JANET GAYNOR'S latest romance is reported to be with a New York dentist she met recently through a mutual friend.

* * *

VALERIE HOBSON, young British actress, ribbed by her director because she failed to cry in four "takes" of the scene in which she was appearing in "Rendezvous at Midnight," lost complete control of herself. She sobbed, choked, and tears streamed down her cheecks.

The director rushed to her side.

"Why—Valerie!" he exclaimed, sympathetically. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she gasped. "I'm—just—crying—because—I—can't—cry."

* * *

SO much does Emily Baldwin, stand-in for Rochelle Hudson, look like Miss Hudson that the latter is considering hiring her permanently. Under a new set-up, Emily would not only stand in, but would make public appearances and attend boresome affairs of Rochelle

■ NO MOTHER WOULD ask her child to crumble bulky sugar cane into his cereal to sweeten it—when he can have the goodness of the cane concentrated in sugar.... THEN *WHY* give children bulky cod liver oil when there's a more convenient, really delicious way to take it?—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets.

Rigid tests prove that the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

Now science makes available the vitamins A and D of cod liver oil—without the nauseating fats which are so often upsetting. White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are delicious and palatable. Children take them eagerly.

Each White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablet is equivalent in vitamin A and D content to a teaspoonful of cod liver oil.... Each tablet has the power of a spoonful of oil (U.S.P. Standard) in helping to build resistance...the power of a spoonful of oil to help strengthen bones and teeth.

The tablets are constant in vitamin content—accurate in dosage. They are designed for protection against light, air, and the destructive effects of time.

The tablets are well suited for infant feeding. Just crush them and mix in the infant's liquid foods.

Grown-ups, too, need the benefits of these tablets to help build resistance against infection in general.... Convenient to carry in pocket or purse.

White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

HOLLYWOOD Goes to the OPERA

SO DOES HYMAN FINK

Ermine 'n' orchids go to the opera with Cinema City's glamorous socialites. Here are Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern, all dressed up. Hollywood's trying out new coiffures, too—note Ann's and Joan's on this page.

Janet Gaynor looked as charming and spring-like as ever in one of the new metal-sprinkled evening ensembles. She came with Jack Otterson. Is it a romance, Janet? Oh, yes—the opera was Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."

A popular blonde (and a devoted young mother, as well) with two of the town's handsomest males—Virginia Bruce Gilbert with Phil Ormsby and William Bakewell. Virginia's newest is in "The Mighty Barnum," with Adolphe Menjou.

The Lady of the Gardenias appeared with two of her very best friends—Franchot Tone (who furnishes many of the Joan Crawford flowers) and Lynn Riggs, the playwright. They're her best critics of her "little theatre."

Sheila Manners and Ernst Lubitsch are often together these days. Here they're at the Trocadero.

MORE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

We have seen Emily and she is a dead-ringer for Rochelle, so this isn't a publicity concoction. Oldsters will remember that Margaret Livingston, now the wife of Paul Whiteman, used to engage her sister, Ivy, to perform similar services. Their resemblance was uncanny.

* * *

THE Department in Quest of Romance reports that Kurt Neumann, director, has given a diamond ring to Baby Jane, the little star he is directing in "Straight from the Heart."

* * *

DOROTHY WILSON, erstwhile Radio Pictures stenographer, who has alternately clutched at fame and let go, is to have another try following her success in Fox's "White Parade."

She has been handed a contract. With her onto the Fox roster go Jane Darwell, playing "Sailor" in the same production, and Muriel Kirkland, one of the nurses. Muriel, after her work in "Little Man, What Now?" deserves a break, too.

* * *

CHARLIE FARRELL is definitely "washed up" with Fox and will not make another picture with Janet Gaynor, no matter what you hear to the contrary from other sources. While in London recently he met Winfield Sheehan, head man at Movietone City, and they tore up the contract by mutual consent.

* * *

CHESTER MORRIS took his youngster, Brooks, 5, onto the set to watch him work for the first time the other day. Chester was making love scenes with June Clayworth, his leading lady in "I've Been Around."

As the camera ground, Chester put his arms around June, kissed her, held her tightly. Brooks looked up with troubled eyes. When the scene was finished, he turned to Eddie McKenna, Chester's trainer.

"I guess I'd better not tell mother about this," he said soberly.

* * *

WYNNE GIBSON has found a new type of fan.

At her home on Trancas Beach, several miles above Malibu—the country is pretty wild up there—seals come from miles around to bark at her door. One showed up first and, not being a trained seal, didn't want her autograph, but food. She fed him scraps and the next day he returned with two pals.

At present she is feeding seven.

(*Continued on page* 104)

My children are fine now

● My children frequently got upset and needed a laxative and I had an awful time giving them one—they just refused any of them. I was always worrying about their bowels. FEEN-A-MINT has certainly solved my problem. The children like it just as well as regular chewing gum and there is no coaxing and fighting like I put up with before. It works beautifully without being too rough—the children don't complain of cramps like they did with other medicines. The whole family is strong for FEEN-A-MINT.

Chewing makes the difference

Women are constantly writing us how pleased they are with FEEN-A-MINT for their children. Because you *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative is distributed evenly through the system and works more thoroughly, without being harsh and violent. That is why 15,000,000 men and women have decided that FEEN-A-MINT is the ideal laxative for them. So easy and pleasant to take, with its refreshing flavor. 15 and 25¢ at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE NATURALLY AND EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS EFFECTIVELY YET GENTLY. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Just try it a little while, then...

SEE HOW WHITE, LUSTROUS YOUR TEETH BECOME

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

wins millions of women by its beauty-giving results

YOU WOMEN . . . how coldly you judge your purchases, particularly those aids to health and beauty. Under your pitiless scrutiny, a product's defects stand starkly revealed. On the other hand, if it has merit you are the first to say so.

It is a source of considerable pride to us that more than 2,000,000 of you have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste —and continue to use it year in and year out. We could ask for no greater compliment for our product.

If you are already using Listerine Tooth Paste, we need not tell you of its results. You have seen. You know.

If, however, you have not tried it, we urge you to do so. Compare it with any dentifrice at any price.

See how white, lustrous, and clean your teeth become.

Note how quickly and thoroughly the up-to-date cleansing agents combat unsightly film and attack debris and discolorations. And remember, these cleansing agents are chosen because of their gentleness—they do not mar or scratch precious enamel.

Don't fail to observe how the active polishing agents of this dentifrice give teeth new sheen and lustre. What flash! What sparkle!

Look for that wonderful refreshed feeling in the mouth after using—the delightful sensation of invigoration and cleanliness that you associate with Listerine.

Lastly, reflect that because of our enormous buying and marketing resources we can offer you this dentifrice deluxe at a price that is a definite economy.

Do not take our word for the success of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try a tube and see for yourself. At all druggists in two sizes—Large Regular, 25¢; Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH

Your children's teeth deserve the attention of a safe dentifrice. One that will not scratch or mar enamel and thus foster decay. The principal ingredients in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the most expensive that can be had, chosen primarily for their gentleness in action. They do not mar teeth.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
DOUBLE SIZE 40¢
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

GRAND OPERA
direct from Metropolitan Stage, N. Y.
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by Geraldine Farrar
Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . .
all NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time

THE STAIN-ATTACKING, FILM-COMBATING TOOTH PASTE

So human and heart-warming and so very swell —this Chester Morris menage!

Lovely Sue Kilborn gave up her career for Chester — and he'd give up everything for his Susie!

He Won't do ANYTHING Without Susie

by Jack Smalley

CHESTER MORRIS just happened to say, "I won't do anything without Susie."

But it sums up so well the comradeship of Chester and Susie Morris that it's the natural title of this story. This is what he said:

"Susie was so determined to learn how to play golf, that she took painstaking lessons and practiced hard so that I wouldn't be ashamed to play with her. We were out on the links one day when I suddenly tumbled.

"'You don't like golf at all, do you?' I asked her.

"She fessed up that she didn't. And hanged if I was interested enough in the game to be enthusiastic about it, anyway, so we both quit playing. I won't do anything without Susie."

Chester and Sue Kilborn have been married—let's see, almost eight years, isn't it? She was a youngster in Paramount pictures; came out of the studio school with Buddy Rogers, Thelma Todd, and others. But she gave it up for Chester.

Maybe that's why he's done a bit of sacrificing here and there, himself. He refuses to take any credit, though, for his burnt offerings. Susie wouldn't care if he went on playing golf, but it just isn't any fun if she can't do it, too.

Now, you would think that this little affair between Chester and Sue, after these many years, would have worn off a bit and they'd settle down into a normal marriage where friend husband has his interests, and the little woman has hers. Not a bit of it. They can't seem to get over the idea that they are still sweethearts.

Take swimming. Chester used to like to run down the white sandy beach and take a header into the surf. Susie never could enjoy that shock of cold water and the sting of salt. She has always been a frail girl, and besides, mothering two pesky little children taxed her strength. So Chester got out of the habit of surf bathing.

The solution was right under their noses, so to speak, but it wasn't until this summer that Chester found his inspiration. The doctor suggested that Susie go down to Palm Springs and do some swimming in the pool there. Do her good; build her up. They went in swimming every day, and loved it.

When they came back, Chester said: "We're not going to buy a new car, honey; we're going to put in a swimming pool. Okay?"

Susie's vote made it unanimous. Now they fairly live in the pool. I went out to see it when it was finished. It isn't very big, and cost the same as a good automobile, but you can't resist the lure of the blue water and the comfy lounging chairs around the edge. There's a little pavilion with a brick barbecue off to one side, and now the whole Morris family life revolves about that pool.

"Susie goes in every day," Chester explained with satisfaction. "We find that, as the water gets colder, you don't mind at all if you take a plunge

(*Continued on page* 74)

Madge Evans' Advice

A child star who made good as an adult star is best fitted to warn Shirley of the dangers that lie before her!

MADGE EVANS is the exception to a general rule that child stars drop into obscurity when the gawky stage overtakes them—usually about the age of twelve. At five or six Madge was a star and today, not quite twenty years later, she can look back from the vantage of her M-G-M contract on the pitfalls she escaped.

Currently, of course, there is another child sensation, a real little star this time, in the person of Miss Shirley Temple. There have been many other stellar youngsters—the Jackies, Coogan and Cooper; Cora Sue Collins, Baby Peggy, several others—but not one of them has completely turned the movie world upside down as Shirley has. No one of them ever had a picture big enough to run four solid weeks on Broadway as Shirley's "Baby Take a Bow" did. Jackie Cooper had "The Champ" but that was a Wally Beery picture, too. No child has ever before received 5,000 fan letters a week, as Shirley does.

Yet can Shirley escape time? Will her success continue? Or will she disappear as obscurely as have Phillippe de Lacey, Wesley Barry and others?

Madge Evans doesn't know.

"When I knew that Shirley Temple was to play in the same picture with me, 'Stand Up and Cheer,' I was resigned," declared Madge. "I had played in pictures with little children before, and I knew well enough that no matter how good a grown-up's performance might be, the little child if any good at all automatically walked off with the honors. Not that Shirley was 'anybody' then. She was just an infant who had played in 'Baby Burlesques,' but I was on my guard, just the same.

"I noticed immediately that Shirley was far more talented than other children who had played in my pictures. She was a lovely child, and marvelously unspoiled. She was always very quiet—even business-like, and never made a play for the attentions of the older people. She was content to either study her lines or play with her dolls between scenes.

"Mrs. Temple was a fine woman—not one of those 'stage mothers'

to Shirley Temple

by MARY HILL

whom one looks upon with fear and dread. She was a charmingly intelligent woman—an ideal mother to whom Shirley would run for advice if she were in doubt of what to do.

"As long as Shirley gives her the same love and respect that she was giving her mother during 'Stand Up and Cheer,' half of her battle is already won.

"FOR one of the greatest dangers that Shirley will have to look out for, is taking seriously the inevitable praise and adulation that grown-ups will give her because of her babyish charm. It is pitiful how a young child gets to depend upon it. Because when children get around the gangling, gawky stage, this love and praise ceases as suddenly as it began. Then, the child fights to retain the petting and spoiling she has learned to thrive upon. When the child feels that she is losing it, she tries to get her treasure back by acting smarty, and straining herself to be 'cute.' It is almost too much to ask but somehow at this early age, little Shirley should realize that what people tell her should not be taken too seriously.

"Then, there is her relation to other children," Madge said. "Generally precocious children, if they don't have an intelligent person watching and guiding them, get the idea that they should receive the same attention from other children that they get from grown-ups. Other children are naturally a little awed and stiff when playing with a famous child, and wonder what it is the famous youngster has that they haven't. This only tends to make the famous child more conscious of her own importance. She starts to lord it over the others, and if she doesn't get the attention she wants, she won't play—thus harming herself by cutting off the valuable experience of playing with other children. Either that, or the other kids won't have a thing to do with her, because she makes them feel inferior. It's hard for a child prodigy to get into games and 'the bunch' as other kids do.

"Shirley should be protected from a tendency to over-act. It's so hard not to fall in love with yourself and think you're grand when you constantly see yourself, on the screen, twice life size. All children love to act, and a child actress usually passes her time (*Continued on page* 80)

Stars are live

by EDWARD CHURCHILL

The Irving Thalbergs find their marriage smooth sailing, but Irving says, though Norma approaches perfection, she misses it by half an hour when keeping her social appointments.

The beaming Ben Lyons, below, have their gaps to bridge when Bebe surpasses him at cards. She sagely advises: "Don't play games with your husband if you can beat him."

PERHAPS you, young woman, walking starry-eyed from the neighborhood cinema after seeing your idol emote, have come to the conclusion that if you and HE were legally made one, life would be an idyll.

And you, young man, gazing rapturously at your favorite screen heroine, have decided that you and she could have a perfect married life because SHE is without fault.

Oh, yeah?

The stars are human—very, very human—although distance, script and publicity writers, directors and make-up men make them seem divine.

Just to prove this we went behind scenes, around corners and into front doors to find out just how your favorite gets along with his or her mate.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary was first and we spotted Helen Hayes with Charles MacArthur, her husband-writer.

"Mr. MacArthur, is your wife perfect?" we ask.

"Sounds like a gag," he replies. "I'll say she isn't. She—"

"We argue," cuts in Miss Hayes, "about plays. We get along perfectly until *he* brings the subject up."

"Then she tries to tell me how to write," he protests.

"And he tries to tell me how to act," she accuses.

"Tell him about the night we started arguing and called the cars to take us to different hotels."

"We wouldn't stay in the house together," Helen reveals. "I ordered a car. He did the same. They arrived and waited out in front for two hours while we had it out in the kitchen. Finally, we went to bed and the cars went away. But, although I gave in, I must say that he—"

"Now, darling, you know very well that in the last scene of the second act—"

"You can ask anybody who's ever interpreted that scene," Helen retorts, "if it should be played that way—"

NOW to that delightful beach home owned by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. We put the question smack up to Bebe. Ben is away, working in a picture. Maybe we're taking unfair advantage of Ben, but here goes:

"Ben is the finest man in the world," admits Bebe, "but he is far from perfect. I'll let you in on a bit of lowdown. Maybe it'll help you the way it helped us. We had a problem to face—but now it's ironed out, and everything's swell."

She lowered her voice.

"We go swimming," she explains. "Ben is better

hard to with

Illustrated by Carl Pfeuffer

than I. He beats me at golf. He teaches me to fly an airplane—he's a grand pilot and I'm a dub. We get along marvelously.

"Then we ask a few friends in to play bridge. He and I play together. I beat him.

"Ben changes from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. He rants, raves, tears his hair. It's his only sin. It's incurable, uncontrollable and tragic.

"Now I come to the advice. We solved our problem by taking an oath that we'd never play bridge at the same table. All is well in the Lyon household. The moral is—don't play games with your husband if you can beat him."

We find Ben on a set at Columbia studios.

"Is Bebe irritating?" he asks. "Say—you ought to play bridge with that woman."

HENCE to the Karloff estate—a sunny Spanish home surrounded by tall trees, flower gardens, a tennis court, swimming pool and restful hillsides. Surely, nothing could be irritating here.

Oh, no, indeed!

"Boris drives me wild," confesses Dorothy, his wife. "I won't say anything about his insistence that the five dogs make themselves at home on the new divan. I won't mention his coming into the house in a wet bathing suit after a dip in the pool. I really have but one major complaint.

"He reads in bed. This is perfectly all right, of course. But he invariably goes to sleep with his glasses on, his book open, the light on and the windows closed. Maybe you think it's fun to wake up at 2 o'clock in the morning and open windows—especially on cold nights.

"I tried to wake him at first. But all I got was an unromantic 'ugh'. Imagine an 'ugh' at 2 A. M. I gave up!"

"MY wife, Norma Shearer, approaches perfection," says Irving Thalberg. "However, she has one fault which almost drives me wild.

"She's been in motion pictures for years. She always has been on time for story conferences, wardrobe fittings, publicity appointments. She never has held up production. She's absolutely dependable.

"But socially?

"She's never been on time in her life. Its 'Norma, are you ready, dear?' with that famous old reply, 'Just one more minute.' An hour later she pops in with that equally famous crack, 'I hope I haven't kept you waiting.'"

But Thalberg, being a very clever young man, has taken steps.

"I tell her," he explains, (*Continued on page* 113)

The Bob Montgomerys, above, after a trip, find marriage has its trip-ups, too. Mrs. Bob has her time keeping Bob from bobbing and fidgeting...and from reading out loud.

Mrs. Bing Crosby compromised when it came to Bing's crooning in the bathroom, till Golf came along as another hazard—harder to overcome—in their matrimonial course.

How JEAN and BILL

It's the cutest, gayest, goofiest —and most promising romance in all Hollywood—and here's the gaga lowdown on the story

"Remember me?" he said, over the phone. "Of course," she said, "I saw you just yesterday." "If you did," he said, "you saw me in your dreams." And just because she had been sleepy!

The way those two look at each other at a party! Over there on the other page, note Jean's adoring eyes—as she looks at Bill, past Virginia Cherrill. On her left, Howard Hughes and Cary Grant.

LAUGHED Their Way Into LOVE

by DOROTHY MANNERS

ACCORDING to the Associated Press, the United Press, the radio gossips, Walter Winchell and the Podunk Daily Star . . . *the romance between Jean Harlow and William Powell grows more serious every day . . . Flash!*

But don't let them fool you!

It's getting goofier by the minute.

Far be it from me to try to tell you that Jean and Bill are just old pals (*from Jean:* "I've always admired Mr. Powell's screen work so much," or, *from Mr. Powell:* "The friendship between Miss Harlow and myself is based upon our mutual interest in the uplift of the cinema"). I wouldn't for a minute try to fool you with that sort of thing.

Nothing would surprise me less than for Bill and Jean to ankle to the altar to the strains of "Lohengrin," or even "Here Come the British, Bang! Bang!" as soon as the law allows. Hollywood no longer has any ideas about Bill's little home in Beverly Hills that could do a stand-in for Washington's home at Mt. Vernon any old time, getting off to a hostessless start in life.

But I still insist there isn't anything serious about this love story.

It's the craziest romance that ever came out of Hollywood. There's not a gardenia in the entire set-up . . . not even in Bill's lapel. There's not even a good sob story of two lonely souls drawn together by mutual sympathy to withstand the cruel heartbreaks of shattered loves in the past. Or if there is such a tie it isn't evident on the surface when The Thin Man hero comes a'courtin' the Platinum Blonde in his Ford coupé.

Perhaps it would be simpler to ask if you'd seen Bill and Myrna Loy in their romantic cavorting in "The Thin Man?" If so, you have a fair idea of the off-screen romance between Mr. Powell and Miss Harlow, minus, of course, the alcoholic touches and the cheerful murders for humor and suspense.

With Jean and Bill it was a case of laughter at first sight. They met in the publicity department of the M-G-M studio soon after Bill had come on that lot from Warner Brothers. At the very moment of their meeting Bill was being hounded by an interviewer to name the feminine star he considered to have the most screen sex-appeal. "Why Miss Harlow, of course," said Bill gallantly, kissing the lady's finger tips. No one has ever accused debonaire Bill of not being an opportunist.

"And that's for publication," grinned Miss Harlow. "No changing your mind if Garbo, or Shirley Temple should happen to walk in when I walk out!"

After that Bill called Jean five times on the telephone without getting to first base on a date. "Isn't it funny," laughed Jean apologetically, "that you just happen to call the evenings I have engagements?"

"Either that," said Mr. Willy Powell, "or *vice versa!*"

You'll have to figure that one out for yourself . . . just as Jean did.

THEIR first date was typical.

It was Bill's idea, formally relayed over the telephone, that Miss Harlow might find a little trek up the coast to Santa Barbara, for dinner, relaxing and diverting. When she said "Yes" he was so surprised he called for her in the town car and left the pet Ford at home.

Of course, there was no way of Bill's knowing that Jean had had one of her rare late-hour nights the evening previous. She was tired and sleepy. They hadn't any more than hit the coast-line when she dropped gently off to sleep.

Now Bill has affected ladies in various ways, previous to this . . . but it was the first time on record he had lulled one to sleep. It seemed a shame to wake her up for dinner, but after all they'd come all the way up to Santa Barbara, and his chauffeur would be disappointed.

After dinner, Bill suggested: "Is there anything in particular you'd like to do up here? A show, perhaps—?"

Jean declined, politely and sleepily.

"Shall we just . . . er . . . ride back?" prompted Mr. Powell.

Jean fairly beamed her approval. Now a heavy meal has never been known as a vitalizer, so Jean snuggled back in her corner and slept all the way home. The nap continued right up to the door of her old ancestral mansion. It was necessary for Bill to give her a slight prod in the ribs to announce the homecoming.

Jean woke with a start: "Such a delightful day," she murmured, remembering her

(*Continued on page* 86)

HIDDEN DRAMAS in the life of Anna Sten

A rare picture of the years of hunger and suffering in the life of the Russian star, told by her good friend and countrywoman

Below, Anna Sten with her husband Dr. Eugene Frenke, photographed recently at a Hollywood party. The glamorous Sten is really a very domestic little person!

Anna, now at work on a picture, tentatively called "The Wedding Night," in which Gary Cooper shares top billing, is mad about her five Samoyede puppies.

THE Russian carts moved on. Hungry people were wandering from one starved village to another in search of food. Invalids sick with deadly typhus filled the carts. Girls and women tramped beside them in the freezing cold.

A young girl dropped to her knees. She tried to get up, but fell back exhausted.

A soldier dragged her to her feet, helped her into a cart among the typhus victims. There she snuggled down with a sob of relief. How tired she was! It would be so beautiful to go to sleep! She felt so warm now—so happy! And what was that strange, dreamlike music? Her eyes closed.

Then someone shook her. Someone struck her.

Sleepily she resisted. But a rough voice shouted at her, and strong hands pulled her down out of the cart. By the roadside she stood half dazed. The soldier who had seemed so kind began to lash her with his horsewhip.

"Run," he commanded. "Run, I tell you!"

Crying, she took to her heels, while the soldier raced after her, stinging her again and again with his whiplash.

The girl was Anna Sten.

She told me this story as we sat together, one evening recently, by a window high up in a towering Manhattan skyscraper. She looked at the city mapped out below us in sparkling lights.

"I wouldn't be here tonight," she said, "if that soldier had not whipped me awake. He knew the sleep that I was ready for would have been the sleep of death. The sweet music I thought I heard was a sure sign that I would soon be dead—frozen dead. The soldier saved my life with his whip."

ANNA was born in Kiev, capital of Southern Russia, on December 3rd, 1910. She was seven years old when the Revolution began. Her father was dead—killed in the World War.

Cold and hunger—hunger and cold. All of Anna's childhood memories are associated with the bitter struggle for food and warmth—haunting memories shared by her with millions of young Russians who were children during those years of heartbreak.

I asked Anna if she could recall the first romance of her girlhood. She thought and thought.

"No," she said finally. "There wasn't any romance. Food dominates every memory of my childhood. Food, food, food! Always food! That was our main cry.

"Anxiously hearing my mother bargain for it. . . . Watching her trade off our household possessions one by one—our furniture, our china, at last the bits of lace and ribbon from our clothing—all for something to eat.

"We never played games, we children of Revolutionary Russia." Anna paused, then she said slowly, "I can't even remember anything that we children ever talked about—except our chances of getting a little more food."

Such years have left their mark on Anna Sten. They have fortified her against the trivial hardships of life as we Americans know it. Pullman-car travel may wreck the nerves of our native Hollywood queens—Anna remembers the nightmare journeys she has made in cattle cars packed full of peasants, all standing, because there wasn't room enough for anyone to sit down. She has ridden the bumpers and the roofs of freight cars. She has tried the coal tender.

"That was the worst," she says. "The coal was full of fleas!"

Although I never rode in a coal tender, I well recall the fleas of Revolutionary Russia. Their bite was unforgettable; they must have had bulldog blood in their veins. Anna and I can joke about them today—but we never will joke about the awful misery of hunger. We know it too well.

Hunger is a drama without action, a tragedy without heroics, a story without *pictorial appeal.* People just die. That is all that happens!

Yet the possible dramatics of hunger have been appreciated by Chaliapin, the great Russian singer. He says, "Hunger sears the soul."

Existence did not become easier for Anna until she reached her teens. Then a semblance for order began to emerge from the chaos of Revolutionary years. Artistic traditions of the theater were valued at Kiev. She joined a group of young actors and actresses who were trying to carry those traditions on.

In the old days Kiev had supported the best of Russian and European stage-talent. Soviet Moscow considered it advisable to preserve the institution. To Kiev, therefore, from the Moscow Art Theatre,

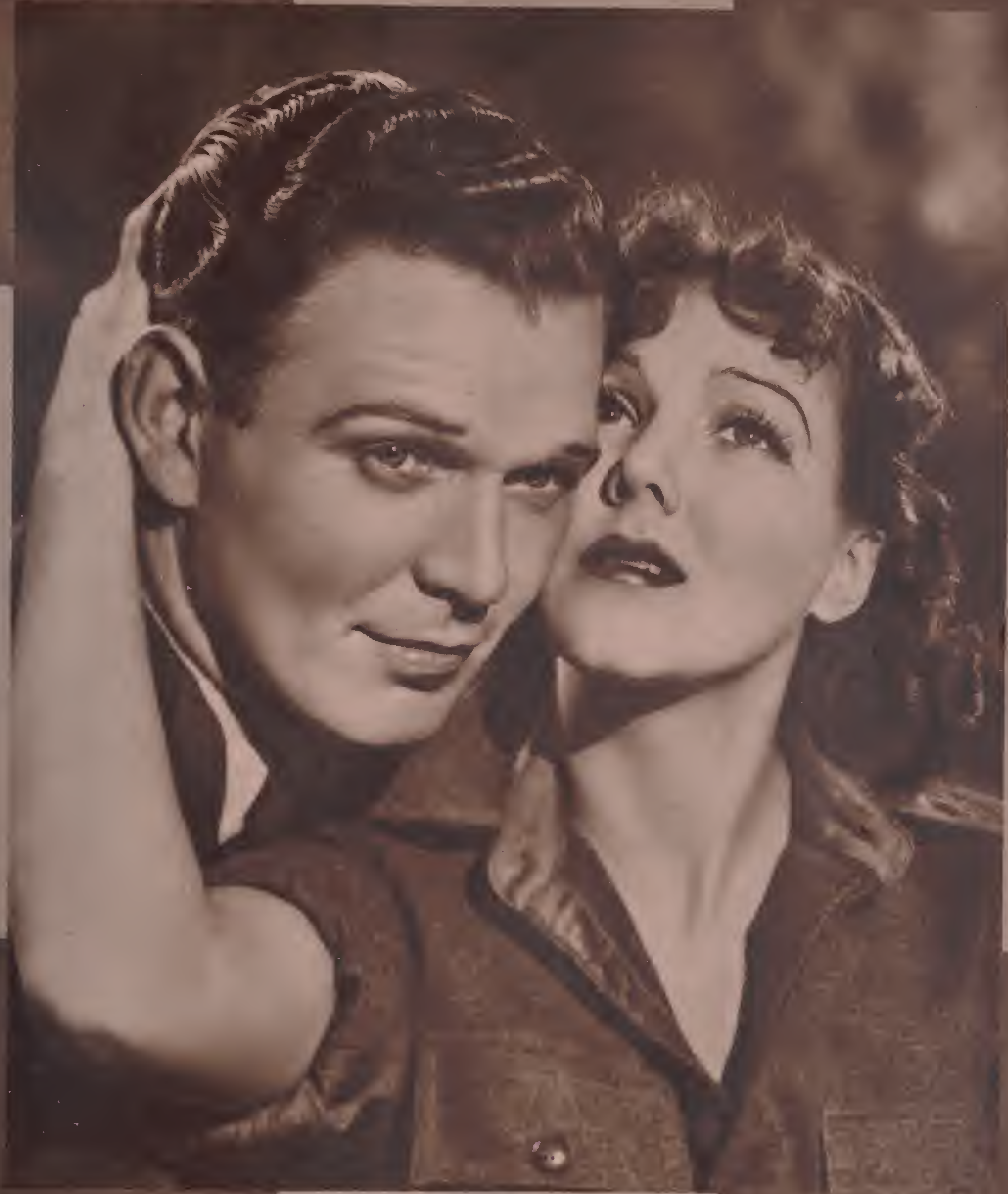
(*Continued on page 76*)

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

CAROLE LOMBARD

"The Merry Widow," "The Gay Divorcée," and now "The Gay Bride"! That's the title of the next film in which you'll see Carole and Chester, but in the human little story elsewhere in this issue you'll learn why Chester should be known as the devoted husband. The picture's based on "Repeal," that novel of post-prohibition racketeering.

CHESTER MORRIS



RUSSELL HARDIE

"Pettin' in the Park"—and a huge national park, at that. The Valentine spirit permeates even California's mountain and canyon fastnesses in "Sequoia." Here's a glimpse of a tender moment in the lives of the young forest ranger and the naturalist's daughter, as portrayed by Russell and Jean in the picture made from Vance Hoyt's "Malibu."

JEAN PARKER

STEFFI DUNA
REGIS TOOMEY

Love comes to the South Sea Islands, and captures an Irish-American lad and a little Hungarian "native," in RKO's "Red Morning" (top). Love finds its way into Imperial Vienna, and ensnares an English songstress and a Mexican star, in M-G-M's "The Night Is Young." Nowhere is Cupid more cosmopolitan than in international Hollywood!

RAMON NOVARR
EVELYN LAYE

Heartbeats

EORGE MURPHY
ANCY CARROLL

His second talkie and her second "comeback" picture, Columbia's "Jealousy" gives George (who made such a hit on loan for "Kid Millions") and Nancy two romantic rôles. And, as though it weren't enough to team Joan and Clark for us again, M-G-M has added Bob Montgomery to the starring list in the cast of "Forsaking All Others."

JOAN CRAWFORD
CLARK GABLE

HARD-BOILED Genius

W. S. Van Dyke is a bogey man to temperamental stars, the bane of other directors, the marvel of Hollywood. Here's why—

When Hollywood learned he was directing Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Forsaking All Others," people said, "Joan will have her music box on the set, of course." But Van said, "I don't think so." A challenge?

by Adele Whitely Fletcher

THE leading lady was late. It was nine-thirty when she came on the set and the call had been for nine o'clock. The next day it was the same story. And the next day, too.

When they had finished work on the third day the director walked over to where the leading lady was sitting. "What time will you be here tomorrow?" he asked her. He was extremely polite.

She looked up surprised. "What time is the call?"

"I thought," the director said, "that I'd see what time you planned getting here and make the call for that time."

The leading lady flushed. Her voice came a little chilly with ill-concealed resentment. "I'll be here whenever you decide to give the call."

"Thank you!" the director told her. "The call is for nine o'clock."

The next morning at nine o'clock the company sat waiting. On the floor near the director's chair were the butts of several cigarettes. As the long hand on his wrist-watch made its way towards the bottom of the dial his eyes, the blue of a northern sea, snapped fairly frequently.

The leading lady arrived at last. She came on the set a little consciously. She carried her pretty head high. Plainly she felt she was teaching this director that she was an actress, an artist, not a no-account little clerk who could be ordered about.

They began work on the first scene. In it with the leading lady was a little extra girl who played a maid. This little extra girl the director rehearsed

Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo in "Trader Horn."

Mala and Aba in "Eskimo," that fine all-native drama.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Bob Montgomery in "Hide Out."

carefully, very carefully. He was meticulous about the least thing she did, even about the way she picked up the telephone.

When, at last, she had her business down pat he nodded to the leading lady.

"You come down the stairs," he explained briefly, "when Ella here announces the call is for you. You hurry a little on the last few steps. You know your lines of course?

"Okeh, this is the take!"

He proceeded the same way exactly before the second scene. The extra girl he rehearsed in her least gesture, her slightest inflection. But he only outlined the leading lady's action to her tersely and then proceeded to shoot.

The leading lady walked over to the sidelines where the director sat. She could stand this no longer.

"After all," she said, "I *am* the leading lady in this company. As such I feel entitled to some consideration, to some direction."

"You'll get it," the director told her, "later on." Filming those scenes without taking any time to rehearse you, I figure I've saved just about the time you held the company up by being late.

"I can't have the firm's money wasted in overhead without trying to do something about it." The ways of retribution are many!

There wasn't a thing the leading lady could say. There was a cold gleam in the director's eye. He would, she realized, continue to put her into scenes without rehearsal long enough to make up every minute she was late. She had enough sense to know that without rehearsals she couldn't do her best work. So the next morning she was on time.

The leading lady in this little behind-the-scenes drama shall be nameless. Out of kindness and consideration for her.

What "Woody" Van Dyke Has Given Us:

"White Shadows in the South Seas"
"The Pagan"
"Trader Horn"
"Guilty Hands"
"Cuban Love Song"
"Tarzan and His Mate"
"Eskimo"
"The Prizefighter and the Lady"
"The Thin Man"
"Hide Out"

Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the detective classic, "The Thin Man."

The director was W. S. Van Dyke. You've seen his name on the screen dozens of times. He's made more than his share of outstanding successful pictures. In fact he's the marvel of Hollywood. Because in a land of pretense and affectations he dismisses temperament as a lot of baloney and insists, vehemently, that shooting one scene many times and rehearsing it as many more is so much hooey.

Usually a motion picture is a month in the making. Sometimes twice that long. Always all the sets used as backgrounds are left standing. Because invariably after a picture is previewed the cast is called back so that certain scenes which didn't measure up can be filmed again. These scenes are called retakes. And they consume several days or a week. Or more.

W. S. Van Dyke directed "The Thin Man," with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, in exactly sixteen days. *And not one single retake was needed.* He directed "Hide Out" with Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan in twenty days and shot retakes for two days only.

"The Thin Man," as successful and gay and stimulating a motion picture as has come out of Hollywood in many a moon, was a story Van Dyke especially wanted to make. He urged his company to buy the motion picture rights.

"I felt it was a new kind of love story," he told me. We were talking in his office. Frightful, ear-splitting sounds filled the air. I decided a circus picture must be in production. But he assured me the noise emanated from the sound department situated just across a studio street. He didn't seem to think it an imposition that a successful director like him, was expected to concentrate amid such thunderous shrieking noises. He didn't seem to

(*Continued on page* 94)

Like an old-fashioned Valentine is this still from Twentieth Century's first million-dollar production, "Clive of India." In this picture Ronald Colman has the opportunity of a lifetime in the title rôle, impersonating one of the most important characters in the development of the British Empire —Robert Clive. And fans will have a chance to see the new Colman, without mustache and with powdered wig. Loretta Young, too, will be able to prove once more that she wears costumes of bygone days more charmingly than any other lovely star. They are supported by a cast of no less than seventy-two players, with thousands of extras in the really big scenes. This new super-film is being directed by Richard Boleslawski.

The LITTLE

THE CAST

Babbie	KATHARINE HEPBURN
Gavin	JOHN BEAL
Thammas	Lumsden Hare
Munn	Leonard Carey
Jean	Dorothy Stickney
Snecky	Barlow Borland
Rob Dow	Alan Hale
Micah Dow	Billy Watson
Wearyworld	Andy Clyde
Dr. McQueen	Donald Crisp
Nanny	Mary Gordon
Margaret	Beryl Mercer
Tosh	Herbert Evans
Carfrae	Herbert Bunston
Captain Halliwell	Reginald Denny
Sheriff	E. E. Clive
John Spens	Harry Beresford
Lord Rintoul	Frank Conroy
Evelina	Eily Malyon
Struthers	Brandon Hurst

Screen Play by Sarah Y. Mason and
Victor Heerman

Copyright 1934 by RKO-Radio Pictures

ONCE again Barbara had slipped away from the castle to walk alone in Caddam Wood. As she hurried through the gardens of Lord Rintoul's estate, watching carefully that she was not seen by the servants, or by Lady Evelina, the Lord's argus-eyed sister, she wondered if she might not be leaving the castle for the last time.

These escapades of Barbara's were frowned upon by the castle folk, and, in a way, she could sympathize with their attitude. She knew she was no kin to them, but a child abandoned by passing gypsies. Lord Rintoul had made the helpless little thing his ward, and Lady Evelina had done her sisterly duty in bringing up the waif as befitted the ward of a nobleman. So well did she succeed that Barbara grew into a beautiful, accomplished girl, and Lord Rintoul decided to marry her.

Since he had announced his wishes in this matter, Lady Evelina had grown more watchful than ever lest the gypsy blood show itself in the girl, and Barbara scarcely blamed her. Even what she was doing now was most unconventional for Nineteenth Century Scotland. She was not only going out unattended, but she had put off the rich dress which was hers as the Lord's ward and fiancée, and wore the colorful rags of her nomad forebears.

At first it had not occurred to Barbara to question the fact that she was going to marry Lord Rintoul, but as the time drew near she began to wonder. Was this what she really wanted in life? Lord Rintoul was kind, yes, but he was twice her age, at least.

Even at noontime, when the sun is high, the depths of Caddam Wood are in twilight. The old trees are so big and their luxuriant branches so thick the light filters down subdued and changed to an eerie intensity different from anywhere else. Nothing disturbs the silence but the occasional song of a bird, or when, the wind rising, the forest murmurs with tiny echoes of the clashing leaves.

It always gave Barbara a sense of complete isolation, though the castle was nearby, and the tiny hamlet of Thrums lay on the other side. Presently, her uneasy mood passed, and she began to sing gaily as she wandered idly about, stopping to pick the red rowan berries, or to laugh at the antics of a squirrel. She was thoroughly annoyed when a voice brought her up short.

"Woman," it said sternly.

Barbara didn't recognize the voice, but she knew who spoke the moment she saw him, the new minister at the Auld Licht

HE BEGGED THEM TO SUBMIT BUT BABBIE'S IMPUDENT

MINISTER

Fictionized by DOROTHY EMERSON

The story of Sir James Barrie's beloved novel and play which RKO brings to the screen, with Katharine Hepburn in the famous Maude Adams rôle

DEFIANCE MET THE TEMPER OF THE CROWD

Church in Thrums. Nobody els the village dressed like that. Besides, she had heard him described as the Little Minister, and indeed he was slight, and boyish-looking, though he was trying now to be very serious and elderly.

On the defensive, Barbara resorted to the rôle for which she was dressed, and became Babbie, the Gypsy. She rolled innocent, roguish eyes at him and listened with an irritating, wide-eyed noncomprehension while he scolded:

"You are breaking the Sabbath with your song. And don't you know it's unlawful for gypsies to be in these parts? Have you not read the sheriff's proclamation?"

Babbie replied in the broad dialect of the countryside:

"I dinna ken how to read."

Unbending not a whit from his dignity, the Little Minister proceeded to read the notice tacked to the nearby tree: "Warning against trespassers. Be it known . . ."

Babbie crept away, and when she was out of earshot, ran like a fawn toward the castle, though she would have liked to see his face when he finished his reading and looked around to find her gone.

She had just remembered that Lord Rintoul was entertaining Captain Halliwell that evening, and she must be dressed in time for dinner.

DINNER was as dull as she knew it would be. She scarcely listened to the conversation till she heard them discussing the recent uprisings in the village. The manufacturers who bought the cloth woven in the homes of the villagers had reduced the price, and it was a serious loss to these poor people, whose weaving, Barbara knew, was their entire livelihood. They had chased out a band of soldiers come to discipline them. Now the Captain was laying plans to capture the ringleaders and take them to jail.

Lord Rintoul was saying: "Yes, but you must be careful. I do not think they intend to be easily caught. I have reason to believe they have been making preparations of some kind."

"Preparations! Ah!" The Captain refilled his glass of port with a flourish which expressed his contempt for the villagers. He was much gratified to see that Barbara appreciated his intelligent grasp of the situation, for she questioned him eagerly. He would have been less gratified to know that late that night, when he was with his men giving them their last orders, she was down in the very village he proposed to outwit.

As Babbie the Gypsy, Barbara had made friends in Thrums. She knew about their pathetic hopes and fears. She was determined not to let them suffer for having provoked the wealthy manufacturers, for she felt the villagers were justified in their resentment.

Babbie had had many a gossip, in particular, with the town's only policeman, who was glad of company on his rounds at night, and now she was making him tell what she wanted to know for special reasons of her own.

Are you here in case the sojers come this night?" she asked.

"The sojers? Losh preserve us! My heart's wi' the weavers, Lassie, but my dooty's wi' the Law. Three blasts on the weavers' horn will loose a bee's nest in Thrums."

"Three blasts on what horn?"

"The signal horn they hide in the Auld Mill. Everybody kens aboot it. Everybody but the Minister of the Auld Licht Kirk. He's a' for peace, so nobody tells him."

"You mean the little minister?"

He quickly set her right. It was not for the likes of this gypsy to speak with such familiarity of the minister. "I mean the Reverend Mister Gavin Dishart who. . . ."

Babbie had disappeared. She was on her way to the Old Mill, slipping noiselessly through the shadows of Caddam Wood like a true gypsy child. She knew she must hurry, as the soldiers' raid was set for midnight. Hearing footsteps, she drew aside from the path, but it was too late. She had been seen, so she stepped out again, and began, in her best gypsy accent: "Oh—please, sir dinna turn me over to the Shirra. I've lost my way."

It was the Little Minister who answered her, obviously touched by her distress, though any man, even a minister, might have paused to look at her, so lovely in her wild gypsy dress, with her hair in curls over her shoulders, and her eyes alight with excitement.

"Perhaps I can help you," he said kindly.

"Aye, sir, you can, sir. Tell me, where is the Auld Mill? I was to meet my sweetheart . . . I mean, sir, my father, and I canna even find the place."

Gavin was frowning at her evasion of the truth, but he said, kindly enough, "I pass it on my way. I'll direct you."

They walked in silence while Babbie sought for an opening. This man interested her. He had arrived only recently in the village, with his mother to keep house for in the Auld Licht Manse. Yet already he was accepted and even beloved by the villagers who were usually much slower, and infinitely more cautious to give their allegiance.

Babbie had heard some amusing stories about him, and some not in the least amusing, but brave and fine. He had faced down Rob Dow, the village drunkard, a great hulk of a man who had cowed the previous incumbent of the pulpit, but Rob stayed sober now and had made himself champion of this "little minister" who had changed him.

The situation passed from her hands and she knew it was true when he took her in his arms and said tenderly, "Babbie! Your lord and master—I am that man."

Babbie was all sly servility as she ventured, "I—I take it you must be the new little minister I heard them talk of." Had she known, she would not have been unkind for Gavin was sensitive about his lack of height.

"I'm the *new* minister," he replied shortly, and then after a pause: "Do they say 'little' minister?"

"No, that was my fault. It just—popped out! But it was not meant to be uncomplimentary. You're just the size I like." She babbled on, refusing to be disturbed by his disapproving silence, though she knew well enough he was wondering whether his dignity should allow him to be out here with a gypsy. Finally she got an answer when she said, "They say you're agin the weavers fighting the sojers when they come."

"I'm against fighting," Gavin said in his pulpit voice. "Here's the mill."

Babbie ran in. She found the big horn immediately, but she could not blow it. She came running out again to where he stood. "Oh, sir! They're not here. But they've left the horn. It's our way of calling each other. They must be looking for me. Will you give't a blow?"

Gavin took the heavy, twisted ram's horn and blew a long blast on it.

"Oh, that was barely a toot. I dinna suppose you could blow it a wee bit louder? It takes a strong man to blow a lusty toot."

Gavin hastily took the horn again and blew another blast, a long one "There! They must have heard that."

Babbie clapped her hands delightedly: "Again!" she cried.

"That must suffice." he said, a little pompously.

"Oh, of course, if you're tired. . . ."

"Tired!" The little minister blew again, and the three signals were immediately answered by shouts from the village and the startling beat of a drum.

Gavin's expression of dismay and surprise at the results of his efforts almost made Babbie pause. He really had been a dear, but she had things to do in the village, and flew off, throwing him a kiss as she sped, and loving the consternation with which he received the careless gesture. Precious few kisses in his life, she reflected. He was astonishingly unlike the men she had known, who took kisses much more casually.

WHEN Babbie reached the village, she put the minister out of her mind, for this was a ticklish situation, and she was resolved to lead the enraged weavers out of trouble. It was not so easy as she had counted on, for she found Gavin opposing her. He begged his parishioners to submit to the Law in an orderly fashion, but Babbie won them over. Her impudent defiance of him met the temper of the crowd and they followed her out from the public square, brandishing pikes and other homemade weapons at the amazed soldiers, who had expected a surprise raid and quick success.

Babbie had hoped to be able to get back into the castle before morning, but she found her way barred by the small detachments of soldiers who were scouring the countryside. Her gypsy dress would have given her away imme
but she was fortunate to find an officer's cape which sh
draped around her, and bided her chance behind one of the sentries.

Seeing Gavin come down the path from the castle, she made a quick plan as she realized he would be challenged by the soldier on guard.

When the redcoat cried: "Halt!" and Gavin paused, she stepped quietly up beside him.

The soldier's threatening attitude changed as he recognized the clerical attire "Oh, it's you, Mr. Dishart."

Babbie drew her arm through Gavin's, and smiled sweetly.

". . . and your lady," continued the soldier.

Babbie said elegantly: "You haven't found the gypsy yet?"

"No, ma'am, but we've got her closed in. We'll have her soon now, but you'd best go home, ma'am. It is no scene for a lady. Your husband has . . . did you speak sir?"

"Yes!" Gavin almost stuttered. "I must inform you. . . ."

Babbie broke in: "My dear, I quite agree with you, so we needn't detain the sergeant. I know the gypsy'll never slip through *his* fingers."

Gavin tried to insist: "Sergeant, I must. . . ."

"You must indeed, dear," Babbie said firmly, "for you are very tired. Come, love."

So they walked on past the sentrypost, toward the castle and Barbara could give way to the laughter that had been nearly choking her: "Oh, it was beautiful!" she cried, and laughed again when she saw his face.

"It was iniquitous!" he exploded. "And I, the minister."

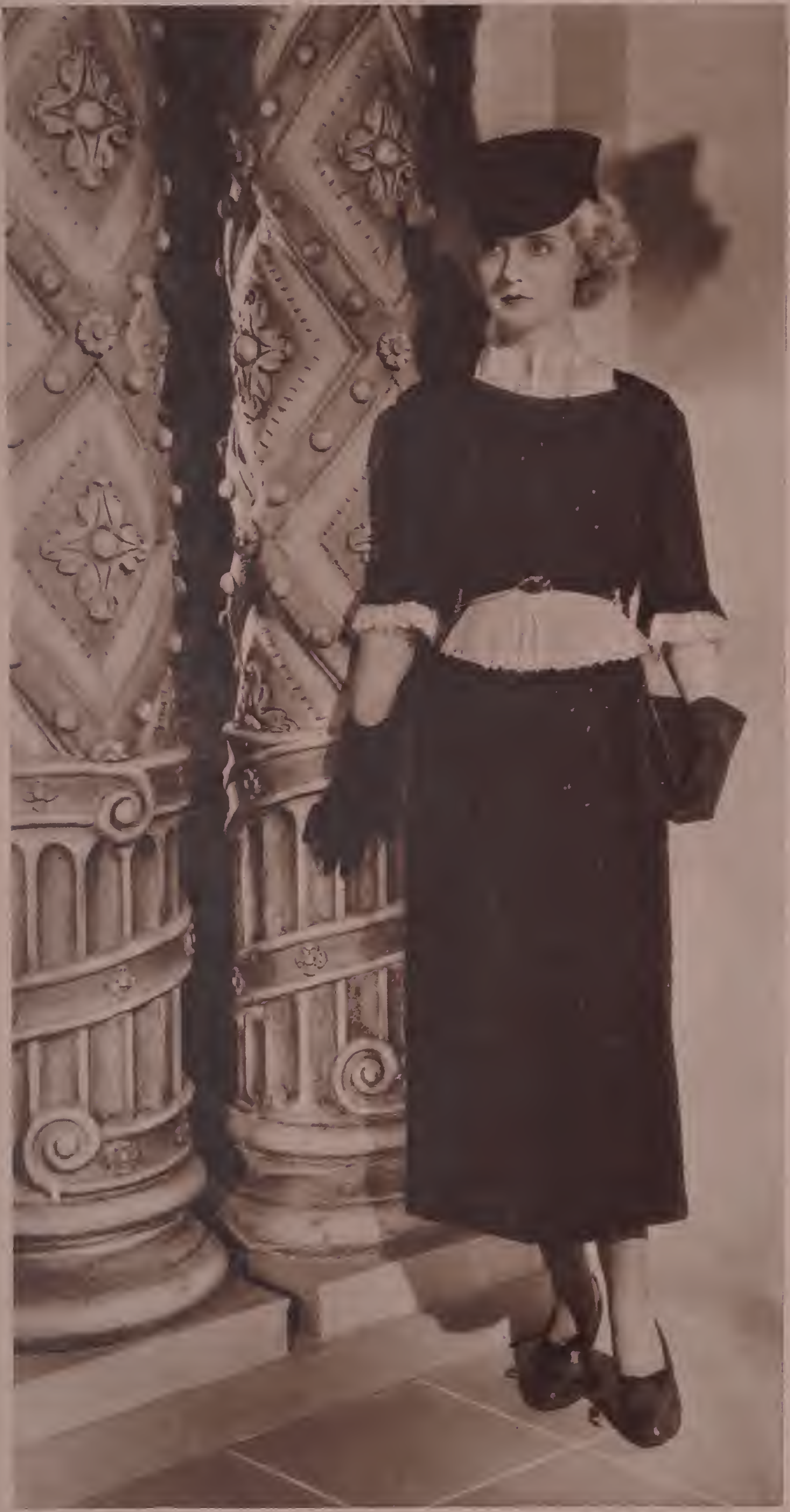
"It is not yet too late," she taunted him. "Why don't you shout to them?"

He was no longer the stern man of God, only a bewildered boy. "I don't understand you," he said sadly. "On the hill, you spoke as broadly as

(*Continued on page* 87)

They met again when old Nanny was leaving her cottage for the poorhouse. Touched by her misery, Babbie promised to provide the money for her to remain in her home—if the Little Minister would meet her every week at the Old Mill.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



BETTE DAVIS

The small woman type

On the left—Bette displays a daytime frock of black crepe with an apron peplum. The short sleeves, together with the crisp white lawn and lace, herald the new trend.

On the right—Navy blue crepe ruffles gracefully at the hemline and drapes softly at the neck to fashion this smart afternoon frock. The soft belt is of matching velvet.

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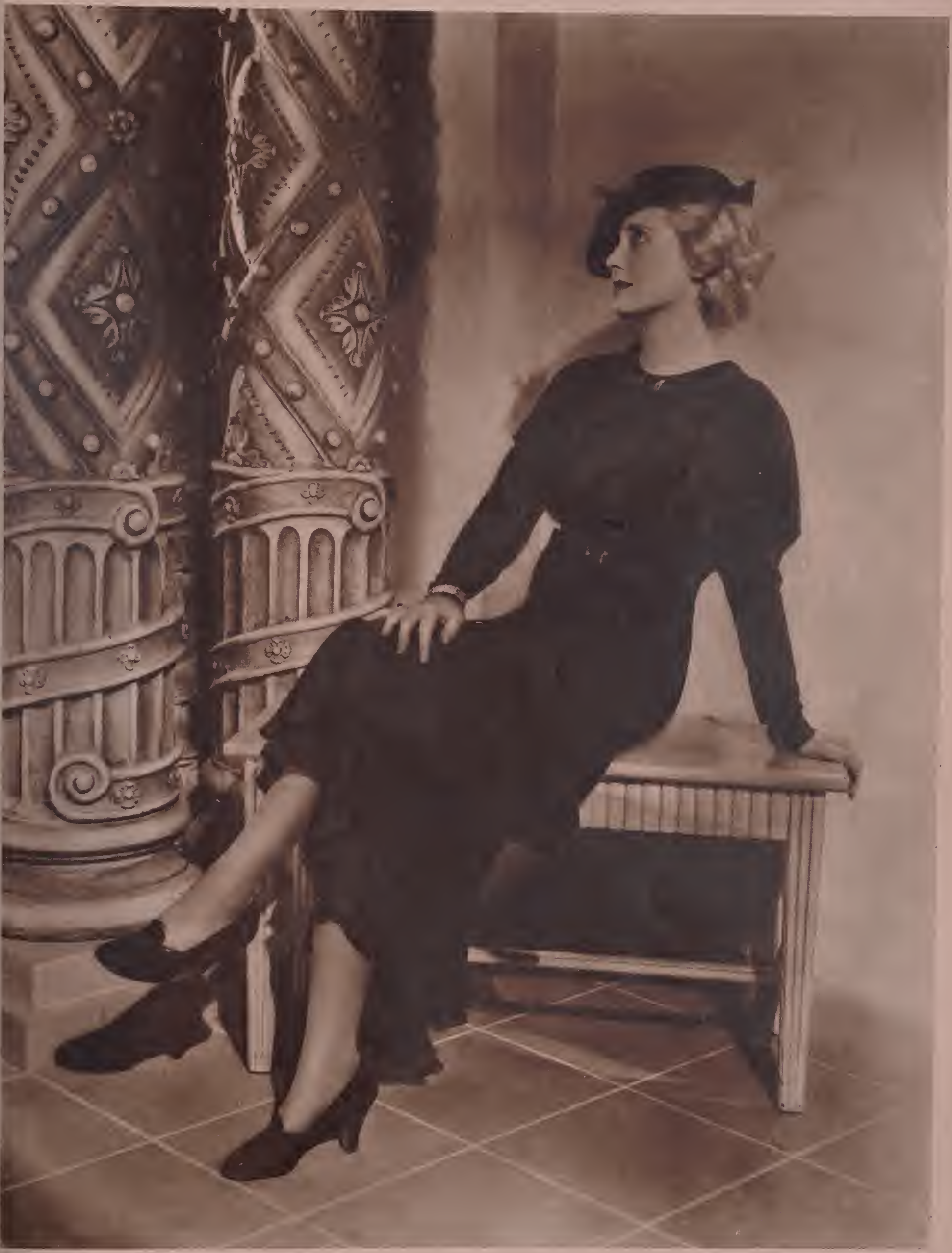

Gowns—NINA FOLEY—Los Angeles-San Francisco-Paris

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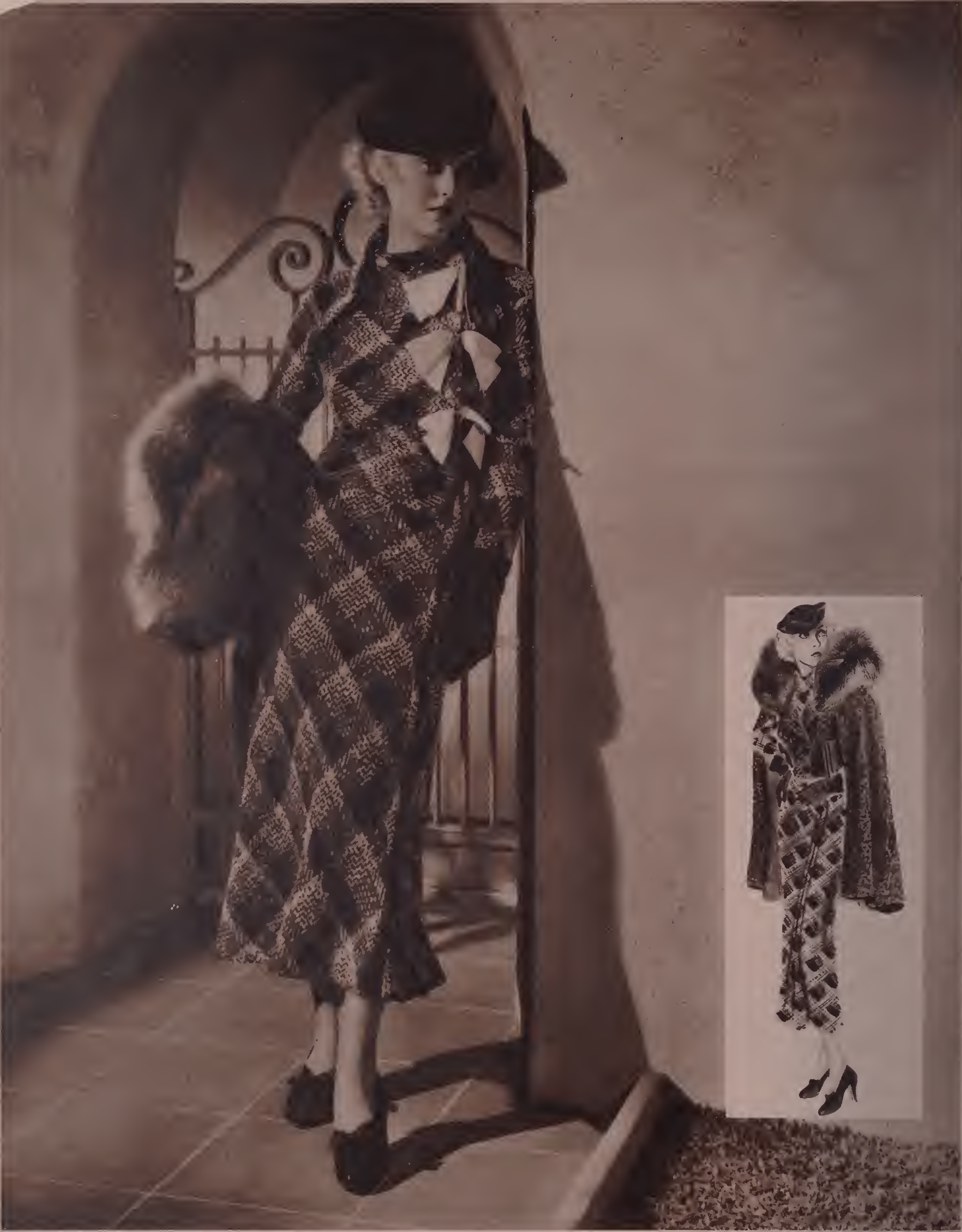
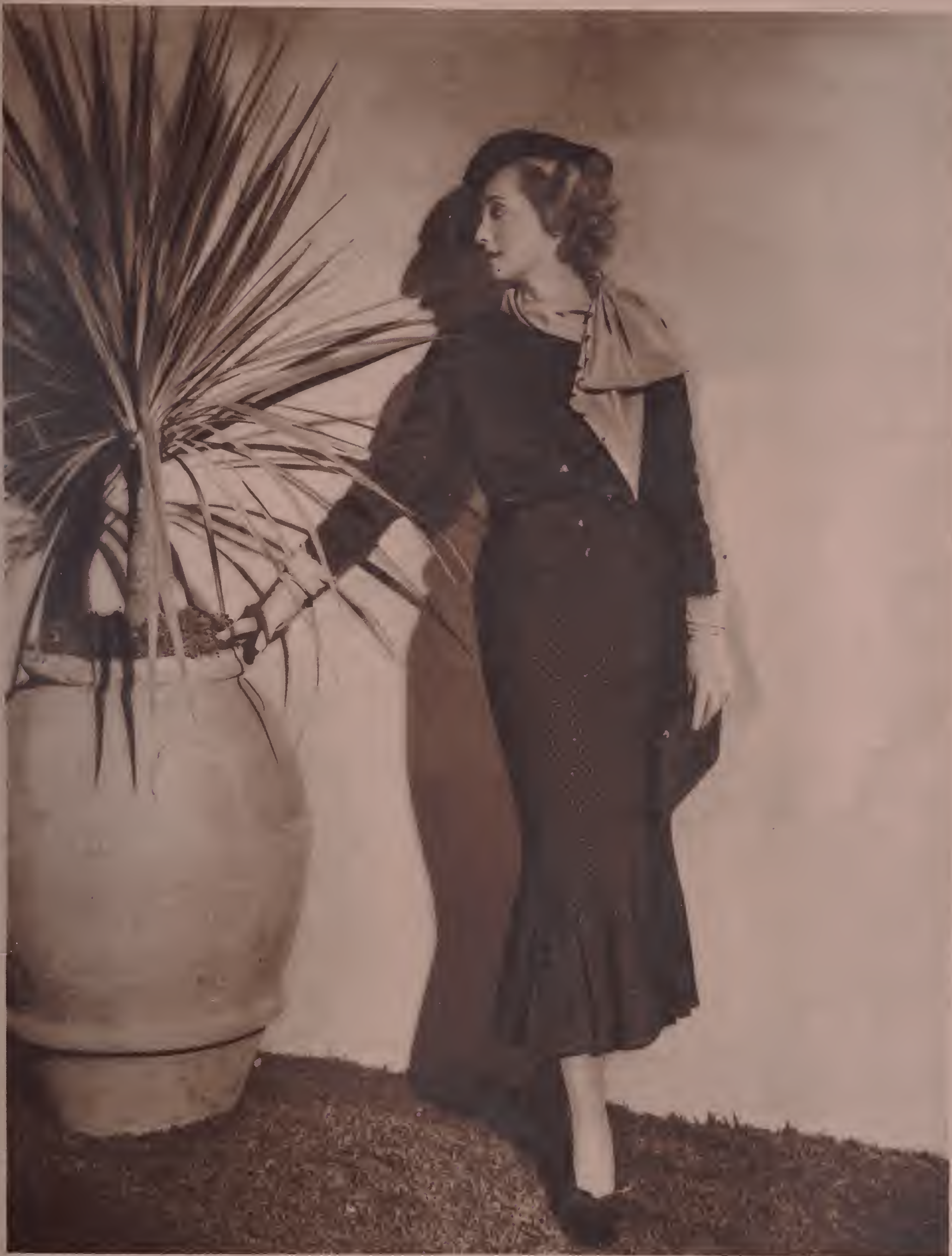
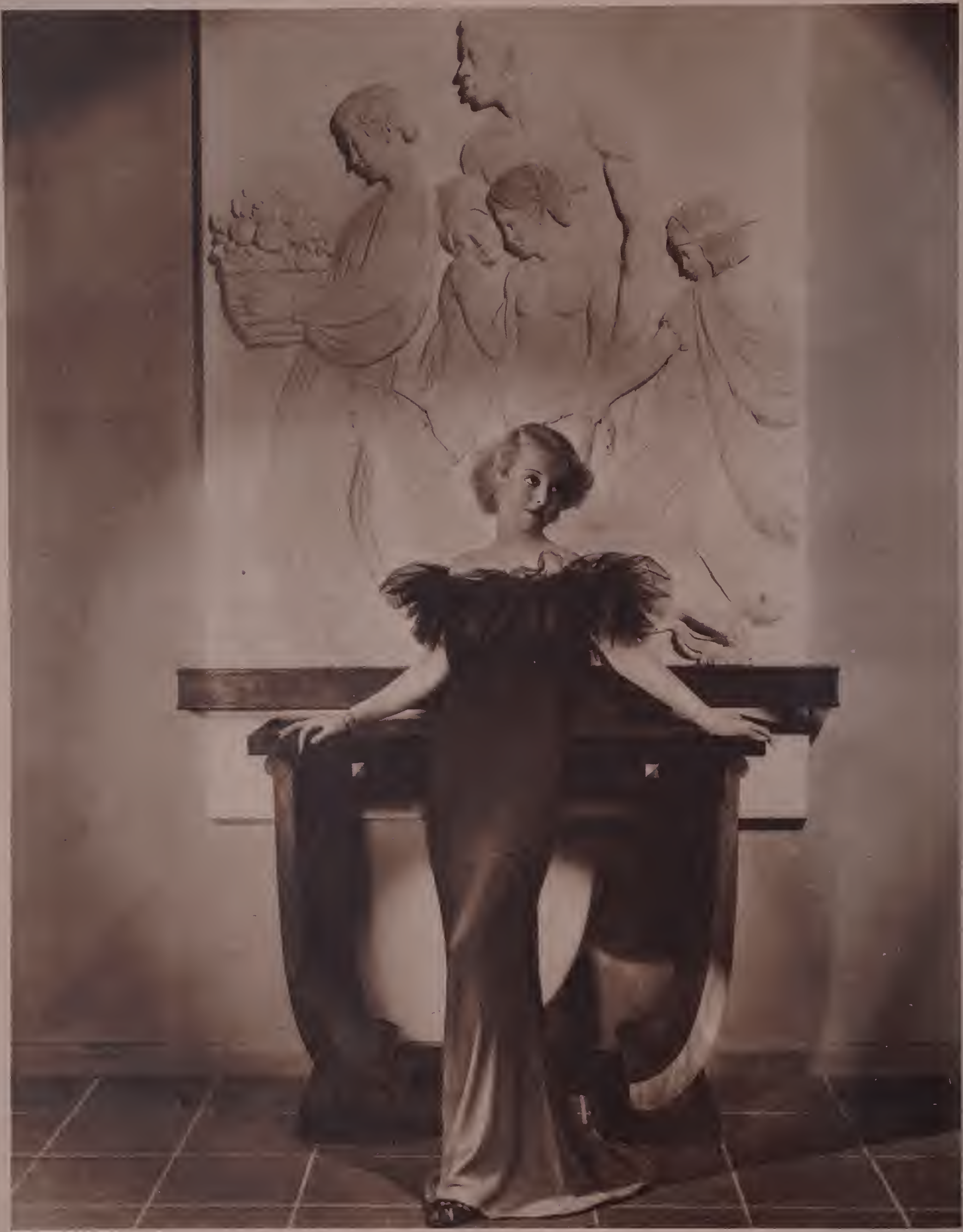


Brisk spring mornings demand smart wools. This street ensemble is black and white wool with natural wolf as collar on the separate wool jacket to be worn over the dress, as shown in the accompanying sketch.



Contrasting fabric brightens this dark blue sports costume. A scarf of lighter blue with metal-clipped edges matches the pin dots of the fabric. Bette carries a dark blue antelope bag and wears beige slip-on gloves.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



An evening gown of shaded green crepe with myriads of net ruching. In these fashions Bette Davis proves that the tiny girl can wear clothes every bit as smartly as her taller sister—and look just as lovely.

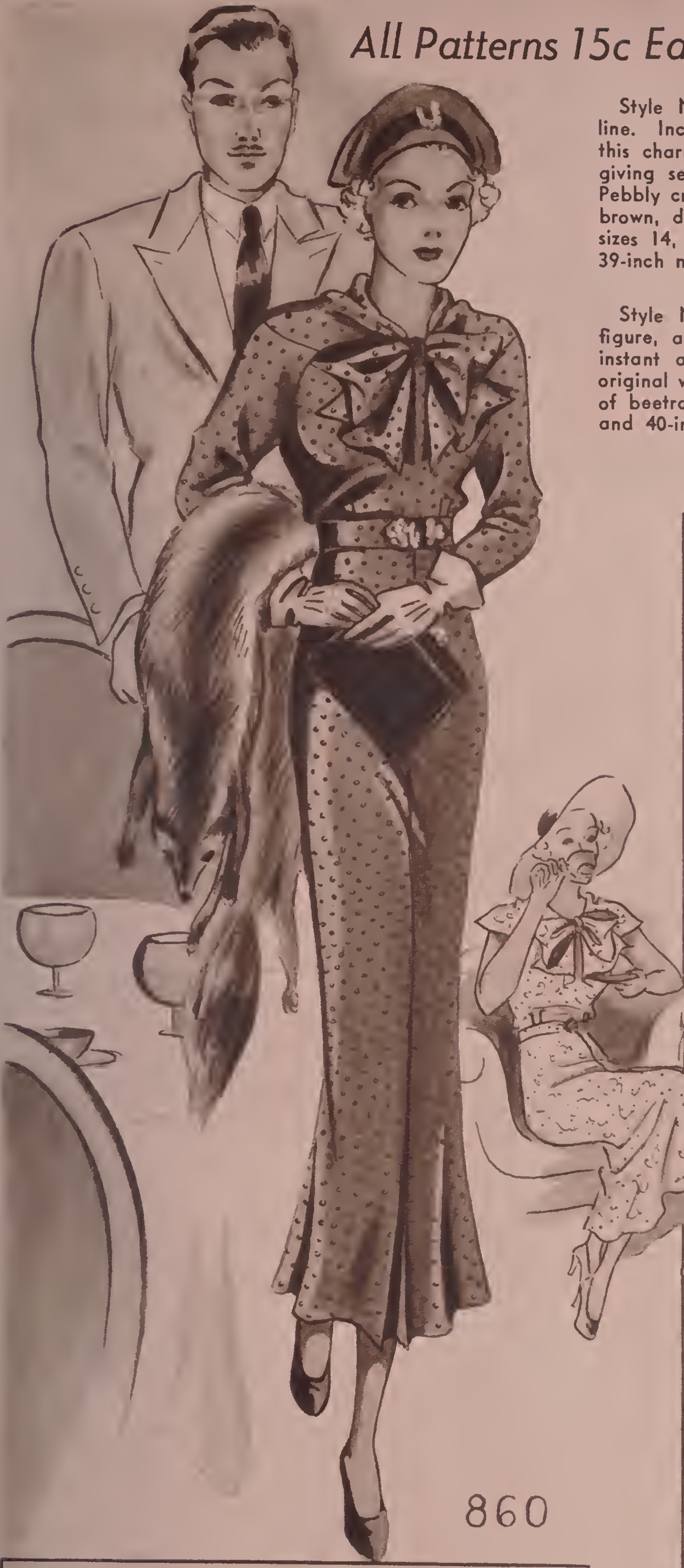
Photographed Exclusively for MOVIE MIRROR by ELMER FRYER of Warner Bros.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

Style No. 860—The dress patterned here features the new drop-shoulder line. Incidentally this makes it very simple for the home dressmaker to make this charming frock. It solves that sleeve difficulty! The skirt has a length-giving seam down the center-front with plaits to provide for easy walking. Pebbly crepe silk is a very good medium for this model. Choose black, monk brown, deep purple, ruby red, Kelly green, bright blue, etc. Designed for sizes 14, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

Style No. 750—This model has its lines well thought out to flatter the figure, and is equally suited to size 14 or 40. It's a dress that will have instant appeal to the business woman and school and college girls. The original was very unusual in deep purple woolen mixture that had faint traces of beetroot shade in its weave. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material.



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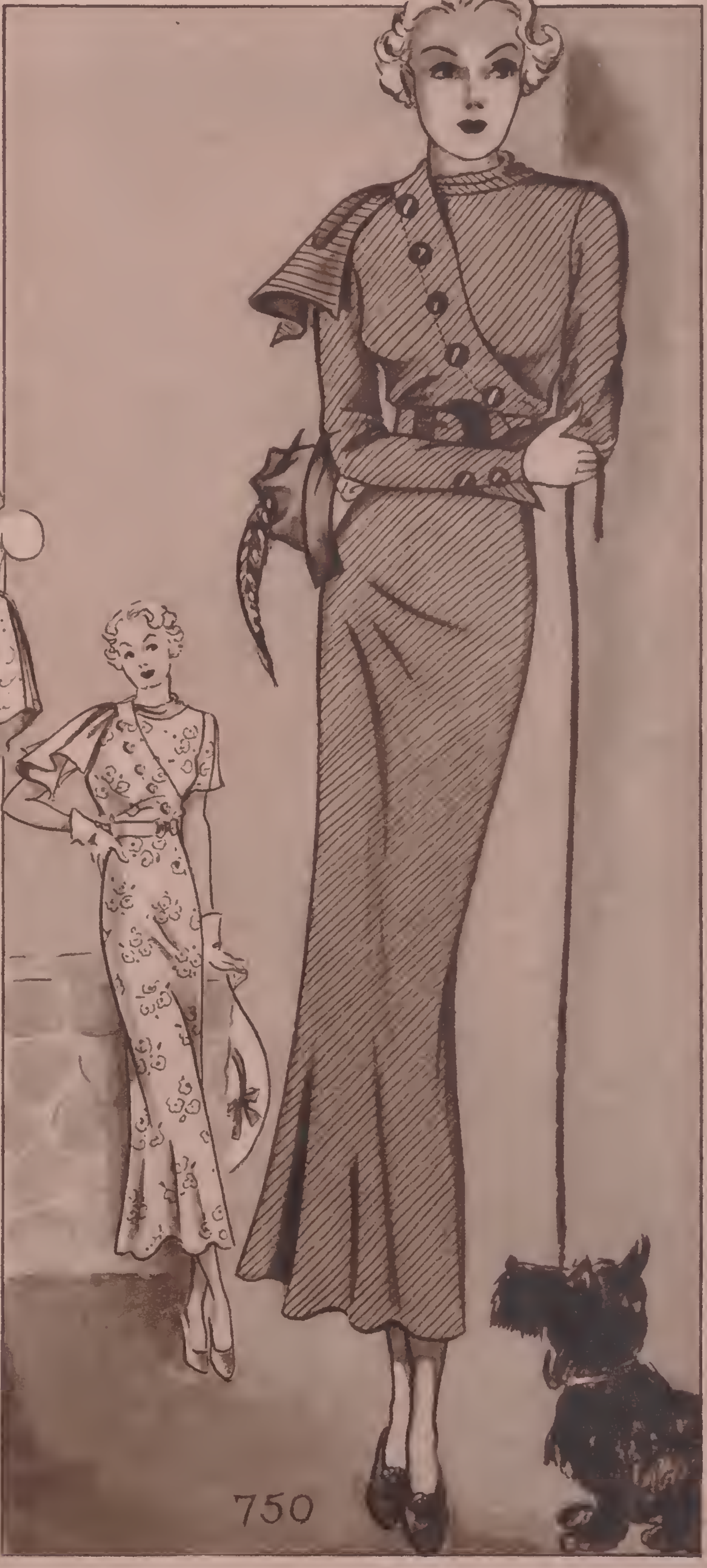

750

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
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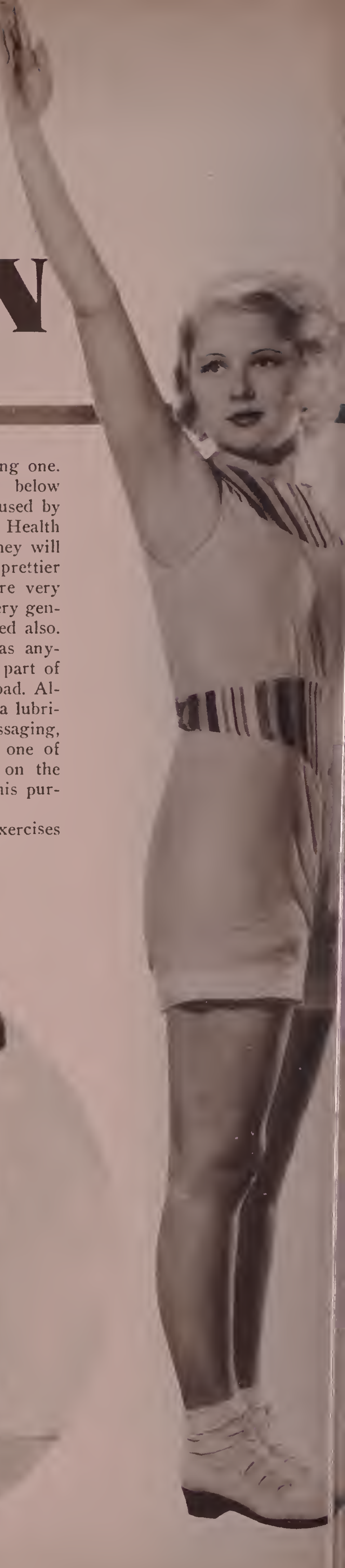


IT'S been quite a while now since it was a compliment for a girl to be told she was "a fine figure of a woman." Just how much Mae West had to do with the sudden change is a question, but the change is here. There's no question about that!

The lass with the boyish figure is busy trying to change to the new silhouette, and good thing, too, because she'll not only find the new clothes easier to wear, but she'll be improving her general health and beauty at the same time. Why? Because a lot of the things you do to increase your chest measurement also make you stand up straighter and breathe more deeply and both of these are vital to your health.

Building up the bust line takes time. It takes conscientious effort, but smart Hollywood girls have done it with the very methods I'm going to describe, and there's nothing to stop you from trying them, too.

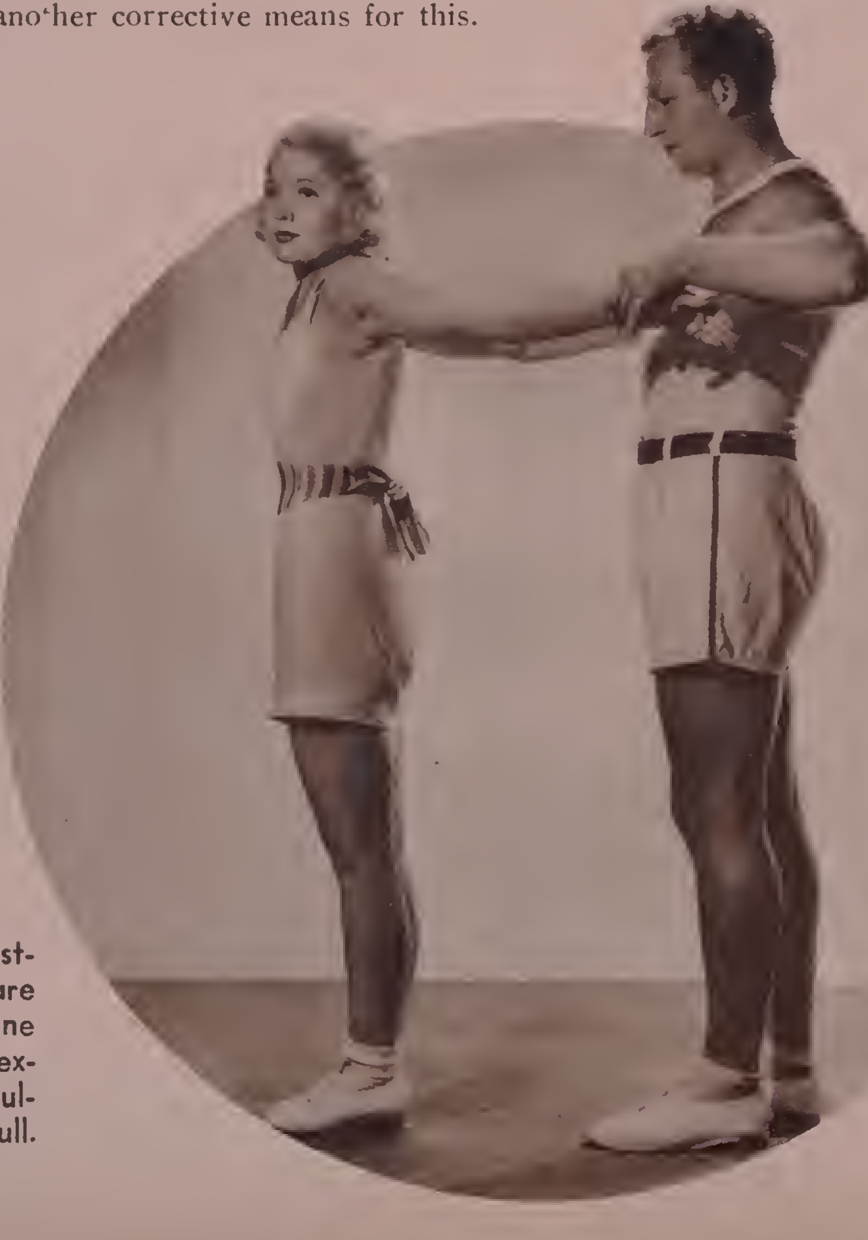
Before I give you these exercises, I want to say that there are some cases of under-development which are due to improper glandular activity. If you think this might be like your case, talk it over with your doctor before doing anything else. You may need another corrective means for this.

Then, too, there's a difference between building up and firming the already developed bust. Broken tissues can't be fully repaired, but they can be tightened and strengthened by working on the muscles that support them.

If you are at the age where your figure is just beginning to change, don't bind yourself with a too-tight brassiere. This is one of the major causes of flabbiness, and it may be downright dangerous. Wear a brassiere, yes, especially when doing strenuous exercise, or in gym class, but never a very binding one.

The exercises given below are recommended and used by the Ambassador Lido Health Club, Los Angeles. They will help you to mould a prettier bust line, but if you are very much undeveloped, a very gentle massage may be used also. I repeat, very gentle, as anything strenuous in this part of the body is extremely bad. Always use some kind of a lubricant when you are massaging, either cocoa butter or one of the good creams now on the market especially for this purpose.

You should do these exercises

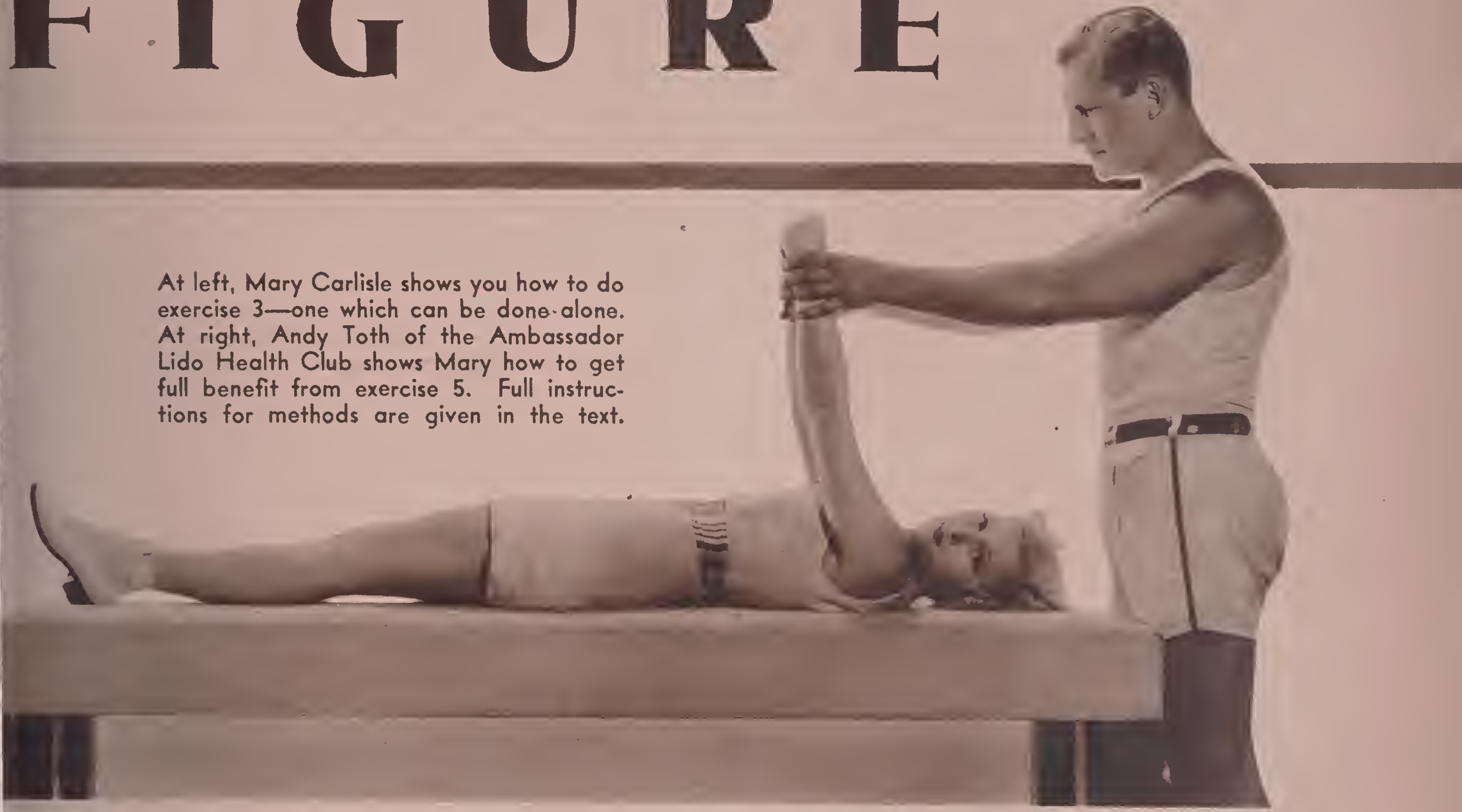


The most effective bust-development exercises are "resistive", like the first one described in this article, exercising the arms and shoulders against a counter-pull.

Go "West", young woman, if you would have the form divine for 1935!

by GLORIA MACK

FIGURE



At left, Mary Carlisle shows you how to do exercise 3—one which can be done alone. At right, Andy Toth of the Ambassador Lido Health Club shows Mary how to get full benefit from exercise 5. Full instructions for methods are given in the text.

nights and mornings, but there are two things, very important things, you can be doing all day long: stand up straight, pull back the shoulders. Don't you feel how this increases the bust automatically? It also helps to strengthen those important muscles. And breathe deeply at all times. Make a special business of standing in front of an open window, and breathe from the the tips of your toes, long, deep, really inspiring draughts of good, fresh air. This makes your lungs work, and fills up that narrow chest!

Now for the exercises. In the picture, Professor Andy Toth of the Ambassador Lido Health Club is showing Mary Carlisle how to do them. The best exercises for increasing the chest measurement are *resistive,* so you must have someone help you do these. The Professor says be *palm* conscious. Be very sure you are holding your palms as the directions indicate, or you will lose the benefit of the exercise. Start this whole routine with the number of counts given, taking them slowly without strain or discomfort. Gradually increase the count till you are doing four times the original number given in rhythmical motion.

Exercise 1: Stand with your feet together and your arms outstretched to the sides, on a level with your shoulders, with your palms turned forward. Have your friend stand directly behind you and grasp your wrists loosely and pull them back as far as possible, being careful not to strain you by pulling too vigorously. Then pull your arms back to position, against the resistance of your friend. Repeat this five times without stopping.

Exercise 2: Stand with heels together and your arms outstretched overhead with your palms turned outward. Have your friend stand directly behind you and grasp your wrists loosely. Force your arms to your sides with as much pressure as possible against the resistance of your friend, who should then return your arms to first position but without any resistive pressure from you. Repeat this five times.

Exercise 3: Stand with your feet together, arms outstretched to the sides, with palms forward. With a rotating motion, draw as wide a circle as possible with both arms. Repeat this around and around for ten counts and then swing into a reverse rotation for ten more.

Exercise 4: From a lying position, with heels together and toes outstretched, bring the arms to a perpendicular position over the body. The palms should be turned outward. Your friend kneels directly behind you and grasps your wrists loosely, and offers resistance as you exert as much pressure as possible stretching your arms out sideways until they touch the floor, then your friend returns your arms, which are now relaxed, to first position. This should be done five times without stopping.

Exercise 5: Start in a lying position with heels together, toes outstretched and arms at sides. Raise the right forearm to a perpendicular position and clench your fist. From a kneeling position opposite your elbow, your friend will place both of her palms over your clenched fist and offer resistance as you raise your arm upward to a perpendicular position, using as much pressure as possible. Then your friend returns your arm, now relaxed, to starting position. Do this five times, then repeat this with the other arm.

Hollywood Makes

Her Visits to Stage 19 at M-G-M Take This Author Back to Her Important Yesterdays in Vienna

"LET'S go over onto the set and see what they're doing with my story," I told myself the other day, and set out for stage 19, where my picture "The Night Is Young" was just in the making.

As I waited in front of the stage door for the red light to go out (which is the sign that you may enter without causing a catastrophe to the sound), I had a cramped feeling around my heart. In the first place, it is always a big thrill to see a thing in production which you have figured out in the seclusion of your writing cell; and secondly—well, it is a rather well known fact that sometimes funny things happen to the stories in Hollywood and that many writers don't recognize their own brain child, when confronted with it on its completion. Ready for any surprise of this kind I set my teeth and tiptoed onto the set.

I had an unexpected shock as I suddenly found myself face to face with the old Emperor Franz Josef. I had to gasp for a moment before I was able to say, "Hello, Henry, how are you?" It was Henry Stephenson in the most marvelous make-up, waiting to give his nephew, the Archduke Franz Otto, a sermon on the duties of a Monarch.

The last time I had seen the Emperor was back in 1908, when he was celebrating his 60th Anniversary on the throne. My home town, Vienna, was in an uproar, excited and joyful. The entire nobility of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire had assembled to greet the old monarch. A pageant lasting over half a day marched past him. I clearly remember that even his pet dachshunds came marching along in the pageant to congratulate their master. I was a school girl at that time and it was one of the proudest days in my life. They had selected from each school in Vienna a pair of children with good voices to sing the National Anthem for the Emperor.

I had a nice soprano voice at the time, which unfortunately has changed since into an entirely useless and unattractive sort of a bass. However in 1908 I was placed with 500 other children high up on a stand, facing the tent from which the Emperor viewed the procession. When the endless celebration was over, Franz Josef walked over to us children to say a few words of thanks. We all rushed forward, a few fell down, a few fainted. Suddenly a huge soldier of the Imperial Guard lifted me up and I found myself close to the Emperor's tall figure and his old, kind face with the blue eyes.

The memory of this scene suddenly came back to me when I saw Henry Stephenson playing his scene with Ramon Novarro.

YES, I admit a good piece of my childhood has trickled into this story. The pre-war Vienna, this unforgettable gay and emotional town, where love and music filled the air, was a Vienna that was as picturesque as a picture set. People to whom romance was the only essential thing in life. Vienna was the most democratic town you can imagine. The lower classes, the bourgeoisie and the nobility mixed every day. The long wooden tables and benches of the "Heurigen", where Dukes and Archdukes rubbed shoulders with workmen and janitors, these wooden benches were a good symbol of Viennese democracy.

Every day from twelve to one and from five to six the society as well as the semi-society promenaded through the narrow Kaertnerstrasse, looking at each other, greeting, flirting, smiling and gossiping. It was called "The Corso." and many a romance or a marriage started on the famous corner where the Imperial Opera House stands.

The social life of Vienna was centered around this beautiful opera house—and so was my own childhood and youth. The same opera house plays quite an important part in "The Night Is Young". It is this quality of romance I have tried to bring into the picture. It is the story of a ballet girl, a sweet and simple creature who does not want to fall in love with an Archduke, for whose pleasure she is commanded, and who (*Continued on page* 70)

"Grand Hotel" made Vicki Baum world-famous in three arts—literature, drama and the cinema. MOVIE MIRROR is proud to add her to its list of great contributors with this splendid article.

by VICKI BAUM

Dreams Come True

Henry Stephenson as the Emperor Franz Josef, Evelyn Laye as the exquisite ballerina, Ramon Novarro as the romantic young Archduke—they are so perfectly cast in Vicki Baum's scenario, "The Night Is Young" that they recreate for the writer the gay Imperial Vienna she knew as a child.

MOVIES, and MADNESS

MY New York hats did not cut the swath I had expected on my return to Hollywood, for Paris importations had come to stay in the movie colony. Gone were the unpretentious little stores scattered along Hollywood Boulevard and in their places were smart specialty shops. Main Street had given way to Park Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

Gone, too, were the simple little houses where my friends had lived. The palatial homes that were taking their places stood where poppies had rioted through the fields we once used for location.

This was 1917 and Hollywood was getting to be a pretty big place. Now when we went on location we had to go as far as Beverly Hills. It seems strange to look back and realize that over the fields where "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" romped and picked wild flowers, lie the stately gardens of Pickfair, that Harold Lloyd made many of his earlier comedies on the grounds that his swimming pool, golf course and Italian gardens cover today. It was all so changed!

There wasn't much time to ponder over the changes that had come to Hollywood. We were at the peak of Mary Pickford's popularity and we worked night and day to supply the public's insatiable demand for her pictures. All those little girls she played, "Rebecca," "The Little Princess," "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," "Stella Maris" and "Melisse" came to life one after the other and were adopted by her fans almost as if they had been flesh and blood children. No one has ever held her place in the heart of the public. It was such a personal, intimate adoration her fans felt for her.

The gathering war clouds broke and Mickey Neilan, who had directed the long string of Mary's pictures, enlisted. So when I wrote the scenario for "Johanna Enlists" William Desmond Taylor was chosen to direct it. A charming and cultured man, he was to complete a tragic destiny years later when his murder became the great, unsolved Hollywood mystery.

Left: Fred Thompson, minister, movie star, world champion athlete—and Frances Marion's first husband. Right: General Pershing said Frances's war uniform caused more trouble than moving an entire unit! Everything about it was wrong.

In 1926, just before the advent of talkies, Vilma Banky was at the height of her film career, co-starring with Ronald Colman. Her wedding to Rod LaRocque was the high-water mark of the golden tide which was sweeping over Hollywood.

MILLIONS

by FRANCES MARION

Hollywood's highest-priced scenario writer recalls fascinating memories of adventures in war and romance

I was beginning to get restive. So many of the boys I knew were blossoming out in khaki and leaving for France. It didn't seem fair that women couldn't get into the war, too, since they had a hand in everything else.

Mary Pickford was chosen godmother of the 143rd Field Artillery and she came back from their camp one day saying she had met the chaplain of the regiment and he was one of the handsomest, most attractive men she had ever seen.

"Think of it!" Her voice was awed. "He's a *minister* and better looking than any star."

I treated it lightly until I met him. Then I transcended even Mary's lavish enthusiasm, for the man was Fred Thompson, who was to become my husband. At that time Fred was the champion athlete of the world and many of the records that he held are still unbroken.

We made the scenes for "Johanna" against the camp background and Fred and I saw each other constantly. Before the regiment sailed for France we were engaged.

Motion picture history was being made in those days. Cecil DeMille was the great, rising director. Wallace Reid the favorite leading man and Lillian and Dorothy Gish were the darlings of the Griffith lot, where "Hearts of the World" had proved a stupendous success. Two youngsters, King and Florence Vidor, came rattling over the desert in a second-hand Ford to try their fortunes in the movies. King began as a scenario writer and Florence made an almost instant success as a leading woman. A young chap named Rudolph Valentino was playing bits at the different studios and a girl named Barbara La Marr, who was also writing scenarios, came into my office one day and we renewed our old acquaintanceship and talked about early days in Hollywood.

Everyone was so interested in the Vidors. They were so young and happy and their marriage seemed such a perfect one, that we were all heartbroken when it was dissolved. Florence's beauty had always attracted attention, but she was unspoiled and indifferent to the attentions of every man except her husband. Last winter when I was in New York, I was a guest in her charming apartment and it made me happy to see her happy again in her marriage to Jascha Heifetz, and entertaining the great of the musical world with the same simple graciousness with which she had once entertained the great of Hollywood.

Rudolph Valentino and Barbara La Marr were to soar to the heights only to die when they were still young and *still wanted.* Their funerals were grotesque farces typical of the madness that was to hold Hollywood, and struck sadness into the hearts of us who loved them both. But mingled with our outraged feelings of horror and sorrow was the consolation that neither of them knew their careers were already in danger of being eclipsed. If they had lived they would have become only two more in that long line of living dead stars who haunt Hollywood today.

Even the hubbub of Hollywood seemed tame when "Johanna Enlists" was finished. I wanted to go to war and the fact that Fred was overseas

(*Continued on page* 109)

Immigrant Boy MAKES GOOD

How Josef Pinter of Hungary became Joe Penner of Hollywood

by RUTH GERI

ON a hot, summer day in 1913, two little boys trudged through parched fields high in the Hungarian mountains, one with a bag slung over his back, the other, smaller, tagging jubilantly along, watching with relish mysterious movements inside the folds of the bag his companion carried. They entered the outskirts of a little village, sped through its neat streets to the shop of the apothecary. The two little lads entered the shop with an air of triumphant satisfaction, their steps summoning the proprietor from his little room in the rear. Cautiously, for his inspection, they held open the mouth of the sack.

"Here you are, apothecary," the older boy exulted. "Here are your toads."

"Yes, here are the toads, apothecary," the younger joined in. "Now where is the money you promised us?"

The apothecary counted the hopping toads while his two little visitors curbed their impatience. Satisfied, the aged man counted out a small handful of coins, and pocketing them as he ran, the older boy, followed by his companion, hastened from the store. Flying feet sped them up the street, to the village square, where, in return for their coins, the awed pair gained admission to an unpretentious and modest motion-picture "palace."

Late in the afternoon, the pair emerged. As they made their way together thoughtfully toward their neighboring homes on the outskirts of the town, the smaller boy broke the silence.

"What a funny fellow that was!" he exclaimed with a reminiscent laugh. "You know, Janec, someday I would like to be an actor in the cinema, and make the people laugh as that one does."

"Who can tell, Josef," the older boy responded. "Perhaps some day you will."

The pair parted with a cheery good night, and Josef Pinter, who had seen his first movie, and laughed at his first funny man of the screen, went into the house knowing his lateness would earn him the reproof of his grandfather—father to him since that day, long ago now, that his own father and his mother went away.

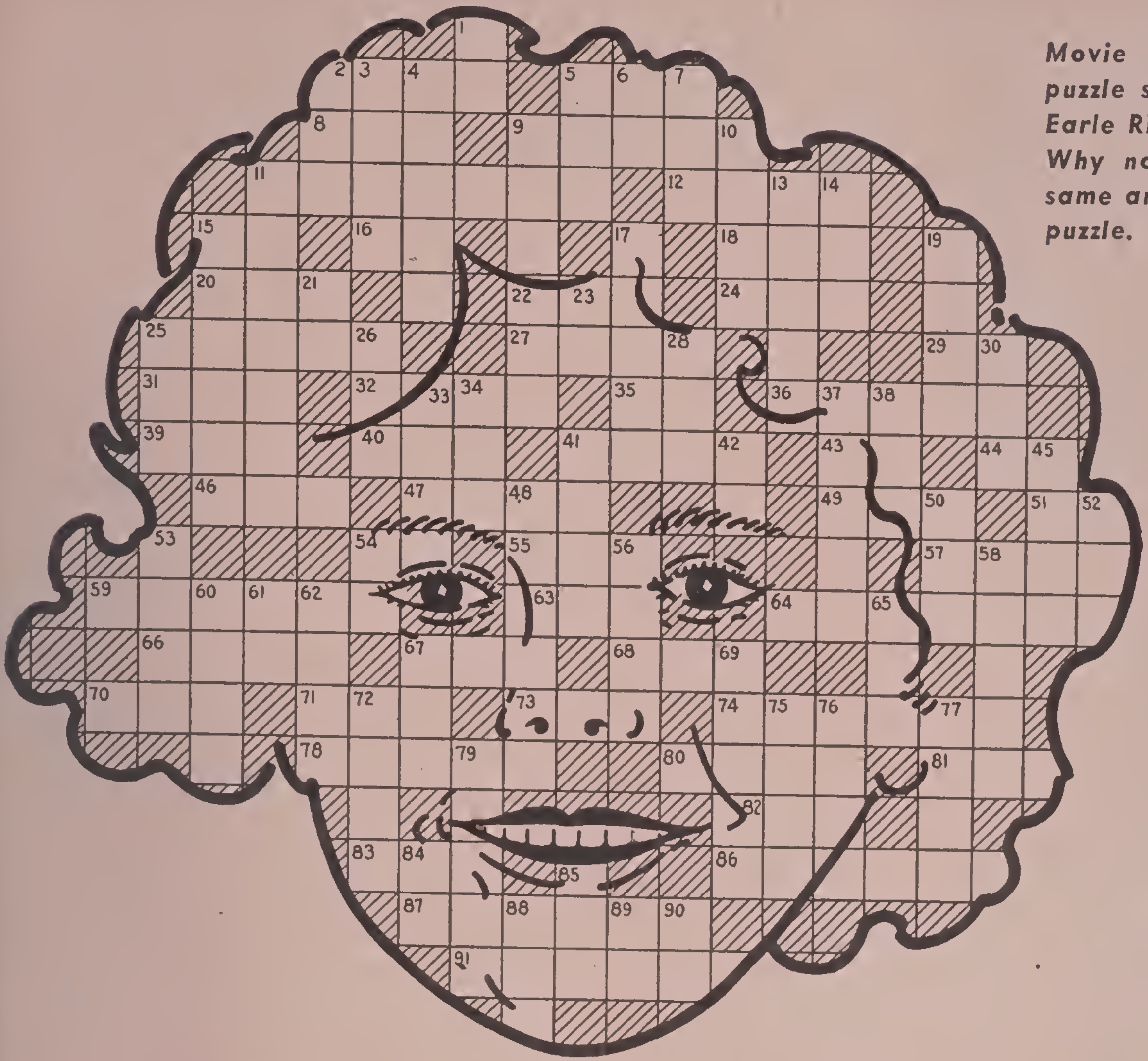
But when Josef entered the house, the expected reproof did not come. Instead, his grandfather was bustling about, and neighbors were in the house, helping him pack bulky articles into iron-bound trunks.

"Come, Josef," he cried as the boy entered. "Come. Help here. Give a hand. We are leaving to go to your father and mother in America!"

Bewildered, Josef pitched in willingly, and his bewilderment, fed by constant change from train to boat and back to train again over three thousand long miles, lasted until little Josef Pinter landed in America, and became Joe Penner, an American boy of nine, whose father, Joe senior, worked in the Ford factory in Detroit.

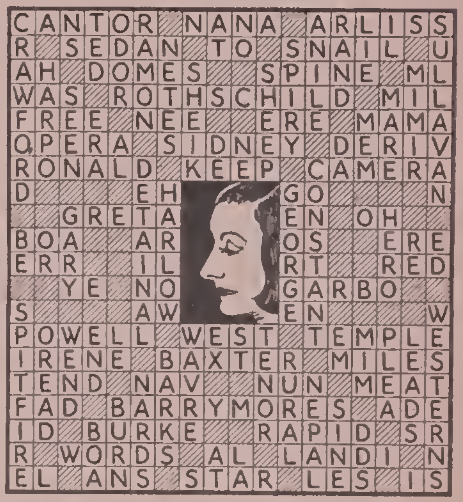
The boy who, twenty years later was to make a million and more other boys laugh at *(Continued on page 92)*

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Movie Mirror awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of October, to Julia Earle Richardson, 601 Westgate, St. Louis, Missouri. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Submit it before February first. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



C	A	N	T	O	R	▨	N	A	N	A	▨	A	R	L	I	S	S
R	▨	S	E	D	A	N	▨	T	O	▨	S	N	A	I	L	▨	U
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W	A	S	▨	R	O	T	H	S	C	H	I	L	D	▨	M	I	L
F	R	E	E	▨	N	E	E	▨	▨	E	R	E	▨	M	A	M	A
Q	P	E	R	A	▨	S	I	D	N	E	Y	▨	D	E	R	I	V
R	O	N	A	L	D	▨	K	E	E	P	▨	C	A	M	E	R	A
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P	O	W	E	L	L	▨	W	E	S	T	▨	T	E	M	P	L	E
I	R	E	N	E	▨	B	A	X	T	E	R	▨	M	I	L	E	S
T	E	N	D	▨	N	A	V	▨	▨	N	U	N	▨	M	E	A	T
F	A	D	▨	B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E	S	▨	A	D	E
I	D	▨	B	U	R	K	E	▨	▨	R	A	P	I	D	▨	S	R
R	▨	W	O	R	D	S	▨	A	L	▨	L	A	N	D	I	▨	N
E	L	▨	A	N	S	▨	S	T	A	R	▨	L	E	S	▨	I	S

ACROSS

2. An evening assembly for dancing
5. A male child
8. The highest card in the deck
9. Cooked in an oven
11. She's our sweetheart "Now and Forever"
12. An obligation
15. An exclamation of satisfaction
16. To perform
18. He plays in "Viva Villa"
20. Wife of Joel McCrea
22. Wilson in "Barretts of Wimpole Street"
24. He plays opposite Janet Gaynor in "Servant's Entrance"
25. Angry
27. He fell in love with "The Girl from Missouri"
29. Abbreviation for the continent on which we live
31. Respectful address
32. Absent
35. Baby Leroy's first word
36. Her latest is "Caravan"
39. "Belle of the Nineties"
40. An assessment
41. Affectation
43. Indefinite article
44. A Swedish comedian
46. The New Deal
47. Tidy
49. Her latest picture is "British Agent"
51. An exclamation used to express a wish
54. By
55. A meadow
57. To lighten
59. We'll never forget him in "Human Bondage"
63. To invite
64. She is an Angel! Just married Ralph Forbes
66. The first American picture of Anna Sten
67. A fish with a spear-like snout
68. Her last name is Lupino
70. The lower limb
71. Noting the maiden name of a married woman
73. "Little ——, What Now?"
74. She causes the trouble in "Merry Wives of Reno"
78. "I Only Have Eyes for You" is the theme song of this musical
80. She plays opposite Randolph Scott in "Wagon Wheels"
81. To find the sum
82. Not well
83. A boy
86. A Syrian Captain cured of leprosy by Elisha
87. She played a dual role in "Thirty Day Princess"
91. One or the other of two

DOWN

1. A beloved Mammy singer
2. Pooh! Nonsense
3. Sharp and biting to the taste
4. He'll soon be too old to play baby parts
5. To speak
6. Expression of approval
7. His last name is Sparks
9. Pulchritude
10. She was the torch-singer in "Little Miss Marker"
11. "Ba" in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street"
13. Long John Silver in "Treasure Island"
14. To drag behind
15. A designer of gowns for Hollywood stars
17. Mercedes in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
19. The father of Shirley Temple in "Baby Take a Bow"
21. English Translation (Abbrev.)
23. Nay
25. A doctrine or system
26. To chew and swallow
28. The organ of hearing
30. "The ——— of Innocence"
33. To desire
34. A tool for chopping
37. Nicky Nelson in "Shoot the Works"
38. She plays opposite Harold Lloyd in "The Cat's Paw"
41. Do you stutter? He does!
42. Thus
45. To mislay
48. Arouses to a sense of danger
50. Nevertheless
52. Possessive of she
53. One of the pieces of a skeleton
54. Slang for advertisement
56. Related by blood
58. In advance
60. To engage in a conflict
61. Indefinite article
62. She made the fan dance famous
65. "Vergie Winters" herself
67. A precious jewel
69. Once more
72. Owner of the famous "Vanities"
75. Her last name is Lee
76. She and her brother, Blackie, appear in the comic-strip
77. A quantity of organized information
79. He has five daughters and his wife's name is Ida
84. Because; since
85 "The ——— and the grasshopper"
88. A hard, metal device for stamping or cutting out some object
89. What?
90. You

Cooking

PAULINE NELSON *brings you Sally Blane's "Streamline Diet" for those who wish to slenderize as they eat*

"STREAMLINE," is what pretty Sally Blane calls her reducing diet. She says, as far as she is concerned, it's the diet to end "diets," because you can lose weight safely and naturally, and yet do it without being conscious you are on a diet at all. Eating this way, you get sufficient food for health and vitality and yet you should lose fat at the rate of about two pounds a week.

"I was going into a new picture," Sally explained, and was simply pounds and *pounds* overweight. You know the movie camera makes you look at least ten pounds heavier than you actually are, anyway, so I would have screened like a young balloon. I had to do something, and I didn't dare go on any trick diet, because I needed every ounce of energy for my work. I couldn't look haggard, either. Then I discovered this streamline diet and followed it faithfully, never ate between meals, drank lots of water, and went into my new assignment looking and *feeling* better than I have in a long time."

"The picture I was making is called 'The Silver Streak'. It's about a pretty exciting ride a group of people take in the new railway train, 'The Silver Streak,' which goes at a simply tremendous rate of speed, but is safe because of the way it is streamlined . . . all slimmed down, no extra weight. Isn't that a perfect description of the modern figure? I decided then and there that it was much more inspiring to say you are streamlining yourself, than just plain dieting."

"I TOLD you it was a natural way to lose weight, and it is. How one could suffer on those dieting fads . . . and all the special foods and extra fuss in the kitchen! What I'm doing now is based on the fact that if you're getting enough to eat of the right kinds of food, you won't want the other kind. The secret is the way you plan meals."

"But remember," Sally went on, "they've got to be really good meals, meals that taste good, that look attractive and have variety. Yet you *can* do this with foods everybody can get at the corner grocer's. You don't need to go in for expensive specialties or fussy cooking. The way things are canned nowadays, you can use canned vegetables and fruits, and fruit juices perfectly well, and of course there are the bouillons and clear soups.

"Oh, while I think of it, when you are serving vegetables, dress them with a little thin cream and salt, rather than butter, because butter is more fattening, believe it or not. Always save the vegetable juices. You can chill them in the icebox and drink them. Honestly, they are awfully good,

Sally Blane achieved this "streamline" effect for "Silver Streak," RKO's film story of the smartly-designed train of tomorrow, by following the diet on the opposite page.

better than you'd think, especially cabbage juice, ice-cold. Do this with the juice from canned things, too. You can also use canned vegetable juices as a soup base."

"SALADS are important, because they're not only good for you, but they fill you up. And be sure to use only the mineral oil dressing.

"I have coffee for breakfast but I drink it Continental style. Half-and-half, they call it, and that's what it is, half coffee and half milk . . . hot milk of course. No sugar, or if you must have sweetening, use saccharine.

"You may vary the Melba toast with any of the excellent prepared dry, crisp breads on the market, but use no butter and chew them well. Or you can have a small serving of one of the dry cereals with milk, if you prefer. That's about all, I think, except that you must drink plenty of water and keep up your regular exercise. You'll find you can exercise, too, because on these menus you'll have the energy for it."

SO you see Sally's method is a modern one that you can follow while living this strenuous modern life of ours. Whether you're a girl in the movies, like Sally, or doing housework, or holding down an office job, you're always trying to be your most charming self, and it takes energy. It takes so much energy that nobody can afford to waste effort carrying around excess weight.

Never be so silly as to let somebody laugh you out of a desire to reach and hold your normal weight. There's nothing funny about it. It's an intelligent effort to adjust to modern living, if you go about it as naturally and as simply as Sally's method shows you how to do it.

Here are her menus for an entire week. With this as a sample, you can easily plan others on the same lines. I hope you have the same success with them that Sally had . . . that you can disperse those unwelcome pounds that none of us want, and bring back the pretty figure and clear skin we all want!

You will note that this menu has all the variety desired and is quite adequate. Beware of diets that are too stringent for they are dangerous. Moreover, they are prone to make you nervous and weak. Any extreme abstinence is just as much to be avoided as over-indulgence. This menu prevents fat as it keeps you fit.

There isn't space to give you more of the interesting and valuable things Sally told me, but I'll send them to you, if you'll write for them. If there is anything about the menus that isn't clear, do let me know. I shall be glad to hear from you and to answer any of your queries.

Low Calorie Menus for One Week

	Breakfast	Luncheon	Dinner
MONDAY	Prunes with sliced orange Melba toast 2 slices dry bacon Coffee	Vegetable salad with mineral oil mayonnaise Cottage cheese, saltines Tea	Clam juice cocktail Toast fingers Casserole of beef with vegetables Raspberry sherbet
TUESDAY	Berries or fresh fruit Bran cereal with milk Coffee	Tomato stuffed with crabmeat Ginger snaps Iced tea	Broiled chicken Spinach with lemon juice Cauliflower with grated cheese Fruit gelatine salad with mineral oil mayonnaise
WEDNESDAY	Sliced oranges and grapefruit Melba toast Coffee	Eggs poached in milk Melba toast Sliced raw carrots Radishes Small piece gingerbread	Chicken broth Roast lamb, mint sauce String beans and celery Mashed turnips Baked apple
THURSDAY	Slice of pineapple with orange Melba toast Coffee	Oyster stew Crackers Sliced fruit Tea	Lamb rolls baked in Spanish sauce Broccoli with buttered crumbs Coffee jelly
FRIDAY	Grapefruit with mint Dry cereal with milk Melba toast Coffee	Hot bouillon Soft cooked egg Sliced peaches Wheat wafers	Broiled halibut with tartar sauce Beets with greens Asparagus with cream sauce Lettuce with celery dressing Baked custard
SATURDAY	Orange juice Baked egg Coffee	Hearts of lettuce with mineral oil dressing Rye wafers Lemon sherbet Tea	Baked veal cutlet Baked tomatoes with onions Braised celery Endive with French dressing Baked pears
SUNDAY	Half melon with lemon Foamy omelet Coffee	Clear tomato bouillon Celery, pickles Slice of roast beef Baked squash Peas with onions Romaine with spicy mineral oil dressing Wine jelly	Vegetable milk chowder Melba toast Tea with lemon

WHAT ARE YOUR COOKING PROBLEMS?

Wouldn't you like the recipes for some of the tempting dishes included in the reducing menus? If not, you might want to know how to gain weight.

Or, perhaps hubby has been complaining about the soggy pie-crusts lately. Wouldn't you like to know the secret of light, flaky pie-crusts?

Or—wouldn't you like to know how to serve the cheaper cuts of meat so that all the members of your family will clamor for a second portion?

Pauline Nelson will gladly help you with your cooking problems free of charge. Just send in your questions enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Pauline Nelson, in care of MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

SHE MARRIED THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

EVE CASANOVA REVEALS THE REAL LOU TELLEGEN

SON of a Greek banker and a Spanish-Dutch dancer, disinherited at sixteen for eloping with his father's mistress, model for the great French sculptor Rodin, acquaintance of the notorious Mata Hari, protege and leading man for Sarah Bernhardt, consort of beautiful women the world over, erstwhile husband of Geraldine Farrar at the peak of her fame as a star of the Metropolitan Opera, matinee idol, Hollywood success—Lou Tellegen lived one of the greatest sagas of romantic adventure it may ever be your privilege to read. Into the all-too-brief years of this magnetic personality were crowded more romantic and financial successes and their attendant failures than befall a hundred average men.

How much of what was rumored about him was true? How much that was true about him has never been revealed? We asked beautiful Eve Casanova to tell you the real story of her glamorous husband. And she consented to reveal the story of Lou Tellegen as it has never been told before.

If you thrill to romantic adventure, if you applaud the sort of iron nerve that enables a man to play through a comedy on the stage and evoke laughs while his clothing is blood-soaked from ghastly burns that endanger his life, if you admire the open-handed generosity that impels a man to give practically his all to needy friends, if you would read how the "world's greatest lover" made love, read Eve Casanova's revelation of her famous husband in February True Story. It's on sale everywhere.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

WHAT WOMEN LOVE MOST IN MEN • BEHIND CLOSED DOORS • NO GREATER LOVE • I WAS A LADIES' MAN • FALSE SHAME • TALKED-ABOUT WOMAN • THREE RING GIRL • NO RIGHT TO JUDGE • WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? • TOO BUSY TO BE A WIFE • STRANGER THAN FICTION • FAVORITE SCREEN STARS • HOME PROBLEMS FORUM • TRUE STORY HOME MAKER • WHAT DO YOU THINK? • BILLY AND BETTY • SHOPPING SERVICE.

EVE CASANOVA

Every Friday Night THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS presents a gripping dramatization of a story from the current issue over WABC and the following COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM stations:

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WCAU
WFBL
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KMOX
WORC
KHJ
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File your verdict on the story and win a valuable award each week.

8:30 Eastern Time	7:30 Central Time	7:30 Mountain Time	8:30 Pacific Time

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TRUE STORY

FEBRUARY ISSUE - 15¢ - AT THE NEAREST NEWS STAND

Rough Hands!
Smooth now!

Rough hands from soap suds and hot water! Then a little Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Immediately—your hands feel smooth. Hinds works so quickly because it is *penetrating* cream—restores a velvety softness to your skin!

Chapped Hands?

Snow fights—bare hands—of course, their little hands get rough and sore! Apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—see how quickly this rich liquid cream soothes chapping, restores smoothness!

He'll remember! Don't let him carry away the "feel" of dry chapped hands. Dear hands are dearer still when they are velvety smooth! In winter, neglected hands so easily become dry, scaly, chapped. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works quickly because it *soaks* the skin with soothing lubricants—it restores that thrilling smoothness he adores!

Rich creamy Hinds soothes chapping *quickly*—gives you smooth hands. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your druggist, 10¢ size at the dime store.

WINTER-COLD slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. And your poor hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich penetrating cream, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping *quickly*—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating." It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.

Regular use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this winter will give you summer-smooth hands—thrilling to touch!

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM
HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM

Relieve Chapping——win thrilling smooth hands with HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

LOVELY EYES

How to have them

—eyes no man can forget

CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

Remember, your eyes are your *most important* feature. So don't neglect them.

Winx gives you long, lovely lashes—soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

Added Beauty

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you.* So try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

WINX
DARKENS
LASHES
PERFECTLY
FREE

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City
Name..
Street..
City..............................State..............
If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Hollywood Makes Dreams Come True

(*Continued from page 60*)

can't help falling in love with him. The story is dated back to the eighties and it is so much fun watching the girls in their corsets and bustles. Miss Evelyn Laye is the ballet girl. Hollywood calls her a champagne blonde. She looks like an old photograph—as a matter of fact she reminds me of a picture of my own mother when she was 18 years old and just engaged.

Being in America not very long, my English is anything but flexible. And "You look like my mother" was the first thing I blurted out to Evelyn. I didn't quite understand why her smile became somewhat fixed when she received this well-meant compliment. For she must have looked at me and been very concerned about how she would look if she were old enough to be an ancestor of mine. She is a lovely creature with the biggest blue eyes you've ever seen and she has the sincerity and the charm which I dreamed for this character.

IT is a rare thrill when you suddenly meet in the flesh, characters of whom you had only dreamed and fancied. Take Ramon Novarro for instance. He plays the young Archduke who loves the girl and has to give up his love. He has exactly the same handsome Spanish looks and expression which were characteristic of most of the young Princes of the Hapsburg family.

The Hapsburgs, as you might remember, were the Kings of Spain for centuries and there was always a strong Spanish influence at the Austrian court. The court etiquette was even called Spanish Etiquette and a very strict and formal etiquette it was. No wonder that our handsome Archdukes cut loose as soon as they managed to escape this etiquette and the watchful eyes of the old Emperor! They were always romancing around; you could meet them every day at the Corso flirting like any other young officer. The most handsome of them all and the one who had more scandals than any other Prince was Archduke Otto, the father of the later Emperor Karl. He had a special liking for the beautiful young girls in the ballet and he was the idol of all the young girls in Vienna. It is amazing to see how near Ramon Novarro's type comes to this image. Not only that he looks like him, but his somewhat shy and embarrassed way of approaching his girl is that of a prince who is used to keeping his distance rather than to seek contact. It seems to me that he and Evelyn Laye should make a very delightful team whom the American audience will take to their hearts. Miss Laye is the young English actress who created the leading part in "Bitter Sweet" on the London stage. The young lady is very British, of course, but at the same time she has a quality of warmth which you don't expect from the Britishers.

It just strikes me that three or four of my stories are centered around ballet dancers. Grusinskaja in "Grand Hotel" was a ballet dancer too, as some of you may remember. It seems I inherited the love for dancing from my father. He was a ballet fan at his time and today at the age of 86 he still has not ceased to love dancing. I remember that I received the first thrill of my life when my parents took me into their box at the Opera when I was about five. The then famous ballet master was my father's best friend and his three beautiful daughters were my playmates. The ballet master's house was filled with the pictures of ballet girls and with the dedications of their noble admirers. I still remember the photograph of Archduke Otto, handsomely smiling from a precious golden frame.

All the gossip about the ballet girls and their affairs entered my mind before I came into my teens. These stories transformed themselves in my childish brain into something very fantastic and mysterious. Looking back at it, it seems to me that the ballet of the Viennese Imperial Opera was an educational institution, where the young nobility was taught the facts of life. Of course, the censorship has taken out of my story any reference to the rather easy-going customs of the young ladies in the organdie skirts. As a matter of fact I don't mind it, as long as the picture preserves the same charm that can be found in the etchings of Degas. This French painter, you will remember, devoted his pencil and brush largely to the creation of the most delightful ballet scenes, which have reached a nearly classical standard.

WELL, it might sound funny to talk pleasantly about the changes which my own story has undergone. I know it is fashionable for writers to curse the things that producers have done to their creations. But since I have made it my daily habit to watch what is going on on stage 19 and since I have seen what Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro, Edward Everett Horton, Una Merkel and Charlie Butterworth are doing there, I am getting more and more fun out of it, not to speak of the horse, Mitzie, with its funny straw hat perched over one eye. It is a very ambitious horse and very eager to live up to the intentions of the author.

These little visits to stage 19 are to me like visits paid to my own home town and my own childhood in gay Vienna! And they also make my dreams come true!

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH WILL ROGERS?

He's the most popular man on the screen, loved by millions all over America.

And yet—

The problem of getting him photographed, of persuading him to talk about himself is a tough one! Read this fascinating glimpse behind the scenes in the March issue of MOVIE MIRROR!

The Picture of the Month

PAUL
MUNI
the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in
BETTE DAVIS
—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.

Homemaking

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY HAROLD GRIEVE

Hollywood's Most Popular Interior Decorator Shows You How You Can Furnish Your Home with Movie Sets

THIS month I have strayed a little from what I had planned for the progress in the articles on Interior Decorating. This is because motion picture sets have come to my attention as being particularly adaptable for the now timely movement of home decoration and renovation, so I'd like to point out this month how you can use such sets as an aid on your own decorating problem.

There has been a great improvement in picture sets in recent years. Now they are designed by a trained decorator and an architect instead of a scenic designer. There is less of the theatrical and more of the atmosphere of real rooms. The effect of good taste has been far reaching. Movie-minded as we all are, we invariably retain a memory of some especially charming interior in this picture or that which may suggest itself when a decoration problem arises in our own homes. The best example of the influence of set decoration on home decoration is the vogue for white which has swept the country. White has been used lavishly by Hollywood set decorators. In my opinion, Mr. Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has led the way in modernization of picture sets, and has therefore influenced indirectly the decoration of many American homes.

This month the charming sets shown from "Forsaking All Others," an M-G-M production starring Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery show many suggestions that could be used in the small house or apartment where the modernized Victorian effect—which is very new—was desired. This is particularly effective if your house is a bit old fashioned and you want to modernize its appearance without spending too much money.

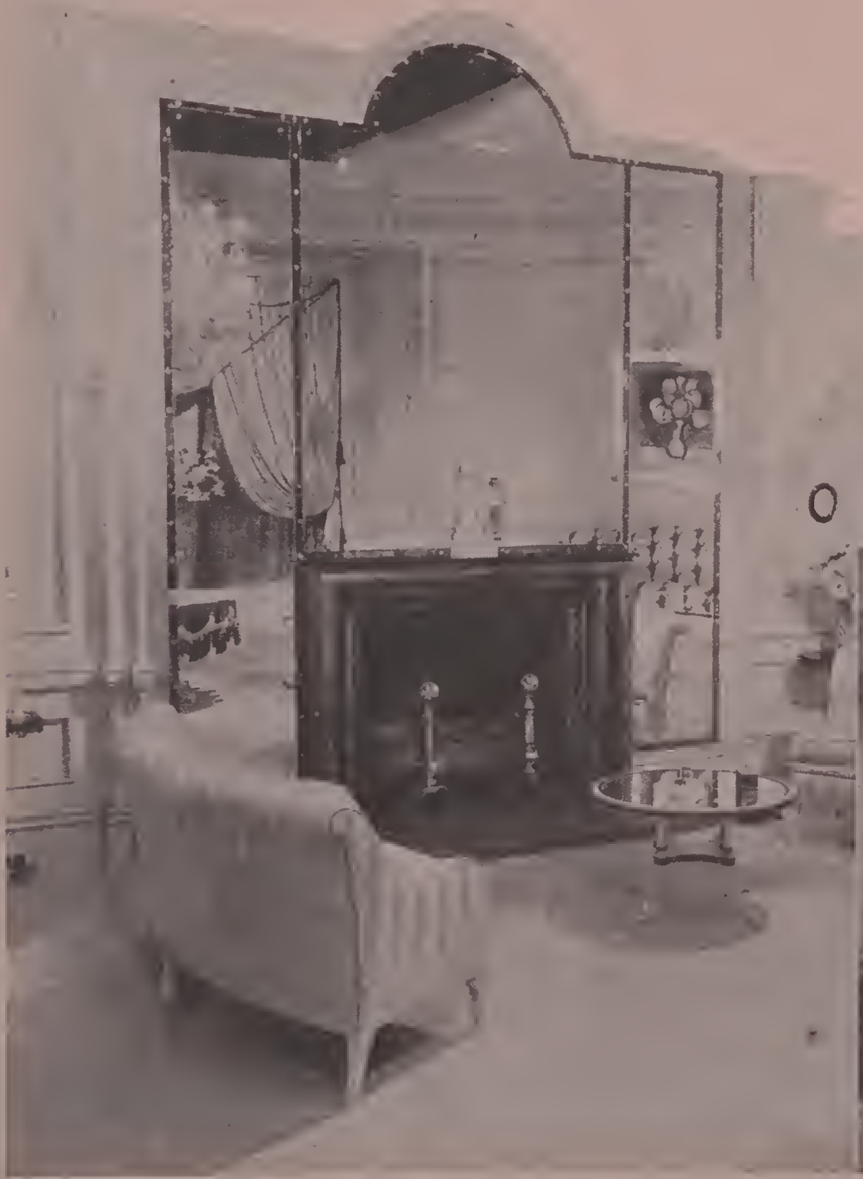
In illustration number one an old Victorian mantel has been stripped of its adornments and modernized by flanking it with panels of mirrors. This idea would help to modernize *any* room which has stayed in the slump. If you feel the mirror would be too glittering or expensive, figured wall paper could be used in the same manner.

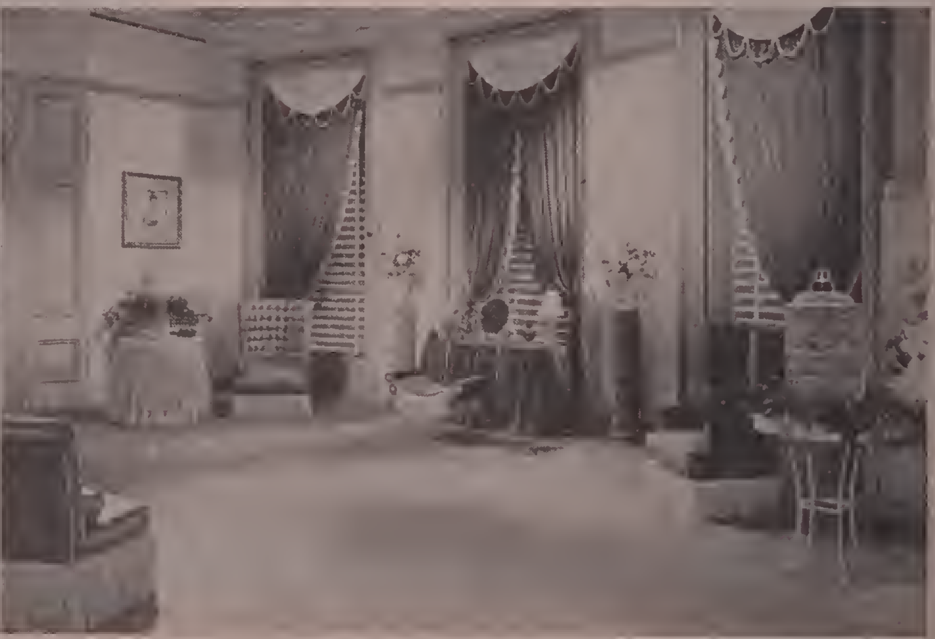
In illustration two, a sitting-room, which has all too few windows, is given life and color with Choiniserie wall paper. What's shown here is imported and hand blocked, but you will find in your wall-paper store domestic lithographed papers which give the same charm.

I consider this room especially good from a utilitarian standpoint as well as for furniture arrangement.

Many requests have come in as to how one should furnish and arrange an apartment living-room for comfort and general living, particularly where space-saving is important. This room answers these questions very nicely. The chest of drawers, which is often used in living-room decoration

It isn't possible, of course, for Mr. Grieve to decorate your home by mail, but if you will write him about your particular problem—attractive curtains for an awkward window space, or color schemes for the too-dark or too-small room, perhaps—he will be glad to help you. Send your question, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Mr. Harold Grieve, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.





Many of the sets in M-G-M's "Forsaking All Others" are modern adaptations of Victorian decorations—as in the treatment of this mantelpiece at left. Below, a bed-sitting room in deep blue, with accents of white, is given new charm.

is also useful, as it will give additional bureau space. The cabinet opposite the fireplace can hold books or, with solid doors, can be used as a china and linen closet. The bridge table can also serve for a dining table.

The arrangement of furniture is interesting, too. The comfortable lounge chairs are grouped intimately before the fireplace and the corner by the window is reserved for the desk and books. Notice that the furniture has been arranged parallel to the walls which makes for a feeling of order in the room. It is always, you know, unwise to place sofas and large pieces of furniture across a corner. The reason given usually, for such an arrangement, is that it gives a "homey" feeling and this room, with furniture placed as it should be, is certainly not stiff.

The furnishings of this set achieved by Cedric Gibbons, E. B. Willis, and Fred Hope, Art Directors at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, are Georgian mahogany of the Chippendale era. In such a scheme Chinese ornaments are appropriate. Many people are not familiar with combining Oriental objects with English and Georgian furniture. However, from time immemorial England has been an Empire of sea-faring men, dating back to Sir Francis Drake. Always when these roving gentlemen returned from trips to the Orient they brought back chinaware, wood-carvings, shawls, chests and pieces of furniture. Then it was that the English, masters in the art of furniture building, modified certain types of their craft to fit in with the design of Chinese art. For instance, the chairs shown in this picture are an English Chippendale adaptation of Chinese chairs.

If you have many pieces of Oriental bric-a-brac, instead of making a separate corner, it is more amusing to use your pieces as decorations throughout a room as shown. Here the lamp base is a Chinese jar with a simple shade. The ornaments on the fireplace and the porcelain on the bridge table are Chinese.

The modernized Victorian combination bedroom-sitting room, shown in illustration, is all done in tones of the same deep blue color with accents of white, with white taffeta scalloped trimming on the darker taffeta curtains and the Venetion blinds painted with alternating dark and light slats.

The curtains are embellished with white valances trimmed with heavy white cord. The two amusing tufted chairs and the dressing table are done in the same materials as the curtains. The simple dressing table, with its skirt tied up coyly with silk cords, reminds one of a draped Victorian gown.

All these ideas shown in the sets of "Forsaking All Others" could be adapted to the small budget house, and the revamping of unsightly furniture with glazed chintz, celanese taffeta or moire would give the crisp, authoritative aspect of these rooms.

A decorator is always willing and glad to listen to ideas of a client. Why not become "set-conscious" and discuss certain schemes you have seen with your decorator? Invariably you will arrive at a plan for a charming and colorful room.

"I hate tattle-tales!..

...and here's how I chased them out of my house"

"'**You're a hard worker, Bess,**' my sister said one day, 'but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!'... I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."

"**And what a lucky day!** In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."

"**Everybody says nice things** about my washes now—no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Do you tire easily ?

✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ sleepless
✓ pale

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upround today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

©S.S.S. Co.

He Won't Do Anything Without Susie

(*Continued from page* 31)

regularly, so we won't have to put in a heater to warm the water."

Susie rather reversed things when she gave up horseback riding on Chester's account.

"For some reason, horses and I never got along well together," Chester told me. "Susie used to go riding almost every day and I would trail along. It isn't that I couldn't ride the darn critters. You've got to be able to sit a horse if you're an actor. But a bridle path leading to nowhere and return didn't appeal to me. Susie noticed my boredom.

"I think we ought to sell our horses, don't you?" she said finally. "It's really just a silly expense."

"You mustn't get the idea that giving up things is one-sided. Susie hasn't a selfish hair in her pretty head. But we like to enjoy life together, and if the other one isn't having a good time, we find something else to do."

Luckily, Chester doesn't care much for competitive sports. His mind doesn't work that way. To him, there is no pleasure in trying to beat the other fellow; he would rather play with you than against you. For that reason he suffers from no great temptation to spend Sunday on the golf links, leaving a disconsolate golf widow at home with her children. He has no urgent desire to hit more goals in polo than the other players and quite sensibly believes that an actor should protect his chief asset—his unmarred countenance—from the danger of polo. He has tried skeet shooting against Bob Montgomery, Clark Gable and other enthusiasts, but the noise hurts his ears. And Susie doesn't care for it either.

If this summary of Chester lends the impression that he avoids athletics or exercise, I have misled you. He will go in for training of a sort that would make an ordinary mortal give up. When he was cast as a boxer in a Universal picture, he trained for six weeks, going through the grind of road work, shadow boxing, dieting and all that goes with the preparation for a fight.

As a result he went into the ring with "Slapsie Maxie" Rosenbloom and handed that veteran of the squared circle just as good as he gave in one of the most realistic ring battles ever filmed. But that was just business; Chester doesn't believe in using doubles any more than is necessary. He didn't hand stiff rights to the Rosenbloom jaw for the pleasure of it; the picture called for those scenes and he spent six weeks, and dropped twenty pounds, getting ready for the job.

You can tell at a glance that Chester is no ladies' man. He has a splendid physique, a strong jaw, and an honest, forthright pair of eyes. He has been in pictures long enough to regard it as a business, and he does well at it. Ever since his big hit in "Alibi" he has held a high position in pictures, and his new play, "Repeal," will undoubtedly add greatly to his standing. In this picture he again takes the rôle of a gangster, clever, resourceful, and quick on the trigger.

But he is the opposite of the gangster type in real life, and his worst vice is an addiction to the game of 21, or "black-jack." He and Susie join in a weekly black-jack game with the Bob Montgomerys, the Elliot Nugents, and the Percy Morgans.

"If Susie's luck is bad, mine is good, so it's a very handy partnership," Chester laughs. "Black-jack isn't very strenuous exercise, but then, Susie and I like it anyway. You see, she's never been a strong girl. That's another reason we don't go in for the strenuous life.

"And I often have the suspicion that actors are going in for a sport more to give photographers a good picture than for the fun of it. An actor can't be a champion golfer or a ten-goal polo player; it isn't in the cards. So I stick to my acting.

"There is one sport that Susie enjoys as much as I. We both like pictures. The other evening we were going over my next picture. As soon as 'Repeal' is finished, I'm to do a picture at Universal. Well, all at once I became aware of Susie and the author arguing over who should be my leading lady. So and so would be swell; such and such would be impossible. They were going at it hammer and tongs, and it gave me a kick to see Susie so interested in it all.

"She and I get a big boot out of picture work, and it's something that makes for closer companionship when the wife is interested in her husband's work, as Susie is in mine."

"You two are a lot like Neil and Elsa Hamilton," I observed. "By the way, do you and Neil ever do any magic tricks any more? Or did you both give up magic for the sake of your wives?"

"How did you know?" Chester challenged. Then he laughed.

"I'll tell you about that. Neil was putting on a benefit performance somewhere downtown, and had bought a swell trick for sixty dollars. He put his wife in the box and shoved knives through slits. The illusion was perfect; looked as if they went right through her. Unfortunately, she didn't get into quite the right position; they had rehearsed only once. Neil got two of the huge knives through all right. He started the third, and heard his wife's muffled voice: 'Hey, you're cutting me!'

"Neil had to go on with the show, but those objections from the box sounded ominous. He finally got the knife into place, after gouging Elsa in the arm. That, I think, was about the end of his magic work.

"Well, afterwards he called me up and offered me the trick for twenty-five dollars. But I, too, had abandoned magic for my wife's sake.

"It happened in New York. My wife had been taken to a hospital and I thought I would entertain her with a few tricks. I brought up some simple gadgets and stood at the foot of her bed, working them happily. Then I noticed a blank, a very blank expression on her face. I asked her what was the matter. 'I hate magic!' And she meant it. I chucked away my magic then and there. Oh, well, I was lousy at it, anyway."

Chester sighed with light regret. Perhaps he was remembering how he used to clutter up his home when he was a boy, and had trick strings all over the place, with false partitions, trapdoors and hidden pulleys. He must have been a trial to his parents.

He and Susie took up tennis, and joined a club. But after about two weeks of sore muscles and lame arms, Mrs. Morris quietly put away her racket. Chester laid his in moth balls, too. He doesn't like to do anything without Susie.

But boating they both love. They'll charter a boat down at San Pedro or Wilmington, and stock it with grub. Then they kiss the children good bye and set sail, just a captain and a crew of one, for Santa Catalina. They'll swing down around the isthmus and maybe put in at the island for a dance.

Fishing, too, appeals to Susie and Chester. They'll drop a line over the side and reel in sea bass, barracuda and bonito. Fish are always welcome in the galley aboard boat.

"Ping-pong is about our speed when it comes to sports," Chester says. "That game gives Susie a chance to win sometimes. She's good at it. I rather like ping-pong, but don't set me down as an expert.

"Maybe we're both watchers. You know, you've got to have an audience, and if everybody plays the game, who is going to play the rôle of watcher? I'm an excellent football watcher, and so is Susie. We always follow the Southern California University games, and can yell with the best of 'em. But I was glad to see the Trojans take a trouncing from Washington; they were getting too cocky."

It's no wonder that Sue and Chester get on so well. The other fellow's wishes come first with them. She admires her handsome husband, and he thinks that Sue has no equal on earth. That's an ideal state of affairs. And they keep it *status quo*, you might say, by their little mutual sacrifices. It isn't a thought-out campaign nor any set rule of conduct. I doubt if Chester ever stopped to reason it out or plan his code. No, he just happened to say it, as the most natural thing in the world:

"I won't do anything without Susie!"

ATTENTION, KIDDIES!

Don't fail to read the March issue of MOVIE MIRROR Magazine. We'll have a page especially for you, giving you a visit with Mickey Mouse, himself, and telling you what Shirley Temple received for Christmas, and we'll have many photographs of your young favorites that we know you will want to clip for your scrapbook. Remember to look for the MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR page in the

March MOVIE MIRROR

On Sale at all newsstands

January 25th

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!

No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

Copyright by Lady Esther Company, 1935

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name...

Address...

City...*State*..................

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (9)

Hidden Dramas in the Life of Anna Sten

(*Continued from page 38*)

came the master-actor, Ivan Chujoy, under whose tutelage Anna and her group acquired the highlights of dramatic polish.

Emotionally, these young Russians were developed far beyond their years. They had gone through real-life experiences vibrant with courage, hatred, envy, fear, deception, love and sacrifice. But few of them knew how to be gay. That was their weakness. Anna Sten found special distinction because of her sense of humor. She alone was able to reflect the comic side of Soviet life and give Red audiences a laugh. Her mimicry was excellent. She played innumerable character parts.

HER career as an actress has been narrated so many times that I will not review it here. More important, I think, is her personal attitude toward the art of acting. Her stage philosophy is so essentially Russian that very few people in this country understand it. Acting, with her, is a matter of craftsmanship; she applies herself to a part in much the same manner as that of a diamond cutter working out the technical problem of developing a rough gem into a de-luxe product.

From this viewpoint, Hollywood's habit of starring *types* is alien to every tenet of Russian dramatic art. The difference between the two systems may be explained, or illustrated, by various things. Anna's hair, for example:

Sam Goldwyn noticed that Anna and I were pretty good friends. One day he came to me with a pathetic face and said:

"I wish you would get Anna to do something about her hair."

"What's the matter with her hair?" I asked.

"It isn't neat," said Mr. Goldwyn, waving his arms. "She lets it fly all over the place."

"Not when she's making a picture," said I. No, he admitted, but a Hollywood star must consider herself a public character when she is off the screen as well as when she's on it. That is one of the differences between Hollywood and the Russian theatre. A Russian actress can be herself when she is not on the stage. On the stage, she is not herself. Then she *is* the character she represents. Then her hair, her dress, her every gesture and intonation must reproduce that character accurately. Russian actors and actresses are trained to be as inconspicuous as possible in private life. The theory is that they should attract attention only when they are on the stage.

Anna and I spent hours shopping together when she was in New York this Autumn. Not more than twice was she recognized in public. It pleased her, I saw, to walk unnoticed through the crowds. Other Hollywood stars may derive a thrill from being recognized on the streets of New York. Anna Sten has experienced thrills of a more genuine nature.

One day in Russia she had occasion to call at the office of a high Soviet official. He was a personal friend of hers, a charming gentleman, polite and cultured. On his desk Anna saw a handsome dagger in an ornamental sheath. She picked it up and drew the knife out.

"Put that down!" said the man.

She was amazed by his violent tone. She replaced the dagger where she had found it.

"It's poisoned," the official told her. "I keep it here—just in case."

Anna's life today is singularly peaceful. Her marriage to Dr. Eugene Frenke was founded upon friendship as well as love. They are good companions.

At home she is very domesticated—loves to fuss around the house, to cook, to put up pickles and home-brewed liqueurs. Instructing me how to follow one of her old Russian recipes, she impressed upon me the fact that time should not be spared.

"Do not be in a hurry, Sashenka," she said. "Haste gives a bad flavor to any dish."

You will note that she called me *Sashenka.* That is the Russian diminutive for *Sasha,* which in turn is the diminutive for *Alexandra*—my given name. (I know, I know! Our Russian name-system is absolutely cockeyed, but you ought to take us for what we are. We are, I hope, an amiably demented race.)

ANNA'S diminutive name is *Annitchka.* Birthdays run close together in her family. Anna, her sister and her husband all were born in December.

Many echoes of Russian life linger on in her new Hollywood existence. She demands two and a half hours for lunch. Takes a mid-day siesta. Rejoices in the California sunshine that floods her many-windowed house in Santa Monica.

No screen-story that Hollywood gives her to enact can be more harrowing, more dramatically vivid, than the real-life drama she has witnessed with her own eyes.

All that I have written cannot mean much to anyone who has not seen Anna on the screen or in the flesh. Her peculiar beauty—the broad, substantial peasant face, the sensitivity of movement, the eyes and lips alive with expression . . . here is beauty that reaches deep into human understanding.

And Anna's splendid acting gives unique significance to her remarkable personality and manifestation of feminine charms.

WHY HOLLYWOOD WAS JEALOUS OF

MAE WEST

Told for the first time in any magazine in the next issue of MOVIE MIRROR. Don't miss it!

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

World's Standard

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds & Simple Headaches
THE FIRST & ORIGINAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889
BQ

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor, and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page 4*)

have to struggle along on $150 a week, while the big shots can—and do—collect as much as $4,000 every seven days. In this latter class are Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who supplied sweet music to "Kentucky Kernels" and Harry Warren and plump Al Dubin who are composing the melodies for Al Jolson's "Casino de Paris" and Ralph Ranger who writes most of the hits Bing Crosby sings in his Paramount opuses. A man like Jerome Kern can depend on $20,000 a picture for words and music.

Yet two years ago all Hollywood declared music pictures were through!

THE CREAM OF THE CROP

I won't tell you his name but my favorite crack of the month came from a witty male star who said he was in a terrible way since Marie Dressler died. He had always been able to answer all questions as to who was his favorite actress, Hollywood's most beautiful woman, most intelligent woman, most well-dressed woman by saying "Marie Dressler." It not only pleased his public but kept his wife and his leading woman completely unjealous. He says the only subject he feels safe to talk on now is "Why I prefer milk for lunch."

Nosey Nellie Says—

One of the sweetest Hollywood romances—being conducted with dignity and without bollyhoo—is that between Conchita Montenegro, Spanish Fox contract player, and Raul Roulien, mild-mannered and pleasant-voiced South American under contract to the same company. They are seen everywhere together.

Raul was deeply grieved when his wife was killed in an automobile accident more than a year ago. Conchita is helping him heal the hurt. They have kindred interests and ambitions and the common bond of Latin ancestry. All of this may lead to a marriage which will last.

Raul and Conchita are now working together for the first time, in "Charlie Chan in Buenos Aires" (Fox). And are they happy!

* * *

Latest Romances: Bill Henry and Betty Furness, who gave George Blakely to Mary Carlisle; Miriam Hopkins being seen places with Maurice Chevalier; Edmund Lowe, emerging from mourning on the death of his wife Lilyan Tashman, beauing Florence Rice; Dick Powell and Mary Brian may be married any minute; Florine McKinney and Barry Trivers, writer, may beat them to the punch. Anyway, these latter are the two hottest Hollywood romances at the moment.

Phillip Reed is heavily dating Genevieve Tobin, recovered from her auto accident.

The Gail Patrick-Bob Cobb romance is getting more serious, and Robert Riskin, who used to date Glenda Farrell, is constantly with Carole Lombard these days, while Glenda is being seen with Bernard Newman, the new dress designer for RKO.

"STUNNING"
until he saw her
PIMPLY
SKIN

End pimples, blackheads

with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil *your* romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous snow-white *medicated* cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—*greaseless*, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight.*

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin *tonight!* If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 102, Baltimore, Md.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

Noxzema

NATURAL LIPS
WIN WITH
Dick Powell
IN LIPSTICK TEST

HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW

UNTOUCHED
PAINTED
TANGEE

Popular young star tells why he chose the Tangee Lips

• Dick Powell actually making the lipstick test between scenes of **"Flirtation Walk"**, a **Warner Brothers** picture.

● "I like a fresh, youthful face," said Dick Powell. "And painted lips always make girls look old and hard."

They do, indeed, as millions of men will testify. But Tangee can't make you look painted, because Tangee isn't paint. Tangee is the one and only lipstick in the world with the magic Tangee color-change principle that prevents that painted look.

In the stick, Tangee is orange. But on your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose that is just right for your type. It costs just 39 cents and $1.10, but if you'd like to try it first,* send 10 cents for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered with the coupon below.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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WHO SAYS HOLLYWOOD HASN'T A HEART?

The Mary Blackford benefit was the highlight of Hollywood's early winter season. Mary, a pretty child just starting out in pictures (who must have an unusual personality to make as many friends as she has in so short a period) was seriously injured in a recent automobile accident.

Her back was broken, a long hospitalization lay ahead of her—and she had almost no money. The youngest set of Hollywood, that group led by Anita Louise, Pat Ellis, Tom Brown, Anne Shirley and Agent Henry Willson, decided to organize a benefit for her at the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove. Hollywood's most important stars bought blocks of tickets and more than $6,000 was realized. Everybody came—never has the place been so crowded. But the two nicest deeds of the whole affair were most quietly done. They were the lovely charities of Will Rogers and Joan Crawford. Will was not only master of ceremonies the night of the benefit—which practically assured its success—but he paid all the benefit expenses. And the night after, Joan assumed all Mary's expenses from that date on. That's the heartless Hollywood of which we hear so much!

Above, Hollywood's most popular master of ceremonies—Will Rogers, at the benefit. Left, Lyle Talbot and Peggy Walters. It's said to be serious.

The youngsters themselves — Dick Powell, Mary Brian (signing the guest-book), Grace Durkin, Anne Shirley, Pat Ellis. Left, Ruby Keeler.

More of the young sponsors—Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Nick Foran, Grace Bradley, Jimmie Cagney. At left, Anne Shirley and Pat Ellis again.

Margaret Sullavan Elopes!

(*Continued from page* 7)

this is the price you pay for being a movie star."

"Why did you marry Willie?" I asked.

"Willie's parents are Jewish," she replied. "He introduced me to them as Miss Sullavan, and his father misunderstood and thought he said 'Solomon.' Mr. Wyler was very pleased."

"Why did you marry Willie?" I persisted.

"Because I love him," was the reply. "I've loved him for two years. Right from the first time I ever met him."

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"I don't remember," she said. Willie had a big sheaf of telegrams of congratulations. He started reading them, passing them to Margaret. She looked up at me. "How's your dog?" she asked. She'd given me the dog.

"We met when we went to see 'Redhead'" interrupted Willie. "It was shown on the lot. Here's a telegram in German."

"But you've been fighting—" I said to Margaret.

"Until two weeks ago," replied Margaret. "Up until then we didn't speak."

"But I thought you said you loved him—"

"I did. But I didn't like him because I thought he didn't like me. You're too young to understand that."

I assured her I wasn't.

"Did you think this over carefully?" I asked.

"We decided to do it on Wednesday. I met his parents. They approved. We chartered the plane Friday. Then, Sunday morning—"

"You want the truth?" she asked.

"Certainly," I said.

"When we used to fight," she said, "it was because I thought he didn't like me. It's hard to be in love and be ignored.

"I'd dash off the set and go to my dressing room. Right away I was sorry about what I'd done. In a little while I'd hear a knock. It would be Willie. I'd tell him to come in. He'd smile in his sly way and we'd start talking.

"He was the most patient person in the world. His patience soothed me. Pretty soon I'd be all right again, and I'd go back to work. Being in love with him, I wished he'd ask me to marry him. I realized that he was just the kind of a person I needed—somebody to put the brakes on my temper and to keep me from blundering."

"What about the others?" I asked.

"Nobody else counts," she said solemnly. "I've never really been in love before."

"Any congratulations from the losers?" I asked.

"Not yet," she replied.

"When did Willie propose?" I asked.

"Never. I did that. I said, 'Willie, may I have your hand in marriage—'"

"That's crazy," said Willie.

"I proposed," insisted Margaret.

"She didn't either," said Willie. "I've been wild about her for a long time. I just asked her, that's all."

The cameramen finished.

"Now, will you guys get out of here?" ordered Willie. "We're behind schedule now. I've got to get the extras to work."

I CAN'T DANCE ANOTHER STEP. I'M SO UNCOMFORTABLE
COME TO THE DRESSING ROOM A MOMENT
I WANTED YOU TO TRY WONDERSOFT KOTEX BECAUSE IT ENDS CHAFING ENTIRELY
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THIS WONDERSOFT KOTEX IS MARVELOUS, ANNE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED ONE COULD BE SO ACTIVE, WITH NO DISCOMFORT WHATEVER

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You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch the body, Wondersoft *stays* soft and dry. Yet the top and bottom are left free to take up moisture.

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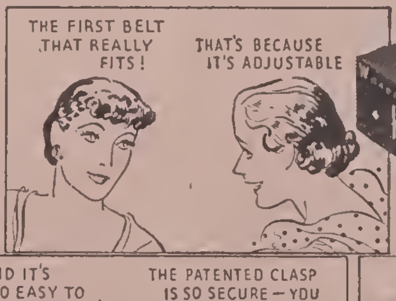
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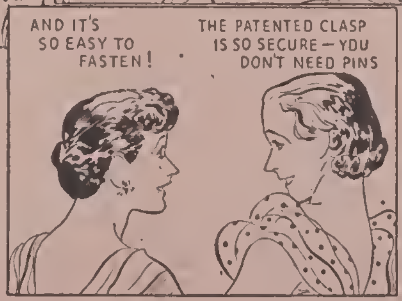
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"Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!

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THEN COUGHING STARTS!
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THIS extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat's *natural moisture* quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

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Stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised" and cleared away. Relief!

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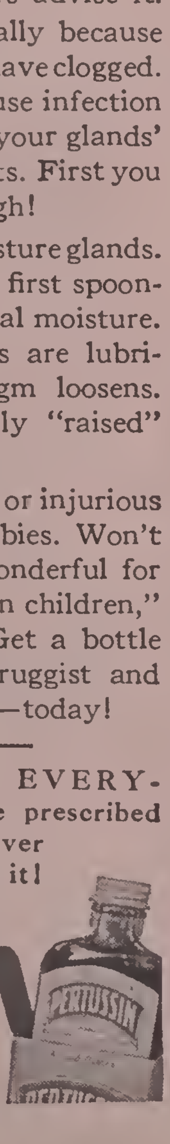


Madge Evans' Advice to Shirley Temple

(*Continued from page* 33)

draping herself in clothes and acting before the mirror instead of going out and playing tag—I know I did.

"When the first signs of the gawky stage appear, and Shirley has lost her babyish cuteness as she inevitably will, her parents should not force her through the year or so left of her career for the sake of a few extra thousand dollars. Neither should they force her backwards, make her appear younger than she is, like so many pathetic talented children we've all seen. But they should take her completely away from pictures for four or five years, so that she can make school friends, and play with other children. In short, she should become a normal little girl——not Shirley Temple, the child wonder. She should be made to completely forget herself as that. Others will soon enough. After a year's absence from the screen, the best and most prominent names are soon forgotten.

"WHEN I left pictures—or pictures left me, whichever way you want to put it—it wasn't hard for me to realize that I was just another little girl—there were plenty of ways that made me realize I was no longer a star. No one was particularly interested in me. And the children that I began to play with when I was around twelve didn't even think much of actresses. One little girl I remember wanted to be a doctor, and another was interested in being an attorney. When I began to realize that after all I was just another little girl, no longer petted and admired, I felt hurt—and empty. My little world had disappeared like so much fog.

"One thing did comfort me, however. I was thoroughly determined to be an actress when 'I grew up.' My being a child actress didn't enter into this at all—my idea of what a grown-up actress would be was far more dazzling to me than any glory I ever had in childhood.

"So, if Shirley decides that she wants to be an actress, after having lead a normal life for about five years, she should still forget about her brilliant childhood career—put it entirely behind her. She should be willing to start all over again, as if she were just beginning, instead of regarding her return to acting in the handicapping light of a 'comeback.'

"When I was fifteen, after having lived for five years the normal life of any little girl, I decided that it was time to do something about my long cherished hope to be an actress. I had stopped working on the stage and in pictures when I was ten years old. During my five years of what I call 'growing pains,' I had thought a lot of becoming an actress, but somehow, I didn't bother about whether I would be pretty or not. I just wanted to act.

"The only thing that made it any easier for me to get back on the stage were letters of introduction that I had from people like William A. Brady. That was all. I hunted for work in every theatrical agency in New York. It took me a solid year until I finally got a small part in a stage production of 'What Every Woman Knows' as a maid. The time I had even getting that part made me realize only too well that I had to start from the bottom, and that it would probably be a long time until I worked up into bigger roles. In stock I played any number of small bits, unimportant parts that could have been played by any ingenue. On Broadway I finally worked up to ingenue leads—but it took a long time. It was five years, to be exact, that I spent in looking for work, playing bits, and leads in shorts, until I got my first big part. Ben Piazza, the casting director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw me in this part, and arranged for me to come to Hollywood under contract.

"I do want to emphasize the fact that I was NOT brought up with the thought of my previous success as a child actress. I wanted to forget it. For I learned that what was cute as a child didn't help any when one is older. If I happened to go for a test, at the time when they were testing just about everyone in New York for talking pictures, and there was someone around who remembered me as a child prodigy, I generally lost out. Because the remark 'she was a child actress, and you know they never make good' carried a lot of weight.

"Little Shirley, when she reaches the overgrown period, will have a harder time living a normal life than I did. In New York, pictures were just a fraction of the activity back there, and it wasn't hard for me to forget all about them. But in Hollywood motion pictures are the chief topic of conversation—all that matters.

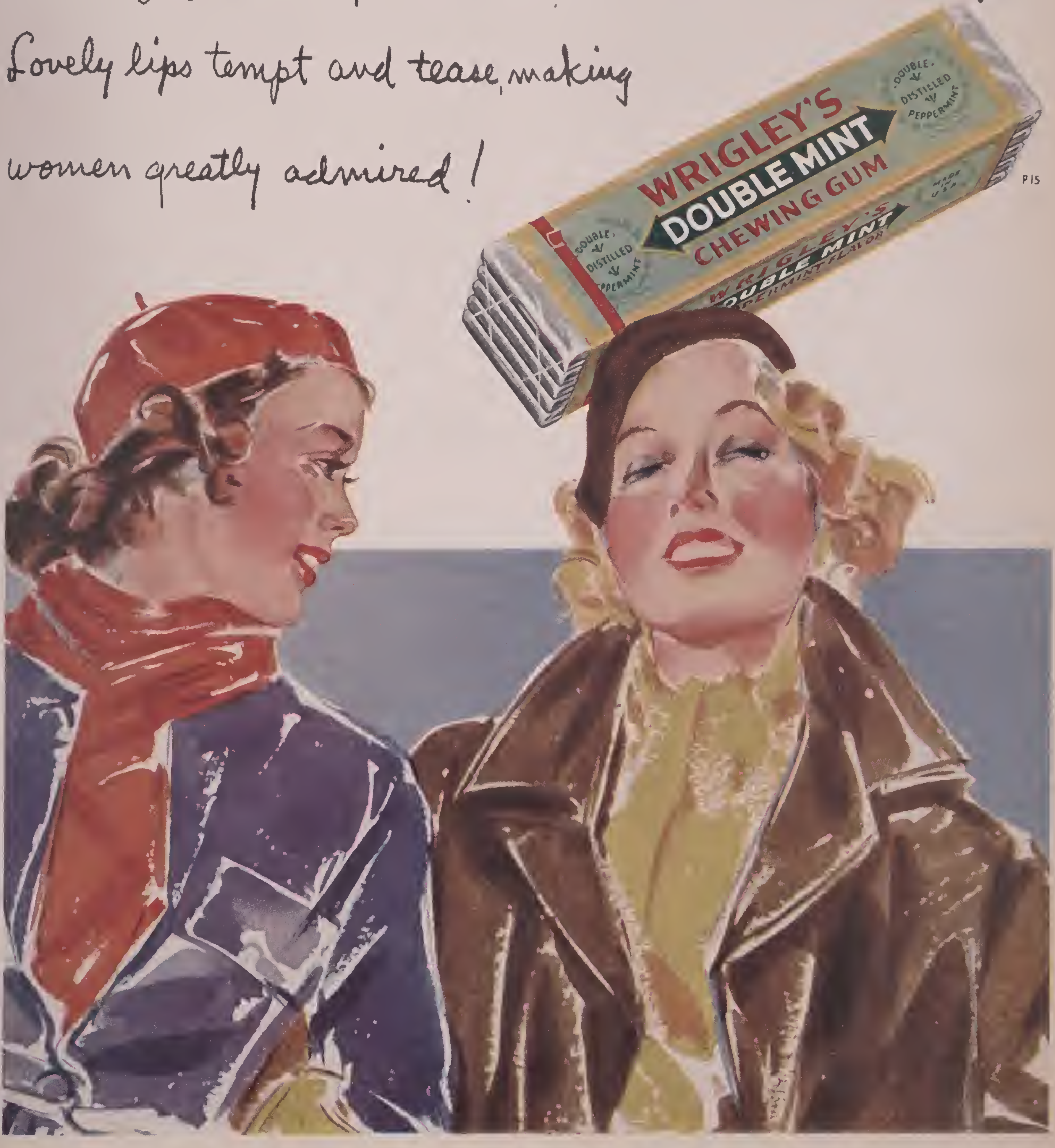
"When Shirley goes to school she should take a regular course. I don't think she should study diction, elocution, and dramatics. If she does, she is likely to become 'posey' and lose the naturalness that is her real charm. She should take dancing and music, however. I think every girl should have both music and dancing. It gives her grace—the dancing, I mean. And music lessons are invaluable. I took piano for eight years—I can't play well now, but I do have a knowledge of music that I would not trade for a fortune.

"SHIRLEY is fortunate that her father is not in the picture business—and that she has a sensible mother and two brothers.

"I can truly say that Shirley is one of the most talented children that I have ever seen. She has the most utter naturalness. And her lack of self-consciousness is marvelous to watch. I hope she never loses this, no matter how famous she becomes. Instinctively, as people grow older and acquire inhibitions, they are in danger of losing their naturalness.

"However, the most difficult things that Shirley is going to have to learn, are that what is cunning in a child counts for absolutely nothing when one is grown up; that in the grown-up world she must have grown-up values of kindliness and tolerance and coöperation; that people won't aid her particularly but may even shut doors against her—and that there are many other things in the world just as important and fascinating as motion pictures are."

Enjoy life! Dare to make yourself as attractive as you can be! Begin with the magnetism and beauty of your mouth. It is well known by actresses that **Double Mint** gum enjoyed daily keeps the lips vibrant and well-shaped. Lovely lips tempt and tease, making women greatly admired!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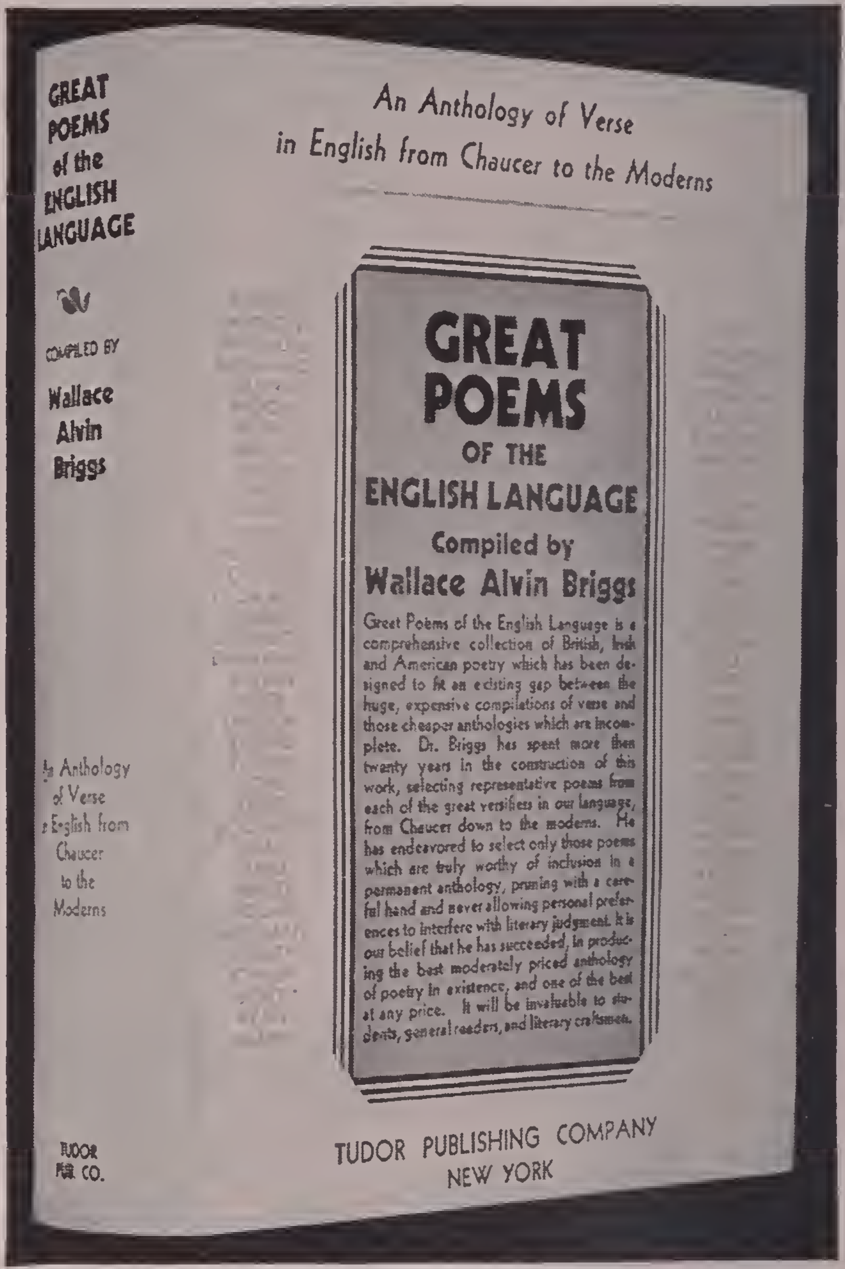

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 8)

its duplicate elsewhere, there is the possibility of giving the public opera at truly popular prices, I hope this genuine demand with full supply will not be muffed.

Marie Brennan,
St. Louis, Missouri.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Solution for Mothers-in-Law

A friend of mine who lives with her daughter and son-in-law, and their two children, in surprising harmony, was shopping with me one day, when she remarked: "I must save that change to put with my 'mad money'."

"What in the world do you mean?" I asked curiously. "Oh," she replied, "when things begin to get uncomfortable at home—someone's feelings hurt, or someone's toes stepped on—I take my 'mad money' and off I go to the movies." "And does that help?" I asked.

"It works like a charm," she answered. "You'd be surprised how a good movie can soothe the savage breast. And by the time I return home, all is peaceful on the Potomac!"

An idea I think well worth passing on.

Cora May Preble,
Compton, California.

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Three Cheers for Ginger!

You can have all the Crawfords and Hepburns. I will take Ginger Rogers. Ever since her first picture I have noticed a great improvement in each one. Ginger has shown the public she can really act, sing and dance. So please give Ginger more good rôles, for we love her!

Ann Safay,
Jacksonville, Fla.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Open Letter to Maureen O'Sullivan

I am glad to see you are out of the jungle at last. Your proper setting is a drawing-room, not a tree top. Of course, if you want to play the country lass occasionally, that's o. k. by me. (Your portrayal of that character in "Hide Out" was swell.)

But you belong on Wimpole Street. So keep your feet on *terra firma,* Maureen, except when you are climbing the ladder of success. Here's hoping you continue to climb.

Edward M. Johnson,
Cuba, New York.

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Dolores Ford,
New Orleans, La.

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NOBODY EVER TOOK ME OUT . . .
THEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP
TOO BAD SUE DANIELS DOESN'T GET RID OF THOSE UGLY BLOTCHES. SHE'D BE A PEACH IF SHE'D ONLY CLEAR UP HER SKIN!
LUCKY FOR ME I HEARD ABOUT A NEW TYPE OF YEAST ON THE RADIO THAT NIGHT AND GOT SOME
YEAST FOAM TABLETS HAVE ENDED UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES FOR THOUSANDS OF WOMEN!
I'M GOING TO TRY THEM!
30 DAYS LATER
BEFORE A MONTH WAS OVER MY SKIN WAS BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY
THOSE YEAST FOAM TABLETS ARE SIMPLY MARVELOUS!
AND NOW
AM I HAPPY NOW! A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT. AND I OWE IT ALL TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!
YOU'RE STUNNING TONIGHT, SUE!
MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?
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Why Ginger Rogers Changed Her Mind About Marriage

(*Continued from page* 12)

protected the interests of her daughters. The fact she had okayed the marriage of Ginger and Lew, putting her daughter's happiness above her career—

OF course, Ginger had thought she would never marry when she was working just a little harder than most girls around her.

"When I gave out my statement I would never marry Lew I was working on 'Gay Divorcee' with Fred Astaire. My first real opportunity. I thought marriage was the last thing I wanted. Work. Work. Work. I thought of nothing else then. The breaks have not been easy for me, you know. There's never been any drag. I was absolutely sincere then—"

She smiled, leaned forward. "I'm going to be absolutely honest in this one story. Lew and I met eighteen months ago. We felt exactly alike on marriage. It was the last thing we both wanted."

"We both hated the thought of marriage," Ginger said. "We both thought of it as something which would interfere with us. We spent hours talking about how we felt about it—"

She smiled; shrugged. "Need I say anything more?"

I laughed. A mutual hatred and fear of matrimony had been that original link in the chain which had ended in their own marriage.

"No, it was certainly not a case of love at first sight. We shied away from anything but friendship for a very long time. It was as though we were walking back to back until suddenly, without warning, we looked into each other's eyes one day and snap—just like that, we knew what had happened. We didn't even need to tell each other.

"You see, I have never really suffered. I think you have to suffer long and hard if anyone breaks your heart. My romances until now—have never been deeply serious—well, you can have a dog you like very much and he gets killed. You miss that dog because he's become one of your habits. My loves have been like that. You miss a voice calling you in the evening. You miss a friend—but you don't suffer.

"And I don't want to suffer, ever. We want laughter and romance and complete happiness. And we're going to have it. And here's the secret of how we're going to have it. The real low-down. The second we find one little bit of trouble over my work creeping in that looks like breakers ahead, *I'm going to give up my career! Immediately! On the moment. I am going to be Lew's wife, first, that's all arranged.* It's part of our marriage vows and I mean it. There's no bunk about it.

"We've looked things straight in the face. Just what does life mean? I feel I have sort of gone over the top in my career. The 'Gay Divorcee' has proved I can do something. Another good picture—and then what? When you get to the top you know you have to start down some day. Why wait until then to hunt for happiness?

"Happiness can go on forever if you work for it. Lew and I are both kids. Our marriage is romance. And it's going to last.

"A man can always outlast a woman in this business. Therefore, it's up to

Anita Louise and Freddie Bartholomew alias David Copperfield go to court to get their contracts okeyed, and their smiles look very telltale of victory.

me to make Lew happy in every way. I think I know my man." She dimpled. "He is a conservative, an old-fashioned young man, and I adore that. He has never spent over one fourth of what he's made—that's how conservative he is. And he went straight to my mother and asked for my hand—that's how old-fashioned he is. He said, 'I have saved my money; I have invested, I hope wisely. Financially, I know I can take care of Ginger. For the rest—well, we love each other.'

"And my mother answered, 'Lew, I have known you eighteen months. If anyone can make Ginger happy, you can. As for the financial part, none of us ever knows what will happen but that is not important. You certainly have my blessing.'

"You see, my mother knew that happiness is all that really matters."

And the moment Ginger Rogers learned she had "found her man" she began moulding herself to his interests. She knew about his love for astronomy, so she started to study up on it. He liked to bowl. She took it up. They will buy a home together—a large one because they want room, a feeling of being able to draw deep breaths wherever they are. And they expect to spend most of their time in slacks in that big home exactly as they spend most of their time in slacks now . . . Lew doesn't like night clubs and Ginger doesn't care where she is as long as he's somewhere near her. She's always saved her own money, never owned a big car in her life, so she's as completely disinterested in spending as he is.

"And I simply won't listen to anyone who says, 'Now, Ginger, what will you do if this doesn't last?' I won't have even a suggestion of unhappiness around me.

"When I said I would not marry Lew, six months ago, I didn't understand. I was just being professional and now I'm being all personal. And I'm going to be all the rest of my life. I've proven to myself I *can* do something to make a living and what does one make a living for except to support oneself? I want you to understand I mean every word I say about giving up my career if it interferes.

"Incidentally, I've learned something else, too. Just as a person can't eat too much mince pie without getting a stomach ache, so a person can't do all one thing without getting sick of it. If I continued to just work—why, we all have to have a balance wheel. And marriage has been proven to be a balance wheel for women. It is. We were made for love. Honestly, woman was made for making men happy and successful. No woman can be happy ever without *her man*. He is her balance wheel of life and anyone who announces she isn't going to marry, as I did six months ago, simply doesn't know what she's talking about. A balance wheel for each other—that's marriage. And I've changed my mind for the last time about it!"

Young love. Romantic love. Love which bubbles and smiles and rushes along on its own swift momentum. And yet love which has knowledge behind it. Knowledge of Hollywood; of ambition; of sacrifices for ambition. Love which will never talk about itself again. Love which intends to remain in business forever.

She changed her mind. Somehow, even in Hollywood, we believe that in the change she has made it up forever—and ever.

Why You Have
ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 14-BCC St. Louis, Mo.*

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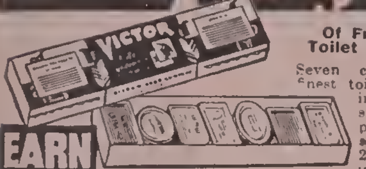

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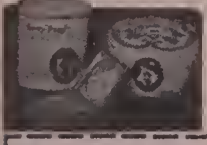

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Name..

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How Jean and Bill Laughed Their Way into Love

(*Continued from page 37*)

Emily Post, "Thanks so much for the grand time!"

She shook Bill's surprised hand and then went to bed.

The next morning her telephone rang. "Hello," came the voice of Mr. Powell, "You remember me . . . Bill Powell?"

"Why, of course," laughed Jean, "I saw you just yesterday."

"If you did," said Willy, "you saw me in your dreams!"

That was the beginning of it . . . and it's been going on ever since. They do the darnedest things. They alternately play "straight" and "stooge" for one another. Right in the midst of one of Bill's worrying conversations (and how he loves to worry about keeping the wolf from the door, what's going to happen, and where are we all going to wind up!) Jean does an "off to Buffalo." They have a little stunt of carrying on a conversation with a missing third person which prompts the innocent bystander to think they've taken leave of their senses. But perhaps their masterpiece is an "interpretive dance" of Jean's, with a running fire line of chatter from Powell *a la* Graham MacNamee on the Universal newsreel.

BEVERLY HILLERS have grown used to the spectacle of the screen's most seductive girl and most sophisticated gentleman, scooting through the streets of the exclusive suburb in Bill's Ford.

They dine together practically every evening, either at one of the popular cafés, or with Jean's mother and stepfather. In fact, it is not at all infrequent that Mr. Powell calls at Miss Harlow's home without ever seeing the lady. On such occasions he has a long talk with Mrs. Bello about the furnishing scheme of his new home, or a game of Forty-One (almost twice Twenty-One) with Marino Bello. If Jean is sleeping, or for any other reason fails to appear he formally leaves a card for her!

One evening Jean was entertaining a party of eight for dinner. Seven-thirty, the appointed hour, went by . . . and no Mr. Powell. Eight came and went. At eight-fifteen she was burning. Where was that Powell?

"Well, we won't wait," she said in one of her few tempers. "We won't wait another minute."

She gave the word for dinner to be announced.

The party filed into the dining room . . . and there sat Bill in solitary splendor with one of those expectant where-have-you-all-been? expressions on his face. No one will ever know whether he just got in under the rope, or whether, as he insisted, he had been there forty minutes . . . and starving, too!

In my time I've observed the romances of several undying Hollywood love stories. And believe me when I say undying. The romancers can't bear to be separated. Put the length of a room between them and they're miserable. They're hand-holders and eye-gazers de luxe. But with Jean and Bill it's this way:

When dinner is over the men congregate in the den with Bill, and the girls in the drawing room with Jean . . . even as with your parties and mine or don't you? Of course, in an hour or so the groups get together for laughs . . . but not for romantic sighs!

For those whose nerves are not exactly settled it is something of a strain to be with Jean and Bill. You can never tell what they'll think of next. Hours of the day or night mean nothing to them. Nor distances.

The night following the preview of Jean's "Girl From Missouri" they were at Jean's house discussing the picture. For some reason or other Jean was very blue about the film. Bill was trying to cheer her up.

"You don't know what a bad picture is until you have seen that last little number I did at Warner's, 'The Key'," he encouraged.

"All right," said Jean, "So I didn't see it. How does that help me now?"

"We'll see," said Bill.

He got the evening paper and scanned the theatre section. It had been months since the release of "The Key"—but he had a hunch it might be playing in some outlying theatre. It was—in a second-run house half way up to Santa Barbara. It was almost eight o'clock then and they could barely hope to make the seventy-five mile drive in less than an hour for the second show. But off they went in a mad dash in the Ford.

On the way home Bill said: "Feel any better now?"

"Yes," laughed Jean, "I really do!"

Believe me, when a gentleman star takes a lady flame seventy-five miles in forty minutes flat to see his worst picture . . . that's something pretty close to love.

THEY'RE still in the stage of shying away from the accusation. I think they are a little afraid to admit, even to one another, just how important is the great happiness that has come to both of them, or how dependent they are on the deep friendship that is the foundation of their romance.

In the beginning, I believe Jean, particularly, shied away from the thought of romance. Emotionally and mentally she was muddled and unhappy. Love and marriage had not dealt happiness to Jean in three tries. If the little god Eros had stepped up to her and asked her wishes in the matter, I think she would have shaken her head and begged for just a brief respite without the complication of love. Soon after her announced separation from Hal Rosson she told me: "I want to be free for a little while . . . to belong to myself. . . ."

As for Bill, I doubt if he was looking for this, either. There's no doubt but that until the dawning of Jean, Bill still carried the image of Carole Lombard on his heart. He, too, was going through a period of adjustment and finding himself.

But love is funny that way. It just doesn't wait for plans, or "Go ahead" signals. It just happens through various ways . . . and something tells me that those two swell people are going to find they have laughed themselves into love!

The Little Minister

(*Continued from page 51*)

any woman of Thrums, and now you fling a coat over your shoulders and become a fine lady."

She was softened by this change. "Surely we part friends?"

"No!" his anger surged back. "I hope never to see your face again!"

"I can't help your not liking my face," she flung at him as she ran off. But she was back, in a moment, real fear besetting her: "There are soldiers at the top of the field. I can't escape that way! Won't you help me?"

They had neared the Manse by now, where a single light was burning.

"This is where I live," Gavin said. "And that's my mother's lamp."

"Only your mother."

"Only! If you're caught, won't it be discovered that I helped you to escape, that I let you pass yourself off as my wife? It's not the punishment from men I'm afraid of, but my conscience. No, that's not true. I do fear exposure, but for my mother's sake. She has had such trials as you cannot know of. She has loved me, believed in me, stood by me while I trained for my calling. And now she is happy at last, the mistress of Auld Licht Manse. My congregation will turn us out, when they know the truth of this night."

BABBIE had left him. She was walking back toward the soldiers.

"Where are you going?" Gavin called after her.

"To give myself up. Don't be alarmed, I will clear you."

"No! Stop, wait in the Manse garden till the way is free."

Babbie felt the tears come to her eyes. She spoke impulsively. "You are a good man. I like you."

His next speech provoked her to devilment again. He said, in genuine horror, "Don't say that!" and then tried to soften the effect of the exclamation with a thought for her comfort: "There is a seat in the summer house where you can sit while you wait."

She put a little hand on his reluctant arm and smiled flirtatiously at him. "Mr. Dishart, I do believe you've liked me all the time."

"Can a man like a woman against his will?"

"Of course he can. That is the very nicest way to be liked."

He bolted for the door and she called softly after: "Good night."

Barbara had a long wait, sitting quietly in the garden. She saw the lights go out in the little Manse, and she began to wonder about the two people who lived there, a life so alien to anything she had known. It was a new world to her.

This morning she had walked in Caddam Wood thinking only of herself. Since then, she had come to know a man who lived only for others; a man who, feeling the charm she had deliberately exercised, had meant to ignore it, as something that might conceivably come between him and his work. Yet he had been too tender to let her give herself to the soldiers. And with it all, he was so young.

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After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

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Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

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EYEBROW BRUSH
HIGHEST QUALITY · STERILIZED

Every Move I Made was Torment

"I THOUGHT I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret!"

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles!

Almost always in pain yet dreading to seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than Piles. For Piles cannot only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. What is more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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Barbara's curiosity was aroused, her interest piqued. That morning, she had resolved to destroy her gypsy dress, to roam no more as Babbie the Gypsy, to accept the carefree, luxurious life planned for her. Now, she was not so sure.

After that, the gypsy Babbie was often seen in the countryside, for she hoped, she had to admit it, that she might meet Gavin again. She heard of him constantly, for he was idolized by the villagers—their "Little Minister," but Heaven help anyone else who belittled him besides themselves.

When next she saw him, he was again on an errand of mercy, visiting old Nanny in her tiny cottage from which Nanny would have to go to the poorhouse. Gavin had come to try to make her leavetaking the easier.

Deeply touched by the proud old woman's misery, Babbie promised to provide her with the money necessary to let her remain in her home. As an afterthought, she made the Little Minister undertake to meet her every week at the Old Mill. Only if he came himself, would she give him the money for old Nanny, and Gavin promised reluctantly.

"THANK ye, Lassie," old Nanny had cried. "Thank ye for your kindness. Now I'll have peace to the end of my days. And I wish the same to ye wi' all my heart."

"I've read my fortune, Nanny," Barbara answered her gently. "And there's not much real happiness in it. Goodbye, Nanny. Good bye, Mr. Dishart."

Gavin followed her. "I hope that's not true," he said, "your fortune, I mean."

"Do you really care?" asked Babbie.

"Yes, I care," he said earnestly.

"Because you don't know me!" she exclaimed.

"Because I do know you."

"Yes," she agreed thoughtfully, "I believe you misunderstand me less than those who have known me longer."

"Babbie!" he cried, but again she left him, slipping away like the gypsy she seemed to be, so that he could not have said by what path she went.

Gavin went to meet her at the appointed time at the Old Mill. Babbie had meant to avoid any serious conversation, but this was no drawing-room dandy she was dealing with. He had much to say to her, and he said it, doggedly brushing aside her frivolous remarks as unworthy of them both.

Week after week they met, and each time Babbie told herself must be the last. Yet still she came, refusing to meet the issue in her own mind, till one time the situation passed from her hands, and she knew it was true when he took her in his arms and said sternly, tenderly and so truly: "Babbie! Your lord and master . . . I am that man."

She walked home, singing, through Caddam Wood. She would marry no Lord, not she! But it was not to be as simple as that. In her dream of happiness, Barbara was ignorant of the eyes of the villagers who watched their Little Minister too closely to miss the change in him. Barbara knew they had been seen together, but she did not realize what it meant to his reputation. A gypsy wench? And the town had buzzed, as small towns will.

On this morning she found out. A little boy was standing on the Wishing Stone. He was crying. When he saw her he stopped, and glared at her. This was unusual and it hurt Babbie, for the children were her friends. She asked him why he scowled so, and fiercely he told her how Gavin's congregation felt about the Gypsy Wench. He was losing his hold on the people, though they still loved him, and when the Elders found out about her, they would stone the minister out of Thrums.

"Please go away!" begged the boy. "We nae want to lose our Little Minister, not that way, nor to such woman o' ill-omen."

Babbie felt cold all over. Without hesitation, she promised the boy she would go away.

"And you'll leave Mr. Dishart alone forever and ever?"

"Forever and ever," she repeated.

She, who had been a little conscious of the sacrifice she was making, in stooping from her proud position in the castle, to live in the humble Manse, was, in reality bringing only disaster into Gavin's life. For his life was bound up in his congregation and well Babbie knew it, and had loved him for it.

That night, she beguiled Lord Rintoul into hastening their marriage. Soon they would be gone. She left a note for Gavin at Nanny's cottage, bidding him goodbye. She was glad now that she had put off telling him who she was. As a mystery she had come to him, as a mystery she would go.

With a listless heart, she began the wedding preparations. It was hard to be trying on her wedding gown, while from the window she could see the village of Thrums, with the Manse standing beside the church. How was it with him, she wondered drearily.

In her unhappiness, she had forgotten old Nanny, till one of the servants mentioned her, and Babbie knew she could not leave without providing for the forlorn old woman.

When she went to see Nanny, she could not help but ask for news of Gavin.

NANNY answered her fully, watching the girl: "Weel, I dinna ken how to say it, but something has come o'er the minister. He's nae himsel'. The whole town's noticing it, and some o' them try to say it's a woman. . . . Babbie! Dinna tell me it's you who are overfond of him. It would be a wild, presumptuous thing, and him a grand minister . . . Losh, here he comes!"

Babbie hurried into the house and stole to the window. She had to see him, just once more. He wouldn't know. The sight of his white, strained face tore at her heart. So that's how it was with him, her dear Gavin. She had, indeed, been a woman of ill-omen for him. She listened eagerly to hear him talking to Nanny about her:

"If I could only know that nothing evil has befallen her!" he said dully, and then, as the church bell rang, "I must go now. It is time for prayer-meeting. I have never been late."

As he walked away, Barbara heard Nanny mutter to herself: "What's onything when ye're ould . . . wi'out . . . somebody?" And the old woman called after Gavin, brought him back on the pretense of carrying her loom into the house. All this, with Barbara helpless to stop her, or even to find a way out the back of the tiny cottage. She shrank into the shadows by the chimney, but he saw her.

In a moment, she was in his arms listening to him, not resisting his kisses, only loving him, loving him.

"Babbie! Why did you leave me? You cannot know what I have gone through."

But her resolve was returning. "There are things I must tell you."

"Tell me that you love me . . . only that."

Hating herself, hating the words she must speak, dreading to see the gladness wiped from his face, she told him who she was: "I meant no harm. I swear I didn't. I didn't know what I was doing until it was too late, and then I never meant to see you again. Gavin, when first I knew you, I was wild and careless, so little dreaming of aught but my own pleasure and amusement."

"You must have thought me . . . you were laughing at me all the time." He was white with misery. She knelt beside him and caught his hands: "Ah, no. At first, maybe, not afterwards. Not since I've known what love is, and it was you who taught me. I knew how wrong I had been. Because you loved me, I could never be altogether unhappy, so I went away. I would not bring disgrace and wretchedness on your mother, and you."

"BABBIE, do you love me, and not Lord Rintoul?"

"Can you ask me that?"

"Then we will go to Lord Rintoul. We will tell him everything and he will release you."

She smiled adoringly at him, but she shook her head. "How little you know him. The wedding would take place just the same."

"Even when he knows of me?"

"I'm afraid his only interest in you would be to turn the town against you. He has great influence."

"I can defend myself, Babbie. I won't give you up. We love each other."

Why had she ever called him little! He stood so strong and straight, secure in the knowledge of her love. Into the deepening twilight they sat and talked, until he won her over. It could be done, it must be done. He was taking her home to his mother when the darkness reminded him of his prayer-meeting.

"I am so late for it," he said contritely. "You go on to mother, while I stop at the church."

When Barbara arrived at the Manse, it was not Mrs. Dishart, but the maid Jean, who greeted her: "Where's the minister?" she asked accusingly.

"He has gone to the church."

"To the church!" Jean snorted. "The church is this long time locked against him. All the congregation knows he was dallying with you, neglecting his duty. 'Tis the last straw, and the Precentor has locked and shut the door, and declared the pulpit empty. Oh, how could you? How could you let him stay away from his prayer-meeting, after all else you've done to him?"

"I didn't know. You don't suppose if I had known . . . oh, no . . . I love him."

"I could near believe it," Jean said. "From the look in your eyes. But he's been put out of his church, and how can

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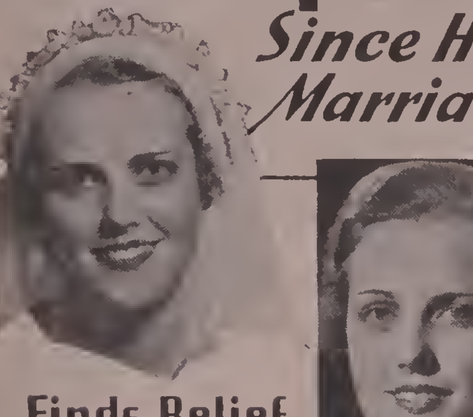

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Among the Most Sought-after Girls

NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Carmined lips—a splash of color on one's hat—a bag that's like the sunset.

Yet—if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat. Drab, mousy hair is not exactly—er—stimulating, is it? Still—it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days. Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will re-appear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

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GOLDEN GLINT the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health · Good Housekeeping Magazine

we tell his mither? It will surely kill her."

They heard a gentle voice calling from the stairs, and Barbara saw Gavin's mother for the first time. Somehow, she found it easy to tell Mrs. Dishart who she was.

"So you are the girl my son loves. My prayers have always been for his happiness. They are answered now, for I think your heart is as beautiful as your face and I love you already."

It was sweet to Barbara to be so welcomed, if only she could forget what her coming had brought to this house. She could scarcely bear to hear the mother speak so devotedly of Gavin, knowing the dread news might break any minute.

When Barbara's quick ear caught the murmur of voices outside, she and Jean managed to get Mrs. Dishart out of the room, while Barbara herself opened the door to the Elders of the church.

She and the dour men exchanged some sharp words, but Barbara was able to prevent their going directly to Mrs. Dishart. "At least, let him tell her himself," she begged.

"The brass o' thee, gypsy!" thundered Lang Tammas. "Do ye, or do ye not deny that he had his arms around you this night. For this we know."

"NO, you don't!" she stormed back. "If you did, you'd know we have done nothing to be ashamed of. You should not need me to tell you your minister isn't capable of such a thing."

Every Scotchman loves spirit. These men were no exception. Grudgingly they gave her their admiration, and though they would not admit it to each other, each was finding this gypsy very different from what they had expected. Why, she even seemed more concerned for Mrs. Dishart than herself! Surely this would be the way of a fine girl, to have such respect for her elders.

Mrs. Dishart returned hurriedly to the sitting-room. "What's that?" she asked. "Mr. Whamond, they are calling you!"

The door was flung open and excited faces peered in.

"What is it? What's happened?" the Precentor asked.

One man spoke breathlessly: "Peter Tosh was locking up the kirk, though more than half the congregation was still about when the minister came. The minister demanded that Peter open the door, and Peter wouldna' do it."

Barbara said, "Gavin!" and the room reeled for a moment. Something dreadful had happened.

"Hurry, hurry man!" cried Lang Tammas and the man went on: "While they were saying things to each other, I couldna' right hear the words, but I thought . . ."

"Oh, get on, get on with it!" several voices cried and another of the crowd interrupted: "Rob Dow wi' a knife in his hand roars out, 'Open that door, Peter Tosh, before I open your neck,' and before Peter could change his mind, Rob flew at him."

"Could no one stop him?" demanded the Elder.

The crowd burst into excited babble. "The minister tried to . . . he got in the way . . . they're bringing him here now. They have to take it slow. Has no one gone for a doctor?"

"Aye," a dozen voices answered. "He's on his way now."

Barbara saw two of the biggest parishioners supporting the slight figure between them. When they stepped over the threshold, Gavin bade them put him down, and he stood on his feet, but his hands were pressed convulsively to his side, where the coat was torn and stained with a stain that widened steadily.

"Now then," he said. "You are here to accuse me, so out with it. There is no need to spare me."

His eyes swept the crowd and met Barbara's. He went on: "Tonight I was seen in the company of this lady, when I should have been at my church. I may have seemed to sin against you, but what has happened is not for you or any man to judge. All I have to say is, this is the woman of my choice. She is not what you think her, but if she were, it would not make the slightest difference to me. If she is unworthy of your reverence, then so am I. We belong to each other, and I am blessed . . ." his eyes closed for a moment and he swayed uncertainly. "I am blessed more than I deserve in knowing she is mine. No mortal man shall part us."

Gavin would have fallen, but Lang Tammas caught him in his huge arms, lifted him and carried him to the sofa.

"Gavin, my boy! God willna' let anything happen to so good a man," his mother sobbed.

"You mustn't cry," he answered her softly. "Did . . . did you meet Babbie?"

"Aye, and she is lovely. Already we are friends."

Together the two women bent over him and Babbie whispered, "My dear one, if only I could bear this for you."

"Don't cry for me. The . . . pain . . . is not . . . so bad." But his lips scarcely moved and all color had gone from them.

"It's because of me," Babbie cried bitterly.

"Because of you, life has taken on a new meaning. If God takes me now, I shall have known love, and great happiness." His eyes closed and Babbie made another effort to rouse him. "Darling, when shall we be married?"

HE smiled at her: "I had hoped—tomorrow."

"The first day you recover, then. In a week, perhaps. And Mr. Whamond and Mr. Spens will stand up for us, won't you?" Her eyes pleaded with the two men, the most influential Elders.

Lang Tammas hesitated for a moment, but when Mr. Spens nudged him and said loudly, "Aye, and that gladly," Lang Tammas said "Aye" too.

"You won't mind being a poor minister's wife?" Gavin asked.

"I shall be proud. Darling, I'm not so helpless as you might think. You'll see."

"Here comes the doctor," cried Jean, and, thankfully, Barbara saw the good Dr. McQueen take charge efficiently.

Everyone was sent away but the Elders, who stayed with Mrs. Dishart and Babbie in the little study off the living-room where Gavin lay. Barbara moved apart by herself. She stood at the window and clasping her hands, raised her face.

"Please, God," she said humbly, "he is so good. He deserves your help. They need him here in Thrums. And I, I need him most of all."

She did not know that the Elders watched her and recognized a faith akin to their own. The last barrier was down. Gavin should have his bride, and the congregation would take her as one of them, if he lived.

Until the dawn, Gavin's life hung in the balance. Through that night of suspense and fear, Barbara and Mrs. Dishart drew so close together that a bond was forged, never to be broken. In the morning, when Dr. McQueen came to tell them that Gavin had definitely rallied, Barbara sent Mrs. Dishart in first. Barbara had learned self-abnegation, as she had learned love.

Secure in her new-found safety, she was not even afraid of Lord Rintoul, when he knocked at the door and asked for news of Gavin. Barbara was touched by this. It would have been so characteristic of the man to send a servant. When she tried to tell him how it had all come about, he said to her wonderingly, "Do you then, love him so much, Babbie? Can you not have pity for me?"

"YOU are unhappy now," she said gently, "but that will not last. You don't love me really."

"There is nothing in the world you can't have for the asking. You love beautiful things, expensive things. Can you be content here? I will give you anything in the world. If that isn't love, what is it?"

"You don't know what love is. I want to share my husband's cares, as I will expect him to share mine."

"I scarcely know you, Babbie, you are so changed." Lord Rintoul sighed. Perhaps he had not loved her before. This new Babbie called forth from him emotions that were strange to him.

Mrs. Dishart came out from the inner room. "Babbie," she said, "he is asking for you"

"Goodbye," Barbara said to the nobleman. "You are right. I hardly know myself, but I think . . . Isn't love God's doing, and when a woman is in love, surely God has her by the hand?"

"Amen," said Mrs. Dishart quietly. "When we love, we are in God's keeping. Go, Barbara, but don't stay long. He is still weak, but to see you will give him strength. God bless you, my daughter."

What About
GEORGE BRENT
and
GRETA GARBO?

Their careers—and gossip have linked them. Some say it's a publicity-made romance. Others say that these stars see each other secretly after hours. Consider the rumor from the angle of the handsome Irishman, George Brent, in the fascinating story in Movie Mirror next month!

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Immigrant Boy Makes Good

(*Continued from page 64*)

his antics on the stage, radio, and finally the screen, cried when his mother rushed up and embraced him as he alighted from the train in busy Detroit.

"Who is this lady, father?" he asked his grandfather when he escaped from his mother's enveloping arms. Then she, too, cried, and somehow, that made the two friends; bridged the gap that had sprung up in the absent years between mother and son thousands of miles apart.

One day Joe's mother took his hand and led him through busy streets to a big brick building. There were a lot of other children there, little fellows of five mostly. A lot of women, too. They all spoke English, and Joe couldn't tell what they were saying. Sometimes he knew they were talking about him, because he could see them looking his way as they spoke. That made him feel uncomfortable. Finally he was taken to a room where there were about fifty little boys—all smaller than he and a lot younger. That was kindergarten. Joe had to go there because he couldn't speak English.

THE little boys, with the cruelty of extreme youth, laughed at big, awkward Joe's clumsy efforts to make himself understood in this strange jargon that was English. He thought he would never learn this language. He felt he must make many mistakes, for the little boys laughed often, although the teacher, who was kind and smiled at him encouragingly always made them stop. But when Joe went home after school was out, he used to cry in his mother's lap, and wish he could be back home where nobody laughed at you.

"You know, that was great training, and was worth a lot to me later on," he told me. "I learned to make myself understood with my hands, because I couldn't any other way. And some of that pantomime I used then, I've found comes in handy today when I'm working up a piece of business for a vaudeville routine."

American public schools have a way of taking little boys who come from Europe and making them into little Americans in short order. That was the melting pot into which Joe Penner was flung, and from which he emerged, eight years later, to be earning the princely sum of $220 a month in a minor executive capacity in a department of the huge Ford plant.

Since that day, the hot summer day in the Hungarian village, Joe has seen many movies. Not like that one back home, where the funny man was a flickering shadow that jumped vaguely and alarmingly about the surface of a somewhat wrinkled bedsheet, but movies in pretentious theaters, pictures almost lifelike in their perfection. He had seen funny men vastly funnier than that one he had envied so that day in the little Hungarian cinema. He had seen Charlie Chaplin. He had seen, at least twice, he boasted to his friends in the plant, every Chaplin picture that came to Detroit. No more did he hope that someday he would be like that funny man in the Hungarian film. Now he nursed an ambition to be like Chaplin.

Often young Joe showed up for work with his face overspread by the pallor of fatigue, his eyes dull from a sleepless night. Maybe he had travelled miles the night before to a theater in a far outlying section of the city, and miles back, changing from one street car to another. Getting to bed at two or three in the morning is no preparation for a hard day's work. One day the secret came out.

Joe Penner played "amateur nights."

At the time, nearly every neighborhood movie devoted at least one night a week to the exploitation of amateur talent. Joe never missed one if the theater was within reach of his home. Sometimes he met with that cruel climax to the amateur's efforts—the "hook." Sometimes his reward was a few dollars.

One day Joe, sleepy from an amateur performance that had lasted until late the night before, an amateur performance where his imitation of Charlie Chaplin, his film idol, had earned him a coveted two dollar bill and a more priceless round of applause, made a mistake in adding a column of figures in the Ford plant. The mistake cost the company nine hundred dollars. Joe wasn't fired, although he might have been if he hadn't resigned.

He decided to learn the electrical business. He went to the street car company and asked for a job. He landed the job. But the electrical business lost a promising candidate when Joe dropped a heavy iron wheel into a tub of paint, with the result that the foreman, standing nearby, was splashed with battleship gray paint. The foreman's outraged dignity caused Joe's retirement.

While he worked at the carbarn, he had kept up his amateur night imitation of Charlie Chaplin. Jobs could come and jobs could go, but those Chaplin impersonations went on, so to speak, forever. It was weariness caused by a late amateur night that made Joe drop the wheel that splashed the paint on the foreman.

Followed a brief interlude taken up by the study of optometry, but the study of optometry, requiring as it did some attendance in the evenings, so interfered with the impersonations of Charlie Chaplin that it was shortly abandoned.

SELLING violins was a step nearer to the life of the theater, if for no other reason that they use violins in the theater. Furthermore, selling violins had two major advantages. It netted considerable revenue and left evenings delightfully free for increasingly realistic impersonations of Charlie Chaplin.

"Often I made as high as $25 a day selling violins," Joe told me, and I reflected that perhaps even if he hadn't become a comedian earning, through the media of stage, radio, and screen, as high as $15,000 a week, he might none the less have branched out as a person of considerable earning power. He seemed, from the very beginning, to have had that about him.

"Then," Joe sighs with delighted satisfaction as he relates it, "then along came a tab show. That was my first really sure-enough stage job."

His satisfaction is remarkable when you learn that the manager of the tab show decamped in Toledo, Ohio, leaving Joe as flat broke as he had ever been in his whole life, and with no prospects immediately or otherwise, of ever getting back to Detroit. But there is a special Providence assigned to care for young Thespians stranded miles from home by managers who take the easiest way out of town, and that Providence was very much on the job. Joe found, there in Toledo, a branch of the company for which he had so successfully sold violins before. He was hired, worked long enough to get a stake, found another job in a show as a German dialect comic who stuttered, and from that day to this he has been a trouper.

It is a far cry, anyone in show business will tell you, from a distinctly fourth rate tab show to being another Charlie Chaplin, but with the airy optimism of youth, Joe continued to nourish the idea. In dusty day coaches and stuffy country hotels he dreamed his dream, discouraged not at all because it came no closer.

One day, accidentally, he hit upon the silly, meaningless phrase: "Wanna buy a duck?" which, uttered in shrill falsetto from the stage of a vaudeville theater, sent an otherwise apathetic audience into stitches. A year later he was a headliner in big time vaudeville.

HOWEVER, even a headliner in big time vaudeville is a far cry from being another Charlie Chaplin, but still Joe dreamed his dream. When he was offered spots on the radio, he turned them down impatiently. He wanted to be another Charlie Chaplin, and he couldn't see where going on the radio was going to further that ambition. His manager pleaded with him to go on the air, but he refused point-blank. But a manager worth his salt combines the cunning of a Machiavelli with the never-say-die spirit of a plantation hand in a crap game, and the manager finally had his way.

In less than two months, schoolboys whose older brothers had donned baggy trousers, dug up a slight bamboo cane, and imitated Joe Penner's idol Chaplin, now shrilled in a thousand and one schoolyards: "Wanna buy a duck?" in imitation of Joe Penner. Joe was famous. He was the radio idol of millions.

One week, playing Baltimore, Joe found a group of youngsters following him from the stage door, shrilling: "Wanna buy a duck?"

"That was one of the biggest thrills I've ever had," he told me, "knowing kids liked me."

Another time, in Pennsylvania, a theater manager announced a Joe Penner imitation contest, with all the youngsters of the town eligible. A hundred and fifty competed, their sole reward the hope of meeting Penner personally.

"And some of those kids were little crippled boys. What do you know about that?" Joe said.

"But Joe," I asked, "after all that time, wanting to be another Chaplin, I mean, you aren't like Chaplin in the movies. Don't you think that's funny?"

Joe thought that over.

"Well, you see," he explained finally, "it wasn't that I wanted to be another Chaplin. Nobody could I wanted to make kids laugh, like he does. You see?"

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?

It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

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Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

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Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

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As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

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Hard-Boiled Genius

(*Continued from page 46*)

mind it or think anything about it at all.

"It was the understanding between that guy and his wife in 'The Thin Man' that excited me," he went on, raising his voice above the din. "When the story was being adapted, written in 'script form, I insisted I be given seven scenes between the man and wife. They argued this would eat up too much footage. They insisted the murder was the important thing and that it must be built up with clues.

"I told them to do it my way and let me worry. I told them if audiences were going to sit around and worry about who killed whom in 'The Thin Man' the picture was a flop. From the first the story as I saw it was the relationship of that couple."

The release of this picture several months ago and the return engagements it since has been playing all over the country prove that, as usual, Van Dyke knew what he was talking about.

When "The Thin Man" was in production Hollywood did a lot of talking. Van Dyke's name was on everybody's lips.

"HE shoots so fast they never even kill the lights," people everywhere in the film colony would tell you breathlessly. And, with the inevitable exaggeration, "Did you know half the scenes were filmed while the players were kidding on the set, without them knowing it was the 'take'? You know how a Van Dyke company is anyhow—always a lot of gags and fun."

I asked Van Dyke if this was true, if he had taken scenes without the players being aware the camera and microphone were recording.

"Not really!" He grinned. "But I know how those stories started. That scene where Minna Gombel finds the body, remember? Well in the morning when Minna came on the set we talked that scene over and figured how horrible it would be to stumble on a body that way. Then she went on. I called to her that I was going to take it but she didn't believe me. She thought I was kidding. It was an important scene and she was sure we'd rehearse and rehearse.

"But what I wanted was spontaneity. And I figured the way to get it was not to rehearse but shoot the first crack out of the box."

I listened, unbelieving. "Did you only take that scene once," I asked. The day before I'd sat in a studio and watched a director take a scene in which a hostess bids her guests good-bye fifteen times and rehearses it as many more.

"Once was enough," Van Dyke said. "I could see I'd gotten exactly what I wanted. Otherwise I'd have shot it again. Naturally."

Almost any other director, responsible for a hit like "The Thin Man" would sit around, his feet up on a desk and talk to you by the hour in a portentous, serious way about Art. Not Van Dyke. He seems totally unimpressed by the fact that he's the miracle-worker of Hollywood because the pictures he turns out in record breaking time break other records at the box-offices.

"We put a lot of stuff in 'The Thin Man' that wasn't in the 'script," he told me. "We did a lot of *ad. lib.* as we went along. That scene where Bill shakes up a cocktail and insists it should be done waltz time . . . that scene where he sits, like a fool, taking pot shots at balloons. As we got the feeling of the characters we thought of things they'd be likely to do and stuck them in."

I asked if it was true he never consults a 'script after he starts work. It seemed impossible that any one man could keep track of every scene in a production, even the trivial, connecting scenes where people ring door-bells and walk from room to room. It seemed impossible also that he could remember all the dialogue.

"I never use a 'script," he said. "I work with the writers when a 'script is in preparation. I argue to have certain scenes put in and other scenes taken out. When it's finally finished I read it over a couple of times. Then I know it by heart.

"After all, you know, I've been knocking around in the studios and in the theater for a long time. Used to tour these parts, playing in tank towns, years ago, when we had to travel by stage and buggy.

"When I couldn't get a job acting I worked in the mines.

"I've been in pictures ever since the old D. W. Griffith days. Worked as an extra first. In 'Intolerance' I was one of D. W.'s assistants."

It was W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn" in the hot heart of Africa. It was W. S. Van Dyke who filmed "Eskimo" in the bleak, white wilderness of the North.

It isn't because he's filled with any love of adventure that he makes these pictures, heads these expeditions. He never asked for either assignment. Both were forced upon him. He experienced a lot of grief making them and he hopes he'll have the backbone and common sense to refuse to go on another expedition if he's asked.

However, it is natural that his company should choose him for these tough jobs. He's one of the few men who would be capable of heading such an expedition and bringing home a good, healthy motion picture that told a story.

"I WOULDN'T go on any expedition unless I was in complete and absolute authority," Van says.

"Take the time up North when we were making 'Eskimo.' I had it clearly understood before we left that I was head man, that even the captain of our ship must take my orders. I kept a small boat out over the side and let it be understood at all times that anybody who didn't like the way I ran things could lower it and go ashore.

"When we got up North I ordered that we push into shallow water so I might get a scenic effect of an ice pack. There was some danger attached to it, undoubtedly. The captain refused to go, said we were likely to get jammed there. He had the regular idea that it was a captain's job to bring back his ship and cargo safely. We decided who was boss with our fists. Fortunately the ship didn't crash. If we had, the company would have paid for the ship. And since we were in radio communication at all times there would have been no fatalities. I wasn't being utterly unreasonable."

On expeditions like those entailed in filming "Eskimo" and "Trader Horn" Van Dyke is up and at his desk by one o'clock in the morning. Writing letters, keeping records, attending to a thousand and one business details. He works there until four. Then he has breakfast, outlines his day's activities, and starts work with the company.

He's still a comparatively young man, in his forties. With marks of the African sun and the northern winds left in his face. With gray in his dark hair. And strong white teeth which benefit his quick smile. And it makes him more interesting as a personality, I think, to know that the younger set of Beverly Hills and Brentwood do a lot of talking about him. Although they have gentlemen like Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery for their neighbors.

"GENERALLY speaking," he says, "the picture people are regular. But every now and then you run into someone who takes himself very seriously and who, by this very token, is on his way out unless he manages to pull up in a hurry.

"I remember years ago I was directing a serial. The girl who was starred in it hated me. She would, I knew, make trouble at the first opportunity. So I decided to get her out on a short plank first.

"One day I took half of the company out on the lot to shoot a sequence and left her working inside with my assistant. With my half of the unit I had a girl who was the sweetie of a Big Shot in that organization.

"I sent one of my crew in for the still camera. The serial queen refused to let him have it.

" 'Who are you working for?' I asked him when he came back, 'her or the company?'

" 'The company,' he said.

" 'Okeh,' I told him, 'I'm the company's representative and I order you to bring out that camera. I want to take a still of this group.'

"That decided my authority with that outfit. The queen didn't dare go to the Front Office and complain I'd taken the still camera away from her to take a still of the Big Shot's sweetie. She'd have gotten nowhere and she knew it. And that was that."

He's hard-boiled. When he has to be. He's also as human as the stuff he gets on the screen in his pictures.

Now he's directing "Forsaking All Others" with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Bob Montgomery. Hollywood speculates. Joan goes in for dramatics on the set as well as before the camera. Usually her sets are closed. No one is permitted to speak to her when she is working. All of which Van dismisses as so much hooey and so much boloney.

"Joan will have her music box on the set, of course," people say to Van. But he's not to be baited. He's not fool enough to go around looking for trouble. He only grins and says quietly: "I don't think so. That sort of thing hardly will be necessary during the making of this story. There's nothing heavy or emotional about it. It's

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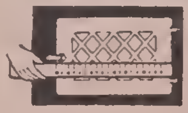

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all quite light and merry and amusing."

However, if there is any fracas about how this or that is to be done during the making of this new picture it will end by being done Van's way. You can depend upon that.

"Shall we do this your way or mine?" he asked a star recently when she turned temperamental on a set. "Make up your mind. We'll proceed your way if you say so!"

"Can't we discuss it?" the lady asked, none too eager to have the entire responsibility for a production dropped into her pretty lap in this deliberate manner.

"No, we can't," Van Dyke told her. "We're at variance, you and I. And the time it would take for us to find out that neither of us could be won over to the other's way would cost more in overhead than is warranted."

Whereupon, having won his argument, having crashed through what had threatened to become a deadlock, Van Dyke proceeded as pleasantly and friendly and cooperatively and successfully as if nothing had happened, as if there never had been any difficulty at all.

Supervisors stay away from his set. They don't want him shoving his chair under them when they come around with suggestions. They don't want to hear him say "Okeh, Fellow! You do it!"

If Van's going to do anything he's going to do it. And provided he's given a story he believes in he's going to make a good job of it. And this in half the time and with half the expense anyone else would take.

Which makes him the talk of dinner parties, a Bogy Man to temperamental ladies and gentlemen who'd like to go elegant on the set, the bane of other directors, and the marvel of Hollywood.

The Bill Seiters attend a kiddie party and dress accordingly, with husband Bill playing nursemaid to his wife (Marion Nixon), and apparently liking it.

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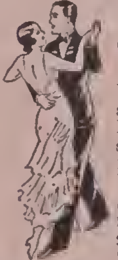

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LAST MINUTE NEWS

Tom Mix celebrates the opening of the new year by starting a fifteen-chapter serial, "Texas Ranger." Perennial Tom has been on the screen since 1909, but is now broke as a result of lawsuits and matrimonial troubles.

Hal Roach is definitely going into the feature field after "Babes in Toyland"; he has signed Felix Knight, sensational tenor of that picture, for "The Bohemian Girl," and is also developing a feature comedy-drama.

Ginger Rogers liked her wedding trousseau so much she had designer Kiviette come to Hollywood for a two-weeks' vacation at Ginger's expense.

It's a boy and "Andy, Jr." at the Devines.

A new gang has been organized here—"The Five Irishmen." It's a social organization consisting of Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Phil Regan. They see all the fights together while their wives sit at home and sew.

Virginia Bruce's first film under her Metro contract will be "Ambulance Call," with Chester Morris.

Claudette Colbert has signed a new two-year ticket with Paramount, turning down an enormous Metro contract because she feels Paramount can give her better roles than can Metro, with Crawford, Shearer, Harlow, and Loy among its famous, clamoring glamour-girls.

Joel McCrea walked out of the Dietrich picture after two days' shooting, refusing to take Von Sternberg's criticisms, which were so severe that they made Marlene faint on the set.

Cesare Romero will replace Joel in "Caprice Espagnole."

Rudy Vallee, when he completed "Sweet Music," gave away a fortune in gifts to all those associated with him in the production, ranging from radios to cigarette cases. Rudy returns in June to do three more pictures for Warners.

Lilian Harvey is staging a comeback—she has a Columbia contract for "Once a Gentleman," with Tullio Carminati, Victor Schertzinger directing.

Frank Borzage is directing the first Marion Davies picture for Warner Bros.

The Santa Anita racetrack is opening Christmas Day with all Hollywood present; Clark Gable, Al Jolson and George White will be racing their own horses, while Mae West is thinking of buying a stable, too.

Joe E. Brown has five baseball games in which marbles are used for men and plays whole world's series against himself.

Pat O'Brien has built a barbecue pit and badminton and handball courts in the back yard of his new home.

Jimmy Cagney is developing into a wood-carver.

Golden-voiced John Boles can play only one musical instrument—the piano—and that with one finger.

John Barrymore wears shoes which he purchases in Alaska for $1.50 and has his butler break them in for him.

Jean Muir, Warner white hope, receives only $250 a week.

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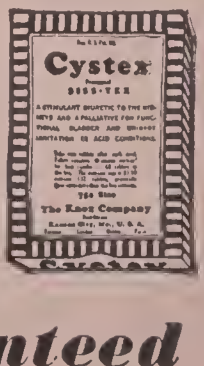
English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



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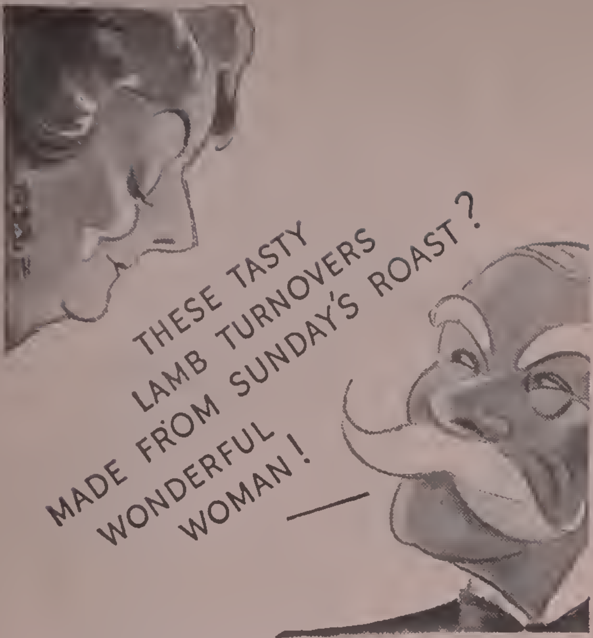
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"I Want a Raise!"

(*Continued from page 11*)

all the world like the stocks on a swiftly changing market. It's hard to realize that five years ago any Bill Haines picture was a sure money-maker for M-G-M. Today, who cares?

Do you remember when Dick Arlen was the hottest thing in the Hollywood heavens, and when the most brilliant career in the world was predicted for him? When his pictures were going like hot cakes, Paramount shoved him into a series of mediocre rôles, till Dick Arlen screamed for mercy and his fans began staying away from the box-office in droves. When his contract came up for renewal, Dick Arlen's agent made him leave Paramount, fearing that one more run-of-the-mill picture would ruin him. Quickly Fox grabbed him for "Heldorado," proving how wise the agent was, for if Dick Arlen makes a hit in this, he may once again win a place for himself among the leading stars and soon be dictating terms, with plenty of do-re-mi in the offing.

WHEN Joan Crawford slipped way, way down in popularity because of "Rain" and "Today We Live," two dismal box-office flops, her agent went to Louis B. Mayer of Metro and begged him to protect his tremendous investment in Crawford by giving her a smash picture.

Joan was given one of the greatest pictures of her career, "Dancing Lady," with Clark Gable. When Gable fell ill and had to be operated on for appendicitis, minor executives begged Louis B. Mayer to go ahead with the picture, substituting some other actor for Gable. He laughed at them, knowing only too well what Gable's name meant to that picture. While production costs mounted, he held up the picture till Gable was well enough to finish it. As a result, "Dancing Lady" was a smash hit and brought back the Joan Crawford the fans loved. But if pictures like "Rain" had continued, do you imagine for a minute that M-G-M would have been willing to pay Joan the salary she's now getting?

When his client is going like a house afire, the agent often insists on his client's getting a raise, and encourages him to go on a one-man strike if his company doesn't come through. When Warner Brothers refused to boost his salary of $1,350 to $4,000, James Cagney calmly walked out on them, saying that if he couldn't get the salary he wanted he'd go in for the study of medicine instead. The Warner Brothers raged and fumed, but when the box-office returns proved that Cagney was worth it, they agreed to pay him $2,500 a week.

So potent is Dick Powell's appeal at the box-office that a major studio recently offered Dick $2,500 weekly through a Hollywood agent, not his own. Although motion picture producers have a gentlemen's agreement not to solicit one another's stars till their contracts have expired, in the fierce competition for stars, they sometimes forget that agreement. When Dick reminded the agent of his contract with Warner Brothers, the agent calmly told him how to go about breaking it.

Perhaps that hint of big money stirred Dick Powell's desires. In any event, if the rumblings along Hollywood boulevard are significant, Dick will be the next person to enter the lists for an increase in salary.

Ninety-nine per cent of the time, the studio welcomes back rebellious stars at the actors' terms, after losing their services and earning power for a considerable time. Hard-boiled though they may be, they realize that their stars are the life-blood of their pictures.

When Jean Harlow asked for $3,000 a week instead of the $1,500 she was getting, her studio was aghast. "But Miss Harlow," they said, "please be reasonable. Times are bad, we're waiting for business to pick up and in the meanwhile we're cutting expenses right and left."

"I want $3,000 a week," repeated Harlow. And she pointed out why.

"Ridiculous," said the executives.

But it wasn't so ridiculous, and they knew it. For exhibitors' polls proved that they were clamoring for her pictures and that she was the third most popular woman on the screen, only the late Marie Dressler and little Janet Gaynor exceeding her in box-office popularity.

For two months Jean Harlow's contract was suspended, but in the end M-G-M agreed that Jean was worth every cent she was asking for. And she proved that they were right when she gave a superlative performance in "The Girl from Missouri."

Though Katharine Hepburn's contract calls for only $750 a week, she proved beyond any shadow of a doubt in "Morning Glory" and "Little Women" that she was worth far more than that at the box-office. When RKO wanted her to make one picture more than her contract called for, she told them what a perfectly grand time she was having in New York.

"Just one picture more," coaxed RKO.

"How much?" asked Hepburn.

It cost them $75,000 to persuade her to make that extra picture!

PERHAPS you think that the stars are cold-blooded to demand these tremendous salaries when the rest of us are content to make just a bare living. But they're not. They know how short and fleeting is the sunshine of public favor.

While you and I may have thirty-five or forty wage-earning years, the brightest and most popular stars may find themselves fading in five or six years. Fight they must for the highest salaries they can command, for where will they be in ten years from now? And really their salaries aren't as tremendous as they seem superficially, because the stars with salaries of $150,000 a year have to pay more than forty per cent of it to the government, while almost every star pays ten per cent to his agent.

Sometimes, too, they are fighting not only for higher salaries but for their very lives on the screen, not knowing when some false move or a series of poor pictures will abruptly end their careers.

Have you any idea of how Joel McCrea had to fight for his career after he married Frances Dee? Before his marriage, you see, he was one of the most popular escorts in Hollywood, and the most glamorous of Hollywood women tried to advance his career. When he married, they were furious, for they had lost one of their most prized escorts. "He'll soon discover," one of the glamorous ones said, "who was responsible for his success. I'll not move a finger to help him now."

But Joel calmly ignored all the gossip and went ahead doing the finest work he was capable of. In "Richest Girl in the World" Joel gave a performance that made fans ask, "Where has he been all our lives?" His salary, which used to be rather negligible, has jumped by several thousand, due to that one picture. Just as Clark Gable's salary was raised when he proved in "It Happened One Night" that he was something more than just a temporary heart-thumper.

Do you remember when it was whispered and threatened that the government was going to investigate the huge salaries the stars were receiving and demand that they be cut? Do you remember how Eddie Cantor, as spokesman of the industry, traveled down to Washington to talk to the President?

HE was all primed up with a million facts. He was ready to tell President Roosevelt what the real salaries of the stars are. He was ready to explain how short-lived their careers are, and how steep their expenses are, and how necessary it is for them to gather in the hay while the sun shines.

He didn't have to explain all that. To his amazement he found that President Roosevelt knew more about it than he did. Roosevelt knew the late Marie Dressler, you see. Very quietly he said to Eddie Cantor, "I know that no star is paid more than he's worth at the box-office. Look at the crowds that Marie Dressler draws in. How can you pay a woman like that too much?"

There was only one Marie Dressler. There is only one Joan Crawford, one Mae West. Without star names like these, who would go to pictures? Who would care about them?

When you or you, or you, can do something that a million other girls besides you can't do; if you can contribute a unique idea or make yourself so valuable that no one can replace you, you won't have to say, "I want a raise." You'll get one.

WINNERS

The list of prize winners in MOVIE MIRROR'S Great Star Contest which closed on October 15th will appear in the March issue, on sale January 25th. If you took part in that popular contest, watch for the list of winners. Your name may be on it.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

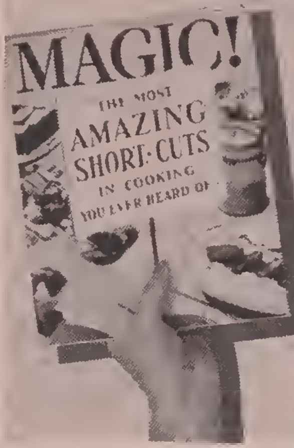
2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never too thick nor too thin.* Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name *Eagle Brand.*



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AMOS 'n' ANDY?

And what intimate and revealing sidelights has she to tell about this popular pair of comedians? Never before have Amos 'n' Andy been so colorfully portrayed as they are in this fascinating feature in the January issue of

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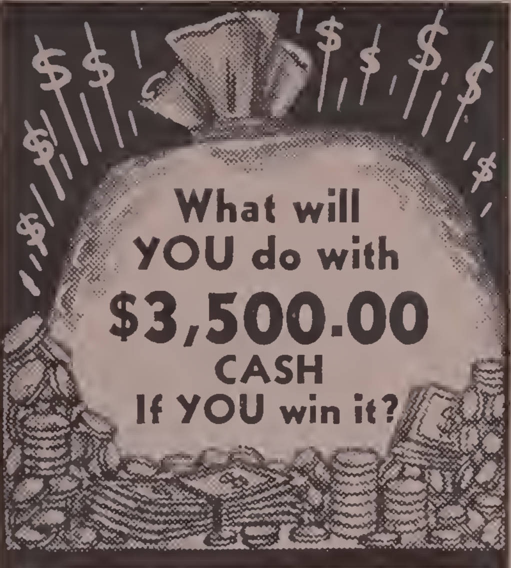

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Just Sending An Answer Qualifies You for the Opportunity to

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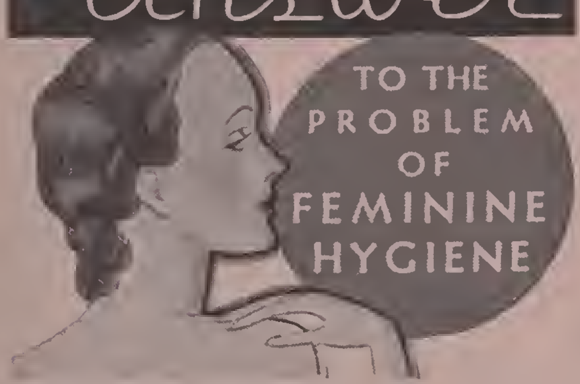
THE Answer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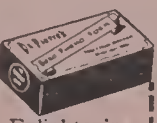

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Movie Review News

(Continued from page 15)

Army Private Embarrasses General's Daughter

A fresh private turned into a nice guy by discipline, Dick Powell was graduated with honors at the Military Academy at West Point much to the joy and satisfaction of Pat O'Brien, hard-boiled sergeant, and Ruby Keeler, daughter of the commanding officer at the academy. Powell very nearly lost out at the last minute when John Eldredge, a lieutenant, also in love with Ruby, caught him in Miss Keeler's quarters after taps. Eldredge, however, relented.

Powell's career started in Hawaii when Miss Keeler came there on a visit. Powell firmly resolved, after spending an evening with her on the beach against regulations, that he would become "an officer and a gentleman." There were a few musical numbers and some dancing worked in, but the story wasn't as gay and romantic as it might have been. Miss Keeler didn't dance. The plot was thin and the motives of Miss Keeler were at times hard to understand. There were plenty of marching cadets, much interesting academy life, including the staging of the annual play. Powell wrote the play and ridiculed Eldredge.

Powell was excellent as the cocky, ambitious private.

The Cast: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander, John Arledge, John Eldredge, Henry O'Neill, Guinn Williams.

Flirtation Walk (First National)

Laurel and Hardy Save Toyland Babes

Assuming the new and fantastic characters of Stanley Dum and Oliver Dee, Stan Laurel and Babe Hardy saved the "Babes in Toyland," and even Toyland itself from the hairy hordes of Bogeyland, led in an attack by Barnaby, admirably played by Henry Kleinbach. Using darts and wooden soldiers six feet tall, the comedy team rescued the following as Barnaby crashed Toyland's gates:

Charlotte Henry, as Bo-Peep; Felix Knight as Tom-Tom, the Piper's Son; Mother Goose, Little Boy Blue, Curly Locks, Jack and Jill, Little Red Riding Hood, Old King Cole, Little Miss Muffet, Widow Peep, toymakers and many more.

The trouble all started when Barnaby, holding a mortgage on Mother Peep's home, tried to force Bo-Peep, who loved Tom-Tom, to marry him. Stanley and Oliver interfered, only to make matters worse. Using several ruses, however, they managed to foil Barnaby. Barnaby pretended to kill Elmer, one of the Three Little Pigs and put the blame on Tom-Tom. Just after Tom-Tom was banished to Bogeyland. Stanley and Oliver learned the truth. They invaded Bogeyland and got Bo-Peep and Tom-Tom back, but Barnaby escaped. He attacked Toyland with the Bogeymen.

Felix Knight and the choruses sang well. Stanley and Oliver were funny as usual. But the credit went to imaginative writers and directors who brought

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. **Psychology Press, Dept. 25-B, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.**

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Toyland to life. The gags were scarce, but this didn't matter as the backgrounds and characters were so fascinating.

Summing it all up, the picture was very much like a "Silly Symphony" come to life and stretched out to six reels. Mild entertainment for elders, but it offered a tremendous wallop for children—a thrill that none should miss.

The Cast: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight, Henry Kleinbach, Florence Robert, Virginia Karns, Ferdinand Munier, William Burress, Johnny Downs, Jean Darling.

Babes in Toyland (Hal Roach for M-G-M Release)

Animal Love Life Revealed

Natural enemies, a puma and a deer, brought up together become friends, and battle to save each other when their greater enemy, man, turns against them.

Only two humans seem to understand them, Jean Parker and Russell Hardie who, in the enchantment of nature, fall deeply in love. Jean saves the animals from hunters, and they reward her with their undying devotion.

No plot outline can give the charm of this truly fine novelty. The picture is at once beautiful, thrilling, emotional, comic, and enchanting.

It should not be missed.

The Cast: Russell Hardie, Jean Parker, Willie Fung.

Sequoia (M-G-M)

Society Girl Deserted At Altar

When Joan Crawford stood at the altar with Clark Gable as best man, waiting to marry Robert Montgomery, she was rudely shocked to discover that Bob had eloped the night before with Frances Drake, a discarded girl friend of his past.

Later Joan tried to remember that Bob was married but she couldn't stop loving him and foolishly went country driving with him one day only to have their car break down and she and Bob forced to spend the night in her country house where they were discovered next day by Bob's irate wife and the ever-faithful, always-about Mr. Gable.

This caused trouble with Joan finally discovering which man she really loved (and you give three guesses which one it was!)

This essentially thin story has been directed with great pace by W. S. Van Dyke and while the yarn is worthy neither of his slick direction, nor of the three stellar personalities that grace it, it is plenty fun enough, if you aren't too particular.

The Cast: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke, Frances Drake.

Forsaking All Others—(M-G-M)

American Radio Crooner Wins Penniless Princess

Disguising himself as a waiter and bribing a Russian Princess's relatives at Monte Carlo, Bing Crosby managed to win the hand of the Princess, played by Kitty Carlisle. Crosby was a radio crooner who rose to millionaire ranks after a gutter-sniping childhood.

Crosby was cruising in the Atlantic in his private yacht, fulfilling the am-

Helping Millions to
END COLDS SOONER

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold *direct—two ways at once*. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

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Get regular size *Radio Girl* Perfume and trial size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing cost. (Offer good in U. S. only.) **Write Dept. R-2,**
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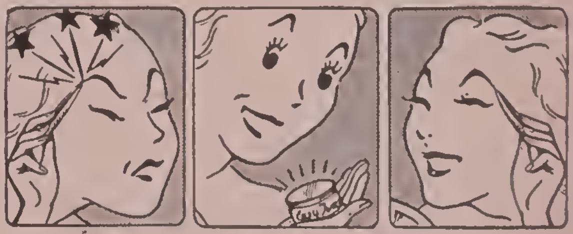

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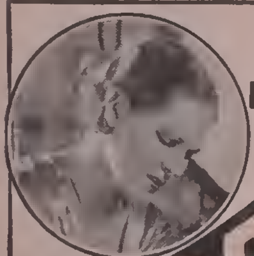

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bitions of his childhood. One of these was to give to the authorities at Annapolis pistols belonging to Paul Jones, his namesake. Hearing that one of the pistols was in Monte Carlo, he cruised there and met the Princess, who thought he was a waiter. He kept the disguise, hoping to win her as a man, not as a wealthy singer. She and the whole family, including Roland Young, Alison Skipworth and Reginald Owen, were penniless. He saved them all from trouble time and again. Finally he bought the hotel and got all save Kitty, jobs. He married her.

The story is bound to please Crosby admirers, but it is weak with dull moments. Some very clever scenes between Crosby and Young are highlights. The preview audience roundly applauded Crosby when he sang a duet with a phonograph recording of his own voice. Kitty's voice is excellent, and the songs are good.

Cast: Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, Reginald Owen, William Frawley, Cecelia Parker.

Here Is My Heart (*Paramount*)

Office Worker Wins Radio Contract, Girl

Working desperately thirteen floors up in an elevator shaft Joe Morrison made emergency repairs on a stranded car in "One Hour Late," and sang to keep up his courage while he worked. He saved a dying woman, his voice was heard by a radio executive, and he got a job which surpassed all his dreams. He also won Helen Twelvetrees, office worker.

Joe, who worked in a contractor's office, loved Helen. She thought he wasn't worth anything, went for one of the partners, Conrad Nagel, to get away from sister's squawling brats. After all, Joe found himself without money, about to marry Arline Judge on the rebound, and stuck in the elevator. With him in the car were Nagel's philandering wife, Gail Patrick, Miss Twelvetrees and radio's head man.

During the picture Joe sang a couple of songs very well. It was rare to find a radio player with good looks and personality clicking after so many others had flopped. The story was splendid, starting with a true Manhattan atmosphere, raucous and clashing. This opening developed into fine characterizations. The story snapped and crackled all the way through, making well nigh perfect entertainment. The supporting cast was uniformly excellent. It was great to hear the greatest preview applause given to old-timer Jack Mulhall.

The Cast: Joe Morrison, Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, Toby Wing, Gail Patrick, Ray Milland, George E. Stone, Gladys Hulette.

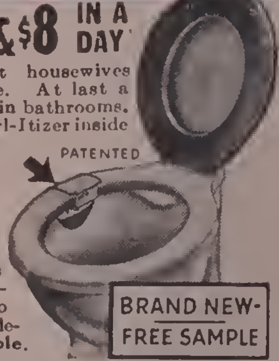
One Hour Late (*Paramount*)

The GWENN WALTER FASHIONS are the finest fashion pictures to appear in any fan magazine.

Watch for next month's MOVIE MIRROR. It will contain the wardrobe of one of your favorite stars.

NEW Deodorizer for Bathrooms

AGENTS.. UP TO $5 & $8 IN A DAY



HERE'S an invention that housewives everywhere eagerly welcome. At last a way to banish unpleasant odors in bathrooms. The new Improved patented Bowl-Itizer inside the toilet bowl, actually seems to absorb odors and replace them with a delicate perfume that everybody likes. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Every home a prospect! One of 10 RED HOT SELLERS. Agents clean up $5 to $8 in a day. (Splendid distributor's proposition also on request.) Write at once for details and full size Free Sample.

BRAND NEW—FREE SAMPLE

THE PURO CO., Dept. B-2164, 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

CREDIT Given on
FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS VINES, BULBS, Etc....
Small down payment books order. Easy terms on balance. Peach trees, low as 5c. Grapevines 3c, ornamental shrubs 10c. Evergreens 25c. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG. Benton County Nursery Co., Box 615. Rogers, Ark.

PATENT YOUR IDEA

Other men have read and profited by our free book. "Patent protection." Fully explains many interesting points to inventors and illustrates important mechanical principles. With book we also send free "Evidence of Invention" form. Prompt service, reasonable fees, deferred payments, thirty-five years experience. Avoid risk of delay. Write immediately to: Victor J. Evans & Co., Registered Patent Attorneys, 529-B, Victor Building, Washington, D. C.

the CHORE GIRL
PURE KNITTED COPPER

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
patented parallel outer layers give

"double the wear, where the wear comes"
Metal Textile Corporation, *Orange, New Jersey*

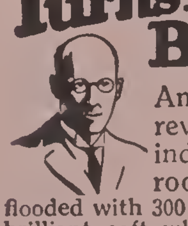
GET THIS BANJO

New imported Banjo Beauty. You will be delighted with the "Old Time" tone of this lovely instrument. With 5-minute Instruction Book we send along, you can learn to play without lessons. **Send No Money.** Just name and address. **We Trust You** with 27 pkts. Garden Seeds to sell at 10c pkt. When sold return $2.70 collected and we will send "Old Time" Banjo and Instruction Book. *No more money to pay.* WRITE TODAY. *A Post Card will do.*
LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 15, Paradise, Pa.

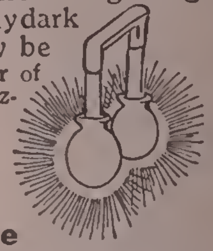
IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 25, LOWELL, MASS.

Turns Night Air Into Bright Light!



Amazing, scientific discovery revolutionizes home lighting industry! Totally dark room can now be flooded with 300 Candle Power of brilliant, soft, white light, utilizing 96% free air and only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Replaces oil wick lamps. Gives 20 times more light at half the cost!



Now Available For Lighting Every Home
This startling invention has been built into a line of beautifully colored Art Lamps for the home, which are now ready for general distribution at a price anyone can afford to pay.
Write quick for 30 Day Home Trial
I am willing to send one of these Lamps for 30 days' trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help me introduce it. Send in your name today—also ask for details of how you can get the **Agents Wanted** agency and without experience or capital make BIG MONEY.
J. C. Steese, Inventor, 124 Steese Bldg., Akron, Ohio

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FREE

WILL BE OFFERED

FIRST PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH
Wouldn't you be thrilled if you won this new 1935 coach? (Value in cash, if you prefer.) You may win—it's easy. Delivered fully paid to your door. NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

SECOND PRIZE
G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR. Your chance is as good as anyone's to win this beautiful, latest model family size, G. E. Refrigerator. (Value in cash if you prefer.) NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

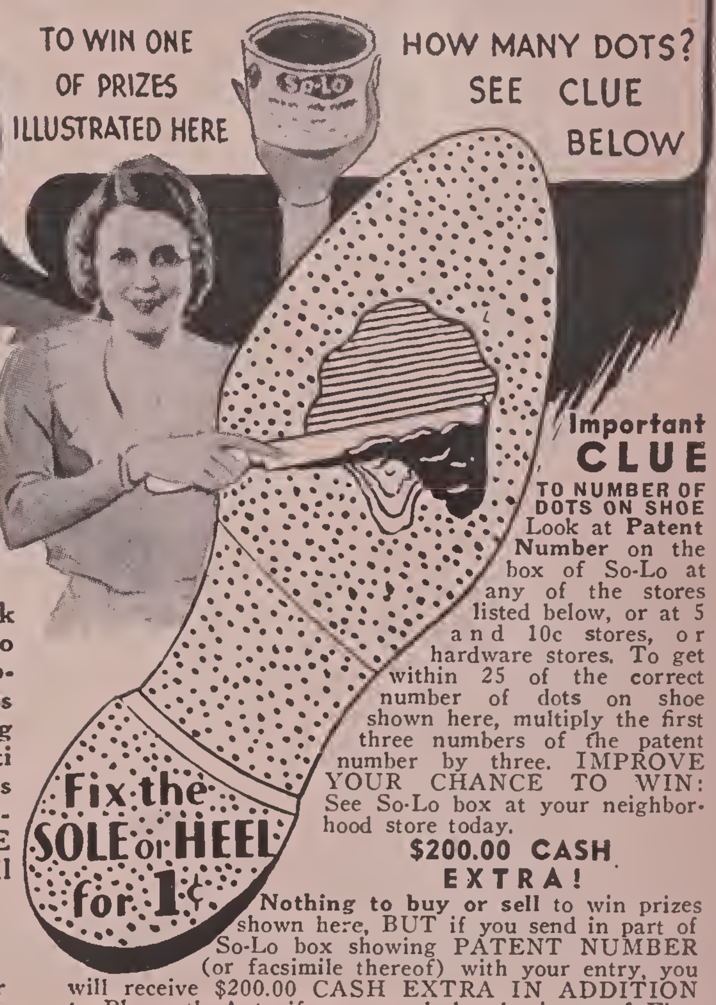
THIRD PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE
Boy's or girl's, man's or lady's model—your choice. Fully equipped, with coaster brake, etc., etc. (Value in cash if you prefer.) NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION 'WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW


SO-LO
Fix the SOLE or HEEL for 1¢

HOW TO WIN

PRIZES SHOWN HERE

Honest Judges — See Paragraph 4

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy or sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again. ACT NOW — *Mail Entry Coupon!*

EASY!

ANYBODY MAY WIN

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprize prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR HARDWARE STORES.

"Also at Newberry's and Green's."

So-Lo WORKS
World's Largest Makers of Money Savers
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Important CLUE

TO NUMBER OF DOTS ON SHOE

Look at **Patent Number** on the box of So-Lo at any of the stores listed below, or at 5 and 10c stores, or hardware stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See So-Lo box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

SEND NO MONEY • • MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "RED" Appleton, Contest Manager,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo Box.

Dear "Red":—

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are..............dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME ....
(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS ....

TOWN .... STATE...................... Mir.

$3,500.00 CASH PRIZE

To Be Given to Some Man or Woman

There is a concern in Cincinnati, Ohio, that will again award **$3,500.00** to some ambitious man or woman who answers their announcements . . . as part of their publicity program. Some people say that generally such big prize money is spent foolishly.

To prove they are wrong, Ernie Miller asks this question: **"What Will YOU do with $3,500.00 if YOU win it?"** He will pay a $250.00 Cash Prize for the best answer to this question . . . and by sending your answer you will also qualify immediately for the opportunity to win this big **$3,500.00** Cash Prize in the final $6,000.00 cash prize distribution. Details of this plan will be sent to you at once.

There is no way you can lose anything. There are no strings tied to this offer. This concern is reliable. There is nothing to buy or sell to win the **$250.00** Cash Prize. This offer closes March 30, 1935. Duplicate prizes in cases of ties. Simply take a penny postcard and write Mr. Miller today. Tell him in 20 or less, plain, simple words . . . the answer to this question: **"What WILL YOU DO with $3,500.00 if YOU win it?"**

Thousands of people have already won prizes from this Company amounting to over $32,512.00 during the past year. Now, YOU may be the next to win big money! Just send answer, name and address to Ernie Miller, Prize Mgr. Dept. R-205BB, Cincinnati, Ohio. It costs you nothing. Act now! WIN a big prize!

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

BOYS & GIRLS

Get this handsome Instrument **NOW.** Here's How. Just send your name and address (**SEND NO MONEY**). **WE TRUST YOU** with 27 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send $2.70 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely **FREE.** Write for seeds **NOW.** A post card will do. Address:

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY
Station 209, Paradise, Pennsylvania

Women! Earn UP TO $22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOFED HOSE
WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends

Yes! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills *cut in half!* Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples hose we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.

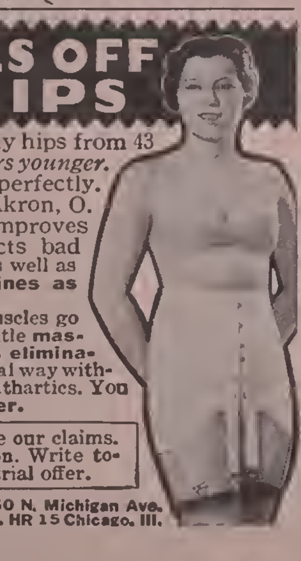
INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!

New service! Hosiery to fit extremely tall and short women! No extra charge. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose
FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

Make big money in spare time—easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but *send your hose size*. Do it now.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. G-18, Indianapolis, Ind.



8 INCHES OFF HIPS

"Beauty Mold reduced my hips from 43 to 35 inches. *I look 10 years younger.* No fat bulges—clothes fit perfectly. I feel fine." Grace Blair, Akron, O.

Beauty Mold instantly improves your appearance, corrects bad posture, reduces waistline as well as hips, **restores youthful lines as fat vanishes.**

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Gentle **massage-like action increases elimination** and regularity in a normal way without use of harsh, irritating cathartics. You **look and feel years younger.**

SENT ON TRIAL

Let us prove our claims. No obligation. Write today for trial offer.

Landon & Warner 360 N. Michigan Ave. Dt. HR 15 Chicago, Ill.

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 29)

MACK (KILLER) GRAY, thin and dapper bodyguard for George Raft evidently has taken more than passing notice of his boss' interest in Virginia Pine. Not wanting to be outdone, he has gotten himself what he terms a "boinin'" romance with Lucille Paul, Columbia contract player.

"I'm on the voige of a moiger," he explains. "I'm through wit' all th' tough rackets. A man's gotta settle down sometime. I guess this is it."

* * *

TRUST Hepburn to pull a fast one. With all the girls learning to tap dance at RKO studios in the hope that they may be chosen to appear with Fred Astaire in future productions, she isn't worrying a bit.

She's taking lessons from Astaire himself!

* * *

HAZEL FORBES is back in Hollywood, second richest girl in motion pictures. While she was in the east the famous Forbes toothpaste estate was settled and she found herself sole owner of $2,045,000. This makes her runner-up to Mary Pickford, as Garbo has lost much of her fortune in poor investments.

"I'm still just a struggling working gal," she asserted at RKO, where she is under contract.

* * *

ERIC BLORE, who was so funny as the waiter in "The Gay Divorcee" is waving around a new RKO contract.

* * *

NOW that little Anne Shirley has come in with a winner in "Anne of Green Gables," her mother has been permitting her to step out without a chaperone. The escort for the 16-year-old sensation used to be a child actor himself. He's Trent Durkin, whom you knew as Junior Durkin, now grown up too.

* * *

ONE of the perennial problems faced by motion picture players is whether or not it is advisable to make public appearances at benefits.

Joe E. Brown, for instance, receives as many as five telegrams a week asking him to show here and there. Recently he received the prize for all time. City fathers asked him to fly to Toledo, his home town, and dedicate a re-paved street.

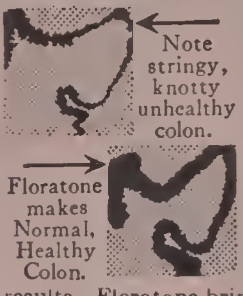
Dick Powell was pinched for speeding by a very burly, very surly Glendale cop. A few weeks later he was told that a policeman was outside the studio gates to see him. He had him sent in. It was the cop who had done the pinching, on hand to ask Dick to appear at a police benefit.

Dick said no.

* * *

TWO uncles and three cousins are working on the Dick Powell home near Toluca Lake, one uncle being the contractor and the rest carpenters.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewing Powell are tearing up the family roots around Little Rock and are going to make their home with Dick when the mansion is finished.


Note stringy, knotty unhealthy colon.
Floratone makes Normal, Healthy Colon.

CONSTIPATION, FAULTY ELIMINATION
COLON, GASEOUS STOMACH

OVERCOME FOR SUFFERERS

FLORATONE, a safe, non-habit forming new home treatment for treating these ailments, is being used exclusively in a Los Angeles Clinical Demonstration with excellent results. Floratone brings relief from constipation and Faulty Elimination in 15 minutes, and continued use for several weeks successfully treats the most stubborn cases of Constipation, Faulty Elimination and Gaseous Conditions of bowels and stomach for chronic sufferers. Its discoverer does not care how long you have taken laxatives, pills, mineral waters, etc., he wants you to use Floratone for 10 days and prove its value to yourself WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT. *Mail Coupon Now.*

ACCEPT 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

FREE BOOK

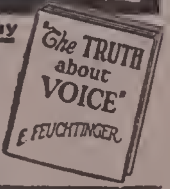
FLORATONE COMPANY
Dept. N-1, 2512 West 7th Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

Rush me your **10-DAY TRIAL OFFER** and FREE 16-page book, "Facts About Constipation, Faulty Elimination, Colon and Gaseous Conditions of Bowels and Stomach and Floratone Treatment," also X-ray illustrations, **WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION.**

Name..

Address.......................................

City.................................. State.......



"The TRUTH about VOICE"

SENT FREE No Obligation to Buy

If you act quick!—we will send postpaid—for 30 days free reading—new Voice Book disclosing startling VOICE FACTS that may save hundreds of dollars to every man or woman seeking a strong, rich voice for either singing or speaking. 30 days free reading—then send $1.00. Otherwise, return it—that's all!

PROF. E. FEUCHTINGER Studio 79-12
308 North Michigan Avenue - Chicago

SAMPLE 15¢

To introduce our beautiful blue-white Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1Kt. IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND, mounted in lovely White Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address:

National Jewelry Co., Dept. 10, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

Operator No. 38

Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang. Tell-tale finger prints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.

Free *The Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it.*

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in spare time. Write for details if 17 or over.

Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave.
Dept. 79-12 Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO DANCE $1

Why be a lonely, unpopular wall-flower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to the old favorites—at home in private without teacher, music or partner? Complete course only $1; so simple even a child can learn quickly. Send stamps, cash, or M. O. Large course—50 illustrations, includes Tap Dancing, Tango, etc., $1.98 (C. O. D. orders 25c extra and postage). FREE a rare Lucky Chinese Coin.

FRENCH ROY, Box 131, Varick Sta.
New York, N. Y. : : : Dept. 90

GOVT. JOBS

SALARY TO START $105 to $175 MONTHLY

MEN.. WOMEN Age Range 18 to 50

( ) Ry. Mail Clerk
( ) P. O. Laborer
( ) R. F. D. Carrier
( ) Special Agent
( ) Customs Inspector
( ) City Mail Carrier
( ) P. O. Clerk
( ) Matron
( ) Immig't Inspector
( ) Typist
( ) POSTMASTER
( ) Seamstress
( ) Auditor
( ) Stenographer
( ) U.S. Border Patrol
( ) Telephone Opr.
( ) Watchmen
( ) Meat Inspector
( ) Statistical Clerk
( ) File Clerk

INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 315A, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name..

Address.......................................

VERREE TEASDALE, wife of Adolphe Menjou, one of the best dressed men in the world, is looking out for his comfort—and making it easy for him to maintain his reputation.

One of the largest clothes closets in Hollywood is in the Menjou-Teasdale home.

The trick feature of the room, as designed by Miss Teasdale, is glass-fronted drawers. There are rows of these, and each is divided into compartments. If Menjou wants a blue shirt, he looks through the glass fronts until he finds one—and then finds it very easy to discover tie and handkerchief to match.

* * *

VERY few actresses enjoy working in serials. Recently Phyllis Brooks, Universal contract player, ducked out of an assignment opposite Johnny Mack Brown in "The Rider from Red Gap," a chapter drama, by saying she couldn't ride a horse.

A few days later she was told to play opposite Chester Morris in "I've Been Around." She rode a horse in the opening sequences perfectly. Now Dan Kelly, casting director, is wandering around the lot scratching his head.

* * *

ANN HARDING, who enjoys driving rapidly from place to place was being chased by an irate motorcycle policeman. He finally caught up with her, waved her to the curbing.

"Say!" he growled, assuming his most insulting tones, "what do you use your head for?"

"To make a hundred thousand dollars a year," said Miss Harding, politely. "And what do you use yours for?"

P. S. She got the ticket—but the expression on the cop's face was worth the price.

* * *

FOX has issued strict orders that Shirley Temple is not to be taken into shopping districts or into crowds of any kind, adding one more burden as the price of fame.

Reason:

While she visited a Hollywood department store with her mother someone sneaked up behind her and snipped off one of her curls. If there were an epidemic of this, Fox would have nothing to sell but the Temple dimples.

* * *

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, who used to be our own personal heroine when we used to get into theatres on half-price tickets to watch her run away from lions and tigers in "The Adventures of Kathlyn," is back in pictures again. This time she has an important role with Ralph Bellamy and Valerie Hobson in "Rendezvous at Midnight."

* * *

LINOTYPE operators, asked to set up the names "John Arledge, John Eldredge" in the cast of "Flirtation Walk," collectively thought that every newspaperman in Hollywood had gone on a drunk. Such was not the case. John Arledge and John Eldredge did both play in the same production strange as it may seem.

NOW, IRON A WHOLE WASHING For Only 1¢

BURNS 96% AIR

NO GREATER time, money and labor saving invention ever introduced into homes than the sensational New Diamond Self-Heating Iron. So economical, the average family ironing can be done at the amazing low cost of 1c. New convenience and economy for the housewife without electricity. It's even better than gas or electricity—at ½ the cost. Easier to use, too—no wires, tubes or hoses to twist, tangle and get in the way. Makes and burns its own gas from 96% AIR and only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). All the drudgery of old fashioned ironing is banished forever. No more trotting back and forth between ironing board and hot stove. Save 2,000 steps every ironing. Women appreciate its quick, regulated, uniform heat. Always ready. **Actually cuts ironing time in half.** Moreover, the Diamond iron is exceptionally handsome. Beautiful new Rosewood heatproof handle. Latest double point design with new Button Bevel Edge. All parts heavily plated. Extra heavy CHROMIUM plate on bottom gives glass-smooth ironing surface that never needs waxing or polishing—will wear indefinitely, and simply can not rust. No wonder women are astonished and delighted—don't want to let go of a Diamond Iron once they get it in their hands. You'll like it, too.

NO-RISK TRIAL Send coupon for full description and 30 days' Trial Offer with iron-clad guarantee of satisfaction. Mail it today!

Golden Opportunity For AGENTS! Earn up to $25 in a day with the new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Morris (Texas), made $25, and Wynne (Ohio), made $16 in one day Many excellent territories still open but going fast. MAIL COUPON TODAY for details of amazing money-making opportunity.

The Akron Lamp and Mfg. Co.
374 Iron Street Akron, Ohio

AKRON LAMP AND MFG. CO.
374 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

Without obligation, please tell me all about your new Diamond Iron, your NO-RISK TRIAL offer and the unusual money-making chance it makes possible.

Name..
Address..
City......................State..........

THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD WITHIN YOU

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for new, FREE, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may receive these teachings. Address: Scribe R. P. K.

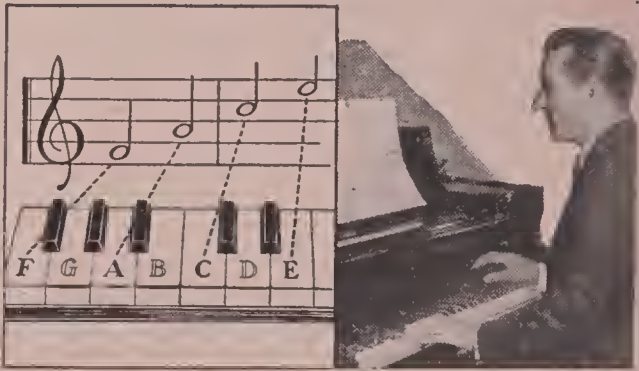
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.
Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. J-212, Chicago, Ill.

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers...No Bothersome Scales...No Boring Exercises



BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party—just as these thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

Easy as A-B-C

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other
Instrument

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—enjoy good times galore—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 3062 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3062 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation

Name..
Address..
Instrument....................Have you Instrument?.........

Chrysanthemums and contracts to these five young winners in the Agfa-Monogram "Chance for Hollywood" contest. They're Anne Kasper, Anne Johnston, Harriet de Bussman, Nell Rhoads and Madelyn Earle.

The Brothers Warner decided that John Arledge, who won a contract for his acting, should be John Allen. Irate citizens of Crockett, Texas, his birthplace, met in the town hall, sent a hot wire of protest. The Brothers Warner relented, so now Johnny Arledge is Johnny Arledge and John Eldredge is still John Eldredge, but may not be long.

* * *

KATHLEEN HOWARD, the former fashion authority who is now W. C. Field's leading lady, proved she knows her stuff when it comes to the proper hat for the proper occasion. The picture she is currently cast for is a drama of days gone by. Miss Howard was instructed to find herself a flock of hats suitable to her characterization.

She not only came back with bonnets that sent the Paramount lot into stitches, with their comical appropriateness, but she acquired these marvels of costuming in the basement of a local department store for the meek sum of twenty-five cents each. The studio is pleased, very pleased. They say Miss Howard knows how to buy hats that fit the overhead.

* * *

MOVIE actors take their roles seriously, all right. Ask any would-be late sleepers at the swank Beverly Hills Hotel, who were recently roused by strange noises beneath their windows.

It seems that players like John Mack Brown, Pat O'Brien, Andy Devine, Charles Starrett, and others who have made football pictures, decided to perpetuate their pigskin fame by forming a Hollywood "All-American Team." The noise, quite a lot of it too, was an informal get-together of this organization. Lest the fighting spirit of Dear Old Hollywood rah! rah!, be allowed to lapse, the younger generation was present in the small person of Johnny Mack's infant son, complete in fighting togs, and giving every evidence of future greatness, possibly as a foot-ball player, but certainly as an unconscious comedian.

* * *

OUT on the desert, where men are men, they have a hard time finding things to do.

David Manners, however, has solved his individual problem by having fun and gathering facts which don't mean a great deal even if you possess them. His latest stunt is to race around the desert roads scaring out jack rabbits. The other night he established the fact that an adult rabbit has a maximum speed of 42 miles an hour after running one in front of his headlights for a mile.

* * *

THIS month's Gentleman in the Spot is Bob Armstrong. He has to croon a song in Rudy Vallee's picture, "Sweet Music."

* * *

A NOTE on how rumors start:

Minna Gombell was motoring from San Diego to her home in Beverly Hills with her husband, Joseph Sefton, whose business keeps him in the former city. They had a bite in a tea room at Laguna Beach, decided that they were tired and would stay there all night. She called her Beverly Hills home, told a servant:

"This is Miss Gombell. I'm spending the night at Laguna Beach with Mr. Sefton. We'll be home in the morning."

A dozen assorted diner-outers gasped. And, to make it worse, Sefton saw the lifted eyebrows, said to Minna in a rumbling voice:

"Minna, you're an abandoned woman."

* * *

TINY SANFORD, six feet, four inches tall, is a motion picture actor, although lately the force of circumstances and Hollywood forgetfulness have combined to make him become a bartender to keep the pantry shelf stocked. Tiny won the right to be called actor in 1909 when he appeared in "The Water Boy," with Hobart Bosworth as his father. He arrived at the Edendale car barns with a saw and hammer, constructed sets with other actors, acted when they were completed. He punctuated acting by dodging street cars as they ran in and out of the barns. He has been in pictures ever since.

He and another player worked together in a picture called "Mabel at the Wheel," starring Mabel Normand, at the Santa Monica road races a few years later. He and this player formed a strange friendship—not a social friendship, but a comraderie of the sets. The other player got a job supporting Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" a short time later.

His name was Charlie Chaplin.

Twenty years have passed. Sanford has worked with Chaplin in "Dough and Dynamite," "The Gold Rush," "The Rink," "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," 'The Circus," "City Lights," and a dozen more. Charlie's hair has turned gray. So has Tiny's.

Now Charlie is making another picture and Tiny Sanford, actor, won't work in a beer parlor for another year, at least. It takes Charlie that long to make a picture.

* * *

THELMA TODD, who recently went into the restaurant business on the Roosevelt Highway north of Santa Monica, has so intrigued Hal Roach writers with her venture that they're writing a comedy for Thelma and her team-mate, Patsy Kelly, around the place. Thelma will collect two ways—both for acting in the piece and renting her eatery as a location.

* * *

ONE of the sweetest gifts of the year has been presented to Harry Joe Brown, jr., son of the producer and Sally Eilers, by Al Rogell, the director.

When Sally and Harry Joe were married, they presented each other with wedding rings, circled with diamonds. Rogell noticed both wearing them—and showed up with a miniature ring, mounted in exactly the same way, for the baby.

* * *

THAT lady you saw Rouben Mamoulian with the other night at the opening of "Woman on Trial" at the Hollywood theatre was Marlene Dietrich.

* * *

IF you look very closely at the interne who receives orders from a surgeon during an emergency case in "The White Parade," you'll discover that he is Martin Malone, husband of Polly Moran. He was a lawyer until he was bitten by the motion picture bug.

"There's no dough in lawyering any more," is his explanation for his change to acting.

* * *

CECIL B. DEMILLE, God's Gift to the Plumbing Industry, is again indirectly responsible for another bath-tub scene.

Ralph Jester, architect, designed the sets for "Cleopatra," starring Claudette Colbert. Claudette liked his work so much that she consulted him about her home. At this writing Jester is trying to sell her the idea of an octagonal bathroom with mirrored walls. She hasn't said yes and she hasn't said no but Jester has hopes.

MARIAN MARSH is finding that a career interferes with romance—which is no new thing.

Recently, while visiting San Moritz, she fell very thoroughly in love with a man whose name she refuses to reveal. In a sylvan nook they pledged to meet there again on January 20, but now Miss Marsh, signed to a contract by Columbia, finds that she won't be able to make it.

* * *

IF you want to be a motion picture director, you may be interested to know that we have found one logical course to take. The way to get started is to become a "cutter," the one who edits the picture after the director is through directing. The "cutter" concerns himself with tempo, with pointing up high spots in the dramatic sequences, with timing the laughs properly, and such things. Often he or she works night and day for a week or so getting a film in shape, and receives $50 to $200 for each six days of labor.

Benny Zeidman, producer, has lifted Lewis Milestone and James Flood from the cutting room to directorships—and now is concerned with Phil Cahn. Jane Loring, now an RKO director, was recently promoted. Others who have risen to eminence are Richard Wallace, now concerning himself with "The Little Minister," Josef von Sternberg and Kurt Neumann, just to mention a few.

Unfortunately, Mr. Zeidman doesn't confide the manner in which one becomes a cutter.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER rebuked her young son, Irving Thalberg, jr., for a minor disobedience. He waited patiently until she finished and then announced with great dignity:

"I'll give you just three days to improve your habits. If there isn't any change, I'll take my blocks and books and go to sea in my boat. Then, perhaps, you'll know that I'm serious."

* * *

AT the time Lilian Harvey decided to disagree with Fox in the matter of stories several months ago she received offers from practically every major studio in Hollywood and three in Europe—but did a complete disappearance act.

Being fond of Lilian and her work, we detailed our corps of spies from the What Becomes of Whom department and they made several interesting discoveries. The first is that she has decided that the only way to get a story to suit her talents is to write it herself. She is collaborating with Paul Martin, who was to have directed her next picture at Fox. Second, she was stricken with appendicitis recently, was operated upon, and is now well again, and glowingly beautiful.

* * *

TWO Samuel Goldwyn publicity men are still staggered after eating an impromptu lunch at Anna Sten's home.

They inquired about some heavy forks which bore crests on them, discovered from Sten that they were solid gold and came from the palace of the Czar at Leningrad.

"They are too heavy," said Sten. "But please excuse it. We have been too busy to get new ones."

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Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

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Wives and sweethearts please give heed to a very personal question! Would you exchange your husband or your sweetheart for one of the famous lovers of the screen?

If you are truly in love you probably would not exchange your John or your Bill for any other man in the world. *But* there is hardly a woman alive having the slightest romantic streak in her nature who has not, at times, speculated as to just how it would seem to be the mate of one of the romantic, polished lovers who appear before her on the screen and, for the time being, bear her far away from troubles, cares and worries into the land of make-believe.

In PHOTOPLAY for January, now on sale, is a special feature which will interest and appeal to every woman having romance in her soul. Entitled "Which of These Men Would You Love, Honor and Obey?, it is a penetrating analysis of the glamorous love-making of Hollywood's twelve greatest screen lovers which, if you can read between the lines, gives a very good idea as to whether their love-making in private life would be as charming as their love-making on the screen and also tells very plainly what would be required of you were you really the wife of any of them.

Entirely aside from the fantasy of imaginary partnership, this article is a very real character study of Hollywood's twelve greatest romantic lovers and will be of interest to everyone who enjoys motion pictures.

Other High Spots in This Issue

All the World's His Stooge—a study of Jimmy Savo, great pantominist and clown who may become another Chaplin ● Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color?—explaining the requirements of the new process color photography now coming into vogue ● Romance With an Angel ● Here's More Perfection for You—by Madame Sylvia ● Fun Like Mad ● Hollywood Holiday Follies ● Copperfield in Quest of His Youth ● Making a Man's Picture, and many other interesting and enlightening stories and features.

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Movies, Millions and Madness

(*Continued from page 63*)

added impetus to my longing. I pulled wires here and there and finally I was sent abroad as a war correspondent.

My first air raid in Paris was quite an experience, but I kept on walking calmly through the streets, not from any inherent bravery—but I had spent so much time in Hollywood war scenes I expected to see Cecil DeMille step out and call lunch.

During the last German retreat, there was some talk of an expected armistice. Then one day, with the suddenness of forked lightning, came the news that the guns had been silenced. A pall of hope and fear lay over the allied countries.

Hope triumphed when we heard the Germans were retreating through Alsace-Lorraine. The Red Cross received word that American prisoners were left in the barracks and hospitals they were forced to abandon.

I was fortunate to go in the caravan that was sent to rescue them. We plowed through five days of storm until forty miles from Luxemburg, in the Alsace-Lorraine country, the last of the trucks broke down. Used to the hardships in the movies, storms and blizzards and balky Fords, and having had to reach location in spite of any of them, I proceeded alone.

OFTEN I walked in the wake of the German army and it was rather exciting to mull over the thought that if the temporary armistice were revoked, I would become a German prisoner. Not bad, I decided! I'd been polishing up my French and this would give me a chance to brush up on my German.

Not far from Luxemburg a car slowed down and for a moment I quaked in my boots when I saw the general's insignia on the occupant's sleeve. I was afraid he would send me back and I was determined to get to Germany. He took a cursory glance at my uniform and asked for my pass. It was issued by General Pershing to Lt. Frances Marion.

"So they're sending them over in petticoats now," he growled. "Headquarters is improving. They used to send my lieutenants in diapers."

We laughed and he took me as far as Treves, delivering me to General Mitchell in whose car I made the exciting journey along the Moselle River to Coblenz on the Rhine.

After the Armistice, I went back to America, but Fred had to stay in France for the Inter-Allied Meet. He won three of the events, the javelin throw, the discus throw and the hand grenade event, but even that wasn't quite enough compensation for the waiting before he came home.

Anita Loos and I had taken a house in Great Neck together. It was fun being with her again because we had been friends since grammar school days and we had always had the same interests. She had been writing Douglas Fairbanks' greatest successes at the time I was creating all those golden-haired little girls for Mary Pickford. Anita Loos has always been a grand girl and we all adored her facile wit that she was to use like a sharp tool in making a dry etching of that famous little book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Richard Barthelmess, Norma and Constance Talmadge were working in the East and as I was writing stories for all of them, I had to stay in New York, too. As fond as Anita and I were of the Talmadge girls we felt there wasn't one of them could match their mother. We attached ourselves to Peg Talmadge, drinking in her wit and kindly wisdom. She took away much of the loneliness of those hours waiting for Fred to come back from France.

Mary Pickford came East to be at our wedding when Fred came home at last. She was thrilling over her own contemplated marriage to Douglas Fairbanks and we made plans to spend our honeymoons abroad.

She was so happy then and she and Doug seemed ideal for each other. They complemented each other so beautifully. Doug with his dash and daring and Mary with her lovely calm and sweetness. They were to be married shortly after we were.

Fred and I left for Europe immediately after our wedding and spent a few happy months in Italy and Spain before joining Mary and Doug in London. As soon as we got there we realized how foolhardy we had been for the Fairbankses were mobbed every time they appeared in public and the overflow descended upon us. I'd never been so grateful for Fred's six-feet-two brawn as I was then.

We were all invited to visit Lord and Lady Northcliff. Theirs was a beautiful home, run in the best English tradition, and I'll never forget the faces of the excellently trained old servants when Fred and Doug went leaping over old boxwood hedges and ancient sun dials and acted generally like two little American boys just out of school.

We left England and went to Holland and chartered a houseboat to take us through the Dutch canals. This was almost the loveliest part of the trip. The four of us were so ideally happy, it seemed our unions must last forever. Mary and Doug's happiness was so complete then and it is regrettable that such a beautiful love could not last forever. It is hard to look back upon those happy days and to know that Fred is no longer here and Mary and Doug are parted.

WHEN we came back to Hollywood, Fred soon realized he had done a mad thing in marrying a scenario writer, for Mary and I would not rest until we had his promise to act in one picture with her. This was "The Love Light" which I wrote and in which I took my first fling at directing. The picture was an innovation for Mary since it was the first time in years she played a grown-up rôle.

The public missed the little girl in curls they had loved so long and refused to accept Mary as a mature heroine so the picture was doomed to failure. But it was the beginning of Fred's career in pictures.

When Mary returned to her long curls and little girl dresses in "Pollyanna," her grateful fans clutched her to their hearts again and we all knew then that Mary's career was chained to the golden-haired child rôles she had created for herself.

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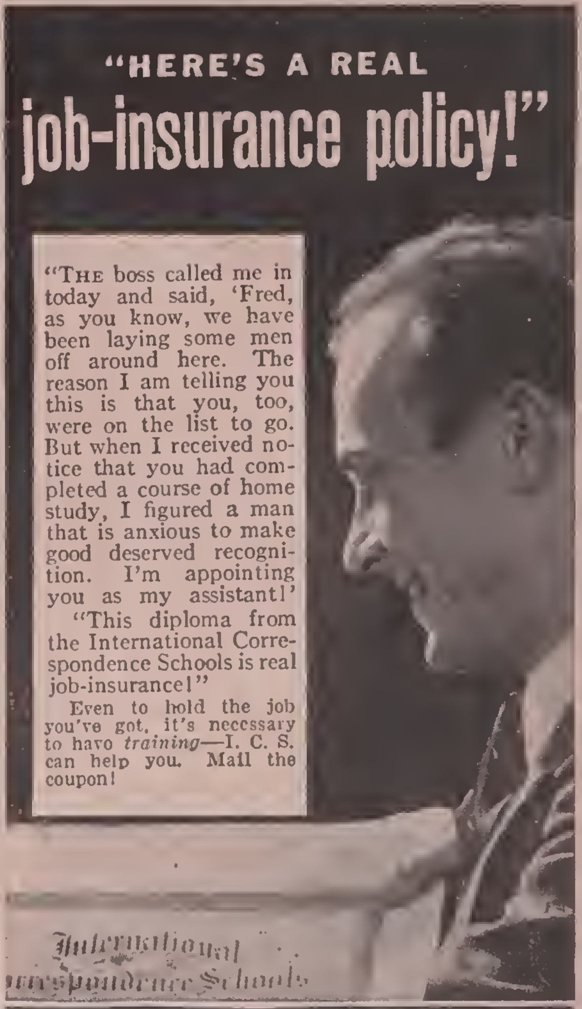
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In 1920 I returned to New York to write the scenarios for Fannie Hurst's stories: "Humoresque," in which Alma Rubens proved such a success, and "Just Around the Corner" for Cosmopolitan. I enjoyed writing those scenarios. It has always been my desire to write stories the public likes and every time I've gotten away from human interest stories I've failed. For unless I feel a story deeply or have lived some phase of it, it lacks reality. I dislike writing flagrant sex stories and box-office receipts bear out the fact. With a very few exceptions the general public shares my aversion for this type of picture.

Fred played a leading rôle in "Just Around the Corner" and I directed it. We had taken a house in the country and one day we went to a famous nearby stable to look at their finely-bred horses. A beautiful Irish hunter with fire in his eyes and delicately quivering nostrils claimed all our attention.

This horse was to help shape Fred's destiny, for it was Silver King.

He was known as a killer, but Fred broke him in with a gentle hand and so beautifully did Silver King respond to his kindness that years later our children played with him, rolling unharmed under his hoofs.

FRED had been head of the Nevada Boy Scouts and as a minister had always been interested in the boys of his parish. For a long time he had felt that the screen was the greatest of all pulpits and through it he could give a message to the boys of America.

When we returned to Hollywood, Fred began making westerns. He inaugurated an entirely new type, outwitting the villains with clever tricks rather than wholesale slaughter.

From the beginning, he starred Silver King rather than himself. Success came to him with an overwhelming force. Fred is no longer here, but Silver King is still living, a very old horse, now grazing contentedly in country pastures.

I was under contract to Samuel Goldwyn and wrote the stories co-starring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. We all loved the beautiful little Hungarian actress and were delighted when she fell in love with Rod LaRocque, a popular leading man.

Their wedding was typical of the new Hollywood, of the riches that were pouring into the movie center. It was a super, special Goldwyn production and no movie set had ever been more elaborately adorned than the flower-bedecked church. Thousands crowded into the church and many thousands more waited outside. The bride's veil and dress were torn by the excited fans, but in spite of all the confusion and mad scramble she was as ethereal and happy a looking bride as I have ever seen.

When talkies came in, Vilma, one of the most popular of our stars, suffered a sudden and bewildering eclipse. It has always seemed as ironical to me that the American public can be so fickle, swerving so suddenly and cruelly from their old loves to greet new ones, almost as if it were a race and they were clamoring for the favorite to lose. The English are kinder to their idols and do not forsake them at a time when they need love and appreciation the most, as Americans do.

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Palaces sprang up like mushrooms all over Hollywood. We plunged down on Europe, buying without a moment's hesitation their priceless art treasures and heirlooms for our Hollywood homes. Long foreign cars adorned with every gadget known to man, with the possible exception of a cement mixer, glided down Sunset Boulevard sounding sirens loud enough to herald the end of the world.

Money flowed through our fingers like sand, but every week brought our fabulous salaries and we could not see beyond each pay check. Glorious years of riches spread before our dazzled eyes and in the flush of success who ever thinks of failure?

Hollywood real estate soared to the heavens. Magnificent patios that would make the Garden of Eden fade into insignificance made glamorous settings for glamorous stars. The few wise ones who looked to that rainy day that the talkies were to bring were called stingy, and the improvident ones were hailed as good fellows.

HOME dancing. Athens singing, and Hollywood playing. It was all the same thing. Those parties we gave and went to with servants tripping over each other as they brought in trays of the most expensive tidbits money could buy. Then, in the midst of all this orgy of lavish food, Lew Cody gave a corned beef and cabbage dinner that was talked about for weeks and adored because it was so different.

The Charlie Rays gave parties that were like pages from the Arabian Nights and Fatty Arbuckle spent a king's ransom in the Hollywood cafés. Cecil DeMille gave banquets that outrivalled his most glamorous sets.

Fred and I were no different from the others. His pictures were making money, more money than we had dreamed was possible, and in 1927 I began my enduring and stimulating association with Irving Thalberg at the M-G-M Studio.

We were riding on a great wave of success and like all parvenus, we spent it prodigally. In the beginning we had dreamed of a nice old-fashioned farm with enough horses and cows and cats and dogs to satisfy even our insatiable love for animals. But when our home on the hill was completed, we discovered we had built a million dollar home around the animals. Just another white elephant to mark the milestones in Hollywood history.

All Fred's love of the outdoors and the dreams of that young girl in her teens who had lived in boarding houses went into the making of that house. We had so much happiness and fun and yet so much sorrow was to come to me there that when I look back it seems to me those years were written like the perfect scenario, a laugh followed by a tear.

Valentino, the boy I had seen haunting the studios a few short years before, came up almost every day from his home, Falcon's Lair, which lay directly below us. He was such a nice, simple, direct boy who never quite got over being bewildered by his sudden fame. Bill Russell and Lon Chaney came over often, too, and rode through the hills with Fred. Those four strong men, all of them so virile and with such a keen zest for living! How tragic that they are gone, all of them, from the earth they adored.

We loved people and the house was always full of guests. They were all so varied and stimulating, musicians, artists, writers, critics and actors from the stage and screen. It was a hill of memories, sometimes of tears. So many of those bright, vivid people who came there are gone now. Jack Pickford, always chuckling over some little secret joke of his own, Mabel Normand who gave of her laughter and her possessions with the same prodigal hand, Lew Cody, always charming and as perfect a guest as he was a host, Alma Rubens, whose life was marked for tragedy, George Hill, enthusiastic, dominant, and Marie Dressler whose great success was still to come, all alive then and eager and planning.

My happiest moments were to come to me there when young Fred and his brother Dick came to us.

Garbo used to come to the Hill. I had adapted Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" for her when she first came from Sweden. Few people understand Garbo. She is essentially so fine, so simple a girl, and she was hurt so terribly when she first came to this country. Those of us who were close to her knew of her great love for Mauritz Stiller and of the deep unhealed wound caused by his death.

She was still herself in those early days. The children adored her and she played with them, rolling over and over on the lawn. She loved that feeling of being close to the earth. She gathered the haws from the rose bushes and brought them to Sigrid, our Swedish cook, to make into the sweet *Nypon* soup of her native country that she adored. And her eyes glowed when she saw the little Swedish buns with cardamon seeds Sigrid used to make especially for her.

GARBO laughed a great deal then and would sit sometimes for hours at a time watching a sunset without saying a word. There was nothing of sullenness in this silence, only a deep appreciation for beauty that can be enjoyed only in silence.

I'll never forget the first time Mary Pickford came. She and Doug had just come back from Europe where they had been gathering royalty like wild flowers. We sat very elegantly in the drawing-room having tea. Suddenly we both thought of that first time we had met in the Famous Players' cutting room and the same lump rose in our throats.

Mary was the first to laugh and break through that awful nostalgia.

"A palace fit for a queen," she gibed, looking around at all my elegance.

"And how are all *your* oh my lords, Mary?" I gasped and somehow all the years were bridged in our laughter.

Our oldest friends were like Mary, unimpressed with all this grandeur. I'll never forget Marie Dressler's first sight of the house and her fervent "heaven help you!" as her wise old eyes swept our huge drawing-room.

Fred and I had persuaded her to come from New York. Mutual friends had

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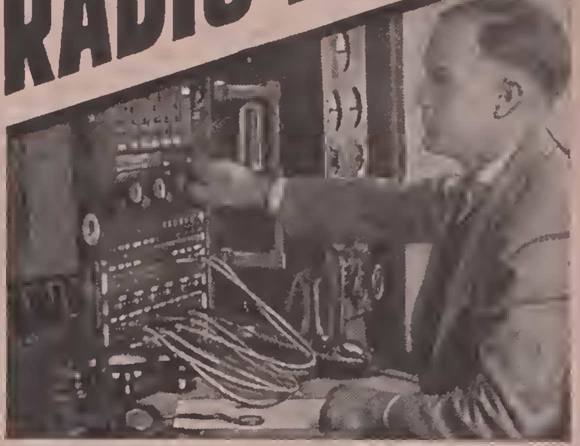

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written that she was having a rocky time of it though Marie's letters gave no hint of bad times and I was always sure to find that gallant phrase "everything's swell" tucked somewhere in them.

I had written the story "The Callahans and the Murphys" for her, hoping it would be her chance for a comeback in pictures. George Hill who was going to direct the picture had not met Marie then, but Fred who adored her and called her his "mother-in-law" in amused tolerance of her loving interference, helped me persuade him that Marie would be perfect in the part. And George in turn helped me get that contract of $2000 a week for her from the studio.

It was my chance to pay back the debt I felt I owed Marie from the old days at World Film when the story I had written for her was a failure and her career on the screen seemed ended. But part of it was my own selfishness in wanting to see her again and show off our boys whom she had never seen.

During the filming of "The Callahans and the Murphys" George and Marie struck up a friendship and he adored her as much as Fred and I did. The pre-view predicted a sensational success. Marie was given an ovation that lasted fully ten minutes, the only time a screen unknown has been applauded at a Hollywood preview.

IT was all so overwhelming none of us could talk as we sat in the back of the theatre. And all of us were unprepared for what followed. The picture was released and then quickly recalled by the studio. Unfortunately it had offended the Irish race and a wave of indignation against it swept over the country.

It was the last thing any of us had thought of. All of us who had a hand in the making of the picture had some Irish blood and were proud of it. Perhaps it was our very enthusiasm for old Erin that had made us offend.

For the second time I felt I had a large share in Marie's failure. I had wanted so desperately to help her and I had only succeeded in hurting her again. She was such a grand sport about it and instead of our comforting her it was Marie who tried to buoy us up. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders and set about getting a job on the stage. And if it was hard for her to go back to a two-hundred-dollar-a-week stage job when spectacular movie riches had been so close to her hand none of us were to know it.

It was a tragic year for all of us. Fred died on Christmas day and my little boys and I were left alone in the big empty house on the hill.

Marie came to me and helped me with her understanding love. And no person can comfort another so well as one who has travelled the same lonely road and suffered the same loss.

We walked in the gardens that seemed a mockery now with their vivid splashes of color. And I remembered a line in a song that Fred had loved.

"Nothing aches in all this beauty but my heart."

I would not have believed anyone who told me that some of the greatest events in my life were still in store for me.

(To be continued)

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Stars Are Hard to Live With

(*Continued from page 35*)

"that we have an engagement at 8 o'clock. The engagement is really at 9 o'clock. She rushes around madly and we're never more than half an hour late."

"Bob has two habits which have made me consider mayhem, poison and shooting," says Betty Montgomery. "He's nervous—terribly so. He can't sit or stand still for a moment. First he's on the arm of a chair fooling with a paper cutter or an ash tray. Next he's wandering back and forth across the room fooling with a bunch of keys. I say to him: 'Bob, for heaven's sake, will you please light somewhere?' He apologizes, sits down. Two minutes later he's flitting around like a butterfly with a bad case of jitters.

"His second trouble is newspapers. He reads them. Silently? No. Out loud. Then he comments. He becomes excited about what a pretty mess the world is in. Half the things which upset him actually have nothing to do with his own life—don't affect him one way or another. But you'd think the latest textile strike had occurred right in his own kitchen.

"Remedy? What in the world can you do with a man like that?"

"CHARLES is not quite the ideal spouse," says Mrs. Butterworth.

"In fact, he has one serious fault. He's absent-minded. I've tried all forms of cures. Strings around the fingers. Notes tucked in his shoes. Labels pasted on the dashboard of his car. But I can't win.

"Not long ago, I decided to give a formal dinner party. At 9 o'clock in the morning I told this gentleman with the wayward mind just what I was going to do that night. Over the breakfast table at 10 o'clock I told him three more times. He nodded and said each time: 'That's fine, my dear—very fine.' At 4 o'clock I unfolded the details once more. Dinner clothes. Flower in the buttonhole. Guests arriving at 7 o'clock.

"At 5:30 he disappeared. I thought he was dressing. At 7:30, hearing unusual noises below, he wandered into the reception room with a pencil behind his ear, with a dressing gown over an old shirt and wilted trousers, with bedroom slippers on his feet. A perfect layout for the well-dressed host.

"Before the alarmed and amazed guests, he faced me and spoke words which made domestic history:

"'Ah!' he exclaimed benignly, 'a surprise party! Is it by any chance my birthday?'"

"Chester may be a strong man on the screen," confesses Sue Morris, "but he's weak when it comes to spending. Not long ago, he reformed. He swore he wasn't going to keep up with the Joneses, was going to save a lot of money for our old age. He was going to amplify his trust fund. Two days later he was struck by the beauty of a new automobile and was about to dash in and buy it.

"I reminded him of his resolutions. I pointed out that our car was a pretty blue color, that it was perfect mechanically, and that the tires were good. I said that it had been dusted off that very morning. I argued that he probably was in the enviable position of being the only actor in pictures who had actually paid his final installment.

"I finally won. He climbed into the old car, whistling a merry tune, and was off.

"The next day I found four strange men doing funny things in the backyard. Chester was watching them. I asked him what it was all about.

"'I've economized on the car,' he replied, meekly, 'so I've ordered a swimming pool for the children.'"

"I was happy," laments Dixie Crosby, wife of the melodious Bing, "until a few months ago. I even got a kick out of hearing my husband crooning in the bathroom as he shaved. But now, all is changed. I'm expecting Gary Evans, the eldest offspring, to ask me what Daddy looks like at any moment. Bing has gone golf nutty. It's happened to other women—but, just the same, it comes as a shock to me.

"And this isn't all. We're building a rancho at Santa Fe Springs. I want to put nice curtains and things in it. Bing wants it to be manly. This is only temporary. Somebody's bound to give in, sooner or later. But golf—haven't I heard of men of 80 playing the silly game?"

"There are two irritating problems in my daily life," avers Mrs. Neil Hamilton. "I burn when Neil gets new roles in pictures because he is always acting them around the house. He assumes his screen characters. If you think this is fun, remember that he was in 'Tarzan and His Mate' for eight months."

Burn Number Two is that he is always breaking out with some new enthusiasm, such as magic tricks, trips to the South Seas, voyages around the world, sculling and cross-country hiking.

"These are like rashes," she says, "which last only a few days and can be gotten under control by the judicious use of some soothing ointment."

Here are some quick notations from the mates of others:

"MY wife," says John Monk Saunders, husband of Fay Wray, "walks across street intersections with blinders on. She doesn't know that the only time a pedestrian has the right of way is when he is on the way to a hospital in an ambulance."

"My mate," complains Bruce Cabot, wed to Adrienne Ames, "has to diet every now and then, and it makes her nervous.

"Bruce," says Adrienne, "finds fault with golf courses because you can't sleep and eat on them."

"Preston," complains Mrs. Foster, "has a yacht. Yachting makes me ill. He's home about four days a week. Right now, he's trying to date up a swordfish."

"I hate airplanes," confesses Mrs. Ken Maynard, "and I'm going to give my husband a hatchet for Christmas with the suggestion he use it on his. If he'll come home, all is forgiven."

"It's a mystery to me," says Mrs. Alan Mowbray, "why my husband and all Englishmen, supposed to be civilized, can drink Scotch highballs without ice in them.

Oh, yes—marriage is all the same—even among the Hottentots and Esquimaux.

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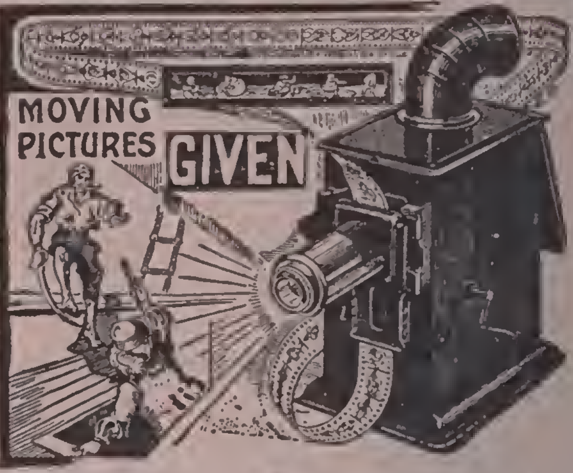

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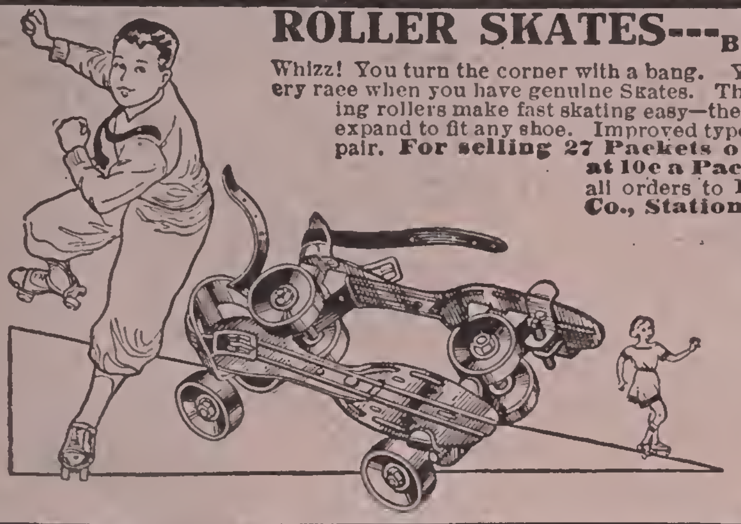

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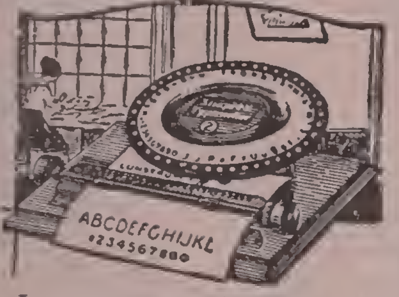

Learn to typewrite—it's heaps of fun. Everybody should know how these days. Easy to learn—soon you will be writing letters, school compositions, stories, etc. This typewriter makes legible copies. In fact just as neat as one which costs $100, TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES for best letters written on this machine during the next year. Full instructions and extra ink with typewriter. EASY TO EARN. Send for 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10c a Pkt. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co. Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.,** MAIL COUPON.

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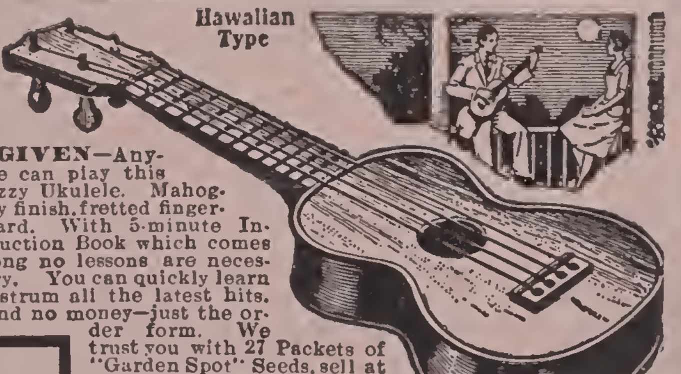
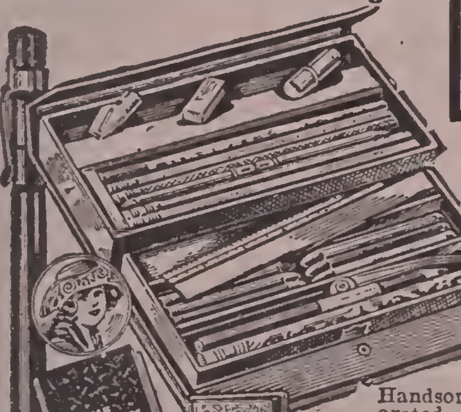


GIVEN—Anyone can play this Jazzy Ukulele. Mahogany finish, fretted fingerboard. With 5-minute Instruction Book which comes along no lessons are necessary. You can quickly learn to strum all the latest hits. Send no money—just the order form. We trust you with 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold return the $2.70 collected and Uke is yours. WE TRUST YOU.

Genuine Leather BASKETBALL
Full Size

Share the thrill of basketball—now a major sport. Grand for both girls and boys. This genuine, pebble-grain cowhide Basketball will withstand the grind of many a game and the roughest practice. Latest type bladder. Complete with lacing needle and rawhide lace. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt.** Send for seeds today—we trust you until sold.

Scholar's Premium Budget

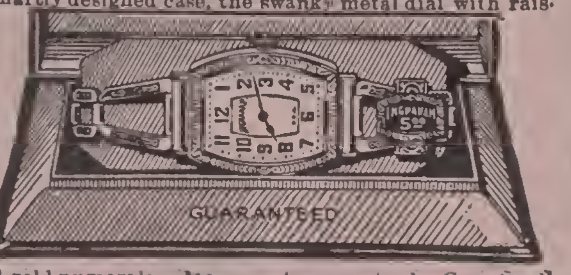

THE EVERY-DAY PERPETUAL DIARY VEST POCKET SIZE

26 Pieces

Handsome decorated; leatherette case; 8 Pencils for every purpose: 1 Jumbo Pencil for heavy marking; Compass, Ruler; Pens and Holder; Pencil-sharpener; Eraser; Colored Crayons; a complete Dictionary; Self-Filling Fountain Pen; Pocket Memo to jot down notes; Mirror in colors. Order 27 Pkts of "Garden Spot" Seeds, sell at 10 cts. a Pkt. return $2.70 collected and this handsome Set is yours. No money to pay. Send for Seeds TODAY.

Guaranteed Chromium WRIST WATCH

A big American Watch factory worked three years to make this Watch possible. See the graceful shape, the smartly designed case, the swanky metal dial with raised gold numerals. Movement guaranteed. Case is all one-white metal. This beautiful Watch given for selling only 27 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and 98c extra or given **with no extra money** for selling only 54 Pkts. Write for Seeds today. We trust you. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.**

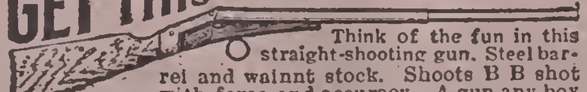


The WATCH for Men

Read This Remarkable Offer!

A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new standard 40-size thin model, with improved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A dependable and faithful companion. **Given for selling only 27 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Pkt** Sent postpaid. Send NOW.

GET THIS POWERFUL AIR RIFLE



Think of the fun in this straight-shooting gun. Steel barrel and walnut stock. Shoots B B shot with force and accuracy. A gun any boy can be proud of. Sell only 27 Pkts of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. a Packet. Sent postpaid

ALL GIFTS SENT POSTPAID
No Charges to Pay on Delivery

Cut Here

ASK DAD OR MOTHER—THEN MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 431, Paradise, Pa.**

Please send me at once 27 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds. I agree to sell them within 30 days and return the money for my GIFT according to your offers. You agree to send my Gift promptly, postpaid.

Name____________________

Post Office____________________

State____________________

Street or R.F.D.__________Box______

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling-in pasting and Mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

She Got $400
for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH *for*
OLD COINS, BILLS *and* STAMPS

Mrs. Sam Dowty of San Angelo, Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for $400.00.

I PAID $200.00
to J. D. Martin of Virginia
For Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." *Julian D. Martin, Va.*

This is but one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm of Pennsylvania $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee in his letter to Mr. Mehl says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint, $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows, $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto, $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Amazing Profits
FOR THOSE WHO KNOW
OLD MONEY!

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes! Use the Coupon Below!

Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. *Write today* for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit for you.

Up to $80 for certain copper cents
Up to $50 for this Nickel
Will pay up to $50
Up to $225 for this one

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Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

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LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies
They Taste Bette

Copyright, 1931, The
American Tobacco Company

movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

MARCH

10¢

MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

HIDDEN CHAPTER in Bing OSBY'S Life

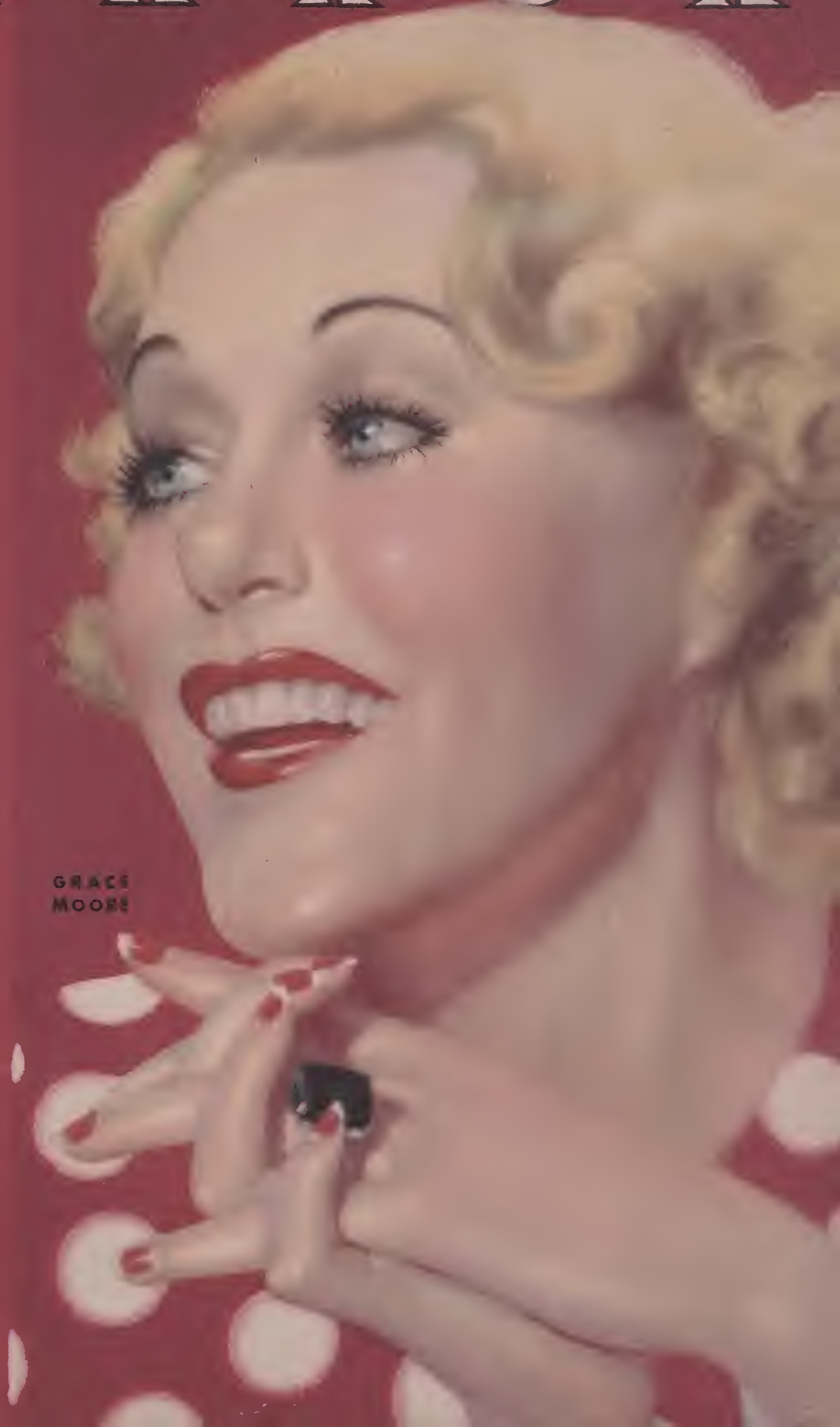
●

JOAN RAWFORD tells the real fference between RIENDSHIP and LOVE

●

Vhat about eorge BRENT and reta GARBO?

NRA CODE



GRACE MOORE

HOW DID YOU DO IT? YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN AS THIN AS I AM..!
SURE! I TOO WAS NATURALLY SKINNY ...UNTIL I DISCOVERED KELPAMALT
Skinny Since Childhood Suddenly Puts on Weight!

Amazing New Mineral Concentrate Rich In Newer Form of Natural Iodine Adds 5 lbs. of Solid Flesh in 1 Week... OR NO COST!

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Results!

There is hope now for pale, rundown, underweight men and women—even "NATURALLY SKINNY" folks—who never can seem to add a single ounce.

Through Kelpamalt, the amazing new mineral concentrate from the sea, science at last reveals the secret of adding weight—explains the reason why many fat people who eat but little continue to gain weight while many thin people with ravenous appetites stay skinny.

Thousands have tried it and are amazed at this quick, natural, easy way to fill out scrawny hollows and put on firm, solid flesh. Gains of from 15 to 20 pounds in one month—5 pounds in a week—are reported regularly.

To add weight 3 things are essential. First, a normal amount of good food. Second, your system must get enough of the absolutely necessary natural food minerals. These minerals, often lacking in the modern diet, are needed to stimulate the glands which produce the juices required for digesting fats and starches—the weight building elements in your daily food.

Third—and most essential—your vitally important internal glands, which actually control body weight—require definite amounts of NATURAL IODINE (iodine—not made from iodides or other chemicals which often prove toxic) but the same iodine that is found in small quantities in spinach and lettuce. Six Kelpamalt tablets provide more NATURAL IODINE than 486 pounds of spinach, 1,387 pounds of lettuce.

Kelpamalt also offers in convenient tablet form practically every body mineral needed in easy assimilable form. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorous than a pound and a half of carrots, besides sulphur, sodium, potassium and other minerals.

Try Kelpamalt today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of one week, if you have not gained 5 pounds, don't look better, feel better, and have more endurance than ever before, the trial is free.

100 Jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but little, and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Manufacturer's Note: As the result of Kelpamalt's tremendous popularity, many inferior imitations—sold as kelp and malt preparations—are being advertised. Don't be fooled. Ask for the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset the stomach nor injure the teeth. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results or money back.

Comparison of Minerals in KELPAMALT vs. VEGETABLES

3 Kelpamalt Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorous than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

Kelpamalt
Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 373, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.

Avoid imitations. Insist on the original, genuine Kelpamalt Tablets

"IF I KISS YOU NOW.... I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language" Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!

HELEN HAYES
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

with
LEWIS STONE · MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Our Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

by

Ruth Waterbury

"Imitation of Life" has broken box-office records everywhere. It has added new glory to the name of Claudette Colbert. But Louise Beavers, playing the colored mother so beautifully and so touchingly, has no job.

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

HEARTBREAK

POIGNANT drama stalked the stage of the Cathay Circle Theatre one night this month. Hollywood, the Hidden Hollywood, and how it works, was revealed as seldom before.

This night was the parade of the dress extras. Central Casting, with the best intentions, had called the crowd of would-be aristocrats of the extra list, to parade before several judges. From some 2,000, two hundred were to be chosen, men and women who would be entitled to secure $15 a day, when they could get it.

Even the setting was in the mood. The Cathay Circle, a beautiful theatre, has for some reason never been able to make a go of it. And the people there that night, walking across that stage in their enforced gentility, have not been able to make a go of it, either.

They divided sharply into two classes, the very young girls and boys, then the grey-haired men and women. They all had to do the same thing. The men wore top hats, Chesterfields, scarfs and under them formal evening clothes. They carried canes. The women wore evening dresses under evening wraps. Each man had to enter, take off his hat, coat, and scarf, hand them and his cane to a waiting bell-hop, then meet a girl, remove her wrap, wait for her to strut the length of the stage, retrieve the wrap from the maid, and help the girl on with it, regain his own things and exit together.

It was a pitiful exhibition. The theatre was too hot. The lights were too bright. There was too much effort in evidence, too much beauty thrown about, too much good tailoring, too jaunty an emphasis of personality. It all took too long. The obviously impossible would have been much easier to reject if the event hadn't come just before Christmas. That made every watcher doubly sentimental. But the choice had to be made and as couple by couple were checked off, the awareness of the skipped meals, the pawned jewels, the hocked cars, the hired suits behind it all, became more and more fiercely evident.

The older men and women bore up better than the youngsters did. Perhaps that was because most of them had once had background, had legitimately worn full dress in those inevitable better days.

The heartbreak in it all was not for me, how inevitably many of those people must starve.

Those extras, after all, have their moments of glamor. They work in a fantasy world and before them always is the promise that the great break may come. They forever escape the deadly, boring tragedy of hard working young clerks or girls in shops or factories who work as hard as extras with no hope or possibility of escape into anything ever granted them.

The tragedy to me was this fresh revelation of how intangible and indefinable is the thing called personality, how vulture-like Hollywood is in demanding always the supreme and the perfect, and of how it forgets the lives of its people are ruined because personality, the perfect and genius are so rare.

CONTRAST

I got the contrast the next morning when I dropped by the "Clive of India" set.

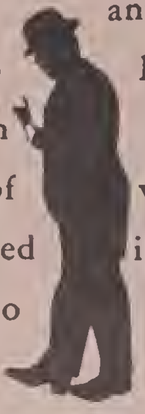
This is Twentieth Century's most ambitious offering of the season. On this morning Ronald Colman was playing a scene alone. But surrounding him were more than twenty persons, juicers, grips, sound men, Boleslawski (the director), his assistant, the script girl, the publicity man, the make-up man, the wig-dresser. Actually the personality that is Ronald Colman was keeping them all working. If he failed to draw the public, they might all be out of work. As it so happened there wasn't even another picture working on the lot. Colman was keeping the whole studio open, keeping scores of people employed who otherwise would be idle!

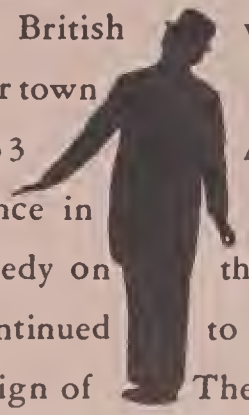
Remember this sometime when you think a star is being overpaid.

(*Continued on page 76*)

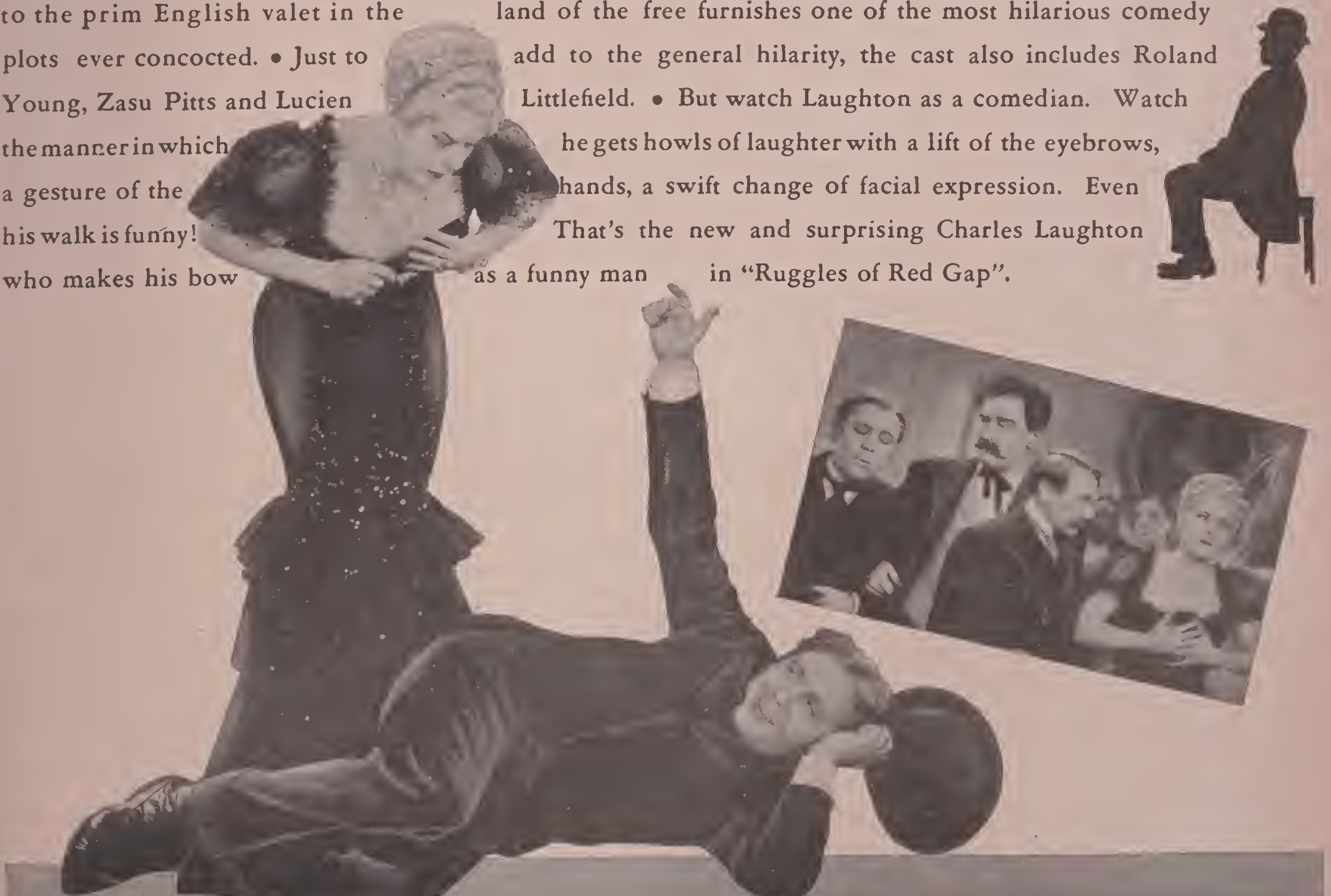
The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS



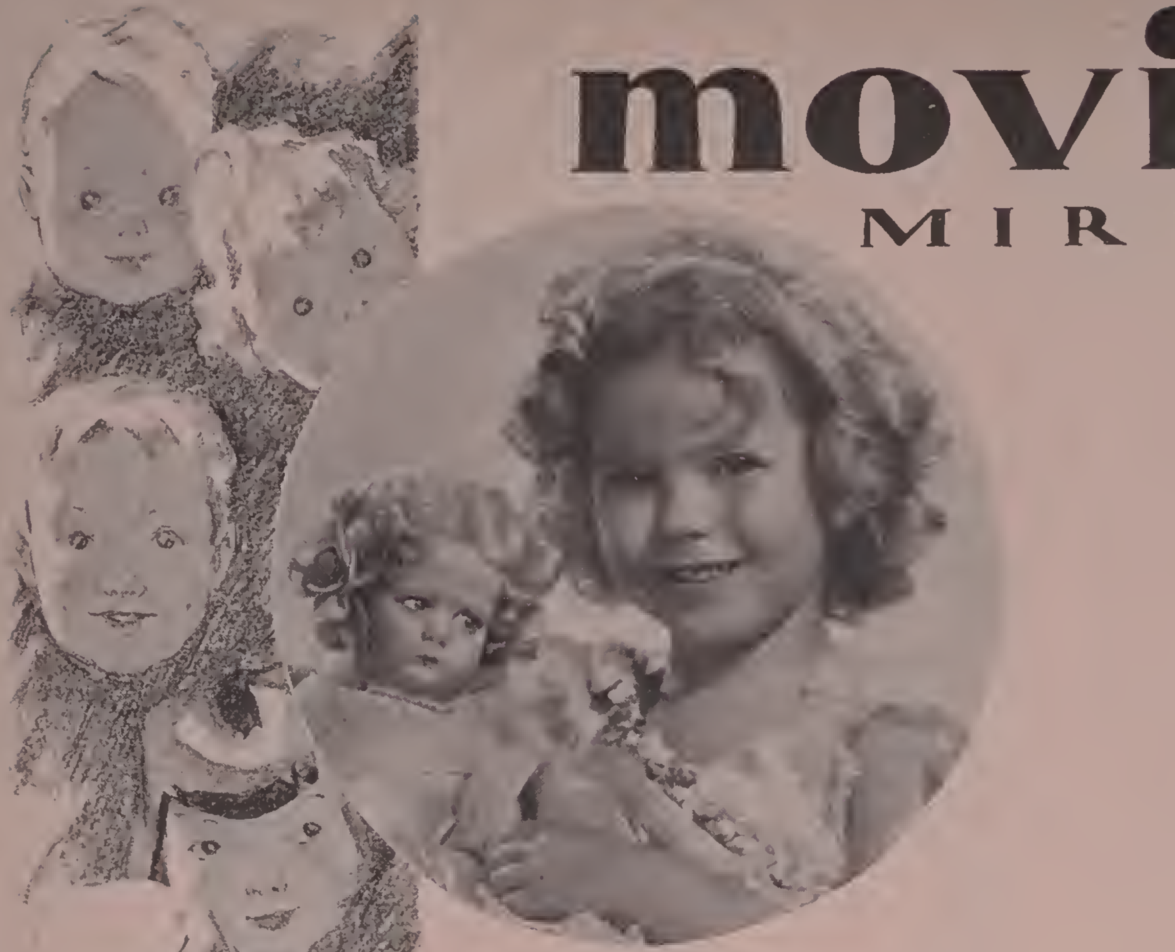


She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933 Academy Award for his serious screen characterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap". Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch the manner in which he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, a gesture of the hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even his walk is funny! That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton who makes his bow as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER



Here's your little friend Shirley Temple, with the Italian doll which was her favorite out of all her lovely Christmas presents.

OUR girl and boy readers have clamored for a page in MOVIE MIRROR for their very own, and here it is! This is to be YOUR page. Therefore, I would be very happy if all you boys and girls would write me and tell me just what you'd like to read about on the MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR page. Or perhaps you have some questions you would like answered about your favorite star, or one of your favorite motion pictures? If so, be sure to write to me, because I shall love to hear from you.

I know, of course, that you are interested in Mickey Mouse, because I must confess he's one of my favorites, too. And so I visited Walt Disney's studio in order to have a talk with Mister Mouse. You've no idea what a busy young mouse he is! He no sooner finishes one picture than he has to begin on his next. He makes them faster than one a month!

When I arrived at the studio, Mickey was just backing out of his miniature garage, in his cute little car. When he saw me he called out a cheery "Hello" in the high voice that we all know so well, and before I could answer he was gone.

I was terribly disappointed, and thought I'd wait around (*Continued on page* 111)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

TOYLAND PARADE

—a Universal short—a cute copy of Disney's "Santa's Workshop"—grand for the 6 to 12 year old.

LITTLE MEN

—Mascot—very disappointing version of the Alcott classic.

BRIGHT EYES

—Fox—your favorite Shirley Temple at her very best.

GRAND OLD GIRL

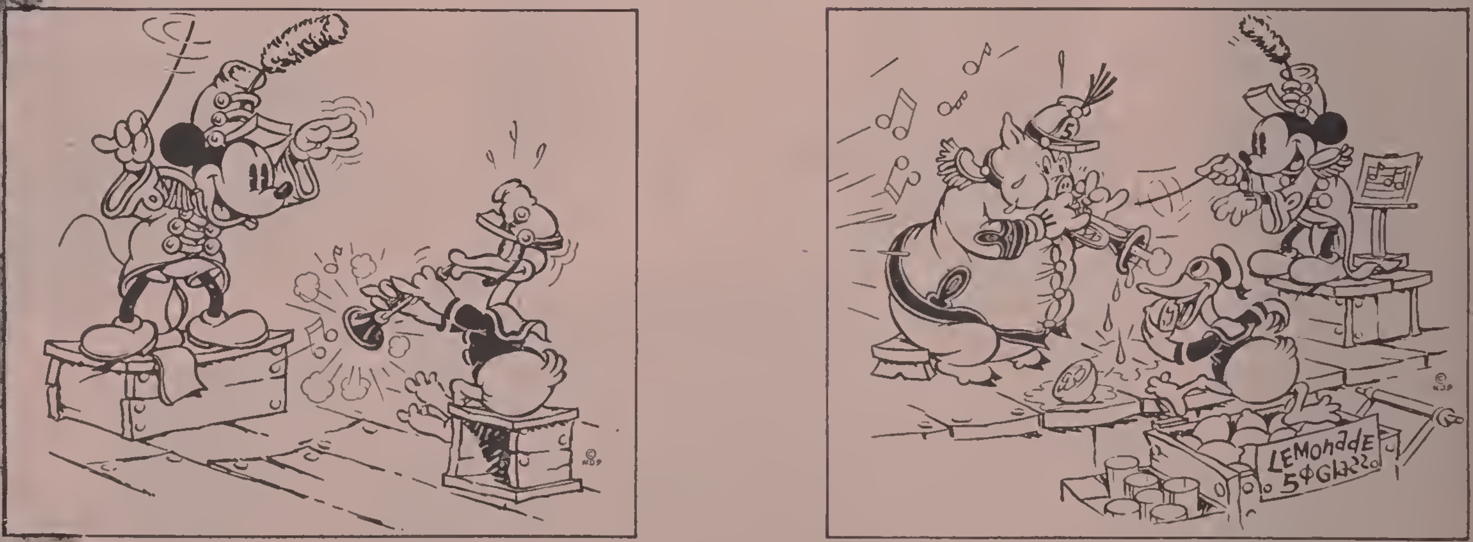
—RKO—children who like school will like this.

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

—Paramount—heroic adventure film.

LITTLE MINISTER

—RKO—fine for children old enough to be interested in love scenes.



This month Ann Ramber takes you on a visit to Walt Disney's big studios, where she interviewed Donald Duck. He plays an important part in Mickey Mouse's band, but he finally had to take a rest and suck a lemon while Peter Pig puffed and puffed as he blew the cornet.

EXTRA!

Read all about the outstanding pictures of the month! ✓ for good pictures; ✓✓ for the grand ones you can't afford to miss.

MOVIE Review NEWS

VOL. 1 No. 2 MARCH, 1935 Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Waterbury Says . . .

The finest production of the month is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." You probably won't see a better one for six months. We wish pictures like this came once a week.

* * *

Claudette Colbert gets a grand picture in "The Gilded Lily." Outside of that the only stars represented in the month's crop are Miss Katharine Hepburn and Miss Shirley Temple, each in a picture worthy of her respective talents, but not much more. Evelyn Laye makes her second bow in American pictures in "The Night Is Young," but the camera is still to discover her real charm.

* * *

Most Interesting Newcomers of the Month: Rosalind Russell in "The Night Is Young"; Fred MacMurray in "The Gilded Lily."

* * *

Most Unusual Picture of the Month: "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

IRATE HUSBAND EVICTS IN-LAWS

Roger Pryor, confirmed bachelor, had gone against the advice of his broker-partner, funny Hugh O'Connell, and married June Clayworth. One by one she brought her relations to the family hearth. These included Esther Ralston, a sister; Ralph Forbes, a brother; Cesar Romero, another brother, and a couple of children.

After finding jobs for all of them, Roger discovered Leslie Fenton, gigolo, trying to win the wife's love. Roger threw him out of his house, this settled several awkward matters, and thereafter peace reigned in the Pryor household.

Roger Pryor capably carries the burden of the picture, the others having little to do. Many loose ends and general carelessness in production reveal that it was made in a hurry. It can be classed as no more than fair entertainment. Children wouldn't like it.

The Cast: Roger Pryor, June Clayworth, Esther Ralston, Hugh O'Connell, Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Ivan Lebedeff, Leslie Fenton, Valerie Hobson.

STRANGE WIVES
(*Universal*)

SCOTTISH MINISTER WEDS GYPSY GIRL

John Beal, the puritanical "Little Minister," of the little town of Thrums, Scotland, found himself hopelessly falling in love with Katharine Hepburn, a wild gypsy whom he met in the woods. She got him into all sorts of trouble, making him guilty of stirring an uprising of the weavers, of getting in wrong with his parish, even of getting himself stabbed. Matters were further complicated by the gypsy Babbie's betrothal to the domineering nobleman of the town.

The story is ably directed by Richard Wallace, photographic effects are magnificent, but we believe Hepburn fans will be a bit disappointed in the idol. The vivid Katharine Hepburn has never been so glamorously photographed, but she seems a bit coy as Babbie. The love scenes, however, are lyric.

John Beal is excellent. Notable work is contributed by Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, Beryl Mercer and young Billy Watson.

The production is clean entertainment, suitable for the entire family.

The Cast: Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, Andy Clyde, Beryl Mercer, Billy Watson, Dorothy Stickney, Mary Gordon, Frank Conroy, Reginald Denny.

✓ *THE LITTLE MINISTER (RKO)*

MURDER ATTEMPT ON PRIMA DONNA

Donald Woods, librettist of Hoboken and New York City, won the charms of Irene Dunne, singer in a beer garden owned by her father in the former city, in "Sweet Adeline," defeating the evil designs of Louis Calhern, who took it for granted she was not respectable. Woods was successful only after Miss Dunne had been nearly murdered by jealous Winifred Shaw, another singer, on the opening night of the operetta.

The romance between the poor young composer and the beautiful girl started when Woods persuaded Miss Dunne to give up her singing in the beer garden and appear in his production, backed by Calhern. Miss Shaw, in addition to being a singer thrown out of a job to make way for Miss Dunne, was a spy for Spain (the story is laid in the Spanish-American War days).

No attempt was made to cling to the period of 1898, stage scenes being typical 1935 motion picture productions. The plot is very confusing, and the characters are not very real. Only the beauty and the voice of Miss Dunne and the excellent tunes triumph. What should have been a lovely picture turns out to be just another movie.

The Cast: Irene Dunne, Donald Woods, Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joseph Cawthorn, Louis Calhern, Winifred Shaw, Nydia Westman, Phil Regan, Noah Beery.

SWEET ADELINE
(*Warner Brothers*)

BALLET DANCER GIVES UP ARCHDUKE

Viennese Nobleman Free to Marry Princess

Vienna's royal circles were astonished and delighted when Evelyn Laye, a poor ballet girl, voluntarily gave his freedom to the young Archduke, Ramon Novarro, so that he could do the proper thing by the Crown and marry the princess his uncle, the Emperor, Henry Stephenson, had chosen for him. Ramon had picked Evelyn out of the ballet at the Royal Opera House. He didn't know her and didn't want to, but he established her in his house to deceive his uncle about his relationship with Rosalind Russell. Of course, love works its spell, with the ballet girl brave enough to give him up when royal duty calls.

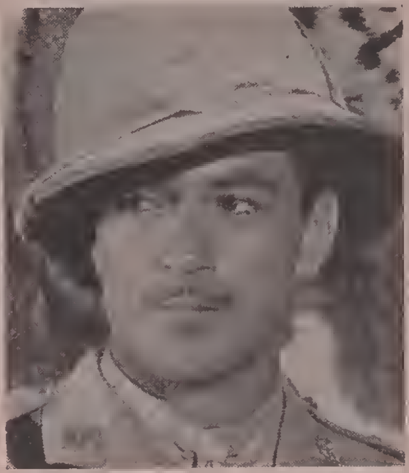
The picture is the mild operetta type, with considerable charm, but weakened because its story is so routine. Ramon is a bit mature for the young Archduke, and Evelyn Laye will be more charming, we're sure, in later pictures. Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth handle the laughter section delightfully. You will probably find yourself humming the title tune, "The Night Is Young," as you leave the theatre.

The Cast: Ramon Novarro, Evelyn Laye, Henry Stephenson, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth, Rosalind Russell, Edward Everett Horton, Donald Cook, Cecilia Parker, Albert Conti, Charles Judels, Herman Ding.

✓ *THE NIGHT IS YOUNG*
(*M-G-M*)

THREE OFFICERS, TORTURED, REFUSE TO BETRAY ENGLAND

Gary Cooper, Heroic Bengal Lancer, Dies in India Defending Colonel's Traitor Son from Desert Tribe



Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, rival officers in the Eighty-First Bengal Lancers, both endeavored to protect Richard Cromwell, boyish son of their Colonel, from his own weakness. Dick, however, falling for the wiles of Kathleen Burke, was captured by his father's desert enemy tribe. Gary and Franchot, setting out to save him, are also captured. Tortured, they refuse to reveal the location of their ammunition supplies. Dick, forced to watch their torture, blurts out the information. All three are thrown into a dungeon, with Gary dying in his attempt to release them.

A short outline like this cannot give justice to the amazing suspense and power of the film. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is one of the most exciting, most perfectly acted, best photographed and directed pictures you will ever see.

Honors go to everyone concerned—to Gary Cooper for his fierce young captain, to Franchot Tone as the heckling lieutenant, to Sir Guy Standing as the stern father, to Dick Cromwell in his difficult role of the idealistic weakling. Very special award should be accorded to director Henry Hathaway for the amazing pace and beauty of the whole production. Don't miss this picture, and take the whole family when you go.

The Cast: Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Kathleen Burke, Colin Tapley, Monte Blue, Lumsden Hare, Douglas Dumbrille.

✓✓ *LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER* (*Paramount*)

FAKE PACIFIST IS MURDERED

Slayer Delivers Victim's Head to Police

Claude Rains, temporarily insane because Lionel Atwill, supposed French pacifist whom he publicized and whom he discovered had not only played a part in starting war in Europe, but had also stolen his wife, cut off Atwill's head. He put the head in a bag, went to the police with the head, and confessed.

This was the initial shock of a daring picture, uniquely told, strong in propaganda against another world war. The story is so told that Rains first does the killing and then the camera goes back for months in retrospect to tell of the events leading up to the crime. Rains feelingly portrays a difficult role. Atwill is a suave and capable villain. Joan Bennett, cast as Rains' wife, does the finest work of her career in a very dramatic role.

The story itself is morbid, the head episode gruesome. It is an evening's entertainment only for adults who think. Not for children.

The Cast: Claude Rains, Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill, Baby Jane, Henry O'Neill, Wallace Ford, Lawrence Grant, William Davidson, Henry Armetta, Gilbert Emery, Hugh O'Connell, Rollo Lloyd, and many others.

✓ *THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD* (*Universal*)

AIRMAN AND MILLIONAIRE RIVALS TO ADOPT ORPHAN

A daring young aviator, James Dunn, and a lemon-faced millionaire, Charles Sellon, both tried to adopt Shirley Temple, orphaned by an air crash and an automobile accident. They hated each other but reached a truce when Shirley intervened and brought them together.

Shirley, after her parents' deaths, was placed in the unwilling custody of Theodor Von Eltz and Dorothy Christy, selfish married couple who had a child, Jane Withers. Sellon, the wealthy uncle of the pair, insisted on this, for he was devoted to Shirley. Dunn loved her, too. A flight and court fight followed.

The plot was hackneyed and beyond reason in places. Jane Withers and the crabby Sellon stole the picture. But Shirley Temple fans will go for this in a big way.

The Cast: Shirley Temple, Judith Allen, Lois Wilson, James Dunn, Jane Darwell, Charles Sellon, Jane Withers, Theodor Von Eltz, Dorothy Cristy.

✓ *BRIGHT EYES* (*Fox*)

Deserts Business to Marry Artist

Magazine Editor Tears Up Contract to Wed Ann Harding

Robert Montgomery, sour young magazine editor, decided to build circulation for his publication by printing the life story of Ann Harding, internationally known portrait painter, who supposedly had learned all about men. When he finally sold her on the idea, he was in love with her. By the time the job was half done, he was ready to marry her—and "killed" the tale, refunding to the company the advance check he had given her.

Edward Everett Horton, childhood sweetheart of Miss Harding, was afraid that his adolescent advances would be publicized, and that he would not become a senator as a result of the scandal. Una Merkel, his fiancee, wasn't so worried. Charles Richman, father of Miss Merkel, tried to kill the yarn. But it was love which finally did it.

The entire story is in the mood of "Holiday," "Private Lives" and "The Animal Kingdom." The dialog is sparkling, Miss Harding is better than she has been for some time. Those who like action will be disappointed, and for children it will be a waste of time. But sophisticates will go for it.

The Cast: Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Edward Everett Horton, Edward Arnold, Una Merkel, Charles Richman, Greta Meyer, Willard Robertson, Donald Meek.

✓ *BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL* (*M-G-M*)

STENOGRAPHER, JILTED, BECOMES NIGHT CLUB STAR

When Claudette Colbert, a New York City stenographer, falsely believed Ray Milland, titled Englishman, had jilted her, she let her newspaper boyfriend, Fred MacMurray, push her into big city fame by means of calling her "the No-Girl" in the tabloid newspapers. This brought her to the attention of a night club manager, who engaged her for his floor show. On her debut, Claudette is so bad the crowd thinks she is deliberately funny and she scores a hit. Success becomes hers not only in New York, but in London, Paris and around the world. Nevertheless, Claudette can't forget Ray, and when she goes to London with the faithful Fred still at her heels, her romance with Ray is resumed. The way it all works out is just another Cinderella yarn, but one you're sure to like.

The stellar Miss Colbert is delightfully chic and more beauteous than ever as the bewildered stenographer. Ray Milland is excellent, and you'll be very much interested in newcomer Fred MacMurray. The film is colorful, gay, and very romantic. You'll be sure to enjoy it.

The Cast: Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, C. Aubrey Smith, Ed Craven.

✓✓ *THE GILDED LILY* (*Paramount*)

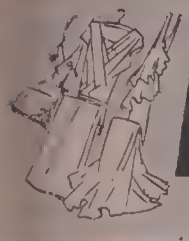
FOR FURTHER NEWS OF THE MONTH IN PICTURES TURN TO PAGE 106

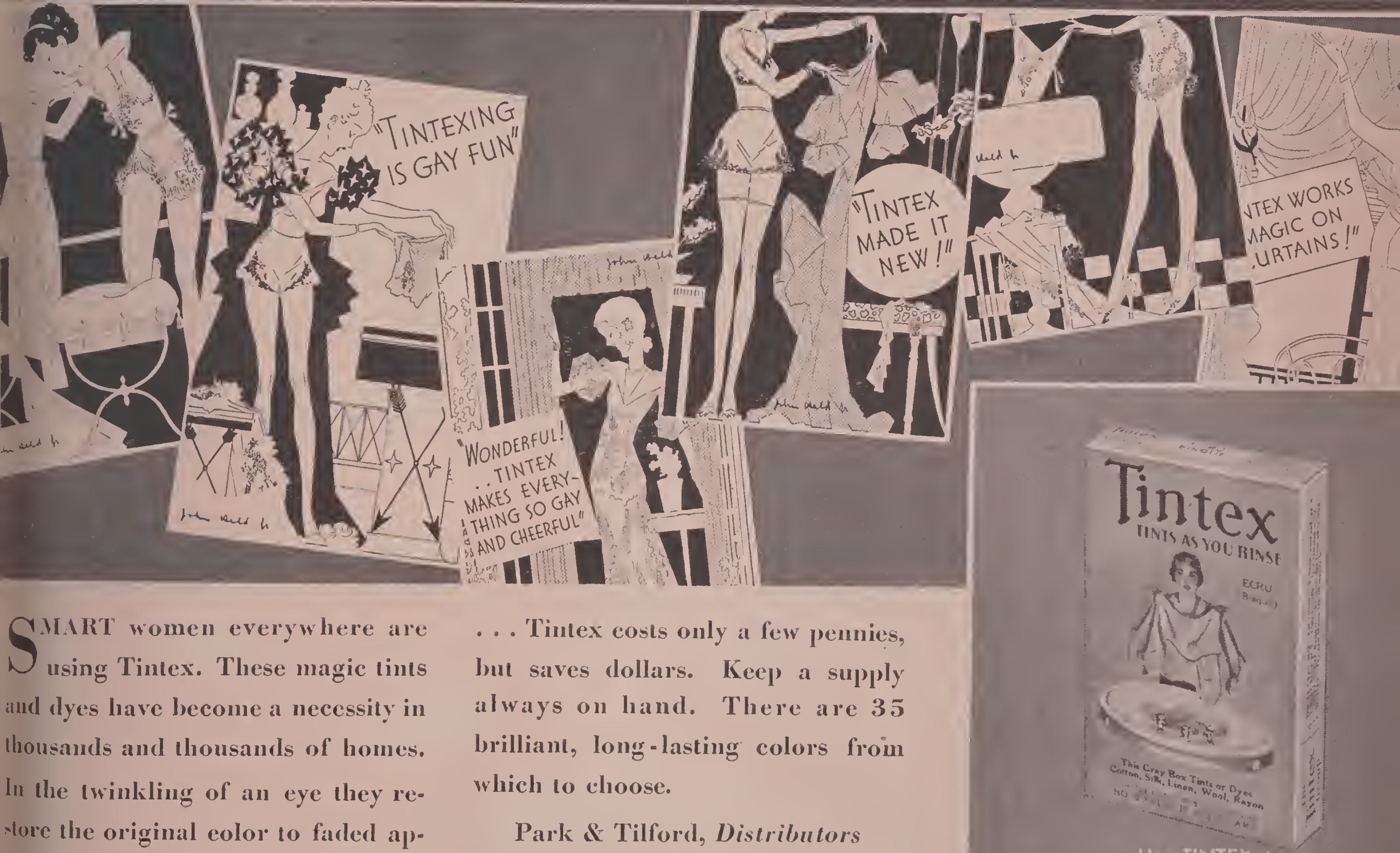
EARANCE UP-
MY EXPENSE DOWN!
"I USE TINTEX FOR EVERYTHING!"
"TINTEX HAS TINTED IT JUST LIKE NEW!"

The MAGIC of TINTEX

Tintex
TINTS AS YOU RINSE

brings gay color to faded

 Apparel and Home Decorations


"TINTEXING IS GAY FUN"
"TINTEX MADE IT NEW!"
NTEX WORKS MAGIC ON URTAINS!"
"WONDERFUL! . . TINTEX MAKES EVERYTHING SO GAY AND CHEERFUL"
Tintex
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Negligees • Underthings • Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips • Blouses • Curtains • Drapes • Bed Spreads • Luncheon Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers • Children's Clothes • Men's Shirts • and hundreds of other articles of apparel and home decoration

SMART women everywhere are using Tintex. These magic tints and dyes have become a necessity in thousands and thousands of homes. In the twinkling of an eye they restore the original color to faded apparel or home decorations . . . or give fashionable new color, if you prefer. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse." Expensive? Not a bit . . . Tintex costs only a few pennies, but saves dollars. Keep a supply always on hand. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20, first prize; $10, second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Baby LeRoy, the stars' favorite picture-stealer, is teaching his dog to speak for himself. Or maybe it's the other way around—the Babe's vocabulary is still in monosyllables.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Moving Drama

Fannie Hurst's "Imitation of Life" is a tremendous drama and it has been made into a tremendous picture. The story of two mothers, one white, one black.

Claudette Colbert makes her mother role very real and poignant; Louise Beavers turns in an extraordinary portrayal as poor "Aunt Delilah" with the mulatto daughter. The latter is played with fire and understanding by Fredi Washington.

I really believe the tragedy of the Negro girl's despairing and unavailing effort to fight against the barrier of race, is the highlight of the picture. That tragic situation alone would make a play in itself. But there is still another plot to unravel, and it is done beautifully.

It is a most unusual picture; there are spots of humor but the tears overshadow the comedy. Yesterday the audience wept openly and unashamedly.

I'm an advocate of "happy endings" generally, but I wouldn't have missed this picture for anything. My son summed it up tersely and adequately when he said: "It has lots of plot but it makes one think."

Mrs. Bessie Toles,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

The Right Ingredients

I feel sure that directors and producers are using better judgment than ever before. This fact has been displayed in two recent musicals, "Kid Millions" and "College Rhythm."

In the former picture Eddie Cantor was not given the burden of carrying all of the comedy situations. An excellent supporting cast of fun-makers was built around him which added greatly to the entertainment value of the picture without decreasing the talents of Cantor in the least. The other members of the cast created a frame which set off the star to better advantage than ever before.

In the making of "College Rhythm" there might have been a temptation to "give" the picture to Joe Penner, but by checking such impulse (if there was one) and featuring additional talent as well, the picture is a success and Penner an outstanding hit. Had Paramount attempted to star this comedian without the necessary support, the picture would most likely have been tiresome, no matter how amusing Penner was.

But directors are realizing more and more the correct ingredients for successful pictures, and these two recent examples certainly tend to show that the standard of productions is on the up-grade.

Paul S. McCoy,
Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Art Versus Entertainment

If the sop must be thrown to Cerberus, I shall confess that Hollywood is courageous in her selection of the more literary themes upon which to build her productions. But bravery and hazard are co-incident. And the motion picture, a novice upon the intellectual plane, is certain to feel the sharp-edged ferule of the dramatic critics. For the screen play, lacking the theatre's heritage which has been accumulating since the days of Aeschuylus, is brought into competition with the legitimate drama, armed with all of its hard-won conceptions of form and (*Continued on page 72*)

"The trouble with Grand Passions," says Joan, "is that they don't allow for a sense of humor. You just can't find laughter in a cyclone."

From deep in her heart, she brings to you and me the new truths she has learned about human beings who are in love

By CARTER BRUCE

Joan Crawford REVEALS The Difference Between FRIENDSHIP And LOVE

BLIND Love of which the poets sing . . . a soaring, comet-like love . . . heady as a cocktail . . . or—

Romantic Friendship . . . like the coals of a glowing fire of sympathy and understanding before which lovers warm their hearts. . . .

Where lies the greatest happiness for a woman?

Hollywood knows much of Blind Love. It has found it the inspiration of gossip columnists, Winchell rumors, most of the Yuma elopements and Reno hang-overs.

But Romantic Friendship, that seldom-reached state sometimes flippantly referred to as "Pals-in-love"—how many couples can be counted as the fortunate few, among the many Hollywood marriages, who have found this happiness?

These were the questions I put to Joan Crawford the day we lunched at the Ambassador during that last, hectic shopping-week before Christmas . . . and the answers she gave were an amazing insight into what romantic friendship has brought into Joan's life. To those Hollywood gossips who have hinted that Joan's glowing romance with Franchot Tone has "tumbled" from the romantic heights of hectic love and "settled down" into a nice, calm friendship, she made the perfect observation:

"I'm afraid someone has mixed his terms a bit. People do not *settle down* to the happiness of romantic friendship. They soar to it!"

OVER a period of several years, I have frequently boasted that I knew this girl who sat across from me—a beautiful girl in smart, grey sports clothes and a chic hat that turned down on one side so that it almost obscured one eye. And, if acquaintance is to be counted on the clock, I presume I do know her. I've seen her and talked with her during most of her well-publicized Hollywood moods—from her dancing-contest days through her humorless-marriage with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and on down to her separation and divorce. But each time I see her, I ask myself if I really know her at all. Not that I have been taken in with the hundred-and-one stories about the "New Joan Crawford," but I do not believe that the experiences of her life have tossed her about quite as recklessly as the sob sisters would have us believe. (*Continued on page* 104)

Above, the youthful Harry Crosby, aged ten, on the beach in Washington. That was a little while after the time he was haled into court for playing "just a little game."

BING

PARDON me, madam, have you a little hoodlum in your home? Mrs. Crosby, of Spokane, Washington did—and this is the story of how *her* private little hoodlum turned out; making it a yarn designed especially for mothers and, most particularly, those mothers who spend most of their waking hours wondering how Willy is going to turn out if he keeps on taking after his father's side of the family.

There seems to be a great deal to say on the subject of: *The village cut-up (or the neighborhood hell-raiser and what eventually happens to him)*. We shall say it right here.

Mrs. Crosby's private hoodlum's name was Harry Lillis Crosby. But everybody called him Bing. "Bing" being a hangover from Master Crosby's extreme youth when he used to chase the whole family to read him the "Bing Bong Bugle" in the funny paper.

In his home town, Bing was very well known. Being extra-well known to the teacher who keeps 'em after school—the head of the institution, who takes 'em *in* hand every time they get *out* and the local peace officers (cops)! They all knew Mrs. Crosby's Bing. They should. They'd kept him after school oftener, lectured him longer—and chased him farther!

The mothers of Spokane's Little Lord Fauntleroys (and other kids who never got in any trouble) used to shake their heads over the problems poor Mrs. Crosby had on her hands. The consensus was that Mrs. Crosby's Bing would be lucky to wind up this side of the State Finishing School. He had all the earmarks; but more important, before he was thirteen years of age he had a lengthy preliminary record at the local Station House. It used to make Papa boil when Mama Crosby tried to explain: "It isn't that Harry is a bad boy—really bad—" It seems, according to Mama, that he was merely unfortunate. His luck didn't hold. He always got caught!

The first time Bing made the RECORDS was on a local truant officer's report. It came in its official form through the mail to two headquarters: His home and his school.

Name: *Harry Lillis Crosby*
Age: *Eight*
Charge: *Instigating ten boys to skip classes in favor of alley fighting*
Recommendation: *Severe home and school discipline*

It was the *charge* more than his father's hard hand that hurt Bing—his pride suffered more than the seat of his pants. It was unfair to tell his folks, without telling the reasons why he had been goaded into action. He had been dared to fight. *Dared* in front of ten boys! What was a fellow to do but round up those same ten fellows to witness his vindication in an isolated alley? So? They recommended

READ THE HIDDEN CHAPTER IN THE POPULAR STAR'S LIFE

Fifteen he was when photographed, above, at the Gonzaga High School. One year before the escapade of the blackberry cordial that ended in the hoosegow. And now that experience as a "vagrant." Center, he was nineteen years old, at Gonzaga College and—

—And what? Well, before graduating from high, he'd actually disturbed the peace by fighting at a country dance! Above, when he was one of the Paul Whiteman Rhythm boys. Then in Hollywood, at twenty-four, Bing was given thirty days! For traffic violation!

by

WALTER RAMSEY

CROSBY'S Record

severe home and school discipline, did they? As if a fight in an alley with a kid two years older (and three-fourths taller) wasn't discipline enough! It embittered a guy—*that's* what it did!

THE next time he hit the RECORDS, it was outside the truant officer's territory. It was, in fact, a slight police matter. Following his name (oh yes, they always got that first) the juvenile court docket read:

Age: *9*
Offence: *1st (?)*
Sentence: *Jail, one hour*
Explanations: *Mother came*

And this, mind you, for just a little old game. Of course, it was a game with slightly sporting element—the idea being to string a rope across a street from telegraph pole to telegraph pole just high enough so that it would knock off the hat of the first drayman to come down the street. Naturally, if you're going to knock off a guy's hat, the rope has to be pretty tight.

It was unfortunate that the first wagon along was a beer truck that was about a foot higher than the average wagon—which would make the rope hit just at the neck rather than the lid. In a way, it was the truck-driver's fault. One foot less on that wagon and the purple, enraged teamster would not have come so close to decapitation. The minute he hit the pavement, the only thing for kids in their right senses to do was take it on the *lam*. He was an old sissy to have put in that call for the police ambulance. If he hadn't gone to that extreme measure the local authorities would never have heard anything about the rope in the middle of the street—nor would they have suspected the existence of Bing Crosby. It was funny the way they sort of pinned-it-on-him—right off the bat. *He* hadn't left any calling cards—but they found him as fast as if he'd left his initials in the rope. Just by way of discipline, they ran in the whole "Crosby Gang"—including the leader. Bing's mother felt so badly about this escapade that he stayed off the police blotter for over two years—setting a record of reformation and even good grades in school that was not blemished until another accident.

This one was a little "fun"—even though it did read, officially:

Age: *11*
Offence: *2nd booking—raiding bakery wagon*
Explanations: *Father came, promised better behavior*

Couldn't people understand that fellows got hungry? And didn't it show a lot of initiative (not to mention a commendable knowledge of the laws of supply-and-demand) if the gang figured that the bakery wagon man wouldn't bring back doughnuts if he could sell

(*Continued on page* 70)

AND MEET THE BAD BOY WHO BECAME A GRAND FELLOW

What do the STARS

Here are the secret desires and worries of your film favorites as revealed by these startling analyses of their dreams—try them on yourself! You'll be surprised!

By
THOMAS HALE

EVERYONE dreams.

The stars have nightmares, even as you and I. And the stars are anxious, even as we are, to find out what these weird sub-conscious meanderings, returning again and again, really mean.

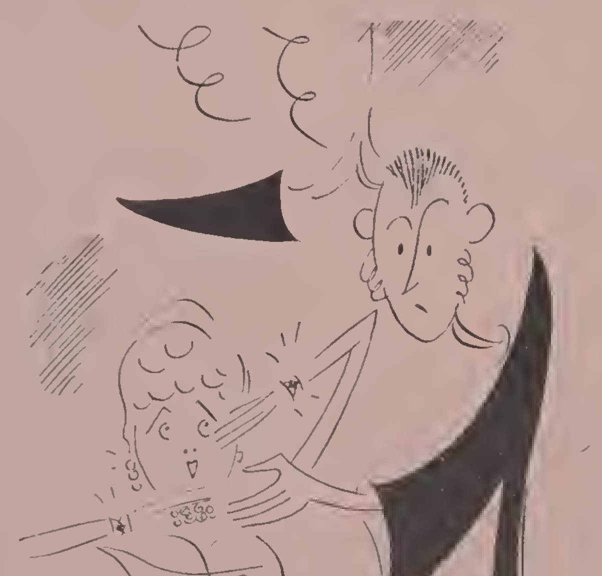
Because the stars' dreams are so typical, MOVIE MIRROR has secured authentic records of them from fifteen of our prominent players. These records were turned over to me some time ago. At the time I analysed them, I did not know the names of the stars who were plagued by them.

The dreams are *true*. The stars who confessed them *didn't know* that they were to be cases for analysis. They *didn't suspect* that they were revealing hidden desires, suppressed wishes, or the inhibitions of social proprieties.

Modern psychoanalysts discount the ancient belief that dreams foretell the future. Such scientists as Adler and Freud see in them only the revelation of one's true self. Twisted urges and conflicts of the inner mind. The complex reasons why we are what we are.

It is our real personality, the unconscious part of our natures, that dreams lay bare. They expose the forces that we never guess are within us, yet which shape each minute in the course of our lives. And it makes no difference what your position in life is, as these stellar dreams reveal rich or poor, success or failure, we all have much the same fears and worries to overcome.

It is also true that dreams give rise to the fears and depressions which we call neuroses, and to the deviations from standard modes of thought and conduct which we call abnormalities.



Add to this the fact that wishes are the stuff from which dreams are made.

Lacking a sense of right and wrong, dreams would make wild beasts of us if consciousness, ethics, intelligence, education and rules of conduct did not combine to censor them and thus hold us in check.

Let us call this censoring combination—*reason*.

The translation of dreams into words and thence, through analysis to conclusion, would be impossible if psychologists, notably Freud, had not discovered a series of symbols. The symbols are many, they are not always exact, but they are reasonably accurate clues to dream meanings.

All of us have "typical" dreams which reveal much about us. Our first movie star, whom hereafter I'll call Subject Number One, admits that she dreams constantly and gives us the understanding of her imageries. See if you can guess who she is.

Subject Number One, as often as two or three times a month, dreams that she awakens with a choking sensation of horror, coldness of limb and constriction of throat to find her room exactly as it was when she turned out the lights to go to sleep. Suddenly her eyes are drawn to and riveted on the door to the closet, which is opening slowly. She feels her heart beating like a mammoth clock. Before she even sees what is coming out of the closet she is overcome with horror. She tries to scream, but can't make a sound. She tries to struggle out of bed but is paralysed. Slowly a creature neither human nor animal reveals itself and approaches her bed. It is submerged in shadow, showing only huge, hairy arms, fang-like

DREAMS Mean?

teeth and protuberant, glittering eyes. Hours seem to pass as it creeps above her, then puts its huge hands on her breast, crushing her until she cannot breathe. She actually feels the crushing power of the huge hands, suffers bodily pain. Through her mind runs the thought:

"This is absurd! What will people say when they read that I have died sensationally like this?"

Slowly she suffocates, knows that she is dying painfully, horribly. Her eyes close and then—always at exactly this point—she awakens. She must read an hour with all lights on, play the radio or talk to her maid for some time, before she can overcome the feeling of horror.

EXPLANATION:

Subject Number One wishes that she were able to be as bad as she pretends to be. Recurrence of the dream frequently shows that she wishes this very strongly. But reason tells her to watch her step—and she does. I judge that the dreamer is a "natural" person who goes pretty much by her instincts and feelings, but that she has so many of what we call "good" instincts that she is at heart what we call a good person—a better one than she might admit to being.

The creature who crushes her reflects her human instincts and desires. This conclusion is fortified by the fact that it always comes from a closet, which, together with caves, is usually the dream symbol for one's mother. Going further, one assumes that the human instincts and desires were with her at birth—but that *reason* always has stood them off in conscious moments. The shadowy cloak around the figure signifies masculinity. It is evident that the dreamer's unconscious self wishes to be overpowered and possessed by this "maleness."

So the dream makes her feel helpless, paralysed, unable to resist, and unwilling, and therefore a blameless victim. And, at the same time, it threatens her with death if she succumbs—threatens so successfully that, although she calls the threat absurd, consciousness takes command. It wipes out the unconscious and she awakes filled with the terror of the struggle. I further deduce that Subject Number One, or the type of person who dreams similarly, is alone with her thoughts more often than her friends suspect.

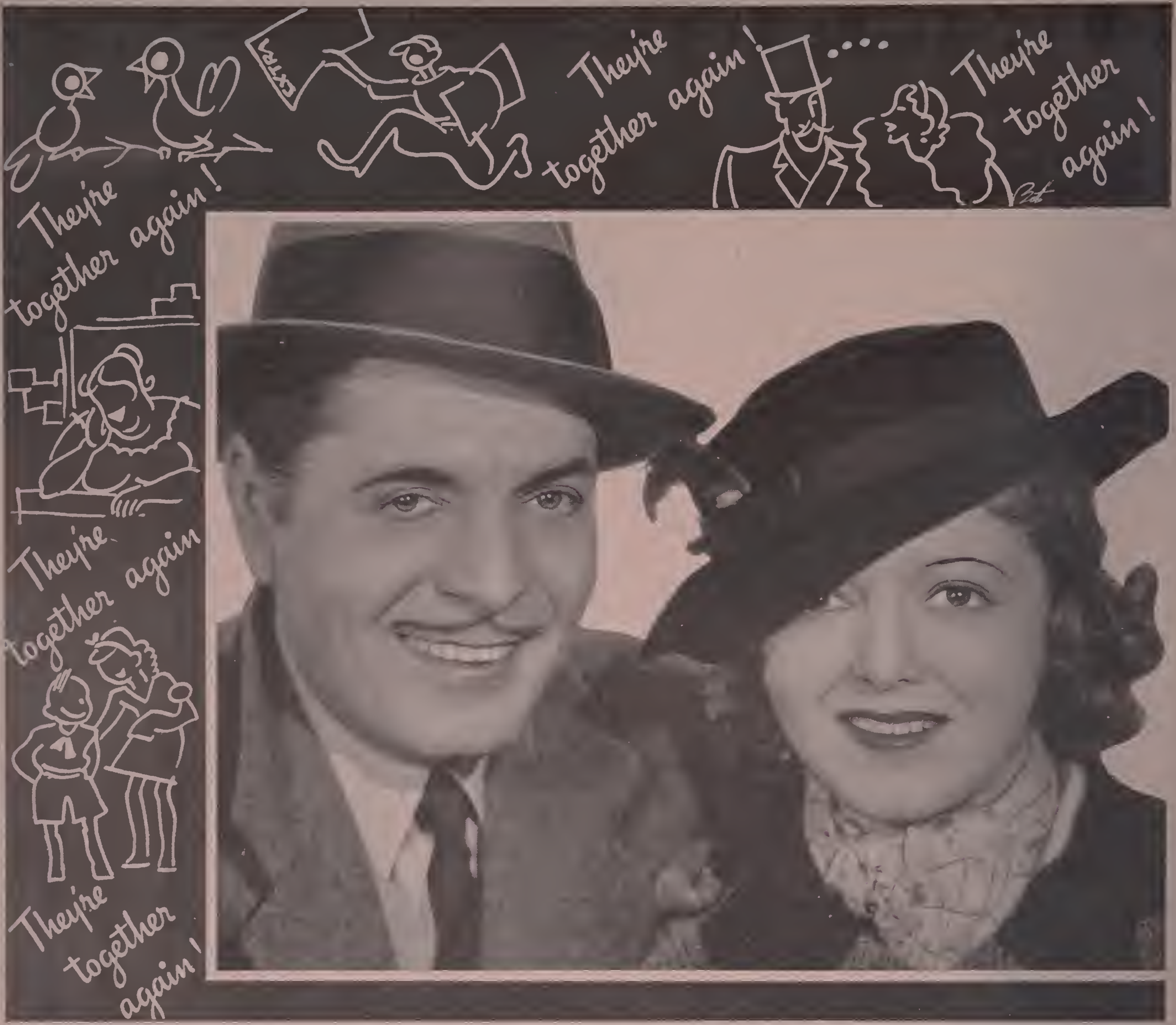
Here is another star's most frequent dream.

SUBJECT NUMBER TWO dreams constantly and with similar detail that he is about to appear in some old stage play of his within the hour. He fights to get to the theatre on time. First he can't get a taxi. Then he is held up by traffic at every corner. He tries to remember his lines and can't. When he finally reaches the theatre, he finds his dressing room is on the top floor. He races there to find his key missing and he has to dash down and get it. When he gets into the dressing room he finds that the key to his trunk is missing and he can't get his make-up box. He finally gets into the trunk and secures his make-up and costumes. He discovers that the costumes need pressing. He starts to make-up. The dressing-room lights won't go on. He has to canvass the theatre to find new bulbs. The curtain call comes too soon. He steps onto the stage. His bones are like jelly, his hands are clammy, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. Precisely at this moment he always awakens.

EXPLANATION:

Subject Number Two usually has this dream of frustration and defeat when he is is wrestling with a problem he can't quite solve. Such problems (*Continued on page 92*)

Read these dreams, as the analyst did, without knowing who dreamed them—and see if you can guess. It's amazing fun! Then check your answers with the list on page 93. MOVIE MIRROR was fortunate in gathering together dreams of some of the greatest stars—and particularly fortunate in securing analytical material and help from Travis Hoke, who is co-author of the gamebook, "Marriage or Its Equivalent."


They're together again!
EXTRA
They're together again!
They're together again!
They're together again!
They're together again
They're together again!

Janet GAYNOR
Warner BAXTER

in

One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF

Grant Mitchell · Rosemary Ames · John Qualen · Nick Foran

and STEPIN FETCHIT

FOX

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING

From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke

They're together — again!

ALICE FAYE

Appearing in two stage "Scandals" and keeping your good name might not be easy for anyone but Alice Faye who does it again for Fox in her anniversary picture, "George White's Scandals." And Alice gets her share of questioning about Rudy.

GEORGE RAFT

Everybody looks forward eagerly to his next appearance in "Rumba" in which he again plays opposite the beautiful Carole Lombard. There's a new actress in that picture who, they say, is giving both George and Carole a lot of competition. She's Margo, who played in "Crime Without Passion."

The GIBSON FAMILY

SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . . your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she *never* goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for *your* complexion to find spring-freshness and satin-smoothness!

IVORY SOAP · · 99$^{44}/_{100}$ % PURE

"YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY," says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.

"GOOD AT DISH-WASHING, Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"

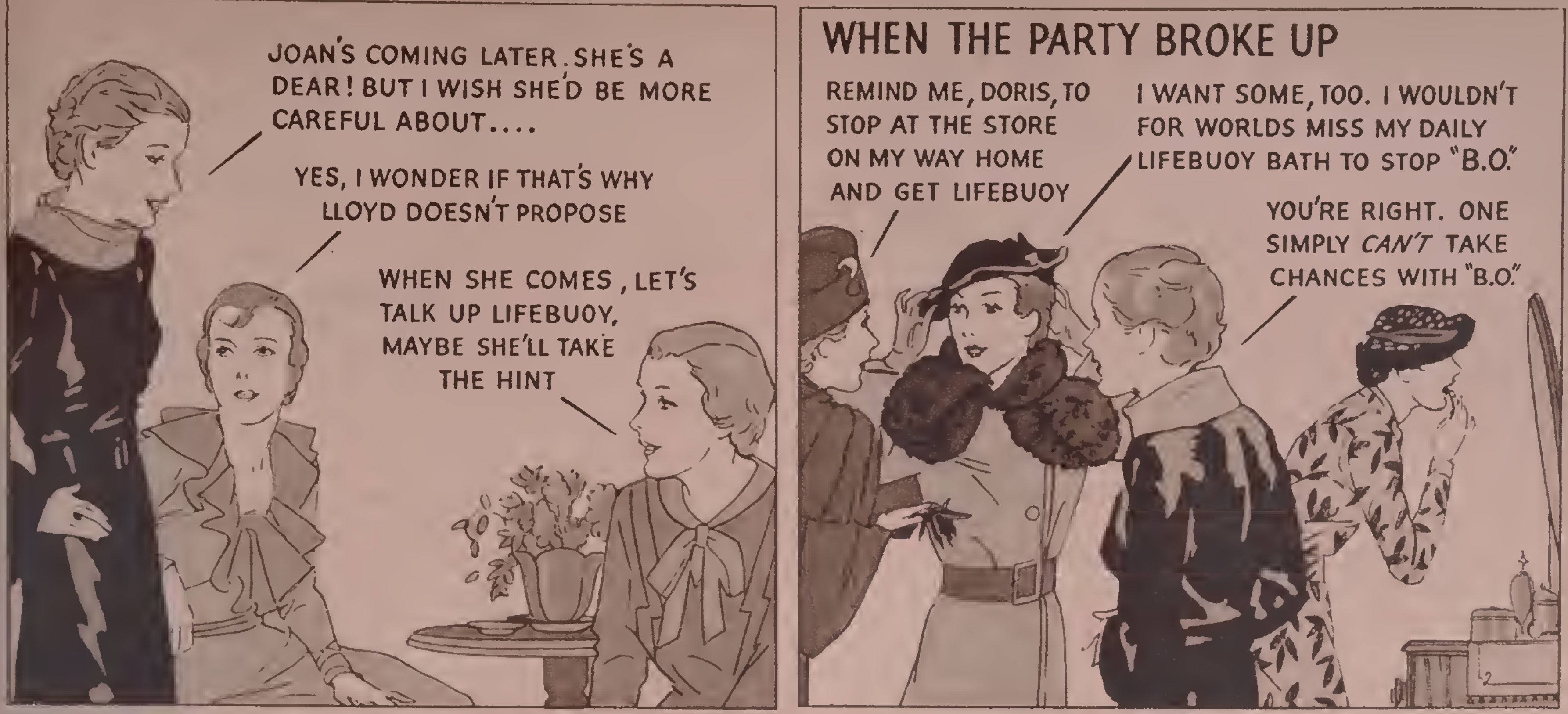
"HE CRIES A LOT, Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

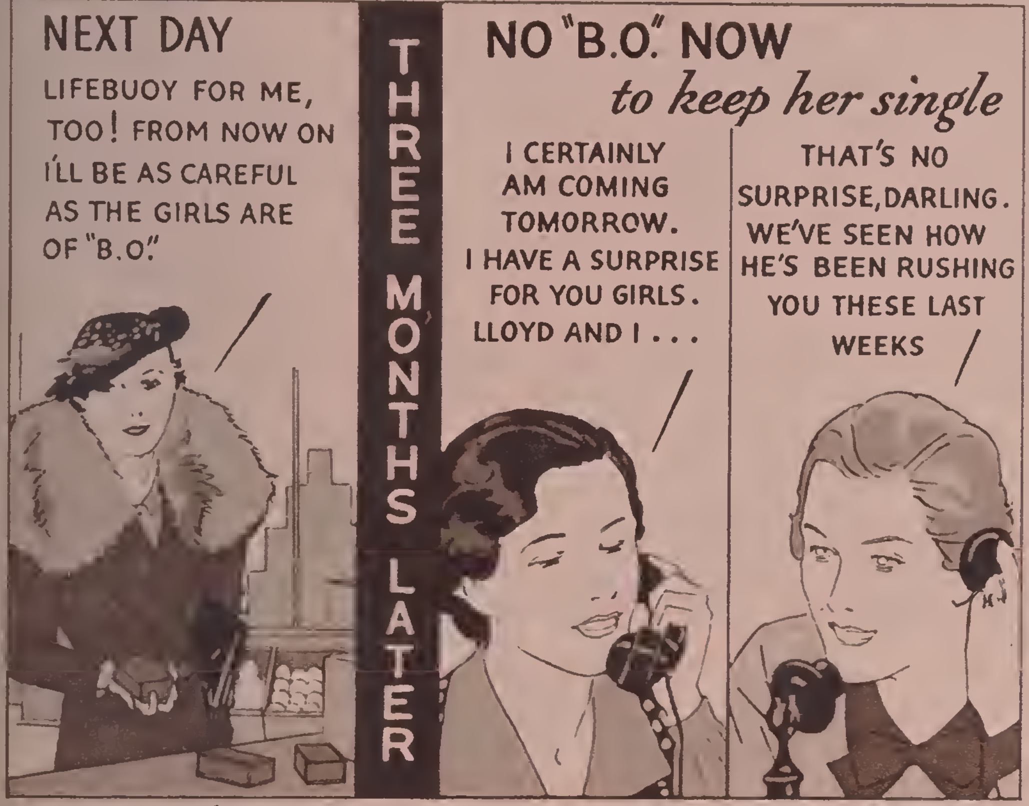
"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"

MARIAN NIXON

Marian Nixon brunette and a happy newlywed, is now known to Hollywood as Mrs. Bill Seiter. She plays a leading role in "By Your Leave" for RKO, and will appear in the near future in "Sweepstake Annie."


JOAN'S COMING LATER. SHE'S A DEAR! BUT I WISH SHE'D BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT....
YES, I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY LLOYD DOESN'T PROPOSE
WHEN SHE COMES, LET'S TALK UP LIFEBUOY. MAYBE SHE'LL TAKE THE HINT
WHEN THE PARTY BROKE UP
REMIND ME, DORIS, TO STOP AT THE STORE ON MY WAY HOME AND GET LIFEBUOY
I WANT SOME, TOO. I WOULDN'T FOR WORLDS MISS MY DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH TO STOP "B.O."
YOU'RE RIGHT. ONE SIMPLY *CAN'T* TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O."


NEXT DAY
LIFEBUOY FOR ME, TOO! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE AS CAREFUL AS THE GIRLS ARE OF "B.O."
THREE MONTHS LATER
NO "B.O." NOW *to keep her single*
I CERTAINLY AM COMING TOMORROW. I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU GIRLS. LLOYD AND I . . .
THAT'S NO SURPRISE, DARLING. WE'VE SEEN HOW HE'S BEEN RUSHING YOU THESE LAST WEEKS

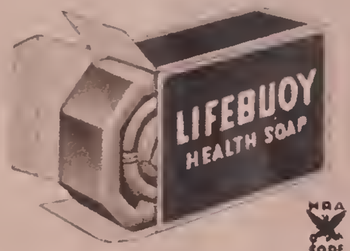
CAN'T HELP KISSING A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN LIKE YOURS
THEN I OWE THESE KISSES TO LIFEBUOY WHICH *GAVE* ME A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

SO MILD yet so effective. Cleansing deeply, thoroughly, without a trace of harshness. No wonder complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle pore-purifying action. Dullness vanishes—clear, healthy radiance comes instead.

Perspire in winter?

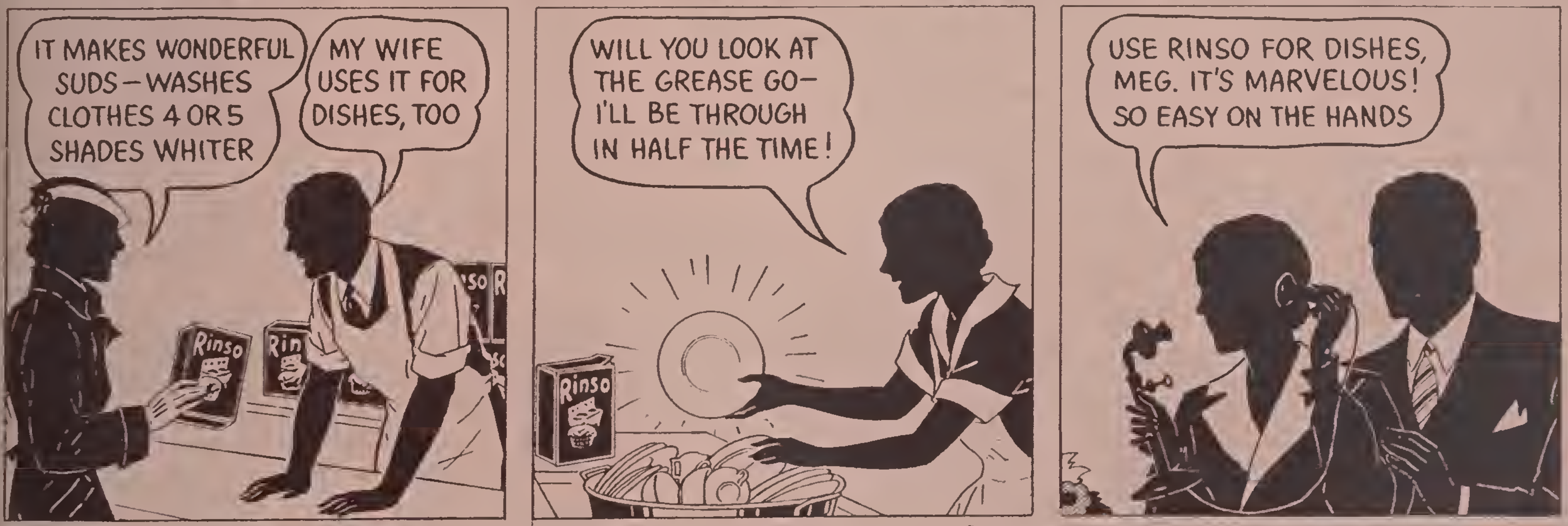
Yes, we all do—a *quart* of odorous waste daily, science says! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It lathers abundantly in hardest water, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's own fresh, clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

NRA CODE

IT'S THE SUDS THAT SAVE THE WORK


IT MAKES WONDERFUL SUDS—WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
MY WIFE USES IT FOR DISHES, TOO
Rinso
WILL YOU LOOK AT THE GREASE GO—I'LL BE THROUGH IN HALF THE TIME!
USE RINSO FOR DISHES, MEG. IT'S MARVELOUS! SO EASY ON THE HANDS

HOW the news spreads! For the wash, for the dishes, *for all cleaning*—"there's no soap like Rinso!" On washday it SOAKS out dirt—saves scrubbing—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Clothes washed this safe, "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money. A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Recommended by makers of 34 famous washing machines. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

TRY AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP NEXT WASHDAY
Rinso

NRA CODE

Inside Stuff

by PETER ABBOTT
With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

The little girl in the crepe paper party hat is Mary MacArthur, daughter of our own Helen Hayes and her talented husband, Charlie MacArthur. Hyman Fink snapped her picture at a children's party.

HOT NEWS: Reports are current that **Gloria Stuart** and her writer-husband, **Arthur Sheekman**, are blessed-eventing. Gloria surrendered her rôle in "Transient Lady" at Universal to **Frances Drake.**

Claudia Dell and **Eddie Silton**, her agent, may marry at any moment.

The **Richard Dixes** are blessed-eventing in May.

Director **Rouben Mamoulian,** so recently that way about Garbo, is carrying on a conquest for **Gertrude Michael's** heart.

Clark Gable has signed a new Metro contract giving him twice his present salary—or, roughly, $3,500 a week.

Gertrude Durkin, sister of **Junior Durkin**, and **Jimmy Ellison**, Metro stock player, are aflame.

Lilian Harvey's comeback picture will be "Once a Gentleman" with **Tullio Carminati.**

Cecilia Parker, whose romance with **Noah Beery, Jr.,** went boom, is now concerned about **Carlyle Moore, Jr.**

Sue Carol, who had a very torrid romance with **Ken Murray** after she separated from **Nick Stuart,** will probably wed **Howard Wilson** as soon as her divorce from Nick becomes final.

Aileen Pringle is making a comeback in "Vanessa," with **Helen Hayes**.

Joan Crawford and **Robert Montgomery** will be starred in "No More Ladies."

Director **Frank Capra** is recovering from an emergency operation.

You should see the diamond bracelet **Bill Powell** gave **Jean Harlow** for Christmas! But big! **Carole Lombard** got as big a one from **Bob Riskin.**

Frances Dee returns to the screen just four months after her baby was born, in the all-color Radio picture, "Becky Sharp."

Romance: **Anne Shirley**, sensation of "Anne of Green Gables," is going places with **Jackie Coogan.** Not so long ago he was taking **Toby Wing** places.

Friends declare **Mary Pickford** has now definitely decided to divorce **Doug,** but Mary won't talk yet.

* * *

A FAST developing Hollywood romance is that between Mary Hayes MacArthur, daughter of Helen Hayes, and Irving Thalberg, Jr., son of Norma Shearer. They are taking riding lessons together at one of the more exclusive academies. Their mounts are their own Shetland ponies.

At present they are doing hurdles.

When Mary first went to the academy, Helen advised her:

"If Irving doesn't speak to you, you go up to him and tell him he's a big palooka."

That's the way it started.

* * *

AS Roger Pryor began work on "Strange Wives" for Universal he was afflicted with a very heavy cold. His voice was pitched so low that Noah Beery's would sound like a tenor. Half way through the picture the cold began to clear up. Roger's voice started up towards normal at the same time.

"Rajah" began noticing that every time he sat down, his chair was in a draft. Doors and windows were swung wide open behind him. Wind machines revolved. His heavy coat kept disappearing. Finally "Rajah" began to suspect something was up.

"What the devil's the idea?" he asked Richard Thorpe, his director. "Are you trying to kill me?"

"No," replied Thorpe, "we're just keeping that cold with you so your voice won't change pitch until the picture's finished."

* * *

MUCH is written about the stars, little concerning those who surround them as they work. Often there is heroism in the prosaic background.

This was the case on "The Little Minister."

Henry Gerrard, cameraman, constantly winning greater laurels for his photography in such productions as "Little Women," was assigned to photograph Katharine Hepburn and her cast.

"The Little Minister" was half completed when Gerrard began suffering from appendicitis. He visited a phy-

Adorable, smooth HANDS—because HINDS prevents Chapping

Hinds keeps her hands nice the year round. Cold weather doesn't chap them—housework hasn't roughened them—because she uses Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. This rich liquid cream *soaks* the skin deeply with healing balms—relieves chapping, smooths rough cracked skin *quickly!*

FEBRUARY—March! Danger months for sensitive hands. They get chapped, cracked, red and sore . . . they need the soothing balms supplied by a *penetrating* cream—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds is rich with soothing, smoothing oils. It is a liquid cream. It does more than "slick" the skin's surface. When you rub *in* Hinds, it *soaks* the skin with softening oils and healing balms. Dry harsh skin quickly becomes silky-smooth!

Use Hinds after exposure to drying wind and cold weather—and always at bedtime. It's the economical way to keep your hands always thrillingly smooth. You'll find 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store—10¢ size at the dime store.

HINDS
CREAM
HINDS
CREAM

HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935

"HOUSEWORK" HANDS need Hinds to saturate dry abused skin. Use *penetrating* Hinds to supply rich soothing oils—it works *surely.*

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream gives quick relief to a child's tender chapped skin. Let the children use Hinds to soothe their chapped hands and knees after winter play.

BRING BACK satiny smoothness to chapped legs, ankles, rough dry spots on knees and heels—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Apply before dressing—see how quickly Hinds smooths the skin!

At the Mayfair, Beverly Wilshire Hotel, our clever cameraman was lucky enough to catch three glamorous stars together: Dolores Del Rio, and the Bennett sisters, Connie and Joan.

Do we have to tell you who the gent with the cigar is? No? All right, then we'll just tell you that the photo was taken at the American Legion fights where the crowd goes nowadays.

Choice Chatter About the Stars

sician who said his life was in danger.

"I can't quit," Gerrard told him. "You come to the set each day and see me through."

Gerrard told no one of his pain. He introduced the worried physician as his friend. Finally, the last scene was filmed. Gerrard was rushed to the hospital, but it was too late.

He died on the operating table.

* * *

BEFORE completely dismissing the Lew Ayres-Ginger Rogers marriage, which we promise to do after this edition, we've got to tell one about the wedding rehearsal. Lew, Ginger and others had been rehearsing for hours and were exhausted when the "master of ceremonies" said:

"Now, let's go through this just once more."

"On the other hand," shot back Lew, "Let's print the last take. We might as well quit before we lose our enthusiasm for our parts."

* * *

DICK POWELL'S Toluca Lake home was finished the other day. And Dick, wanting to show his gratitude to more than 25 men who had worked on it, sent out a call for all. He served a buffet supper which, according to one of the workmen, was "staggering" in more ways than one.

Now there are twenty-five more fans who'll never miss a Dick Powell picture.

Roy Randolf (in the middle) gives dancing lessons at the Ambassador to ambitious young people — such as Cutie Mary Carlisle and Jim Blakely.

ANDY DEVINE, Universal funnyman, was one of the boys who gave a blood transfusion to Genevieve Barnett, wife of Vince Barnett, when she was near death recently in a Hollywood hospital.

"If you have any youngsters," he whispered to his pal, the ribber, while the operation was under way, "they'll certainly have a funny streak in their blood."

* * *

A VERY stately, very beautiful woman walked into the Hollywood offices of the gas company. She was Betty Blythe, not many years ago, one of the really great cinema stars. A young clerk eyed her questioningly when she reached the desk.

"Name, please," said the Clerk.

Betty wrote it down.

"I wish to have my gas shut off," she said.

"Are you in business?" asked the clerk.

"I'm an actress," she replied.

Without a flicker of recognition the young clerk filled out the order blank.

* * *

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, who has the habit of titling the various homes in which he lives by such names as "The Vicarage," named the latest in San Fernando Valley

There's a story behind the two people above — Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Merle Oberon (at the Trocadero) and we'll tell it soon.

"Cottage Cheese," had a neat little sign made and hung it out. He took it down a day later after four people had dropped in to buy some cheese.

* * *

THE recent fire at Warner-First National studios in Burbank had some interesting highlights. Practically all of the Toluca residents, including Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen, were on hand to see $500,000 worth of studio go up in flames and smoke. Warren William and Dick Powell watched the ravages of the flames from a nearby hillside while Paul Muni raced across the San Fernando valley to get a look.

The big highlight, however, was the activity of the Warner cameramen. They got out their black boxes, shot thousands of feet of fire sequences which were printed and placed in the studio libraries for safe-keeping. Chances are we'll have a Warner-First National fire epic within the next six months.

* * *

RAOUL ROULIEN is very much like Warner Baxter in one respect —he likes to cook and is very good at it.

Recently he prepared a blueberry pie for Conchita Montenegro, asked her over to dinner, and prepared to serve it. He tripped over a rug and delivered it against a wall.

* * *

EDNA PURVIANCE, driven from screen favor unjustly many years ago when she was linked with two fatalities, is going to come back.

She has been given a role in Universal's "The Great Ziegfeld," being produced by William Anthony McGuire.

During all the years she has been off the screen, Charles Chaplin, who starred

"I took it *myself* when I was a little girl"

HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are . . . *reasons!*

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points . . . Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on *all!*

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positively will not form a habit—you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you eat a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
T35 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name________________
Address________________

When Nature forgets - remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MORE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

The returning travelers—Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller —arrive at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles. Since this was taken Lupe has filed divorce papers.

At the Mayfair in the Beverly Wilshire, the four horsemen decide upon some ice-water harmony. The quartet: Carl Brisson, Mervyn LeRoy, Joe E. Brown, Lyle Talbot.

In the circle, a marvelous snatch shot of Bob Richey and Jeanette MacDonald, backstage at Grauman's. Jeanette fell asleep waiting for the footprint ceremony.

her in "A Woman of Paris," has had her on his payroll.

* * *

VIRGINIA BRUCE is getting an earful these days. Her maid used to work for Greta Garbo.

* * *

JIMMY GLEASON has found a way to stop the autograph hunters.

He alighted from the train at Del Rio, Texas, enroute to Hollywood after a location trip, and found a mob of almost two hundred admirers waving their little black books. He pulled out his own. He got back on the train with fifty signatures of townsmen—and hadn't signed once himself.

* * *

AL JOLSON, once the kid singer of the Ghetto, has not forgotten what poverty and illness mean—he is responsible for twelve beds in an eastern hospital, spending $25,000 a year to maintain them.

* * *

FOR the past two years Margaret Sullavan, who recently married her director, William Wyler, has been driving around town in rented automobiles of cheap make. The other day she blossomed out in a very expensive car, done in white.

Margaret Donovan, Universal hair dresser, got a peek at the garish transportation.

"Good heavens, Margaret!" she exclaimed. "You've gone Hollywood in no uncertain way!"

La Sullavan's blue eyes widened. Very seriously, she asked:

"Do you really think so? If you do, I'll have the car repainted."

* * *

ONE producer who is giving the "old timers" a chance and who is reaping a reward for his kindness in box office returns is Trem Carr, head of Monogram Pictures, an independent concern which, with 28 productions on its schedule for this year is bidding for major recognition.

"The players of yesteryear still have talent and they still have drawing power," says Carr. "Other producers are making a mistake by not using them."

Among the Carr players are Conway Tearle, Clara Kimball Young, Bryant Washburn, Tully Marshall, Noah Beery, Claire Windsor, Pauline Frederick, George Hackathorne and Jason Robards. Fox signed Henry Walthall to a contract as the result of his work with Monogram.

Monogram is also active in the development of younger players. Virginia Bruce, out of pictures for some time, won an M-G-M contract for her work in Monogram's "Jane Eyre." Marion Marsh was so good in "A Girl of the Limberlost" that Columbia signed her. Cecelia Parker, now with M-G-M, is a Monogram "western" graduate. Lyle Talbot worked twice for Carr—and was given a Warner Brothers contract. Ginger Rogers appeared in "The Thirteenth Guest" for Monogram.

* * *

ONE cold morning we dropped out to Metropolitan Airport in the San Fernando valley to watch Paul Mantz, noted motion picture stunt flyer playing a role in "West Point of the Air," fly a Curtiss pusher biplane of 1910 vintage. In fact, the plane represented the one which Glenn Curtiss sold the government and thus started the United States Army Air Corps.

Mantz was supposed to be catapulted down a runway on which there

Left, an exclusive photo of Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern at the Legion fights. Did something get in your eye, Ann?

Another pair at the fights. Below, Dixie Lee Crosby and Bing. The Crosby fella must be betting on the winner!

was a covered army wagon in which was secreted a camera. His first take-off was a complete flop, ending when he almost taxied into the wagon.

"Can't you move that cart over about fifteen feet?" he howled at Director Rosson. "I'm going to hit it. I've only got a two-foot clearance."

"Two feet is enough!" barked Rosson.

Mantz did the trick on his next take-off.

* * *

HE encountered Cora Sue Collins doing a bit of shopping in a Hollywood department store. She was at a remnant counter during one of those month-end sales.

"What're you buying?" we asked.

"Red and green cloth to make pants and coat for my cat so I can take her out for a walk," she replied.

* * *

AMAZING example of how news travels in Hollywood:

Marian Marsh went to the Santa Anita racetrack, eight miles east of Los Angeles, to pose with a horse. The horse took a nip at her and she was rushed to a nearby hospital for emergency treatment.

She went directly home. By the time she arrived her mother was having an hysterical fit, seven newspaper reporters had visited the Marsh home and six well-wishers had sent flowers.

* * *

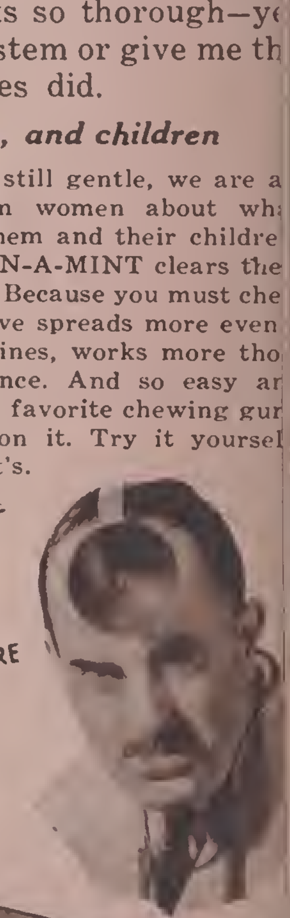
FIFTH largest police force in the state of California—those in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento rank it—is the fifty-two man organization guarding 3,000 people and millions of dollars in properties on the 26-acre Paramount lot. Stern-faced ex-sheriff Wallace Calvin Bryant started his department twenty years ago with two men after demanding and receiving from Cecil B. DeMille, exasperated by drinking, brawls and thefts, a three-year contract.

Chief among Chief Bryant's activities is weeding out workmen with soap boxes under their arms—which means socialistic agitators. These men, spotted by men in plainclothes working beside them are first warned, then thrown off the lot on second offense. Another occupation is the checking and guarding of all properties used on sets, Bryant having cut losses from stage sets down to nothing from $175,000 a year through efficient check-ups.

Trespassers who have the temerity to scale a 10-foot wooden fence plus four feet of barbed wire to get a look at Mae West or Marlene Dietrich come in at the rate of five a week. They are captured within five minutes, booked at the Hollywood police station for trespassing or disorderly conduct. Prize of the collection was a woman expecting to get $1,000 a day doubling for Dietrich. She had come from Iowa.

* * *

FRANCIS LISTER, British actor working in "Clive of India" with Ronald Colman, is finally convinced that California fogs can be as thick as those in London. (*Continued on page 67*)



IT RELIEVED
MY MISER

• I was practically a chronic invalid fro
dizziness, headaches, bile, and all th
things that come with persistent const
pation. I'd just as soon have been dea
Finally my husband insisted that I tr
FEEN-A-MINT—it had fixed him u
from gas on his stomach when he wa
away on a business trip. I was jus
amazed at the effect it had—right fro
the first one I began to improve. It wa
wonderful. It agreeably removes tha
feeling of flatulence, and the dizzy spel
have stopped. It works so thorough—y
doesn't weaken my system or give me th
cramps other laxatives did.

For men, women, and children

Because it is effective and still gentle, we are a
ways getting letters from women about wh
FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their childre
And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears the
system out thoroughly, too. Because you must che
FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more even
through the clogged intestines, works more tho
oughly. No harmful violence. And so easy ar
pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gur
15,000,000 people depend on it. Try it yoursel
15 and 25¢ at your druggist's.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE—IT DISTRIBUTES THE LAXATIVE MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE EFFECTIVELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES SUCH EXCELLENT RELIEF.

FOR EASIER RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Both for Beauty's Sake

HER COAT, $2500

HER TOOTH PASTE, 25¢

All women welcome the cleanliness and brilliance this tooth paste affords

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

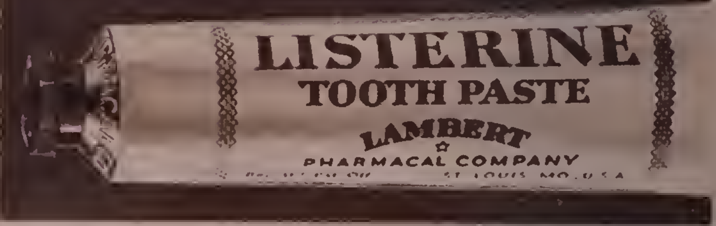
They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA

direct from its N. Y. Stage.
Broadcast by LISTERINE,
announced by *Geraldine Farrar*

Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . at NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time

MARLENE'S and JOE'S Last Picture TOGETHER

WELL, Hollywood has her wish at last! With "Caprice Espagnol", Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg—the greatest star-director team since the days of D. W. Griffith and Lillian Gish—is saying "Auf Wiedersehen."

The reason? Perhaps the hot breath of criticism blew as strongly on the box-office as it did on the necks of Marlene and her director. As the last picture started, Von said: "I've been so close to this woman that I know her every fault and virtue . . . there is nothing left for us to express. Her past faith in me now becomes her greatest handicap because our ideal has been reached . . . it is best we each go our separate ways."

Hollywood, true to form, looked about for what it always calls the "Inside Reasons."

One of the most popular, was that Von has lost his strong hold over his German protegee through her bitter disappointment in "The Scarlet Empress" and that she, herself, had been the first to urge the break. Certainly there had been months of strained relations between the so-called *Svengali* and *Trilby* following the criticism of Dietrich's "Catherine The Great."

It had been reported that they had been constantly quarreling . . . not over picture alone, but over Von's insistence that Marlene remain a recluse . . . cutting her off from the few friendships and social activities she enjoyed.

When "Caprice Espagnol" finally went into production, a few more of Hollywood's favorite

(*Continued on page 73*)

"It is best we go our separate ways," said Von Sternberg. And so Hollywood watches the making of La Dietrich's latest film with especial interest.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE SIGNIFICANT "CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"

The

Lovetime in Hollywood!

— Here are the three most thrilling romances of the month told as only Movie Mirror writers can tell them.

R.

IT was because of a vow made by three musketeers dubbed Athos, Aramis, and Porthos that Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye arrived in Hollywood on the same train late last summer. And photographers snapping them at the station immediately gave rise to the rumor that they were secretly married.

How all these rumors came to pass months before Frank and Evelyn finally eloped by airplane to Yuma is a story of beautiful friendship. Such a story as is too seldom heard. And a story of young love. Such as cannot be told often enough.

Perhaps you were among those who saw Evelyn Laye when she played in "Bittersweet" some five or six years ago at the then new Ziegfeld Theater. If not, you've undoubtedly seen her in at least one of her infrequent appearances upon the American screen.

Frank Lawton you know, of course. How could anyone forget him as Joey in "Cavalcade"? Joey who fell in love with the cook's daughter who became a famous, glamorous dancer.

This time Frank had come to Hollywood to play David Copperfield. For months he had let his brown hair grow long and worn it curled up in the back, not caring what people might think, caring only about this part, eager to *create* a David and not merely trump one up out of wigs and paint and costumes.

It was the afternoon I talked with Frank in the Metro offices and he denied the premature rumors of his marriage to Evelyn and explained how they came to cross the continent on the same train, that I heard this story of a friendship when three never had been a crowd even though one of the three was a woman, and a woman who came to be loved.

It began some years ago. In England. When Frank Lawton and a young business

True Love Story of FRANK LAWTON and EVELYN LAYE

Their strange and beautiful first vow brought them to Hollywood—and their second vow took them to Yuma, Arizona, on their honeymoon

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

man named Laurence Reid met to know an immediate understanding and respect for each other. And later on to share a flat.

They found their rooms and moved in. They put their books on the shelves, stood their various family photographs about, rearranged the furniture somewhat, and decided they'd done all that could be done to make the place attractive and home-like.

"Know a girl in the theater named Laye?" Laurence Reid asked Frank one evening. "Evelyn Laye?"

Frank shook his head. "Laye? No, not that I remember!"

Laurence Reid put down his book. "Well, it's a safe wager you never met her then. You wouldn't be likely to forget her. I think I'll ask her up one Sunday. For tea."

"Do," Frank poked at the grate fire. "Do that." If Laurence wanted a girl in for tea it was fine with him.

The very next Sunday Evelyn came. The Sunday following also. And practically every Sunday thereafter. For years. In between times, too.

It wasn't long before the flat began to show her influence. And to be more charming for it. The old arm chair was drawn close to the fire. A little table was placed so tea could be poured comfortably from the sofa. And the curtains of a dark red stuff which she hemmed and hung at the windows completed the room perfectly.

The three took to going places together.

"And Sundays," Frank told me leaning back in his low chair, "they were the fine days. Laurence and I supplied the China tea, crumpets and strawberry jam and Evelyn, arriving in time to prepare tea, invariably brought in a few flowers.

"None of us was exactly rolling in wealth, if you know what I mean. But we did have fun."

On those Sunday afternoons it was Frank who tended the (*Continued on page* 83)

More love!!

Have an intimate talk with the man himself before you try to answer the question

WHAT ABOUT George Brent and Greta Garbo?

By DELIA ORMISTON

IT'S George Brent and Greta Garbo these days.

George and Greta infusing every new day with a beautiful excitement for each other. Week-ending, with sympathetic friends, out on the desert. Talking. Laughing. Marvelling. Not looking forward or backward. But counting that magic hour in which they find themselves together enough. And more. As you do when caught up by a great emotion.

For years now Greta has gone a lonely way. She has had her work and her friends. There have been infrequent rumors about some romance. But they've always petered out almost at once, proving there never was any truth in them. And a woman without love, for all the work and friends in the world, is lonely. Especially if she has recollections of a love such as Greta knew with Jack Gilbert to tease her memory.

Greta and George Brent met when they worked together in "The Painted Veil." And I, for one, do not doubt that in the moment they were introduced, and they bowed and looked into each other's eyes, that this romance began.

Both were ready for it for one thing.

Greta, as I've said, was lonely. And George Brent, standing over six feet, with a bitter twist to his smile, and a challenge in his eyes, a rebel at heart even as

George Brent wants color and excitement and adventure. Will he and la Garbo search for these things together?

Jack Gilbert was a rebel, is not a man to be passed up lightly.

Regarding George's mental and emotional pattern at this time I can be more explicit. I spent an afternoon with him in his little brick house on Toluca Lake. Where if you don't look out of the front windows to see the western mountains flung dramatically against the sky you might readily believe yourself in England. On the Thames.

George talked that day, not only for publication, but intimately. The way you do when there are sunset colors in the sky and you relax over cigarettes and Scotch and soda.

He was in something of a state. He was going through that restless, unsettled period which comes when a marriage has ended, when one chapter of life has closed and there hasn't been time enough for roots to strike down into another chapter.

Among other things he was irked by the divorce proceedings which were in the process of freeing him from Ruth Chatterton. Not by the proceedings themselves but by the talk and publicity they occasioned. He wanted in the worst way to get away. And he couldn't. He was bound to remain there.

"I'm trapped," he announced, sprawling in his chair, stretching his long legs into the middle of the room. "I've got to stay here for years.

"I had a practical, cautious, sane moment. I counted my age and decided it was time I settled down to a steady job and a steady salary. Security suddenly seemed important. And I signed a five-year-contract.

"Now security seems unnecessary. Now nothing on earth seems as important as getting away, going to India, returning to Spain, or sailing for South America. Getting to some other corner of the earth but this.

"South America pulls hardest. I feel a kinship for South Americans somehow. They're so civilized. If someone does something of which they disapprove they shrug their shoulders and let it go at that. They never stick their noses into others' affairs.

"God bless them!"

He twirled the tall glass he held in his hand. "Anyway, you can't sit in one little spot all your life."

He couldn't. He hasn't. He was only eleven the first time he came to this country. A few years afterwards he returned to Dublin to study at the University. There he became interested in the theater. So interested in the theater that nothing less than the Irish Revolution could have pulled him out of it.

He fought for the cause he believed just with a zeal inherited from generations of Irish patriots and the fearlessness which marks him as an individual. And more than once, as trusted despatch carrier for the Irish leader, Michael Collins, he had to flee the country for his life.

The fight over at last, he came back to America. And returning to the stage also he played in Florida, Massachusetts, Colorado and New York. Finally he reached Hollywood and pictures.

As he says, you can't sit in one little spot all your life.

To my mind the screen has yet to reflect a full measure of the Brent charm. And no picture in which I've seen him has given him a role as colorful and dramatic as he proves in reality. For he's half adventurer and half scholar and more of an idealist than he'd have anyone suspect.

"You don't go around," he says vehemently, "with everything written on your cuff. Unless you're a fool. You learn to keep quiet at last. And (*Continued on page* 84)

And more Love!!! . . . All the ingredients of old-world courtship are mixed into this romance and marriage

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr

by CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

IT reads like a page from your grandmother's diary, this marriage of Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr.

All the ingredients of a perfect old-world courtship are rhapsodically mixed into this romance of Hollywood's most promising young star and one of its topnotch cameramen.

There was love at first sight, parental objections, renunciations, separation and the sudden vehement decision to throw everything overboard for love. The only new-fangled concession was an airplane used by the couple for the tempestuous elopement to Yuma, Arizona.

Somehow I wish the mechanics of that flight could have been managed with a carriage and a spanking pair of roans, or cobs, or dapple grays, or whatever it was that carried romantic runaways of the mauve decade to "happiness ever-after."

And if you believe that Hollywood is an impossible setting for any love affair that is ingenuous and profound (and who can blame you?) it's high time you became familiar with the unusual pattern of Mrs. Mohr's background.

When she arrived in Hollywood a year and a half ago, it was difficult (*Continued on page* 86)

Left, as Evelyn Venable appeared in "Double Door," a role she was to play in real life, months later. Above, with Hal Mohr, ace cameraman, in Yuma, Arizona, where they were married.

The new "censor-wise" films of Hollywood are going in for sweet, young romance and tender melodies in a big way, as demonstrated by Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart (begging your pardon, the new Mrs. Arthur Sheekman, bride of the well-known dialogue-writer, in this scene from the new Warner Bros. super-musical, "Gold Diggers of 1935." There's a fine supporting cast which includes Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, Alice Brady and Hugh Herbert. Warner's promises a "big *piano* number *sung* by Dick Powell" and we're all agog with curiosity. The boy has proved he can act, and in this show Gloria Stuart gets another chance to show how sweetly she sings.

FRANK LAWTON as DAVID
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN as DORA

JEAN CADELL as
MRS. MICAWBER

LIONEL BARRYMORE
as DAN PEGGOTTY

THE MOST AMAZING CAST IN HOLLYWOOD

Insiders tell us that "David Copperfield," which boasts this great cast, is the most expensive talking picture to date, running well into the two-million-dollar class. A large contingent of executives and writers went to England to test two thousand actors and actresses, ranging from small children to veteran character players. Freddie Bartholomew, playing young David, was selected after 10,000 kids had been interviewed. George Cukor, responsible for "Little Women," directs.

EDNA MAY OLIVER
as BETSY TROTWOOD

ELIZABETH ALLAN as DAVID'S MOTHE

ROLAND
YOUNG
as
URIAH HEEP

LENNOX
PAWLE
as MR. DICK

BASIL RATHBONE
as
EDWARD MURDSTO

W. C. FIELDS
as MR. MICAWBER

FREDDIE
BARTHOLOMEW
as the
BOY DAVID

MARILYN
KNOWLDEN
as the
CHILD
AGNES

MADGE
EVANS
as
AGNES
WICKFIELD

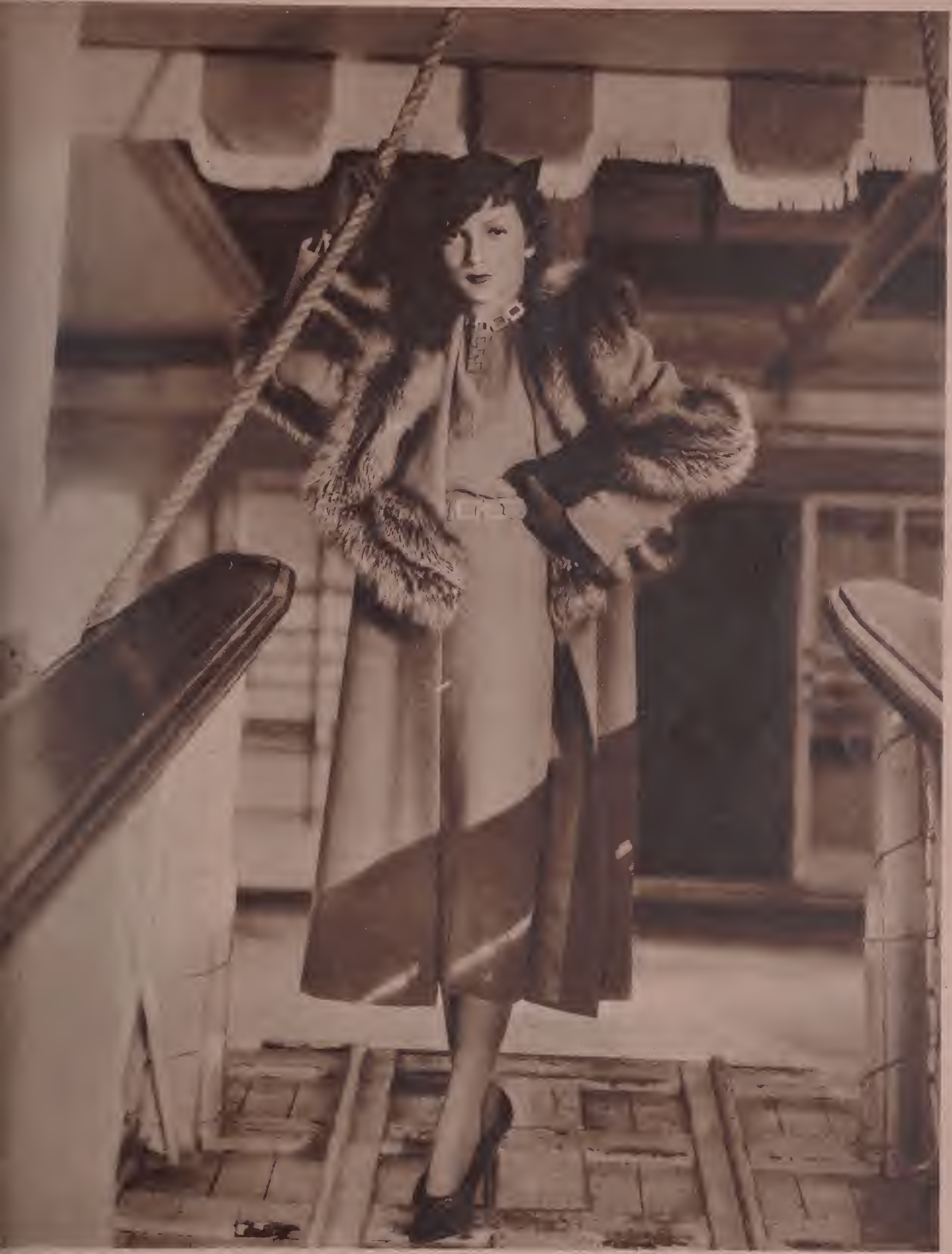
HERBERT MUNDIN
as "BARKIS"

HUGH WILLIAMS
as J. STEERFORTH

LEWIS STONE
as
MR. WICKFIELD

JESSIE
RALPH
as
CLARA
PEGGOTTY

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



A street suit of beige wool trimmed with cross fox—important because it is *the* color for spring—more important because it is the suit that Claudette Colbert will wear in her next picture, "The Gilded Lily." Don't overlook the length of this suit. Skirts will be shorter this spring. Novelty trimmings will also be the vogue.

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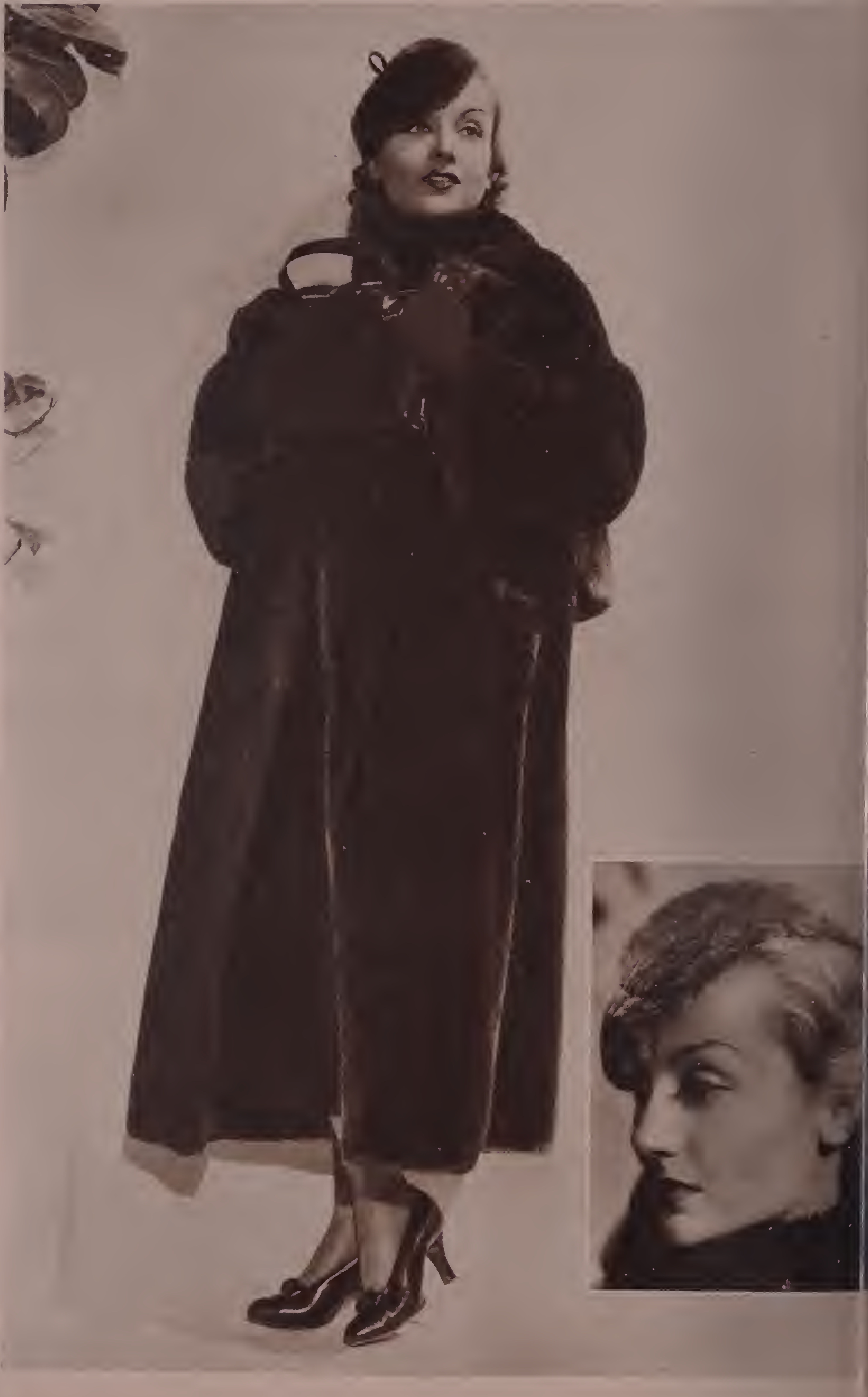

Again a fashion scoop! Carole Lombard poses in some of the clothes she is to wear in "Rumba" exclusively for Movie Mirror. Many chill winds will blow before the warm days of spring, so first of all we chose her smartly tailored coat of beaver with her chic matching beaver toque.

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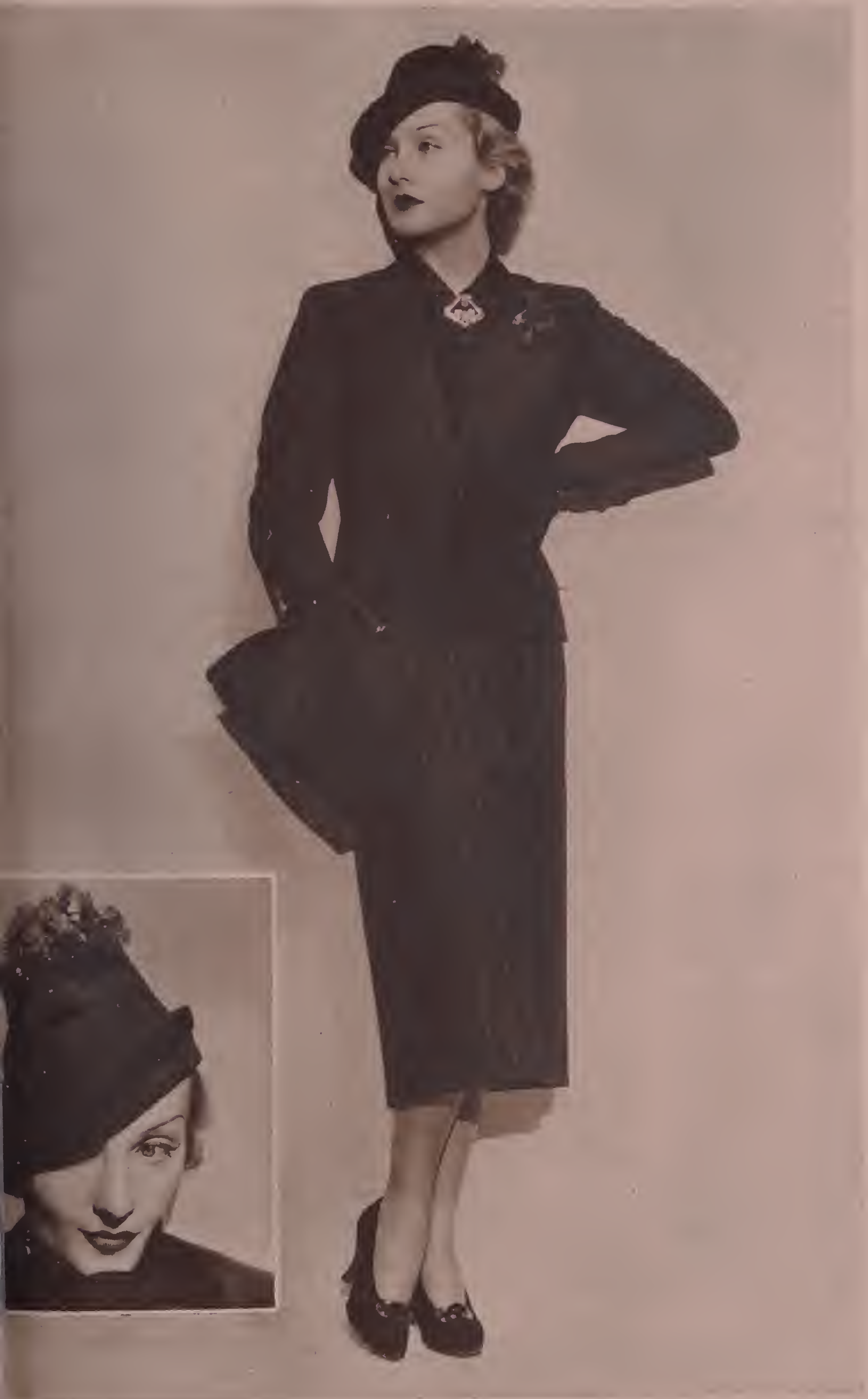
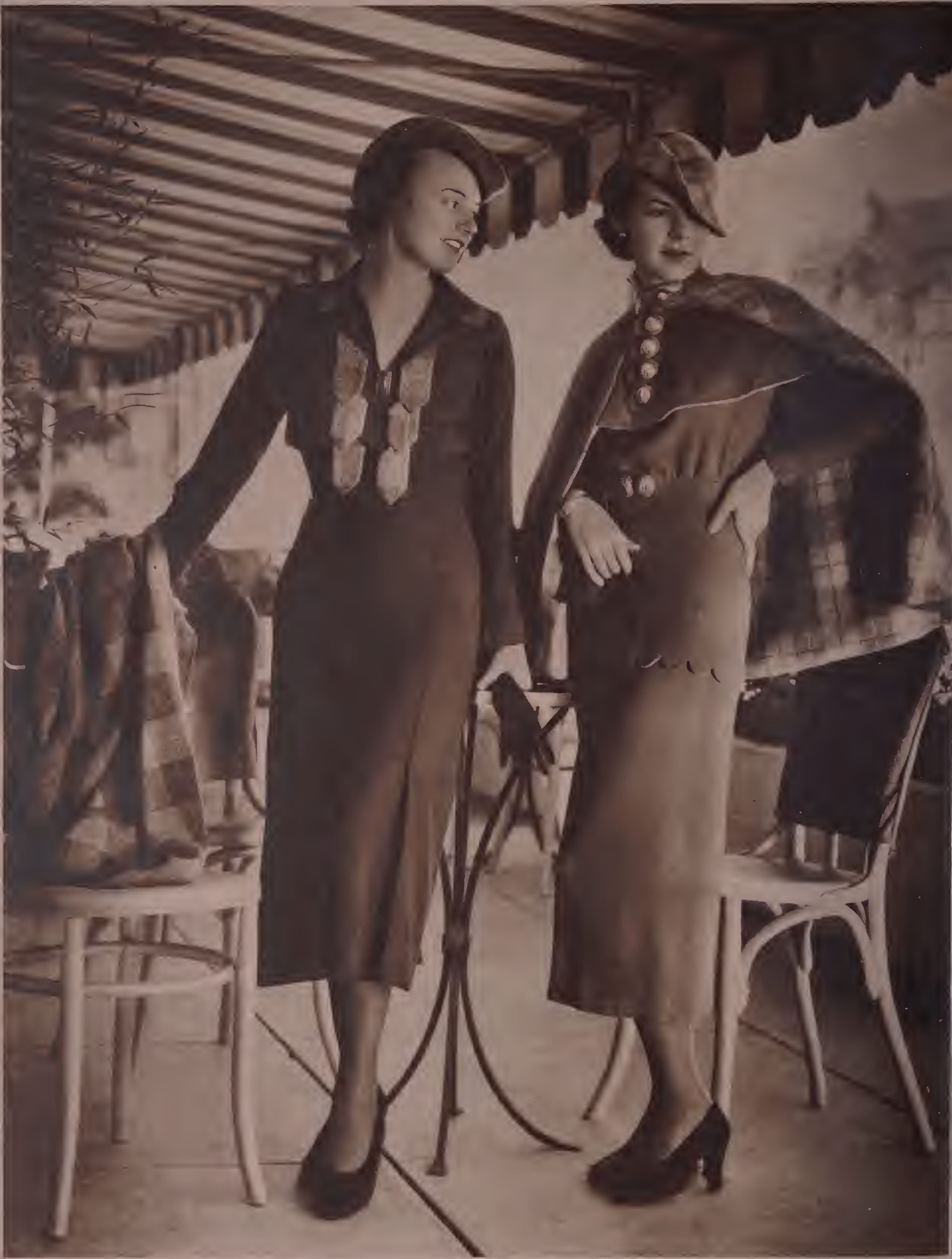
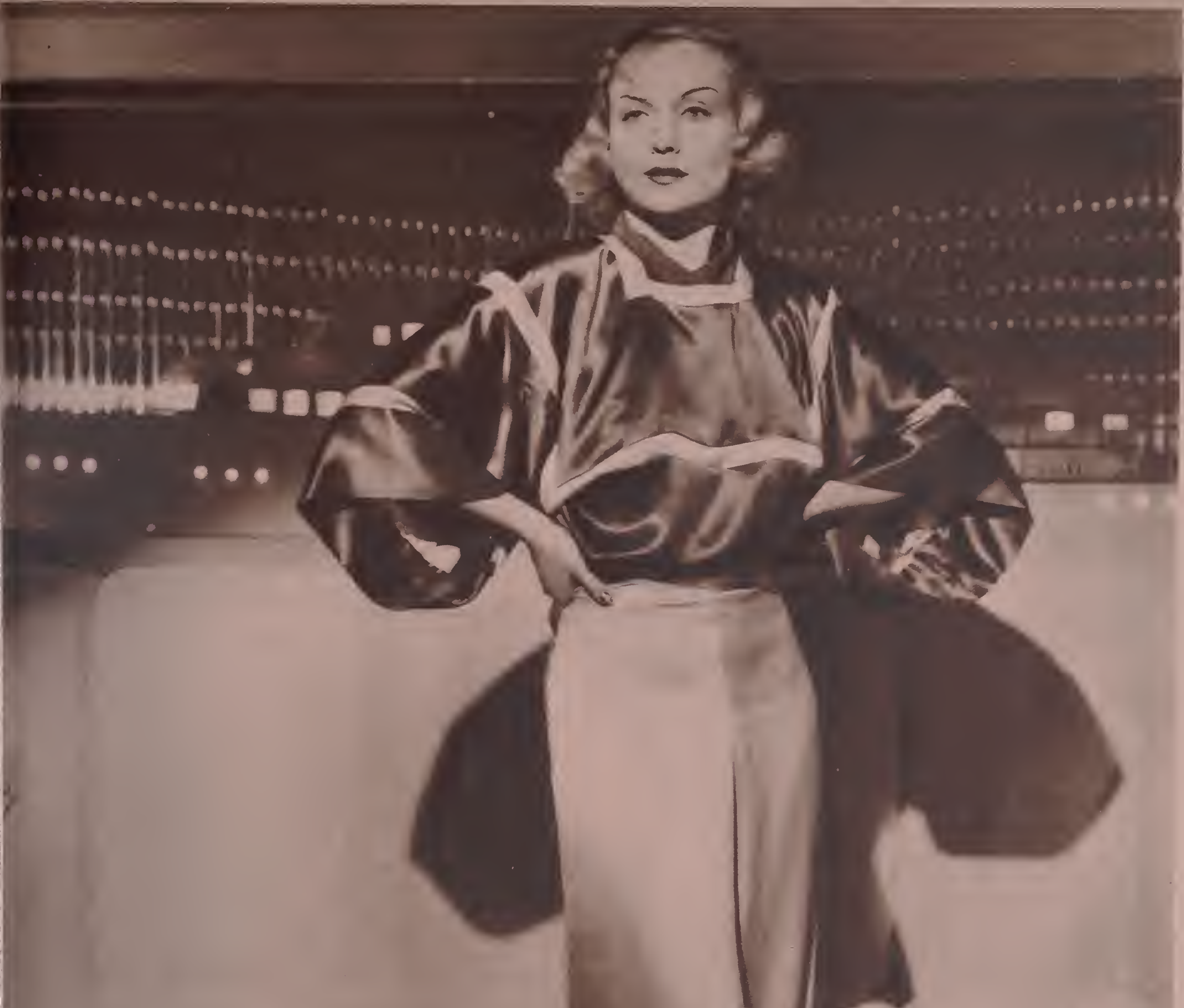


Carole believes that all women should wear tailored clothes for daytime, so next we selected this classic suit of black wool. The plain skirt has a pin line of white, *and notice its length.* The blouse is of deep red crepe de chine. Her hat is little, but *high,* with red carnations.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters



Greer, Hollywood's free lance designer, has his beautiful models show a pair of street frocks from his new spring collection—both with trim of plaid because plaids are still *fashion news*. The dress on the left is green wool with green and yellow tabs of plaid to match the separate three-quarter length coat. The cape dress on the right is of powder blue, the cape lined in blue and grey plaid. The hats are plaid, too.



Carole Lombard wears Banton-designed pajamas of beige and powder blue satin. A kerchief of blue is folded around the throat and tucked into the square-necked blouse. Note the flowing grace of the sleeves.

Can I help you plan your spring wardrobe by telling you what colors and materials to wear? When and when not to wear a suit? Send your questions to Gwenn Walters, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WHAT CAN YOU

Will

OVER on the Fox lot, just a good-sized radio's throw from the Tennessee gate in the middle of a cactus garden, stands a typical desert style four-room stucco house. The studio built it as a dressing room for Will Rogers who has been in it by actual count six times.

Next door is a dainty, four room house with old-fashioned flowers behind a picket fence. That's Shirley Temple's.

Shirley is five; Rogers is fifty-five.

Shirley is the screen's standout feminine star.

Rogers is the screen's standout male star.

The stardom of Shirley doesn't surprise Hollywood folks so much. They've seen a lot of screen sensations flare up and then flare out, although little Shirley undoubtedly has the personality it takes for lasting fame.

But Rogers—old Bill Rogers—does surprise them. Bill has been burning up box-office records so long that Hollywood's wise people have been annually predicting he was through. However, to confound his critics Will's getting hotter all the time. "David Harum" topped everything he had done before. Then "Handy Andy" topped that, and along came "Judge Priest" to beat that.

As a result, Hollywood has given up trying to explain Rogers. It takes him and likes him, having found out he's a dangerous guy to tackle.

For instance, on the completion of "Judge Priest," a dinner was given in honor of Rogers,

Hollywood has given up trying to explain Rogers. It takes him and likes him! It realizes that he's a dangerous guy to tackle. Below, as he appears in "The County Chairman," his latest film.

DO WITH Rogers?

Don't try to tell the screen's biggest male star what to do or how to do it. He's always done things his own way —and he undoubtedly always will!

By THORNTON SARGENT

After the first scene of any o his films is shot Rogers shouts ''Lunchee Luncheel' But he goes o with his actin just the same

Director John Ford, all the players and the members of the "crew." The studio executives were there and Rogers was subjected to considerable ribbing about Henry Walthall, Stepin Fetchit and the other players "stealing" the picture from him.

When Rogers was finally called upon, he brought up the "stealing" situation.

"I'm going to tell you the secret of the picture business," he said in a confidential manner. "It's made up of two lines of figures. One's in black ink, the other in red. At the end of the year when it's time to talk about a new contract for Rogers or discuss whether that old fellow should be dropped, they pull out those rows of figures.

"If the Rogers pictures show a good profit, they want to sign Rogers again. They don't stop to say, 'Well, it's because Walthall was so good and Stepin Fetchit certainly made him look bad.' So the more good work the others do and the better parts they have, the better it is for old Rogers.

"Why, when I ride over the range down in Santa Monica I see many a piece that Step's acting has paid for—I even got a canyon there that I call Fetchit Canyon."

Although the suspicion that Rogers received $125,000 a picture is probably well founded, it also is true that probably more of his earnings go to charity than do those of most men. Few men do more to help the less fortunate than does Rogers—and without talking about it.

On his flood relief tour, for instance, he not only turned over to the Red Cross every dime taken in at his concerts but also personally shouldered all expenses. But when he does good he does like to do it in his own way and without dictation from anyone.

HE isn't a money grabber. At the same time he doesn't like to be roped in. And if he is, he usually makes the roper pay.

A few years ago following an exhausting day and night tour in the interest of the flood relief campaign, the orchestra which had been a part of his act (*Continued on page* 107)

A STAR today, tomorrow just a face on the cutting room floor. But that's Hollywood, and while there's Hollywood, there's hope!

They never cry quits, these gallant souls who follow the will-o'-the-wisp of picture fame. Back they come, again and again, eyes bright with visions, hearts brave with hope. Age matters nothing. The old guard—Clara Kimball Young, Thomas Meighan, Charlie Ray, John Gilbert—never lowers its colors. The youngsters, somehow lost in the shuffle, march with them.

There's little Dawn O'Day, for one, the child whose fragile prettiness used to appear when the director wanted a flashback to the childhood of some star. But when you get to the gawky stage of ten or eleven, nobody wants you any more. Dawn's father died when she was a baby, and since she was three years old she supported her mother with her picture work. These last five or six years have passed in yearning, waiting, hungering. . . .

Yet Dawn kept on hoping, and at last her chance came. I saw her the other day at RKO, lunching with Tom Brown.

"I'm Anne Shirley, now," she said. "Dawn O'Day is no more—but don't weep for the child. You see, I took the name of the girl I play in 'Anne of Green Gables.'"

So Hollywood waves its magic wand and presto! You have a new name, a new character, and another chance at fame. Yesterday nothing, today the envy of all! Jean Parker, just made a star, would have given anything to be in Anne's shoes, for Jean thinks "Anne of Green Gables" is grand.

She was reading it the day I encountered her on the big park in Metro's back lot, where she and Jimmy Dunn were making "Have a Heart." A quiet woman in the costume of a nun sat on a bench nearby, an extra in the picture. Unknown to this generation, she is Florence Turner, once famous actress. Masked in black, she hovers on the edge of oblivion, while lovely little Jean spreads her wings to the stars.

Time was when Clara Kimball Young was numbered among the great, but that was fifteen years ago. She had almost given up hope when a studio cast her in "The Return of Chandu." Still lovely, this gracious lady looks forward with dark eyes vibrant with new life.

"You don't live in the past in this town," she smiled. "Everything is Today."

But she can't help remembering a college professor that she put in the cast of "The Deep Purple," a fellow named Milton Sills—and Rex Ingram, that long lost exile, who was jack-of-all-trades around the studio when she got him his first directorial job on "The Forbidden City"—and Eddie Lowe, whom she brought here in 1919 to play in his first picture with her.

You don't have to go that far back to find the ever hopefuls waiting the chance to recapture

They're right in there fighting, these gallant people who have known success and failure. From left to right, they're Madge Bellamy, Charles Ray, Thomas Meighan, Esther Ralston, Anne Shirley (formerly Dawn O'Day) and Alan Hale. They never lose hope, knowing that greater success than they've ever had may be, and often is, just around the corner.

Another chance at fame—that's what every once-successful star wants and fights for! And often the cinema city holds out welcoming arms to those she has blessed in bygone years

WHILE THERE'S *Hollywood* THERE'S *Hope!*

by John Little

that moment of glory that once was theirs. Did you catch a glimpse of Helene Chadwick in Jean Harlow's last picture, "The Girl from Missouri?"

Helene's beautiful face flashes for an instant across the screen as she sits at a desk. Then she is gone without having the opportunity to speak even one line. Yet who was this star named Jean Harlow, when Helene was the toast of Hollywood?

Helene is young, and as beautiful as when she rode the crest. So she takes extra bits and waits, for while there's Hollywood, there's hope.

If you watched closely in a previous Harlow picture, "Blonde Bombshell," you might have felt something familiar about the salesgirl in the baby-wear department scene. That was Julanne Johnston, whose flawless profile gave you a gasp of breathless admiration when you saw it in all the fan magazines a few years ago. Hollywood has overlooked her for the moment, but this beautiful girl has by no means lost hope.

They were making "The Richest Girl in the World" at RKO when I sat down for a moment's chat with Miriam Hopkins. When she was called back before the camera with Joel McCrea, I noticed a tall, handsome young man quit his place as stand-in for Joel and stroll to the sidelines. His face was hauntingly familiar.

"That's Arnold Grey," I was told. "Leading man for Priscilla Dean and scads of others. Swell actor."

"Then why a stand-in job?" I asked.

A shrug answers. That's Hollywood. Grey has a fine voice, and there's no reason on earth why he isn't up among 'em in talkies. If he were old, fat and had a squeak in his windpipe you could understand.

WHEN Joel McCrea was a gangly-legged kid he taught Arnold how to ride a horse, and in turn Arnold helped him in pictures. Now one stands at the top, the other at the bottom.

"He's just down on his luck for a bit," Joel told me later, "and he might as well be drawing pay as my stand-in while he's waiting for something to turn up. He won't be down long—wait and see. No use losing hope, you know."

On the same set is another of Hollywood's hopefuls, who a few years ago was one of the highest paid stars at Universal. Remember Glenn Tryon? Bill Seiter used to be his director. When Seiter started this picture he gave Tryon a job as his assistant, and now they are going to let Tryon direct "The Kick-Off."

Even if you're an old timer, with the bloom long faded, you don't give up hope of landing some character role that will go over big. May "Muzzie" Robson had her chance in "Lady for a Day," and what she didn't do with that role!

"Another 'Apple Annie' part will (*Continued on page* 94)

WHY HOLLYWOOD was JEALOUS of Mae West

by JULIE LANG HUNT

Editor's Note: *When the censorship threat first shadowed Hollywood last summer, it was generally declared that the purity drive would mean the downfall of Mae West. The West picture that finally emerged, censored and shorn as "The Belle of the Nineties" was expected to be a box office flop. It was nothing of the sort. "The Belle" and Mae, clean though they might have been forced to be, proved still potent with the cash customers. Mae's fan mail, instead of falling off, increased, and for the first time Hollywood had to regard La West as an actress instead of a flashing sensation.*

Thus the time is here, I believe, for a true story of Mae West, and here it is, by one of the few people in Hollywood who know her, and also by the girl whom Mae regards as one of her staunchest friends.—R. W.

THE real story of Mae West has never been written. And I'll stick by this declaration in spite of statistics proving that during her two years in Hollywood she received more publicity than any other actor or actress in the combined history of the stage and screen.

I'll still stick by my guns although I know that last year the Paramount studio was actually convinced that Mae West had received TOO MUCH PUBLICITY, and tried to stem the flood of words concerning her that deluged every newspaper and magazine published in English and forty foreign languages.

But again, I say, the real story of Mae West has never been written.

Now let's be candid.

What do you really know about Mae as a person beyond a long list of frivolous facts concerning her predilection for sleeping in black chiffon, her penchant for writing her plays in bed and her many brittle and sparkling parables on men, women and sex?

What actual knowledge have you of the chemicals and currents, the substance and stuff that makes Mae West a woman, a great woman?

The answer to both questions can be whittled down to a single word, "nothing."

Now this may be sheer megalomania, but I firmly believe that I can tell you the real story of the woman who changed so many of your ideas. I may not succeed, but I have a kitfull of valuable tools for the job.

Because I had a little niche of my own in the beehive of the studio press department during Mae West's Hollywood sojourn, I have seen her almost daily and under the best and sometimes the worst conditions.

I've watched her work fourteen hours on several of those 90-degrees-in-the-shade sort of days, I've seen her stand for fittings four solid hours without a break, I've been on hand when visitors have barged onto her set and ruined the only good "take" of an entire afternoon's work. I've been with her when she has had a headcold and four magazine interviewers on the same day.

Yes, I really have the gear and tackle for this recital.

I met Mae West the first day she arrived in Hollywood. That initial entry into our village was completely lacking in fanfare or drum beating although she was at the time the *femme fatale* of the Broadway "legit." With that almost clairvoyant sagacity of hers, she accepted for her screen début a definitely secondary rôle in "Night After Night," starring George Raft. She realized that it would be an excellent routine to get on intimate speaking terms with that grouchy and disinterested Cyclops of Hollywood, the camera.

Getting back to that first day of Mae's; she arrived at nine o'clock, registered at a hotel, took a bath, changed her makeup and frock and was on the set asking questions of Archie Mayo, her director, by ten-thirty (the picture was already shooting). That's where I met her, directly one-half foot due east of the cameras, rapidly firing queries at two perplexed and perspiring cameramen. I was to learn later that asking "how do the wheels-go-round" questions is Mae's favorite form of mental relaxation.

We were introduced hurriedly, and from the first intonations of her voice, which is plushy and sedative, I slipped without a struggle into a state of robust adulation.

We discussed irrelevant things, the weather (it was hot) how long it took to shoot an average picture, how and where players managed their makeup problems, and then, quite suddenly, as women will, we switched to clothes and perfumes. What scents did I like best? Sweetpea? That was her favorite, too. Where did I work? In publicity? Was I a stenographer there?

Before I could recount the details concerning my job (which was not stenography) we were interrupted, and Mae was swept off to be greeted with fitting ceremony in Executive Row.

But the next morning when I arrived at my desk at nine o'clock a tall bottle of Sweetpea perfume bearing the insignia of a famous Parisian manufacturer, was waiting for me. And please recall that Mae still was under the impression that I was one of the department stenographers who in no way could do her any "publicity favors."

Mae looks back on those first months in Hollywood as a serene and imperturbable heaven. There were no snaggy jealousies, no snide little rumors to prick and pinch at the corners of her busy mind.

Hollywood was sharply but kindly aware of her then. She was a new prescription as actresses go, and every

Her dangerous curves only infuriated the green-eyed monster of the movie world when Mae West made new box-office history

Doing right by Cary Grant in "She Done Him Wrong"—her first big screen success.

gathering sooner or later dissolved into running comment on the amazing blonde who actually had two novels and six plays to her credit.

But that was before the release of "She Done Him Wrong." With the first whooping reports of the unbelievable box-office shenanigans of this picture, the temperature zoomed down to zero whenever Mae West's name was mentioned in any room containing an actress.

Mae West should have been the happiest woman alive during the weeks her first starring picture was wantonly shredding every existing theater record throughout the entire world, but she wasn't.

Rumors, those ugly step-children of jealousy, snapped and ricocheted over her head with the velocity of a machine gun fusillade.

I found Mae one day in her rose-and-gray dressing-room with two of the first rumor-inspired magazine articles before her, and what a pair of misbegotten twins they were.

"But this doesn't disturb you, really. You're on top of the world, let them sling their silly mud pies," I argued consolingly.

"But these things do hurt me, I'm not an iron woman," she answered. "These things will always hurt. I won't brood over them, don't worry, but every time I hear or read one of these distorted things it's like one of those humiliating dreams when you discover yourself on a crowded street in your lingerie. It makes me squirm."

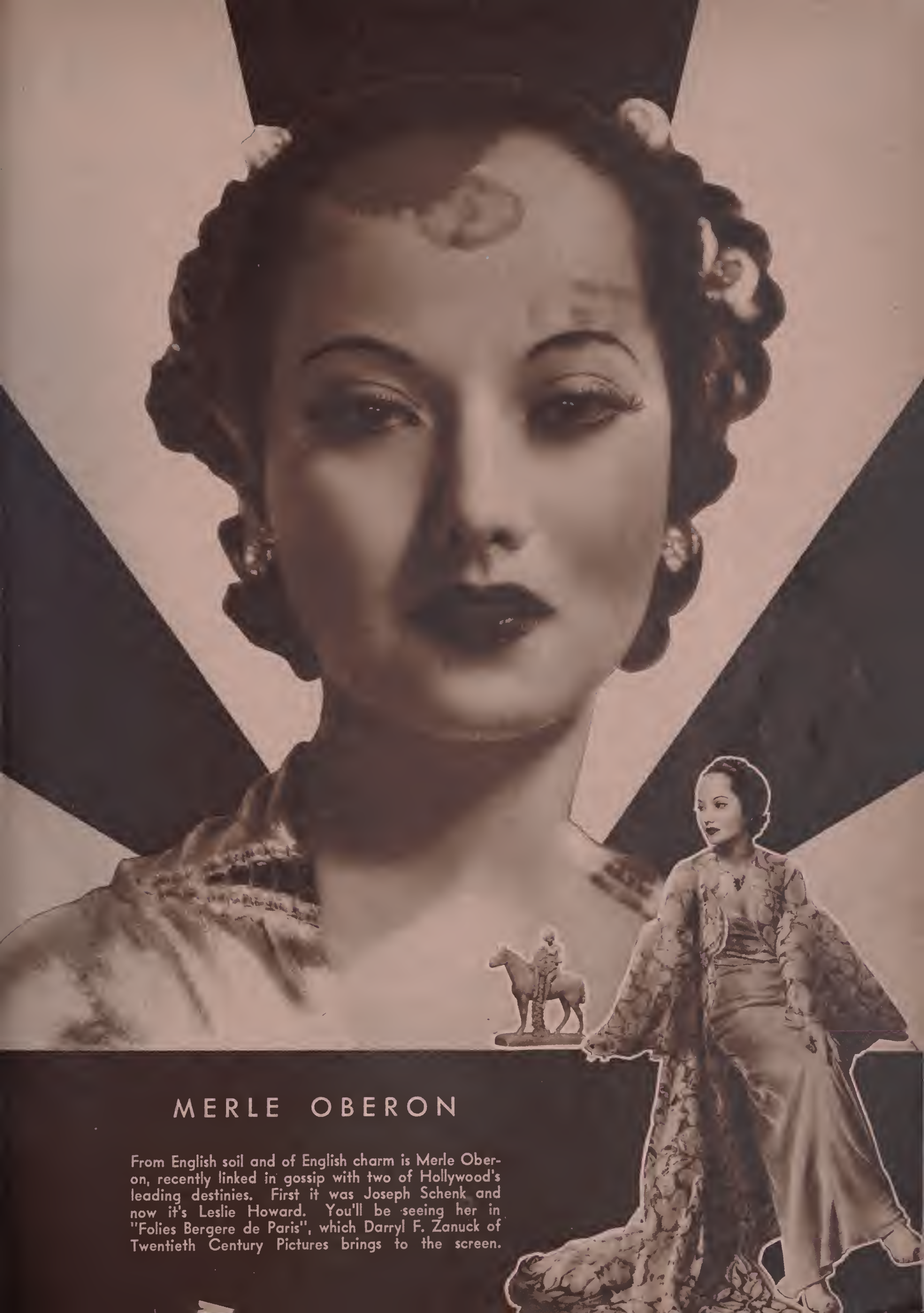
And the same poison-dipped missiles make all those who know Mae do a right smart bit of squirming too.

There's that pet tittle-tattle of the green-eyed-sorority that pounds away at Mae's age, insisting that she is on the wrong side of forty.

(*Continued on page* 98)

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Maurice, ever popular Frenchman, is handed a double dose of good luck in his newest musical extravaganza, "Folies Bergere de Paris." He gets star billing and a supporting cast of which charming Merle Oberon, on the opposite page, is the most important part. Look at Monsieur Maurice's new make-up.



MERLE OBERON

From English soil and of English charm is Merle Oberon, recently linked in gossip with two of Hollywood's leading destinies. First it was Joseph Schenk and now it's Leslie Howard. You'll be seeing her in "Folies Bergere de Paris", which Darryl F. Zanuck of Twentieth Century Pictures brings to the screen.

VANESSA:

THE CAST

Vanessa	HELEN HAYES
Benjie	ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Ellis	OTTO KRUGER
Adam	Lewis Stone
Barney	Henry Stephenson
Judith	May Robson
Marion	Agnes Anderson
Lady Herries	Violet Kemble Cooper
Leatherwaite	Lionel Belmore
Amery	Lawrence Grant
George	Donald Crisp

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MADAME JUDITH was one hundred years old. Her children, their children, in fact, most of the Herries family had come to the old house in Cumberland to make a gala birthday.

The descendants of Rogue Herries, Judith's father, had multiplied and prospered; prospered so well that there were those among them whom good Queen Victoria had honored with a knighthood. This occasion was like a small Jubilee, for Judith, of course, but even more for the glory of the Herries family, of which Madame Judith was sardonically aware.

When the heavy dinner, and the no less heavy speeches were over, Madame had retired to her chamber, accompanied by her grandchild, Vanessa.

"You're my favorite, my dear," Madame Judith said to her. "Now that it's over, let us talk a bit. La! what a dull business it was. But you're not like the rest of 'em. There's something about you that reminds me of my father, the old Rogue. Not but what you aren't a pretty girl, well brought up and all, a credit, I'm sure, to the Herries family, but there's something. . . ." The old lady tapped her cane on the hearthstone and chuckled. "Now tell me! Are you still in love with Benjie? Now there's the old Rogue for you . . . right over again, from what I hear. Never'd think he was cousin to you." The old lady chuckled again.

Vanessa smiled back at her. "Of course I am still in love, grandmother." She said it with a shake of defiance that challenged any likely disapproval.

So Vanessa and Benjie, the black sheep, were to be married—and many were the doubts expressed—but not to the happy couple.

HER LOVE STORY

FICTIONIZED BY DOROTHY EMERSON

from the M-G-M picture based on a novel by Hugh Walpole; screen play by the author and his collaborator, Lenore Coffee.

Benjie was an adorable black sheep—and she loved him, despite disapproval. Then the disaster happened and her loss of faith shattered her dreams and cost her untold suffering

"But aren't you sometimes troubled by Benjie? Those long trips of his, when no one hears from him for months at a time, and the things people say about him, drink . . . and women!"

Vanessa's chin went in the air: "I don't believe them. I love Benjie. He's the only man I shall ever want to marry."

The old lady considered: "What does your father say about it?"

"He wonders if Benjie will make me happy."

"Happiness!" Bang went the cane again. "That's for soft people. *Life*, my dear. That's what counts. I should know . . . I've had a hundred years of it."

The sound of dance music came up from the big hall below, and Madame Judith leaned over to kiss Vanessa: "Run along and dance. And kiss Benjie for me, the rascal! Oh dear, that's wicked advice to give a young girl. Never mind, I'm a hundred years old, and I'm entitled to the privilege."

Vanessa hugged her grandmother and cried as she turned to go: "I hope when I'm a hundred years old, I'll be exactly like you!"

BENJIE had been prowling in the garden. When he saw Vanessa, he spoke no word of welcome but swept her into his arms. As he kissed her in a most uncousinly fashion, he said breathlessly: "That's something I've been longing to do for years! And now I'm going away and I shan't come back until someone else has married you."

Vanessa ignored this: "I shall never marry anyone else."

Still holding her, he replied: "We are *not* going to be married. I ought not to have kissed you. After tonight, we shan't be alone together till you're safe."

They began to pace slowly up and down. Vanessa said: "I am not a child. I know that you're afraid of marriage—and so you should be, if it were anybody else but me."

Benjie broke in: "Everybody is right about me. I'm a heathen and a vagabond. I'm no good by any standards but my own. If I see a pretty woman, and I want to kiss her, I do. I want to gamble, and I gamble. When I want to drink, I drink. I think only when it's too late."

"I'd rather be miserable with you, Benjie, than happy with anybody else. Even if you went away, I'd know you'd come back."

"Oh, Vanessa, why don't you say, 'Benjie, you're a bad lot. Go away and never come back'?"

"If I did, would you believe me?"

She was in his arms again, the frills and laces of her pretty party dress crushed against his dark coat.

"Vanessa, Vanessa! Darling, I can't do without you. Let us be engaged here and now. And when I come back, it will only be a year, then I'll come to you and ask you if you are still of the same mind. If you are, we'll be married. I shall be twenty-seven then, and if I'm no good at that age, I shall never be. Give me this chance."

"Yes, oh yes, Benjie, if that's the way you want it!"

"It's a poor bargain for you. I warn you. I'll bring you unhappiness."

"What does that matter? I don't expect happiness all the time. That would be dull. I want you, Benjie, and our life together, whatever it may be."

So they plighted their troth, and kept silent about it when they returned for the dancing, but one pair of eyes watched Vanessa hungrily.

"So that's how you've been hearing from him," Ellis said bitterly. "Sneaking letters behind my back!"

Ellis, another of her distant cousins, knew, with a perception sharpened by love, that the childhood attachment of Benjie and Vanessa had that night ripened into something deeper. But he bided his time.

AT the end of the year of Benjie's absence, Vanessa and her father went up to London to visit Ellis and his mother. It was Vanessa's introduction to the life of a big city and Ellis saw to it that the weeks were filled with gaiety for her. She met the right people and she did all the proper things. She revelled in beautiful clothes and would have thoroughly enjoyed herself, but for the diffident, shy wooing of Ellis. Poor Ellis. A delicate child, he had been spoiled by his mother, though he was sweet and thoughtful, and not bad company except when he suffered from one of his dreadful headaches.

Vanessa evaded his bashful advances with a dexterity that bewildered him, and as the last night of her visit approached, believed she had been successful in staving off a direct proposal. But how like Ellis to choose the crowded, brilliantly lighted dance-floor to say to her: "I've had no other thought since I saw you in Cumberland. From that moment, I knew that only you, of everyone in the world, could be my wife. I will give you everything you want. There's nothing you can ask for, you shan't have. I am not a man who has many friends. I'm shy in company. But with you beside me, I feel I could do anything."

At that moment the music stopped, and Ellis suddenly saw Vanessa's whole face grow radiant. Before he could stop her, she was being whirled away into the encore by a tall, lean figure he knew only too well. Heartsick, he realized Benjie had taken this dramatic way to return.

"Quick, Vanessa!" Benjie cried, oblivious of the other dancers. "Tell me, do you love me? As much as a year ago? Is there anyone else? If there is, I'll kill him. I've run all the way from China. Tell me, tell me, are you going to marry me?"

"Benjie, Benjie dear, let me get my breath!"

"Are you going to marry me? Can I tell them all? Quick. Do you love me?"

"Of course I do. I thought you'd never come. I've been longing. . . ."

Benjie kissed her and cried: "Then come. We must tell everyone! We mustn't lose a minute!"

So the Herries family, and all the London world, learned that Vanessa and Benjie, the black sheep, were to be married, and many were the doubts expressed, but not to the happy couple.

Of course they went back to Cumberland for the wedding, but once there Benjie chafed at the conventional delays. He amused Adam, Vanessa's father, with his fumings:

"I tell you, sir, clergymen are a suspicious lot. Look at what they do about banns! Publish 'em for three weeks, lest you change your mind!"

Adam smiled. He said gently: "For a man who always wanted to be free, you're in a tremendous hurry to be tied." Then he began to laugh heartily at Benjie's mutinous expression. Then he clutched at his side and the color went from his face, and he slumped heavily in his chair, gasping painfully.

"Don't let Vanessa . . . see . . . my heart . . . does this sometimes."

Benjie stood by while the spasm lasted, and then walked with him to the door.

Adam managed to make a natural exit: "If you don't mind, I'll toddle off to bed. Goodnight, Benjie." He kissed Vanessa and shook hands with Benjie who said: "Goodnight, sir, I'm riding to Carlisle tonight on business."

"Then I shan't see you till the wedding, shall I?"

"All of three days . . . think of that, Vanessa." Benjie joked, as Adam closed the door behind him.

But Vanessa asked him seriously: "Sure you won't find it dull, after all your adventures?"

"I'm beginning to find peace exciting."

They had strolled outdoors, where Benjie's horse stood, saddled for the Carlisle trip. Benjie suddenly swooped Vanessa into his arms and ran toward the waiting horse.

"What are you doing?" she cried, and he answered that he was running away with her. "I ought to, you know. Whenever I do things just because I want to, they're *right.* And I want to run away with you before something happens."

"Idiot! We're safe. We're to be married in three days. Nothing can happen now," Vanessa playfully chided him.

"I've had a hard time finding you," she said, "to tell you how terribly I've wronged you. I know now you've told the truth about my poor father . . . I'm so ashamed."

Something did happen, something so grim and so horrible that Benjie's wild whim to take his Vanessa away with him on the waiting horse might well have been a premonition. Instead he put her down, and trotted off into the dark. When he reached the first rise of the hills, he reined the horse and turned in the saddle to look at the house. He expected to see the light in Vanessa's room. Instead he saw a red glow, surging into the sky with the fitful pulse that is caused only by a big fire.

When his furious gallop brought him back, the alarm had only just spread, and without a word to the gathering crowd, he made his way through the smoke and up the stairs. He stumbled over Adam, lying in the upper hall. At first he thought he was dead already, but the old man made a last effort:

"I had another attack . . . knocked over a lamp . . . it's too late for me . . . but save . . . Vanessa."

Adam died in Benjie's arms as the fire burst through the opposite wall and roared down the stair well. Benjie fought his way through and carried Vanessa to safety. By this time the whole house was ablaze, the sound of falling timbers boomed above the crackle of the fire and the horrid puffs of black smoke were blown down over the fire-fighters. There was no saving the house, and Benjie had to hold fast to Vanessa when she regained consciousness and cried: "Father! Where is he?" and tried to go back into the doomed house.

"He's all right."

"It's too late! We could have saved him. You stopped me! You were afraid to go, and you stopped *me!*" She had overheard one of the servants mourning their beloved master, and was beside herself with grief and anger.

Benjie tried to explain to her what had happened, that Adam had died before the fire reached him, there had been no time to carry out his body, if he were to save her.

"You liar!" she screamed, and struck him across the face. "Benjie, the hero! Benjie, the coward! You've killed my father. I wouldn't say it once, but I'll say it now! You're a bad lot. Get out of my life and never come back! *Never come back!*"

THEY carried Vanessa to a nearby farm house. When she woke in the morning, Doctor Macgregor was with her, and from him she learned the truth about her father, that a shock such as had come to him that night, would most surely have killed him, and that Benjie . . . oh Benjie! Where was he? No one knew, except that he had remounted his horse and ridden off at a devil's pace, while the house still burned.

It was more than a month before she found him, lodging in a cheap tavern.

"I've had a hard time finding you," she said.

Benjie answered her very slowly. He did not meet her eyes. "You've come a long way. . . ."

"Yes, to tell you how terribly I've wronged you. I know now you've told the truth. My father was dead when you found him. Dr. Macgregor told me about his heart. I'm so ashamed."

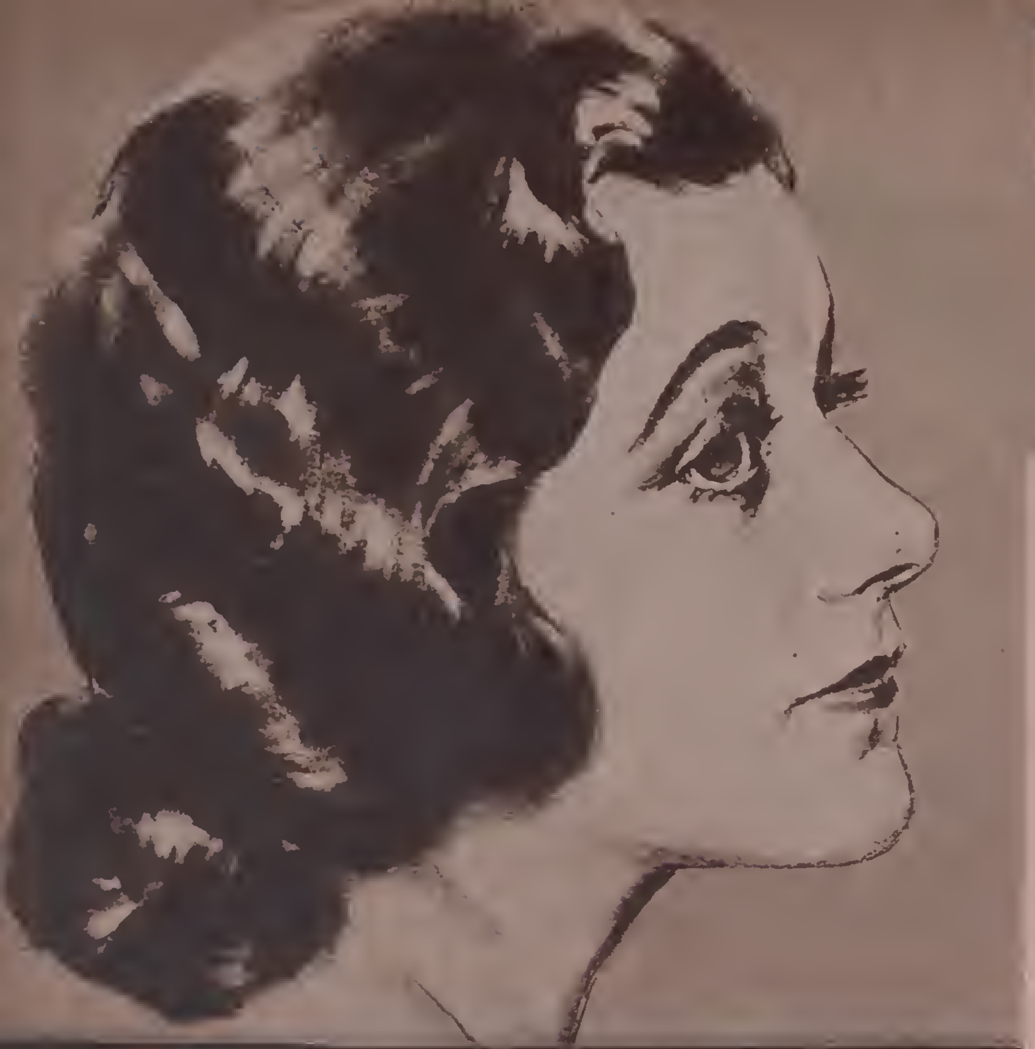
Benjie raised his haggard face: "But you must let me tell you."

"No, let me say this out. I've behaved so badly. I used to tell you that whatever you did I'd stand by you. I was so full of high words. Do you think you can ever forgive me, and trust me once more? I promise you I'll never fail you again. I'm . . . I'm asking you to marry me, Benjie."

"Don't!" he groaned. "We can't be married. We can't ever be married. Because I'm already married . . . to someone else."

He hid his face in his hands, (*Continued on page* 88)

"But you must let me tell you," Benjie said. "We can't be married. We can't ever be married. Because I'm already married . . . to someone else!" his voice trembled.



MOVIES,

By FRANCES MARION

Triumphs and disasters of those first tempestuous days of talking pictures described by Hollywood's highest-priced scenario writer

HOLLYWOOD was riding its luck. Everybody was in the big money and everybody was spending it. It was the peak of the boom period and we were making merry with the rest of the country.

One picture was to change everything. In 1927, Warner Brothers made "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson and the success of that picture turned Hollywood upside down.

Talkies were here to stay!

We knew, of course, that the studios were experimenting with sound, but then it seemed as nebulous as television does today. A few pictures had been made with sound sequences but the public had accepted them indifferently. We all thought it a novelty that would not last.

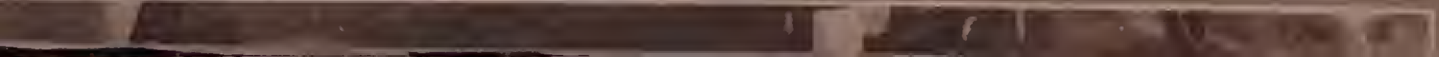
After all, talking pictures had been attempted before. Sometimes in the old Nickelodeon days, a man and a woman had stood behind the screen shouting words to fit the gestures of the actors with laughable results. That phase soon passed. As long ago as 1912, enterprising producers had put out an occasional short featuring musical comedy stars who sang and danced to a makeshift phonograph accompaniment.

We were fooled. A reign of terror came to Hollywood. Stars crashed to earth, and new stars skyrocketed to the heights. Everybody was unprepared for the tidal wave that swept into Hollywood on the heels of the new invention.

The movies turned to its big sister, the theatre, and

The spectacular success of Warners' talkie, "The Singing Fool," foretold new fame for Al Jolson, and failure for many favorites of the silent films.

Jean Harlow played her first role for M-G-M in "The Secret Six," one of the first gangster movies.



MILLIONS and MADNESS

Broadway moved to Hollywood. Producers, playwrights, dialogue directors, song writers, actors, all came to reap the golden harvest the talkies had dropped into their laps. And terror struck at the hearts of us old hacks.

For some a world ended, but for others a world began. Older actors and actresses from the stage, who had thought their days in the theatre ended, were besieged by trembling stars who never had spoken for their public to give them elocution lessons, and reaped fortunes. Many a playwright who had never made Broadway found themselves suddenly in demand because they had some knowledge of dialogue. The whole technique of scenario writing changed and some of the topnotch screen writers found themselves shut out.

A male star with terrific box office appeal was literally laughed off the screen when the fans heard him talk for the first time. The tragedy of it is that it was not his voice which was entirely to blame. Later, improvements in sound devices made it possible to place a voice, raising or lowering the pitch, but in the beginning, a voice had to be a natural to get over. And, in the beginning, scenario writers had yet to know that love scenes could not be talked in the flowery language of sub-titles. Endearments that read beautifully became only sappy sentiment when spoken. Even this star, famed for his romantic appeal, could not overcome the ludicrousness of the saccharine lines he was forced to speak.

Old favorites who had seemed so secure toppled from their thrones. Many of them went into retreats known only to themselves to try to fight the desolation and fright that had overtaken them. Some of the others stayed on the battlefield fighting desperately to maintain their position and losing ground with every day that passed. Somehow these were the saddest, with their lips that tried to smile and be gay and undaunted and their eyes shadowed with the knowledge of defeat. The others who had a chance of survival worked night and day.

RUTH CHATTERTON, who was then happily married to Ralph Forbes, had given up her own career to be with her husband in Hollywood, where he was a popular leading man. She had always been a tremendous favorite on Broadway, but movie producers were yet to learn of her great future on the screen. Ernst Lubitsch cast her opposite Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers" and after the picture was released Ruth found herself well on the way to being the queen of the new Hollywood.

Ironically, Emil Jannings, the great German actor, who had been such a sensational success, began slipping in the same picture that brought glory to Ruth. He could not overcome his heavy Teutonic accent and though the studio tried to turn it into an asset by casting him in foreign roles, box office reports showed that he was losing out. And yet new foreign stars were to come with the (*Continued on page* 100)

And the same picture gave Clark Gable his first chance to play a romantic lead instead of a villain's rôle.

Gene Tunney and Fred Thompson were great friends. During Gene's visits, Frances gathered material for such stories as "The Champ."

What Her Mother did for ANITA LOUISE

by Jack Grant

No sacrifice was too great for Ann Fremault to make for her talented daughter, Anita. That's Tom, of course, at the left.

THERE was one unfailing way to stop Anita Louise's tears as a very small child. That way consisted of simply handing her a mirror. Anita saw her reflection, observed her crying face and immediately became interested in making other faces. By the time she had run the gamut of expressions from "Hate" to "Love," she had forgotten completely the original cause of her tears.

Anita did not become an actress by accident. Long years of preparation preceded her recent motion picture successes and her brand new long-term Warner Brothers contract. That is, the years themselves were long. There were not very many of them to be sure. When I first knew her three years ago, Anita was fifteen. The following January she became seventeen. The sixteenth year was skipped for screen purposes. Some day Anita may pick it up but then she decided to skip it. She is officially nineteen now.

Being too young once threatened to become a hindrance to a career auspiciously begun and for which long and exhaustive preparations were made. Since Anita was two, the die had been cast. She was to be an actress. That's all there was to it. No substitutes would be accepted.

At the ripe old age of two, she started toward her goal by posing as an artist's model. An extraordinarily beautiful baby, more offers were made for her services than her mother cared to accept. After all, a livelihood did not depend upon the fees Anita collected from artists. It was simply a matter of experience—begun extremely early, I'll grant you, but nonetheless a means to an end.

That you may understand the amazing childhood of Anita, it is quite necessary that you first know her mother. Ann Fremault came to America, some twenty years ago, from her birthplace in Alsace-Lorraine where her parents still live. She is of French and German parentage.

She married in her 'teens and (*Continued on page* 77)

TWO STORIES OF MOTHER LOVE BEHIND THE

MY SON, TOM BROWN

by Mrs. Marie Brown

She hoped he'd be a surgeon, but Tom's mother has always been his most loyal rooter, no matter what paths he chose.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG really decided me on Hollywood for Tom. Tom had been with Bob in the play "Is Zat So?" for two seasons and I consider him one of our best friends. The kind you can trust to speak frankly when you need honesty.

Tom had graduated from high school at sixteen. He's bright, if I do say it.. Why, aside from finishing with good grades while so young, Tom was acting in a Broadway play with Sylvia Sidney, working on a big radio program, and posing for commercial ads during his senior year in high in New York City!

But that's getting off the point. When Tom passed his middle 'teens we didn't know what next for him. I didn't want Tom to be an actor. To my way of thinking, although both Tom's father and I had been actors, a theatrical career is so short, while a profession goes on forever. And I wanted Tom to have a happy, complete life as a whole.

If I could have guided him without his realizing it, I would have headed him straight for Harvard. I had had a younger brother who was tragically burned to death while studying medicine. Tom grew up resembling him so closely in looks and mannerisms that somehow I hoped Tom would go to college and become the fine surgeon my brother might have been.

But my son fooled me, as all sons fool mothers. You can't map a child's life anyway. At least, not the future of a red-blooded one in this modern age. And Tom proved and is proving that he was wisest about himself. He is so happy in his work and even from the financial viewpoint he's doing far better than he could in the line I had in mind.

A cousin of his was attending Harvard. Tom's father and I had saved the money Tom had earned on his own, so he could easily have gone on there. *(Continued on page 79)*

CAREERS OF THESE ROMANTIC YOUNG PLAYERS

GALLERY YESTER

One of the many times that Billie Burke posed for Arnold Genthe was in 1918, and with Mrs. Ziegfeld as a subject he succeeded in doing some of his best color photography.

Glancing at the Glamorous Album of a Truly Stellar Photographer–Arnold Genthe

The once-famous child star was playing minor rôles on the New York stage in 1929, but even then Dr. Genthe found in Madge Evans something greater than beauty — intelligence.

When the picture above was taken in 1927, Fay Wray was already well-known in Hollywood, being considered the candidate for the lead in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

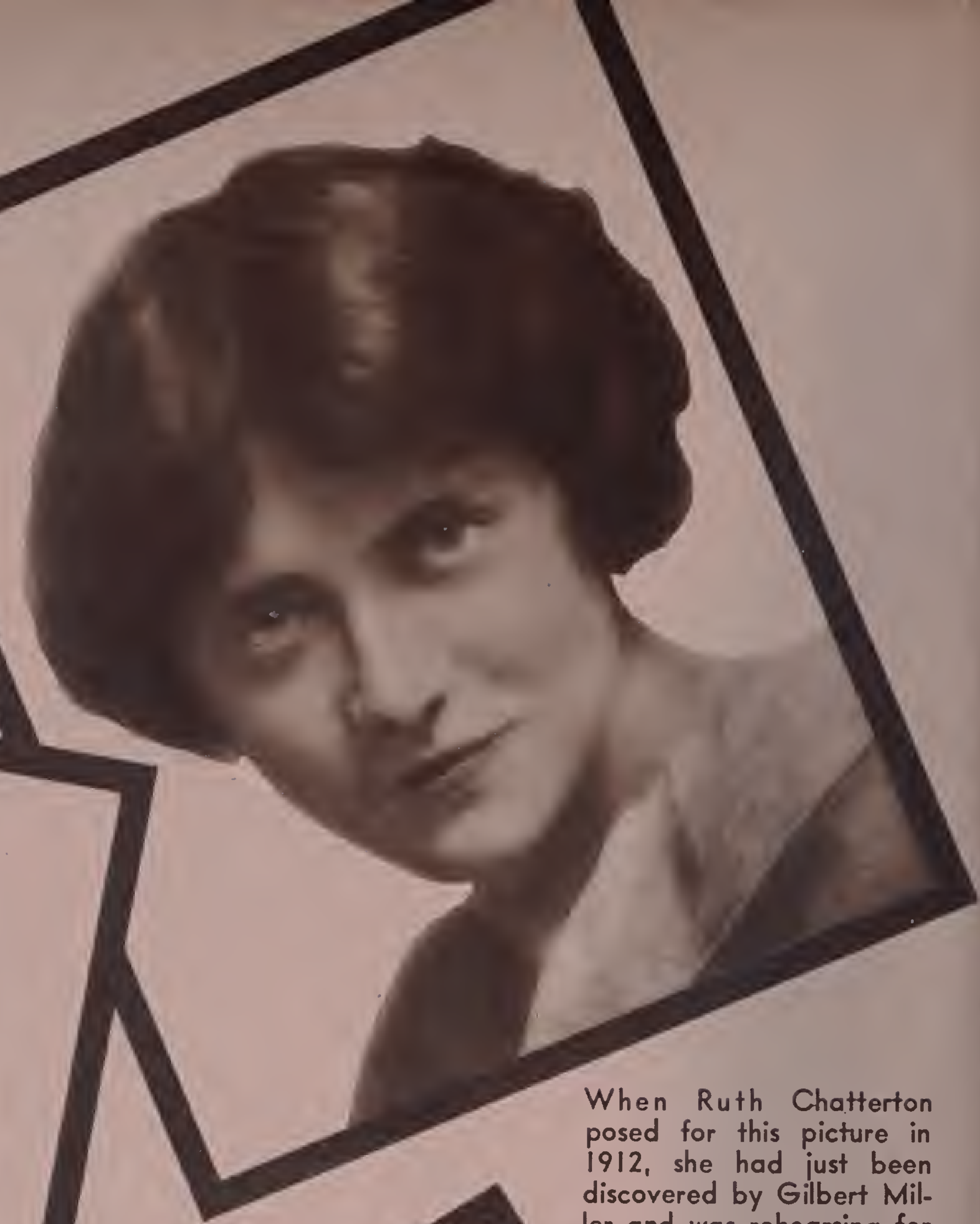
OF
YEAR

It was in 1921 that two famous magazines asked Dr. Genthe to photograph Mary Pickford for their pages, and he still recalls how gracious and petite she was, costumed in her eighteenth-century gown.

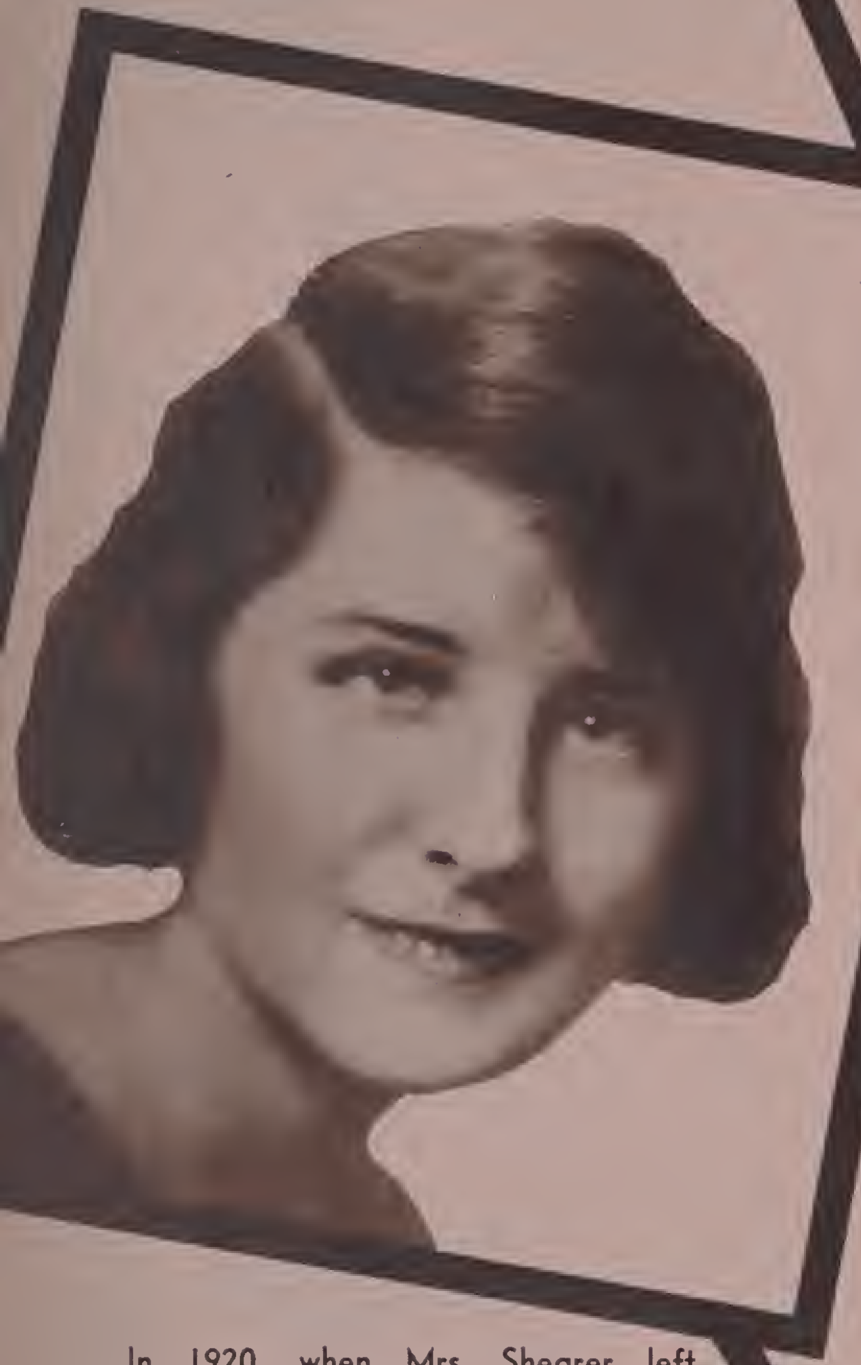
Every company she interviewed told her she was "just a type," but Dr. Genthe's camera saw tremendous possibilities in Greta Garbo, and he asked her to submit his portraits to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before returning to Sweden. She did, and the executives agreed that here was something which had never been on the screen before, giving her a contract. That was 1925, and the Nordic Enigma still threatens to return to Sweden, but not as a penniless lass.

Mary Astor arrived at Dr. Genthe's New York studios in 1925 accompanied by David Wark Griffith, whose presence was required during the sittings, so they said, "to inspire her posing," despite Mary's loveliness!

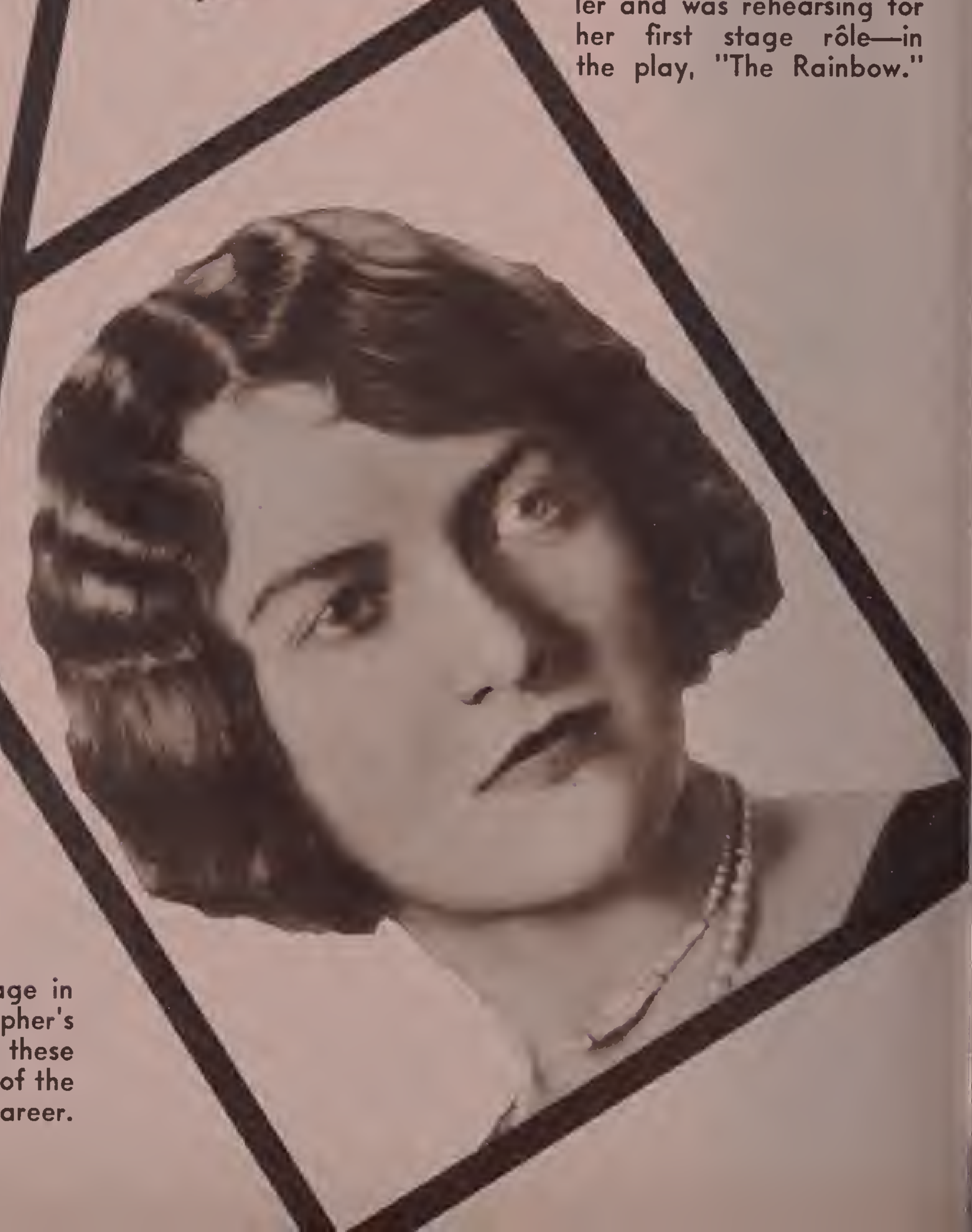
GALLERY OF YESTERYEAR



When Ruth Chatterton posed for this picture in 1912, she had just been discovered by Gilbert Miller and was rehearsing for her first stage rôle—in the play, "The Rainbow."



In 1920, when Mrs. Shearer left Montreal for New York with her two girls, they found theatrical jobs scarce . . . and thought of the movies. But they had no pictures—and no money. Arnold Genthe, who had helped many such beginners, took their photographs on speculation, and though cinema fame didn't come immediately, Norma Shearer earned a livelihood posing for commercial photography at first, and then the movies followed soon after.



Verree Teasdale had never appeared on the stage in 1924, but a friend brought her to the photographer's studio and asked him to give her a sitting. It was these same pictures which brought her to the attention of the Shuberts, starting her on her theatrical and film career.

MAKE THIS MONTH COUNT FOR BEAUTY

BY the time March comes around, we've had a lot of winter. For most of us that means steam-heated air, less exercise and more heavy food. It is apt to mean the freshness has gone from our skins and the lustre from our hair. We've become accustomed to heavy winter clothes and pale wintry sunlight. It's a dull time in other ways, because Christmas has long gone by and it's too early to be thinking constructively about vacations.

But is it too early?

What do you think? Are you in trim to step into a bathing suit? When it comes time for summer shorts, are you going to be able to slide gracefully into the ones you wore last year? If you are, you're a decidedly out of the average person, because few of us, at this time of year are really fit.

And it's not too early to begin doing something about it, especially about that extra tire around our middles, and that's what the following exercises are for. While they aim, with deadly precision, at the inches of your waistline, they are simply splendid for other things . . . things that we are all needing right now.

They will make you breathe more deeply. They stimulate those oh-so-important abdominal muscles and that eventually should mean a clearer skin and, because health is the basis of all, a happier, clearer outlook on life.

Good times ahead! Spring is coming. Make these next months count, and count heavily for beauty. Get yourself into condition. Rouse those flabby muscles, whip that bloodstream into action. Slim down that waistline. Give yourself a chance, and begin *now!*

Read these exercises over carefully. Then, with the magazine beside you, stripped for action, pick yourself an open floor space and go ahead:

NO. 1.—Rest your body on the right knee with left leg extended rigidly, slightly to one side as in the picture. Extend arms sideways. Now, arms stiff, bring them together and down at the same time and get as near touching the toes of the left leg as you can. Swing back without stopping and continue this four times. Now bring right arm over to join left arm stretched sideways, and swing both arms together in as wide a sideways arc as you can, turning the whole body from the waist as you do. Do this four times. Now repeat the whole thing with the left knee bent and the right leg extended.

No. 2.—Flat on your back, arms extended at sides. Roll to the left side, and bring the right knee up and touching the floor as near your left shoulder as you can, left knee stiff and on the floor. Four times for this and then repeat on the right side. Now alternate sides, four counts to each side.

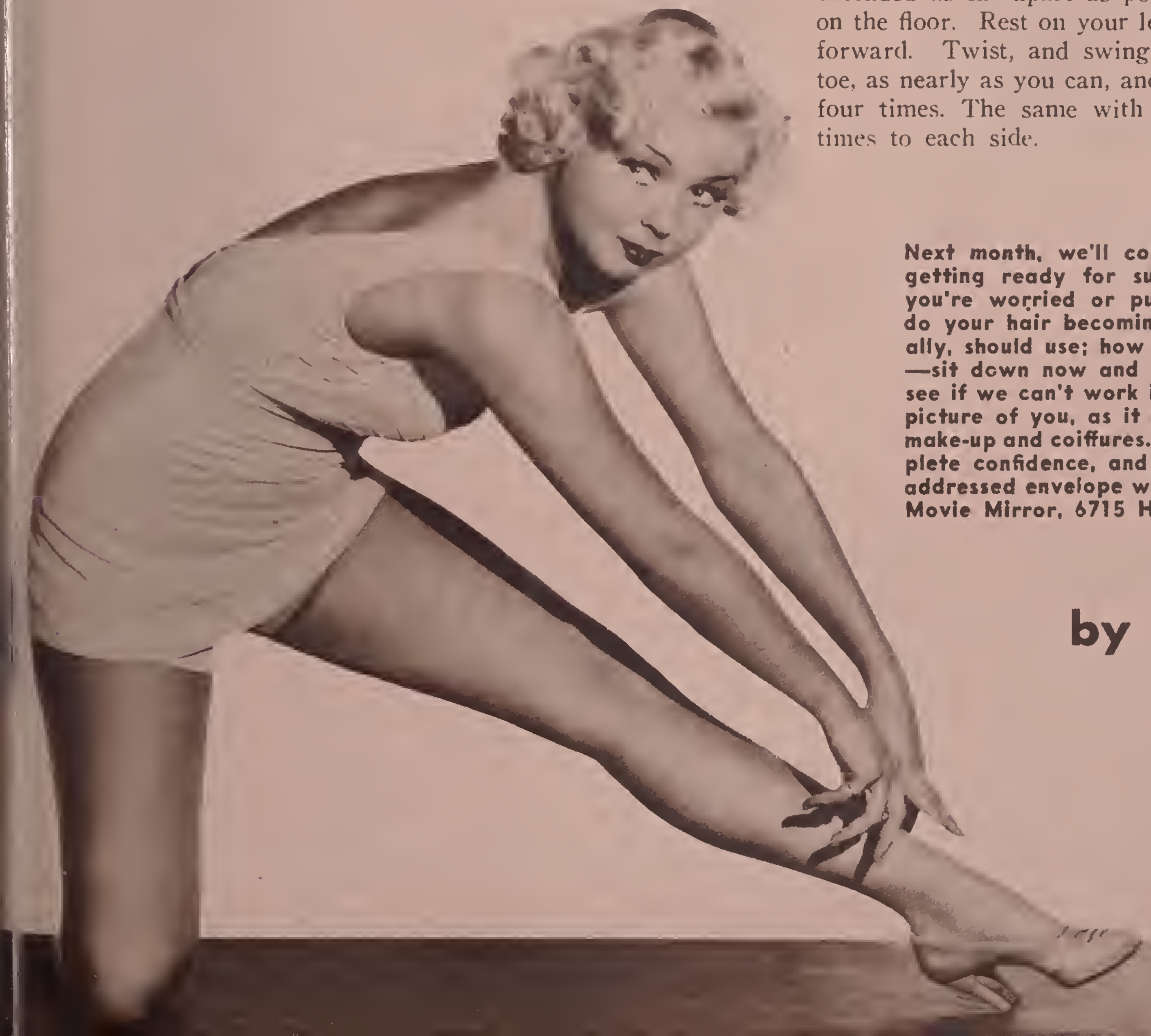
No. 3.—Flat on your stomach, resting your arms. Raise right leg slowly. Now, try to kick the back of your head as a ballet girl does. Left leg hard on floor and keep your arms in position. Repeat four times. Do the same with the left leg, and then alternate four times to each side.

No. 4.—Flat on your stomach still, but with your feet extended as far apart as possible, heels turned in and fast on the floor. Rest on your left hand. Extend the right arm forward. Twist, and swing your right arm to your right toe, as nearly as you can, and *don't move your legs.* Repeat four times. The same with the left side. Alternate, four times to each side.

(Continued on page 76)

Next month, we'll continue this important matter of getting ready for summer, but in the meantime, if you're worried or puzzled about something—how to do your hair becomingly; what make-up you, personally, should use; how to treat those pesky blackheads—sit down now and write me all about it, and we'll see if we can't work it out together. I like to have a picture of you, as it helps especially when discussing make-up and coiffures. Your letter will be held in complete confidence, and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

by GLORIA MACK



Toby Wing says, "I eat everything I want, but I constantly condition myself with exercise."

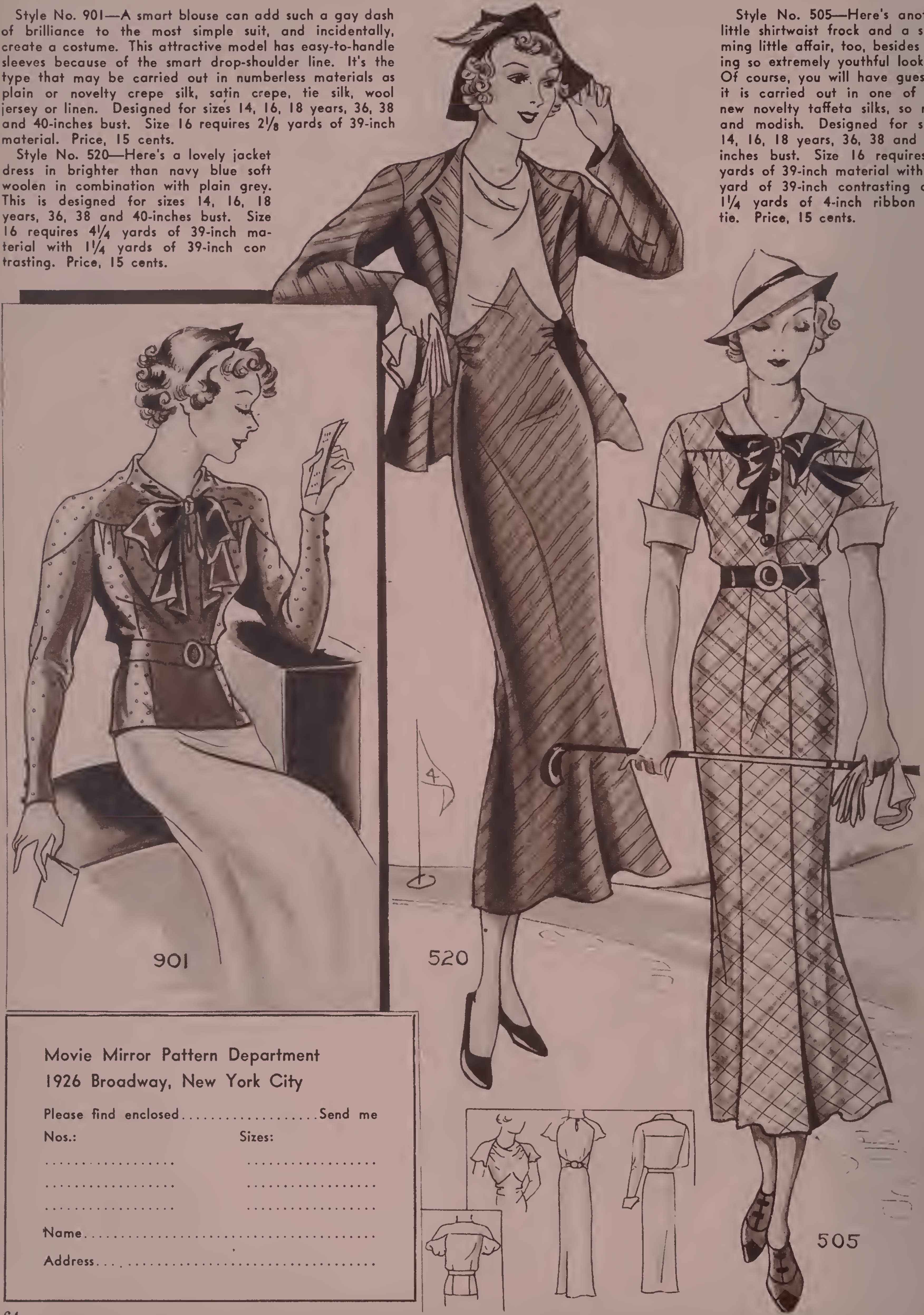
MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

Style No. 901—A smart blouse can add such a gay dash of brilliance to the most simple suit, and incidentally, create a costume. This attractive model has easy-to-handle sleeves because of the smart drop-shoulder line. It's the type that may be carried out in numberless materials as plain or novelty crepe silk, satin crepe, tie silk, wool jersey or linen. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 520—Here's a lovely jacket dress in brighter than navy blue soft woolen in combination with plain grey. This is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material with 1¼ yards of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 505—Here's another little shirtwaist frock and a slimming little affair, too, besides being so extremely youthful looking. Of course, you will have guessed it is carried out in one of the new novelty taffeta silks, so new and modish. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting and 1¼ yards of 4-inch ribbon for tie. Price, 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed .... Send me

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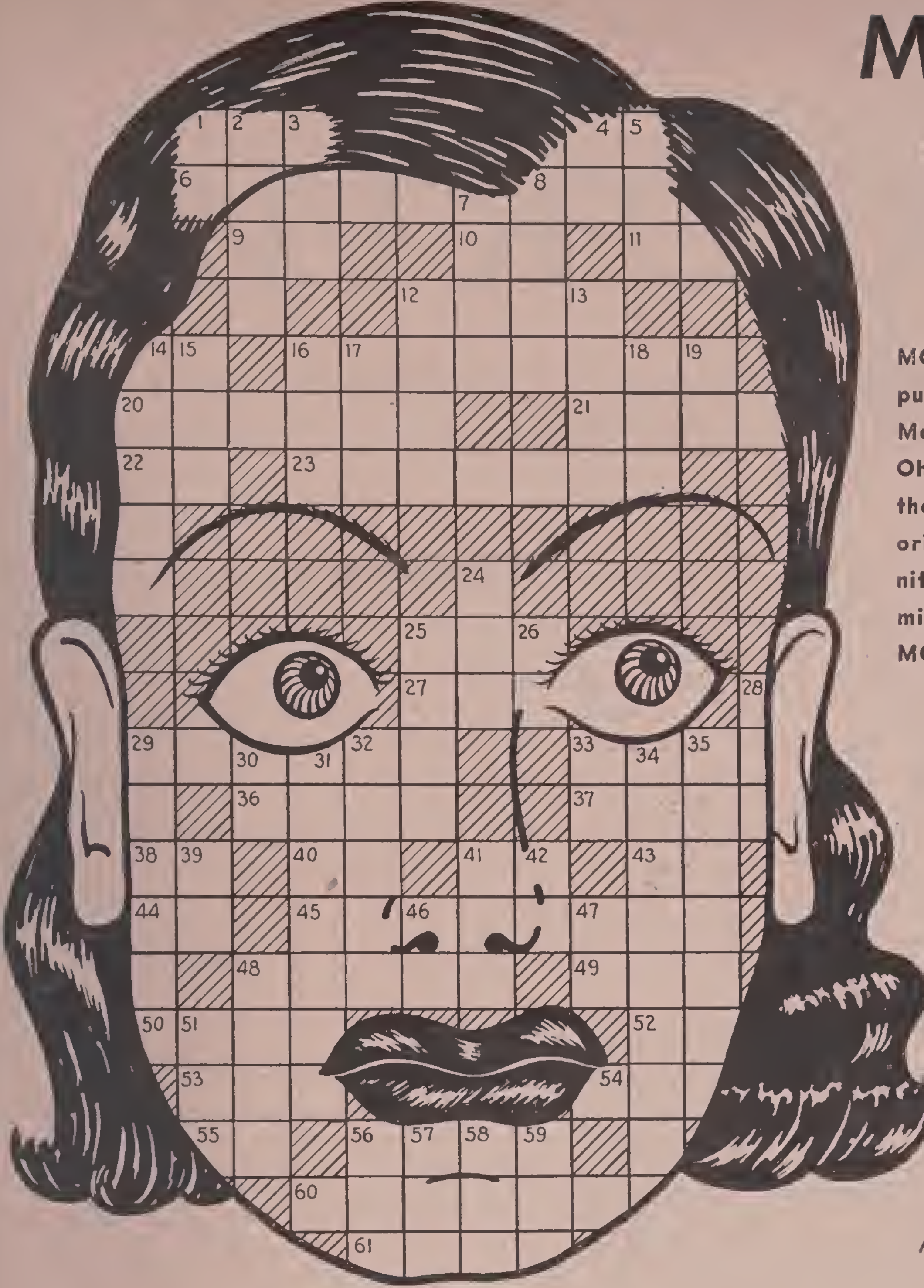
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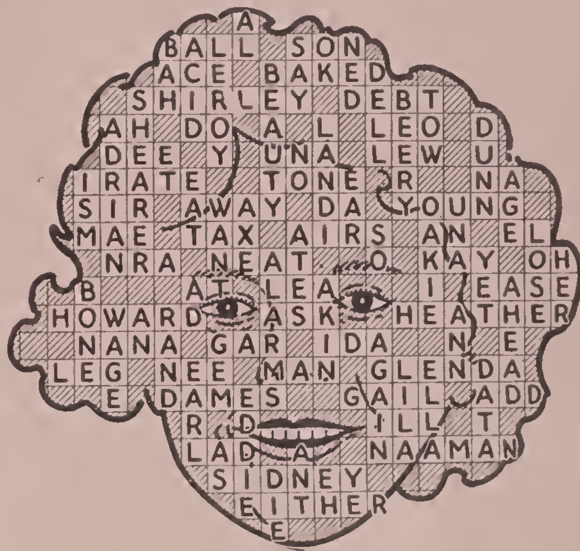
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of December, to Martha Stenross, 1311 West 5th Street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters should be keyed. Submit it before March first. Address Puzzle Editor, MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.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ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Hasten (past tense)
4. "—Toots" is sung by Eddie in "Kid Millions"
6. Claudette Colbert played the title role in this
9. Paid publicity
10. Nickel (abbr.)
11. You
12. Leave behind
14. Lew Ayres stars in "Let's — Ritzy"
16. You'll see her in "Forsaking All Others"
20. Anne in "Double Door"
21. He played in "Limehouse Nights"
22. Tellurium (abbr.)
23. Custody
25. The young lawyer in "Judge Priest"
27. Individual
29. He was in "Belle of the Nineties"
33. To suffer pain
36. Inferior in quality
37. The part of the body between the hip bone and the false ribs.

ACROSS (Cont.)

38. Parent
40. Right (abbr.)
41. A point of the compass
43. Lord (abbr.)
44. And
45. Rival of Anita Louise in "Judge Priest"
48. Jeanette and Maurice co-star in "The —— Widow"
49. To make a cry like a pigeon
50. Tight, tensely stretched.
52. Cubic (abbr.)
53. A cavity in the ground
54. He has a part in "Flirtation Walk"
55. Suffix—one who has to do with (something indicated)
56. Grow (past tense)
60. He's a prince in "The Merry Widow"
61. To bring forth young, as a sheep or a goat

DOWN

1. Initials of the star of "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

DOWN (Cont.)

2. He played in "Where Sinners Meet"
3. His last name is Sparks
4. Alternative of either
5. Elena in "British Agent"
7. Over again
8. Petty quarrel
12. Lew Ayres' ex-wife
13. Tear (past participle)
14. Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"
15. Evening (poetic)
16. Clerk (abbr.)
17. A hardy perennial cereal grass
18. A tattered piece of cloth
19. Initials of an actor who recently returned from England
24. You'll soon see him in "Just Out of College"
25. He stars in "Gentlemen Are Born"
26. David Holt is a sensation in "You Belong to ——"
28. Bebe Daniels' husband

DOWN (Cont.)

29. "Their Big ——" is an R.K.O picture
30. Pound (abbr.)
31. He married Eleanor Holm
32. "I Am a Thief," is her latest movie
33. Ruby Keeler's husband
34. To place side by side
35. Maureen is a farmer's daughter in this
39. Preposition
41. Bashful
42. "—— Live Again" is Anna Sten's second picture
46. Credit (abbr.)
47. Lower case (init.)
48. She played in "Desirable"
51. A large monkey
56. Astaire and Rogers are together again in "The —— Divorcee"
57. Jack La—— was in "Secret of the Chateau"
58. A period of time
59. To gain in competition

Cooking

Meet Blanche Spiker, Hollywood's Candy-Maker-in-Chief and Learn Her Marvelous Recipes for Sweetmeats

BLANCHE SPIKER is Candy-Maker-in-Chief to the studios of Hollywood. She is going to give you some of her famous recipes, but first I want to tell you something about Miss Spiker, because hers is a genuine success story.

Five years ago, Miss Spiker and a close friend piled their little car with luggage and started for Hollywood from a small town in the Middle West. Neither of the girls was trying to crash the movies. They just wanted a change from school-teaching and winter snows, and they came to Hollywood because it sounded like a nice place to live.

Like us all they were interested in motion pictures, but even if you live in Hollywood, it isn't easy to get a pass to the studios. Certainly Blanche Spiker never dreamed that one day she would be a welcome guest in every studio, on every sound stage, even to the stars' dressing-rooms; yet that's what happened.

The girls had taken one of those charming little Hollywood houses, with a garden in back and the beautiful pepper trees in front. Then the financial upset of 1929 began to affect them and life was less pleasant from the economic angle.

"There were several things I could have done," Miss Spiker said, "but I didn't want to go into a store or an office, and I didn't want to go back to teaching school. I guess I'm plain domestic. I like puttering around a house. We'd made friends by then, and one afternoon I offered callers some of the candy I'd been making. I've always made candy because I like it so much better when it's home-made. Well, they were crazy about it. Somebody suggested that I ought to make it to sell, and one of my friends, who is a film-cutter at RKO, said she'd take some to the office and see how it went. Well, she did, and would you believe it? She sold every single piece."

FROM that simple beginning, the fame of Blanche Spiker's home-made candies spread to other studios. It wasn't long before the actors were finding out about it. They too, began to order the fudge and the penoche, and the peanut brittle. The demand grew steadily until now Miss Spiker has a small staff of helpers in a big, sunny kitchen.

"You must have met a great many of the stars," I said.

"Oh I have, and they're such nice people. You see, I deliver all the orders. I'd rather do it myself, as I find out then what people particularly like and that kind of thing. Of course now, I'm pretty well known at the studios and nobody questions me, but it wasn't so easy at first. You know a studio's an awfully busy place and you have to learn not to get in anybody's way. I remember once Joan Crawford ordered some fudge from me, and she said, 'Blanche, you bring it right on the set when you come.' So I did. I walked on to the stage where Miss Crawford was working and an assistant something-or-other gave me such a calling down as you never heard! He was shoving me right out the door when Miss Crawford saw us. She stopped the scene she was doing and came over and gave orders right there that I was always to be allowed on any set of hers."

"But does Joan eat *candy?*" I asked.

Miss Spiker laughed: "She doesn't now. That was some time ago. When she sees me

(*Continued on page 97*)

Would you like the recipes for some more of Blanche Spiker's famous Hollywood home-made sweets? Write to Pauline Nelson, care of Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. Or if you want some special recipe, or hints about cooking steaks, planning luncheons and so on, write your problem to Miss Nelson who will be glad to answer you, if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter.

Here's Blanche Spiker herself, whose success story is a real inspiration. That's Claudette Colbert opening one of Miss Spiker's boxes of superb candy as made in recipes given.

Monthly Reducing Hint: Candy is fattening, no denying that, but even if you are on a diet, you can have a little wholesome home-made candy once in a while, if you'll be particularly Spartan about the rest of your food that day. It is really good for working girls if they have had a light vegetable lunch. One piece taken at four in the afternoon will give you a real lift to carry you through the remainder of the working day.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 29)

He chartered a boat at San Pedro, insisted that Colin Clive and a studio technician accompany him on a cruise through the famous pea soup of Los Angeles harbor in spite of their protests.

The boat crashed into a tug, capsized, and Mister Lister and crew got very wet before being hauled aboard the tug.

* * *

WHEN Madame Bronislava Nijinska was assigned to drill the ballet which will be seen in Warner Brothers' "Midsummer Night's Dream," she thought there might be a shortage of trained performers, so she advertised. Economic conditions being as they were, it looked like opportunity to a lot of people, including more than one hundred truck drivers, carpenters, wrestlers and circus strong men, who pranced like elephants and tripped over cigarette papers.

Not discouraged by the battalion of bounding behemoths she culled through the scores of applicants and selected twenty. They'll be seen in the production.

* * *

RECENTLY Bette Davis announced that she and her husband paid household expenses in proportion to their incomes. For instance, she explained, her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, who didn't make much money as an orchestra leader, paid a small amount while she, making much more, gave the same percentage of her income, which was larger. Right on top of this came rumors that a divorce was imminent.

Bette and Harmon have scotched this canard by giving up their expensive Beverly Hills home and getting a modest house in an older section of Hollywood. The rent is $75 a month—and HE pays it.

* * *

THE inside story of what happened after Alice Brady ducked out of "Golddiggers of 1935" for a day because she didn't feel like working is swell reading. Alice didn't show up because she not only didn't feel like toil, but she was afraid that if she did she'd have to follow through on a radio engagement as well.

When her agent collected her paycheck, it was found that she had been docked a day's salary. She went to bat with William Koenig, who was adamant.

"You're getting off easily," he told her. "You held up a whole company. If we made it a practice to meet demands like yours, we'd be broke."

The next day Koenig received a huge basket filled with every conceivable kind of food. With it was a card which read: "For the deserving poor, from Alice Brady."

* * *

THINGS YOU MIGHT WANT TO WORRY ABOUT

AL JOLSON had never visited Ruby Keeler on the set while she was working and vice versa until they started working together in "Go Into Your Dance."

Allen Jenkins got the habit of wearing bedroom slippers when he injured his toe a year ago and now has ten pairs, both black and brown—even wearing them with dinner clothes.

Genevieve Tobin worked through "North Shore" with her arm in a sling between scenes, out of it when before the camera, so that she wouldn't hold up production.

Aline MacMahon is playing a nurse for the third time in "While the Patient Slept," with Guy Kibbee—and never has been in a hospital in her life.

Herbert Marshall slips the members of technical crews who work with him $10 to $50 in bills when a picture is over.

George Barnes, the cameraman, husband of Joan Blondell, refuses to photograph his son, Harmon Scott Barnes, because he is superstitious and thinks it would be an ill omen.

* * *

FINDING his arithmetic teacher a bit hard to get along with Kenyon Sills, son of Doris Kenyon, appeared in class with a strange looking manuscript. After class he went to the teacher, asking her to explain it. She puzzled over it for some time, finally admitted she couldn't make head or tail of it.

"What is it?" she asked Kenyon.

"It's part of a manuscript written by Prof. Einstein while he worked out the theory of relativity," Kenyon replied. He added after a pause:

"Well, I've got one on you at last."

* * *

LOOKS like that Toby Wing—Jackie Coogan romance is all washed up. The other day, little Anne Shirley, the hit of "Anne of Green Gables," went to a Hollywood theatre to have several photographs made beside an oil painting of herself. One negative was exposed when Anne gave a shriek, dashed madly down Hollywood boulevard with three publicity men after her.

She was in front of Sardi's when they caught her.

"See here!" they cried. "You can't run away now."

"Oh, yes I can," she replied. "Jackie's inside waiting for me. I just want to tell him I'm sorry he'll have to wait. Then I'll come right back and finish."

She did.

* * *

DOROTHY LIBAIRE, RKO player, lost her dog and grieved for twenty-

The Bill Gargans relax at El Mirador, Palm Springs, and scan with apparent interest the news as presented in the two most revealing fan magazines—Radio Mirror and Movie Mirror.

Homemaking

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY HAROLD GRIEVE

The Famous Interior Decorator Gives Valuable Advice on How to Arrange Furniture Properly

SELECTION and arrangement of furniture are the basic points which determine whether or not your room will be livable. Regardless of how beautiful and expensive the appointments may be, unless the furniture is chosen for comfort, as well as beauty, and unless it is arranged in pleasant groupings the room cannot be successful. This is especially true of large rooms such as Norma Shearer's drawing room. This 18′ x 40′ room gives a spacious feeling yet, when Miss Shearer and Irving Thalberg have an evening of entertaining guests, the furniture arrangement lends to congeniality. There are two groupings, one in front of the fireplace and the other in the middle of the room along one wall, with the piano directly opposite to give a balance to the placement of furniture. In the other end of the room are separate lounge chairs and tables placed close enough together for easy conversation. Between the two groupings there is an occasional lounge chair, not too heavy to move about, which acts as a pivot to either grouping.

In the living room of a small house or apartment you do not have so great a problem in grouping furniture as the close proximity makes natural conversation possible at all times. The thing in this case to consider is the balance of furniture in the room and convenience. Tables should always be accessible to chairs for tea cups and ash trays. Not only is this a point to remember because of convenience but, too, tables close at hand save wear and tear on carpet and reduce the possibility of things being spilled on the floor.

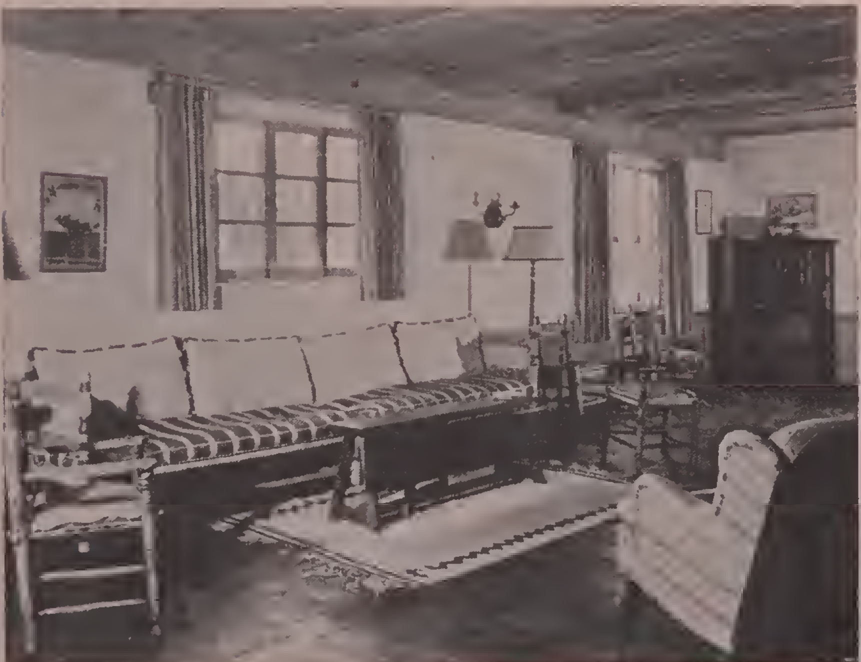
Every room should have one table which is easy to clear for a cocktail or tea service. In Director David Butler's living-room I used a table by the spool day-bed which had a top that lifts off and can be carried to the pantry, filled and brought back with ease.

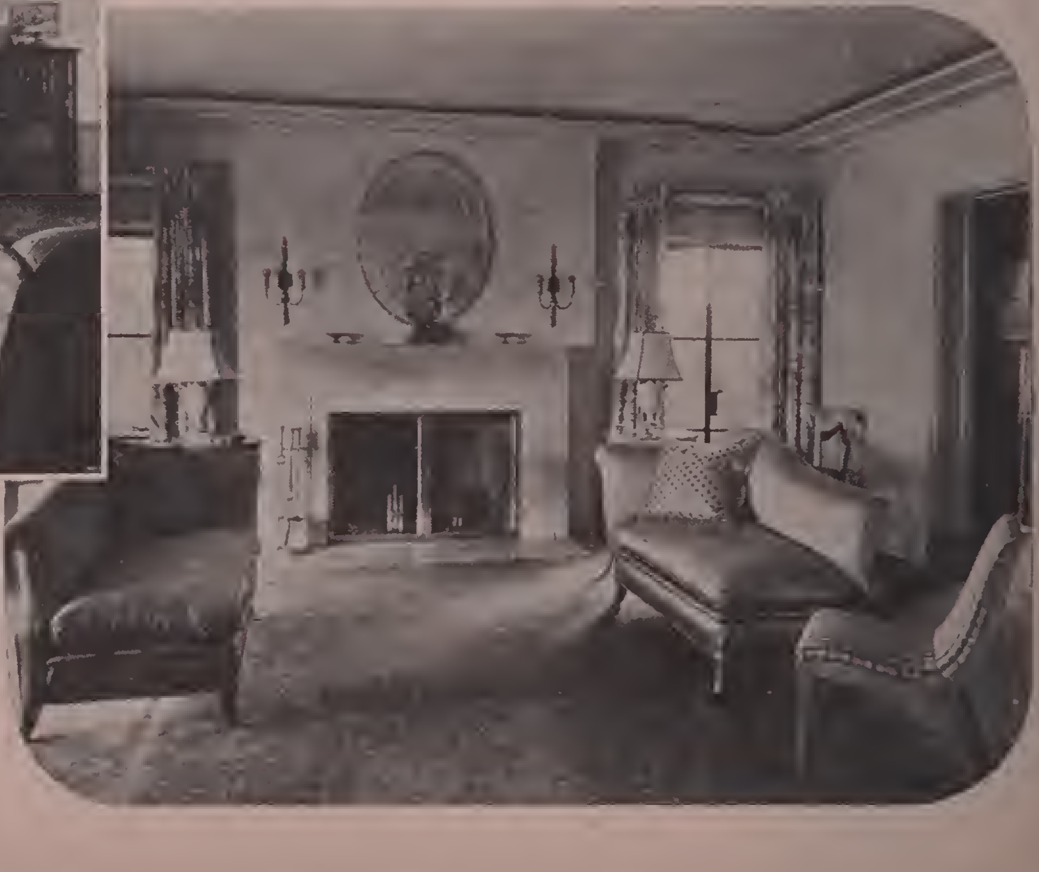
The long table in front of the pair of Mexican day-beds in the play room of the Ernst Lubitsch Spanish house is a combination bench and table. This arrangement might be used in an apartment as a bench in front of a fireplace and on cold Sunday nights be opened up as a table on which to spread an impromptu buffet supper.

In a hall, place a chair where the occasional visitor may drop his coat and hat. Many hallways boast of an attractive table arrangement but the practical thought of a chair is omitted. Too, a telephone invariably calls for a chair, and a bedroom should have comfortable chairs, else wrinkled bedspreads are the result of thoughtless guests who drop down for a moment's chat.

FURNITURE arrangement, though it appears easy, is really a problem which often requires the assistance of the trained eye of a decorator. Too often a difficult room takes on the stiff appearance of the back parlor of grandmother's day, with chairs arranged around the wall and a table in the center which holds, instead of the family album, a high vase of flowers or lamp. (*Continued on page* 71)

Mr. Grieve is at your disposal to help you solve your homemaking problems. If you have questions about your own home, write him, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Mr. Harold Grieve, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.





Above, Mr. Grieve's exquisite arrangement of the furniture in Ernst Lubitsch's Spanish house features the long combination bench and table in front of the Mexican day-beds. Right, one of the two important furniture groupings in the drawing room in the home of the Irving Thalbergs.

"I ADORE YOU"...

THRILLING WORDS... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT **COSMETIC SKIN** — THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP.** IT'S EASY TO HAVE A GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.
GINGER ROGERS
STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"

NRA CODE

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Bing Crosby's Record

(*Continued from page* 13)

them? And if he couldn't sell 'em, why let doughnuts go to waste. You would have thought even the bakery would get that point. But no—what do they do? In place of gratitude to those who were taking the old doughnuts off their hands, they call in the services of a cop. If they didn't want the gang to have the doughnuts, why didn't they *say* so, like gentlemen?

For three and a half hours, young Mr. Crosby mulled over this delicate point in jail. Then his father arrived. It was something of a surprise to see his father. Generally, his mother attended to these things. He was even more surprised that his father didn't seem at all angry while he was talking to the desk sergeant. He even laughed (a little) when they told him the kids had not only swiped the doughnuts—but pelted the cops with them as well. Bing had been so impressed with his father's eloquence in his behalf that he almost believed his parent *meant* it when he explained to the sergeant that "Boys will be boys." That is, he believed it until they got home and the razor strop came out, landing where it would do Bing the most good—or harm.

BUT it wasn't until after his fourteenth birthday that he was detained as an "over night guest" of the city of Spokane, and for the most ironical, soul-biting thing of all! Would the cops and the sergeant believe them when they said they had been acting in the interests of public *reform*. They would not. That was because the cops were probably in cahoots with Harvis, the bootlegger. They must have wanted Harvis to keep his stuff and sell it, even though it was against the law.

Age: 14.

Offence: (3rd) Stealing and destroying private property; disturbing peace; causing riot at Boy Scouts' meeting.

Sentence: Jail, one night.

Explan.: Families not notified . . . tried to scare kids.

It was simple enough to get into Harvis' apartment and get the stuff. The adventure would have had no complications whatsoever if they had gone ahead with their idea of *complete* reform and destroyed *all* the evidence *instead of keeping out that one small bottle labeled "Blackberry Cordial" and sampling it.* How in the world was anybody to know that anything that tasted as good as blackberry cordial would affect them to the extent that they broke up a band rehearsal of the Boy Scouts in the park? Yes, breaking up that meeting had been a bad mistake.

As Bing looked back on the events of the evening (from the bunk in the jail house, overnight) he could see that point. But a sane person would have thought that the *good* deed they did in destroying all that bad liquor would have more than overshadowed any little old error with the Boy Scouts. The answer to that bit of reasoning was: "Jail."

A year later, when he was booked on a "Young-vagrant" charge and sentenced to spend one night in the jail of a little town about forty miles from Spokane because he had been riding freights, Bing didn't even try to make explanations to the man at the desk. What was the use?

There were six kids at home, seven, counting himself, and he was tired of the pin money he got for mowing neighbors' lawns and selling newspapers. He wanted to get some place where the people didn't know how old he was—where he could tell them he was nineteen or even twenty, maybe—and get a real job. And so he had run away. "Vagrant," was he? He'd show 'em.

Bing didn't see that particular jail again for three years—and he had certainly come up in the world, meantime—and his return engagement was not recorded as "vagrancy." He had organized his own orchestra in high school and it had been such an out-and-out success they were now on a business tour. Well, twenty-five miles, anyway.

Age: 18.

Offence: Disturbing the peace . . . fight at country dance.

Sentence: Jail, one night.

Of course, there wasn't a word of truth to it, at all. Bing and some of the other boys in the band had decided to go out and see what made a small town "tick"—They finally found that the "main spring" was located at the Station House and the result was a twelve-hour chance to look over the "works."

WHAT HAS CHANGED DOLORES DEL RIO?

Learn the secret of the new Dolores in the April MOVIE MIRROR

THE time had finally come when he was too busy making phonograph records for Paul Whiteman to bother about making any further police records. He was not the sensation he was later to become—but he was busy. The "Rhythm Boys," including Harry Barris, Al Rinker and Bing, were occupied making a name for themselves as a unit. Six years it took Bing to graduate from High School orchestras into Paul Whiteman's band in the big league, six years in which he played local picture houses, Chinese cafés and finally a vaudeville act with Al Rinker.

It was not until Paul Whiteman decided to accept an offer from Universal Studios to make a picture in Hollywood ("King of Jazz") that Bing (record-breaking) Crosby once again fell afoul of the law:

Age: 24

Charge: Traffic violation.

Explanations: Pleads guilty to one drink at party.

Sentence: Thirty days in jail!!

It seemed to make no difference that Bing hadn't hit a soul—and even less difference that he had had only ONE drink. He had frequently had more. But the chap who hit *him* happened to be a teetotaler. Bing wasn't, so he paid—*and* paid. They let him out on twenty-five dollars bail until the next day. It wasn't till he chortled "Good morning, Judge" that the blow fell.

"Thirty days," said his honor.

At first, the combined efforts of Universal studio lawyers and Paul Whiteman himself couldn't budge the court. Finally, at the end of the fourth day, they were able to show how much money the delay (Bing) was costing the production. There was some justice then. Bing was allowed to work in the day time and spend his nights at the lock-up—escorted to-and-from by a huge guardian of the law.

And thus endeth Bing's career of public enemy No. 2345678—if not more.

But don't think that is the end of Crosby's RECORD! Shift the scene from Washington to California and let's see what happened to the boy who was "destined" (at least by his mother's sympathizers) to the State Hoosegow at Washington. True, it's a long jump from the Hollywood Police Blotter to that momentous item in his RECORD of September 29, 1930 . . . found in the marriage license bureau of Los Angeles:

Name: Harry Lillis Crosby. Age: 27.
Name: Wilma Wyatt. Age: 18.

IN that time, a new star of the radio and screen worlds had come over the horizon—creating a new vogue for singers, movie heroes and imitators. It wasn't all fun, either. The boy who had never before had a serious thought in his head—except such fun as one could have by stringing ropes across the street or perhaps riding freights—suddenly became aware that Life was not a Plaything.

There was plenty (and more) opposition thrown in the way of Bing and Dixie's romance (for it was Dixie Lee hiding behind that name of Wilma Wyatt)—money and family, for two of them. But nothing could stand in the way once Bing had made up his mind to prove to Dixie and her family (and all others interested) that a Crosby could be pretty darn proud of his RECORDS when he put his mind to it . . . as witness the vital statistics item:

Name: Gary Evan Crosby. Born: June 27th, 1933.

And then, just a reasonable time later, we find:

Names: (1) Phillip Lang Crosby
(2) Dennis Michael Crosby

Born: Friday, July 13, 1934

Ages: Brand new.

Charges: DOUBLE (doctor bill).

Explanations: "Booked for life."

And that, all you worrying mothers, is how Mrs. Crosby's little private hoodlum turned out—with a ranch in a California Valley, a beautiful home at Toluca Lake—a lovely wife and three sons. From the wide veranda of the ranch house comes dictum from Papa Crosby to the world: ". . . and don't let me ever catch my sons trying to set any records. I've set plenty for the entire Crosby Clan."

Which proves that there is nothing quite so straight-laced as an old record setter!

Homemaking

(*Continued from page* 68)

This time-worn arrangement obstructs general conversation and is in the same bad taste as a high centerpiece on a dining-room table.

For centuries England has been held up as having the ideal home life. One of the factors which has led to this conclusion is the warmth and feeling of comfort expressed in the atmosphere in English homes in contrast to that produced by the formal, austere decorations of other countries such as Italy. Americans are home loving people with the same instinct in creating a livable atmosphere. With a little careful thought any of us may create such backgrounds as those into which our English cousins seem to fit so naturally.

Letters from you readers indicate that radiators, especially in the homes in the east, present a difficulty in room decoration. In many cases these annoying radiators are placed underneath windows. The first thing I should suggest is that they should be painted or enamelled the colors of the walls. This will make them less conspicuous. There are many attractive radiator covers on the market but in summer a shell of wood might be made to fit over a radiator so that it may be used as a stand for potted plants and growing vines. In the winter, an amusing arrangement would be to set a low screen, in front of the radiator. It should be a few inches higher than the radiator. With a coffee table and two small comfortable chairs in front of the screen you achieve a nice grouping.

IN planning groups of furniture, small rugs play an important part. Often there is a hardwood floor or linoleum floor covering, both of which are coming to be used more and more in the West, a small rug placed parallel to the larger piece of furniture in a group ties it all together and gives warmth under foot.

In placement of furniture from a utilitarian standpoint, other things to consider are light and view. If you have a room filled with doors and windows, one which leaves a small amount of wall space, there is an opportunity often to close one pair of curtains, if the curtains are the same color as the wall, and to place a piece of furniture in front of the window. I have done this successfully in small apartments.

Another important thing to a woman is good light at her dressing table. Often a nice plan is to set the table in front of a window. In that case, the mirror should be either attached to the dressing table or on a standard which can be placed on a table. At night the over-curtains may be closed to make a nice background for the mirror. This idea simplifies a bedroom arrangement where there is little wall space. Another suggestion is to set a bed, which does not have too high a back, into a bay window. Again, the drawn over-curtains at night make an attractive background.

Whenever possible, plan your furniture arrangement before you know it.

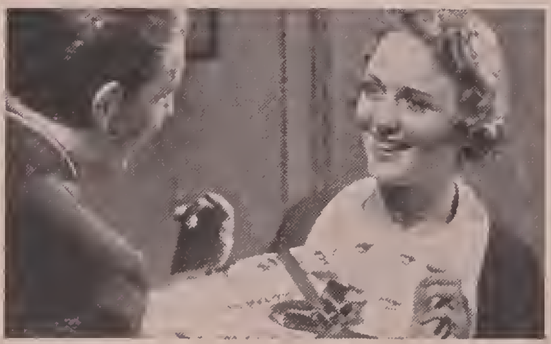
Next month I shall discuss individual pieces of furniture and suggest ways to make your large comfortable pieces seem not so large in your small apartment.

Bill made me cry
a month ago . . .

. . . but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!

It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.

"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its *richer golden soap* and *lots of naptha* get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are *like snow*. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptna will get your clothes cleaner—*and whiter!*

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—*two* dirt-loosеners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good *golden* soap with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar! . . . Fels & Co., Phil., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap

NRA CODE

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
.. writes Miss Healy.
WHY MARY! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN?
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder."
"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away."
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce, Quickly, Easily and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer..Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept 283, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name________________________

Address________________________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 10)

style. And unless the cinema takes cognizance of its structural deficiencies, it will suffer thereby.

The lesson is lucidly taught in the contrast between those productions which are Hollywood's adaptations of successful stage plays and those which are her own virgin attempts at theatrical creation. In the first instance, there are "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," passed and repassed through the crucible before it was thought fit for Broadway, and "The Affairs of Cellini" ably adapted by Bess Meredythe, from that stage comedy of flawless plan, "The Firebrand." And in the second instance, there are "The Count of Monte Cristo," its marvelous potentialities emasculated by innumerable flashbacks, and "Cleopatra" weighted down by spectacles whose very splendor lessen the intensity of the tragic motif.

Entertainment and art are not synonymous. There can sometimes be art in entertainment; but the jejune methods of entertainment can never bring forth art.

Nancy Van den Heuvel,
Staten Island, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

More Power to Hollywood!

The clever filming and presentation of thrilling and complex scenes never fail to impress me as deeply as though they were really authentic.

Whether it is a zooming air battle accompanied by the staccato rat-tat-tat of machine guns, a hand-to-hand fight with a ferocious wild animal, the dazzling contortions and bizarre effects of a big musical, or a ripping, roaring western tale that is flashing across the screen, my wonder and admiration are invariably aroused.

How is it done? A trick of the camera—the perspective of the scenery-telescopic lenses—substitution of skilled doubles—so we read.

Despite the use of artificial devices and the knowledge of the theatre-going public that such artifices are being employed, action scenes continue to maintain their popularity and fascination. I suppose that this delightful deception of the movies satisfies the craving of human nature to be fooled, much as a group of children carefully follow the hocus-pocus of a sleight-of-hand performer and revel in the pleasure of being openly deceived.

More power to Hollywood! May the camera continue to be quicker than the eye.

William H. Toohey,
Cincinnati, Ohio

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Refutation

I agreed with Beverly Hills on many of the statements he made in "In One Year and Out the Other" but there were some points with which I disagreed.

The greatest disappointment was his calling Wallace Beery's Long John Silver one of the worst performances of the year. On the contrary, it was a truly convincing role. Besides, the picturization of "Treasure Island" was remarkable as it followed Robert Louis Stevenson's classic to the letter.

Mr. Hills said that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" succeeded by pleasing no one. This is probably the most human interest film made this year and it pleased many audiences.

"Queen Christina" was up to Garbo's standard. This film was done effectively and Garbo was magnificent as the queen.

Leslie Howard has not "faded somewhat." His work in "Of Human Bondage" and "British Agent" proves that he is still a great star and more popular than ever.

Albert Manski,
Boston, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Seconds Not Wanted

With the hue and cry of the find-a-second-Shirley Temple campaign still ringing in our ears, we, the long-suffering public were rendered further aghast by a current news notice. It told us that, since the smashing hit of the tapping tootsies of Fred Astaire, the studios are starting a find-another-Astaire hunt.

Isn't it silly and childish? Can't you just hear all the little studios crying, "Mamma, Fox has a pretty little Shirley Temple—and I want a Shirley Temple!" or, "Papa, RKO has a dancing Fred Astaire, I want a Fred Astaire, pa-pah, buy me one!"

I suppose it is useless to point out that none of the second string Gables or Garbos ever got anywhere. You see, we fans don't want a second anyone. We want each idol to be a type—unique and distinctive. To be, in fact, an original. Therefore, understudies, imitations, or pale carbon copies need not apply for our affections.

Tona Swan,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Ace Comedian

For real, subtle humor, effectively put across, give me that ace comedian, Edward Everett Horton! Here is an actor who is a true artist, understanding how to shade and point up every least line. That jittery manner, those darting, scandalized eyes, the mobile lips and staccato speech—all of these are distinctive Hortonisms and a far, happy cry from the era of slapstick.

Just as the talkies of today are worthy of an actor's best efforts so is Edward Everett Horton worthy of the best talkies; so here's hoping the producers will see fit to give him more rôles like those he portrayed in two delightful recent pictures "The Gay Divorcee" and "The Merry Widow."

Clare Bowen,
Lincoln Park, N. J.

Marlene's and Joe's Last Picture Together

(*Continued from page* 31)

questions were asked:

Why was Rudolph Seiber, Marlene's husband, suddenly appointed "Student Director" on the picture unless it was to throw more weight on Marlene's side when the inevitable difference of opinion flared up (it being well known that Seiber was Marlene's idea . . . not Von's)?

Was it true that Von had stormed at Marlene so violently on one particular scene that she had fainted . . . had to be carried from the set . . . and had been unable to work for days?

What was behind the abrupt withdrawal of Joel McCrea from the rôle of Marlene's outlaw lover?

Why were the sets of "Caprice Espagnol" more closely guarded and secretive than all the other "closed sets" made famous by this mystery pair?

Let's check and double-check these rumors, not by warmed-over denials or a blanket "defense" of what goes on while Von and Marlene are at work but from what we see and observe from our *actual* visits to the sets of the disputed picture.

IN gathering the material for this inside story, I personally visited the sets of "Caprice Espagnol" not once but many times. What's more, no member of the press who asked for the privilege was denied. So there goes that "closed set" rumor in a cocked hat. Just why Von Sternberg and Dietrich relaxed their vigilence and fetish for secrecy on this, their final picture, is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps they grew tired of fighting off the resentment the "NO VISITORS" sign always inspired in the press during the making of their other pictures. They may have thought it best not to stir up pre-release resentment against "Caprice Espagnol" as they did in the case of "The Scarlet Empress." Perhaps there is no longer any good reason to maintain their great aura of secrecy now that they are making their last production together. Personally, after days of watching, I am convinced that Von and Marlene are trying to make everything about this picture as agreeable as possible, for no matter how Hollywood gossips, it is only too obvious that they are parting reluctantly.

When you walk onto the set, your first impression is that you have stumbled onto an annex of an all-grey monastery. Nothing but grey. It doesn't make any difference which of the sets you visit, the only color you'll find is grey.

This "grey idea" is a new pet theory of Von's (based on the fact that the result on the screen will be black-and-white and that this is the only method of determining in advance the "values" in the background) and those few who have seen the "rushes" thus far are enthusiastically amazed at the startling effects obtained.

(They almost had to hold me in my chair the day Von Sternberg, while squinting through the camera, found that a certain wall was too prominent and proceeded to hold up production while he PERSONALLY sprayed the entire wall a lighter shade!)

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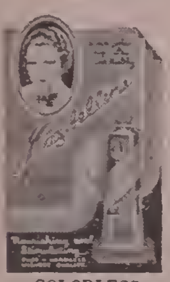

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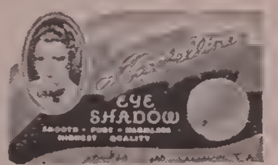

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Your second impression is a tomb-like silence that is partially explained by the fact that there is only *one* electrician on the set (usually, there would be ten); one sound man, one assistant cameraman (Von is head cameraman as well as director) one prop boy and only those members of the cast who have actual scenes. Everyone walks on tip-toe. Everyone seems to be thinking on tip-toe. There is no relaxed laughter or conversation between scenes. These few helpers have worked with Von and Marlene throughout six pictures and they know Von's directorial eccentricities.

Presiding over this strange scene, dominating it, is the short, stocky, soft-voiced Von Sternberg. When he is not actually engaged in painting the scenery, personally placing the lights, doing a bit of carpenter work, re-loading the camera, putting an extra "silk" on a "baby," he sits slumped in a canvas-back chair contemplating the vision of the lush, blonde Marlene with the same absorbed concentration with which a master might squint at a half-finished painting.

THE day before my visit, Marlene had been forced to stand in a steady downpour of rain (from a sprinkler system overhead)—most of the day an umbrella had covered her, but during each of the scenes some dramatic element had caused her to fling the umbrella aside. For instance, when she kisses her lover goodbye, she stands unprotected in the deluge for long seconds until Von barks out "Cut!"

The slight cold she had contracted was quite apparent the day I was there but the conference between Von and Marlene (a new idea that lasts for an entire hour before the day's shooting) was going on as usual. Dietrich was repeating "lines" to the director with the obedience of a patient child. Von speaks to her in German. She repeats, after him, in English. It is amusing to hear the wrong emphasis that falls on her simplest spoken phrase. For Marlene still *thinks* in German and has a natural tendency to emphasize every third or fourth word in English.

"No, No, Marlene," corrects Von, breaking in with his own perfectly-spoken English, "Do not stress that particular word. Say it this way." Over and over again they rehearse. Over and over, Marlene repeats the words.

The new scene is a Spanish café. Suddenly, fifty "extras" and many "atmosphere people" are commanded to take their places on the set. The long rehearsal between the star and her director is over. The camera is ready to turn under Von's own hand. "You will please take your places," comes the soft directorial command—and I noticed that this man never makes the slightest request that is not prefaced by a sincere "Please." "You will please light your cigarettes, start moving slowly, remember you are very crowded in this small room. Lights, please, soft music . . ."

It is impossible to convey the degree of care with which Von Sternberg arranges the smallest details of the set and everyone in it. It is almost an hour after he has called the extras, and he is just now ready to *shoot*. Dozens of rehearsals with Dietrich and the cast have been "checked in." The head cold, produced by the "rain" of the day before is beginning to bother Marlene. Now, instead of fake rain there is the intense heat of hundreds of lights, smoke from a hundred cigarettes, the oppressive atmosphere of the crowded room. For almost three hours Dietrich has been rehearsing and never once has she left her post to sit down.

Suddenly Von Sternberg turns to Marlene and speaks in German. His voice grows louder, more gutteral, then louder, louder! My education in *German* is not sufficient to give an exact word-for-word translation, but I realized that he was conveying to her the exact degree of abandon and excitement he wanted reflected in her voice when she started to speak the lines in English before the camera.

I glanced around me. It was apparent that the extras and most of the cast did not realize what was going on. They became slightly panic-stricken. "Von is off on another of his tantrums!"

Marlene lifts her hand a moment to interrupt him. "I know," she says in soft German, "I know, but I am so warm, so tired. I do not feel well. I think I had better rest a minute. I . . ."

Suddenly she collapses in a dead faint at the feet of her director. There is great excitement immediately. Marlene's maid, Seiber, Von Sternberg and several extra-men rush to aid her. She is carried to her dressing room. Her husband runs to fetch water and is plainly dismayed by the turn of events.

Fifteen minutes later, Marlene is back on the set!

"I am so very sorry," she addresses the entire set, "So much smoke—I became too warm . . ." Which, believe me, is the "inside story" of the famous "abuse scene" which resulted in Marlene's "hysterical absence of two days!"

JUST what part Husband Rudy Seiber played in the real making of "Caprice Espagnol," I was never able to discover. Nor was I able to unravel the mystery of his leaving the company soon after. On every occasion, Von treated him with the utmost courtesy. Even that day when Seiber tried to tip-toe to his chair after the camera had started to grind, Von didn't know whom he was addressing his "STOP THAT TRAFFIC" to because his back was turned. His embarrassed "student director's" face was certainly red-and-rosy, though! Even Marlene's attitude toward her handsome husband was a bit puzzling. Several times, when she was in one of her gay moods she would arrive on the set with a gardenia in hand, pin it on Seiber's coat and kiss him coquettishly. On other occasions, she seemed barely to notice his presence. If Seiber was a student on this picture, he was educating himself, at least as far as I was able to see. But the young German is a good-natured chap and he seems to understand the moodiness of his actress wife and her director. He is so obliging that he sometimes anticipated their wish before they had time to express it. He walked rapidly to and from the wardrobe department, the commissary or the publicity department when anything was needed.

Seiber's likeable personality had made him a great favorite with members of the supporting cast. In fact he lost one of his best "set companions" when Joel McCrea left the cast after the few days he worked on "Caprice Espagnol." Which brings us to that other popular question: "What happened to Joel?"

I saw it happen. There was no "abuse," no berating scene, no hysterical German from Von Sternberg. Joel resigned from the cast. He wasn't "fired." And there were no conferences between Von and Marlene in which they criticized Joel in "loud and harsh tones."

Of course he was blue and a bit discouraged when he left. I talked to him as he walked across the lot to the front gate. He said: "The rôle wasn't up my street . . . it's best all around."

But this is what actually happened on the set: Von asked Joel to see the "rushes" of his first two days' work. After the showing, he asked him if he thought he was *getting* the character. Joel admitted that he wasn't. Von took him aside and reasoned with him in soft tones: "I am willing to take all the time in the world, Joel, if you honestly believe that you will be able to characterize this man as I see him. This rôle of Marlene's lover is a difficult one. He is a hunted man and thus his actions are all furtive, even his love-making. If you don't think you can get the right elusiveness and repression into the part, let us decide soon so that we shall not waste your time and ours."

THE following day, a Spanish actor, Cesar Romero, was in the part and Joel was off to other and different fields. It has been rumored, as the picture has progressed from that day, that Romero is going to be a sensation as Marlene's secretive lover . . . so everything has ended well.

So, all in all, "Caprice Espagnol" is working its unhurried way to a conclusion. Of all the pictures Von and the beautiful Marlene have made together, I believe this will be the most important. The constant undercurrent is tremendously interesting. Von Sternberg's pride is involved on two counts: first, to erase the critical impression that he hampered Dietrich's career and his desire to make a knockout picture that will make them all "take it back." Second, he is said to have told Emanuel Cohen, head of Paramount: "The Marlene Dietrich you will see in this picture will amaze you. More than ever will you realize what a great actress she is."

Or perhaps "Caprice Espagnol" is Von's parting gift to Marlene . . . a picture in which his directorial genius is less prominent and the backgrounds and sets sufficiently light to allow her to shine as the star she is . . . a picture for Dietrich.

NEWS!

WALTER RAMSEY, that well known, well liked Hollywood writer, has joined the staff of MOVIE MIRROR! Beginning next month he contributes an entirely new type of news and gossip for our INSIDE STUFF department. If you want to be "in on the know" you can't afford to miss this!

NEED
A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By Lady Esther

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours
—and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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"HELLO
Dirty Face"

Use FREE Coupon Below

● Remember when your Dad used to call to you—"Hello, Dirty Face"? That was "clean" dirt, easily washed away.

Today, however, your face may be collecting a much more serious kind of dirt—a *pore-clogging* dirt caused by dried make-up, gland secretions, traffic dust and the *alkali* that comes in soap and water. It is this treacherous, *unseen* dirt that gradually stops up your pores, causing "faded skin," pore enlargement, blackheads, pimples and shiny, oily skin.

"Dirty Face" is so easy to avoid today. A skin that *breathes naturally* and keeps young and trim in appearance, is so easy to have! Send for a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of DRESKIN, Campana's new liquid skin cleanser, and prove it to yourself. Make the famous "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning! And remember that DRESKIN *neutralizes* alkali and banishes the risk of "alkali dryness" and faded-skin appearance. Send for FREE trial bottle today.

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The Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page 4*)

NAME NOT IN LIGHTS

As the small, invited, all-critic audience was leaving the preview of "Imitation of Life," a woman stood modestly at one side of the eye-wiping crowd.

Few of us spoke to her. Few of us knew her. Yet we had just watched her give one of the most beautiful of screen performances. She was Louise Beavers, who plays the colored mother.

Since that time "Imitation of Life" has gone on to break box-office records everywhere. It will reflect glory on Claudette Colbert, its star, who doesn't need added glory at all.

Meanwhile no one has cast Beavers for anything at all. Her name, in the ads for the picture, appears in type so small it is hard to read.

That is real tragedy, the color line condemning a great artist to obscurity.

BLONDE OR REDHEAD—NO BRUNETTE, PLEASE

The chic Colbert, meanwhile playing in "The Gilded Lily," has definitely joined the ranks of the redheads. Naturally brunette, she has tried a dozen compromises of wigs and such before finally dyeing her hair. Probably one of these days, when some brunette wife comes home with flaming locks and gets bawled out by her husband, she will say Claudette influenced her.

Actually Claudette's cameramen, each and all of them, are to blame. They simply refused to photograph her any longer with her dark hair; said it made too many shadows on her face, made her skin look too dark.

It is the cameramen who demand blondes, too. They set clothes styles, both in lines and materials; they demand and get light hair, they enforce the rule for no eyebrows, but insist upon eye lashes two inches long. Those boys are having more influence on the beauties of the world than all the other influences combined.

Prediction Note: You will see a new Jean Harlow when you see "Reckless." The change-worker is William Powell. Without taking away any of her sparkle, Bill has taught Jean a new seriousness that is most attractive.

Our favorite crack of the month concerns Mr. Powell. Bill says, "Where the new talent of the screen as coming from I can't imagine, thank heaven."

R. W.

Make This Month Count for Beauty

(*Continued from page 63*)

No. 5—Lie flat on your back with your feet hooked under a low chair or something to keep them down. Extend arms on floor directly over your head. Now, allez-oop! Swing the body to a sitting position and touch your toes with your fingers and go back to first position. Repeat four times.

After several weeks, and I mean "several," when your abdominal muscles have begun to respond to this heroic treatment, vary this exercise like this: Clasp your hands back of your neck and when you swing up, jerk your elbows together, come to a sitting position and touch your knees with your elbows.

There are the exercises. They read simply, don't they? You will find them simple when you want to do them, and because of that, I want to repeat what Richard Kline, Paramount Physical Director, told me about them, for they are his special exercises. Miriam Hopkins, Nancy Carroll, Mae West and Clara Bow are only a few of the stars who have profited by his training, so you may believe what he says is worth listening to:

"To reduce the waistline is more of a job than to reduce the hips, but persistent effort will do it. I prefer to see a well-rounded body, proportioned correctly by the right exercises than to have a girl achieve a big weight reduction by too strenuous dieting. My system of exercise does not build muscle. It is more of a stretching process which gradually firms muscles and reduces the fat. But if you suspect you may have a glandular condition which is causing you to put on weight, see your doctor before you either diet or exercise to reduce.

"These waistline exercises are more strenuous than they seem, especially numbers four and five. Start slowly, and increase the counts gradually day by day. *Don't* strain yourself at any time. It's the cumulative effect of the day after day routine that does it."

So here it is: The secret of that willowy waist that, if you've got, you want to keep, and if you haven't, you certainly want.

And while you are exercising, instead of counting, say to yourself: "Roll-away-ugly-fat; come-back-my-beauty." And mean it when you say it. So much depends upon your will to improve yourself. You'll be surprised how it will cheer you up!

FOR A NEW THRILL IN FASHION PICTURES DON'T MISS THE FIRST ACTION-FASHION SHOTS EVER TAKEN IN HOLLYWOOD! MADGE EVANS POSES THEM FOR NEXT MONTH'S MOVIE MIRROR

What Her Mother Did for Anita Louise

(*Continued from page* 58)

in marrying, sacrificed a professional career in music, though her talent on the violin was attracting much attention in Continental musical circles. Her husband, however, did not approve of the stage.

In New York, a daughter was born to Ann Fremault. With the advent of her baby, all thoughts she may have been harboring of eventually engaging in concert work vanished. But baby Anita would not be denied a career if she desired one.

Doubtless the young mother gloried in her daughter's early interest in "making faces." Through her child, she was able to live again her own ambitions. Anita would be an actress, a great actress. That is, if she wanted to.

At two, Anita started as an artist's model. Grace and poise are requisites of an actress and her mother hoped Anita would acquire them under the tutelage of artists. Art studios were then the first step toward an ultimate goal.

That Anita's mother was building wisely is attested by an incident that occurred when the child was four. An engagement to model children's wear in a New York fashion show was offered and accepted. Appearing before the public came next.

By chance, Anita's poise was put to a crucial test. While walking down the long runway, the cloak she was wearing for the critical appraisal of fashionable society and out-of-town buyers was torn from her shoulders. The garment caught on a nail and she was left clad only in bloomers.

IT would have been pardonable under the circumstances if the child had run sobbing from the auditorium. But Anita did nothing of the sort. Her poise was equal to the occasion. She continued her promenade unperturbed, even stopping frequently to turn around in the prescribed fashion of clothing models that all sides of a garment may be seen. She apparently strove to give the impression that bloomers were all she was meant to model.

The mishap took the lead next day in all newspaper accounts of the fashion show. The child's showmanship drew wide comment. Anita's mother was overjoyed.

But not so her father. He could see nothing to be joyous about his daughter's making a spectacle of herself. He would have none of it.

His wife, however, was not to be frustrated a second time. Her ambitions for her child were finding realization. If she could only be sure, absolutely sure that her daughter would be happy in the career that was being shaped for her. The girl seemed normally happy but she still was too young to know her own mind.

"Poor mother," Anita says now. "It has only been the last few years that she has been really sure. She has always done what she thought best for me. All my life, she has asked if I wanted to do this or that. She never forced me to do anything I did not wish to do. Always there has been that fear that I would not like the career that was being built for me. Now she knows I would not have any other life than the one I'm living."

"Just look at this polish! See how it flakes off."
"Well, evidently, Dorothy, you are NOT *using Glazo —and Glazo is only 25 cents."*

GLAZO *presents*
3 AMAZING ADVANCES!

A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE
6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES
2 TO 4 DAYS' LONGER WEAR
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GLAZO
LIQUID POLISH
SHELL
GLAZO

Buy your polish by volume . . . and you'll lose your charm by degrees.

Why waste time—and invite trouble—with hastily-made inferior nail polishes? Why bother with lacquers that are made only to sell—not to last—when Glazo costs only 25 cents?

Glazo points hands with a cut-diamond sparkle that wears 2 to 4 days longer—by actual tests—without chipping, fading or peeling. Daylight or night light, Glazo's six lovely shades are timed to the last tick of fashion. A color chart on each package tells you your best shades. And the new metal-shaft brush makes Glazo easier to apply.

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It is literally true that Anita was not forced to do distasteful tasks. Her musical education began very early. She was not made to practice on the piano for a specified time every day. If her attention wandered and she wanted to go outdoors to play, she knew her mother would readily grant permission. Upon her own volition, she might devote three hours to her music one day and perhaps fifteen minutes the next. In this way, she advanced more rapidly than do children who dread the hated hour of daily piano practice.

Anita was five when she made her first appearance in motion pictures. It was a long-forgotten feature named "The Sixth Commandment." Neil Hamilton was one of the players and as he had frequented the same artist's studios where Anita had posed, he was partly instrumental in helping her obtain a rather important part. Subsequently she played with Gloria Swanson in "The Untamed Lady" and with the late Alec B. Francis in "The Music Master." She also appeared on the stage with Walter Hampden in "Peter Ibbetson."

Meanwhile Ann Fremault and her husband had come to a parting of the ways. So diametrically were they opposed in their views regarding their daughter's career that a separation was inevitable.

THERE followed several lean years. Mrs. Fremault's income was not large. It permitted little more than necessities, and there was Anita's training to be considered.

It meant many sacrifices, sacrifices Ann Fremault made gladly on the altar of ambition. She might have lived in comparative comfort had she been less ambitious for her daughter. But she was not adverse to turning her hand at any occupation that would augment her tiny income. And this, keep in mind, while she was not as yet sure that Anita would desire to follow the career for which all these preparations were being made.

"Mother has always told me," Anita says, "that should I find my work too hard or not to my liking or for any reason wish to abandon it, all that would be necessary was to say so. It is just one of the many things that make me love and respect her, not merely because she is my mother, but because she is a person worthy of love and respect. I know that should I decide even now to give up the screen for marriage, she would not try to dissuade me. She holds my happiness above everything else."

Young as she is, Anita has begun to realize the import of this beautiful relationship with her mother. It may have been borne home to her by watching the typical variety of "movie mamas."

Anita's childhood was more nearly what is called "normal" than the average child actress. She played with other kids and entered into their games with all the zest of a healthy youngster. She has, however, always been older than her years except in one thing. Somehow she escaped having her belief in Santa Claus shattered until she was nearly ten.

During Anita's ninth year, her mother became engaged to be married. She was deeply in love with a man and he with her. More important, Anita liked him.

There arose, however, a slight disagreement regarding the plans the mother had for her child. Her fiancé made a slighting remark and they quarrelled. Although the difference was settled amicably, Ann Fremault watched carefully for any indications that a step-father would interfere with her plans for Anita. She had planned too long to brook outside interference.

One day the child mentioned Santa Claus and her prospective father enlightened her regarding the Christmas myth. He was taken to task by her mother for disillusioning a child. He replied angrily something to the effect that no youngster of his was going to be brought up to believe silly fairy stories.

That "no youngster of his" ended it, definitely. A dead romance was laid beside the mother's other sacrifices.

Anita graduated into the ranks of grown-up leading ladies before she was fourteen. She shot up like a reed almost overnight and stopped at five feet two and a half. As is usual in such cases, her weight did not increase in proportion to her height. Fattening diets have been a problem ever since. Anita, by the way, is a very excellent cook.

It is difficult to see how she has time for all the regular assignments that appear on her date pad every week. There is school. Three hours with a private tutor daily besides French lessons twice a week and German once. She still takes piano to which she has added lessons on the harp.

Three times weekly she goes to one of the finest dramatic elocutionists in the country, a man who once helped Ann Harding, among others. Her instructor loudly proclaims that Anita speaks the best English of anyone in Hollywood.

For her physical well being there is tennis. A row of cups won in competition attest her proficiency in fencing. There are setting-up exercises in the morning and a massage in oil at night. The massage has been a daily occurrence since she was a tiny baby. Her mother inaugurated it as a part of her campaign and through the years, rich or poor, the massage hour has been religiously observed.

ANITA'S playing of the rôle of Marie Antoinette in the Warner production of "Du Barry" is the direct cause of her having been placed under long-term contract by the studio. She is hailed as one of the coming stars of next year. It is the fulfilment of her mother's long and arduous preparations for Anita's career.

I do not believe that success will ever go to either of their heads. With the contracts signed, Ann Fremault has withdrawn from any active participation in her daughter's affairs. She has seen the sad results of the interference of professional mothers and she has no wish to become a professional parent. Her work, her sacrifices are done, finished. From now on it is entirely up to Anita. Indeed, a mother who really knows best.

Of course, no story of Anita Louise would be complete without mention of Tom Brown, that likable young actor with whom she is always seen in public. They run about together all the time and have had a lot of fun in Hollywood. But love to them has not been taken seriously. In fact, they have pledged one another not even to speak of marriage for five years. They both hope to be stars then.

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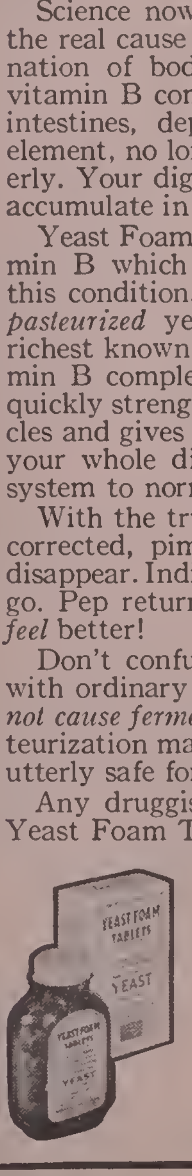

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

My Son, Tom Brown

(*Continued from page* 59)

But Tom had his taste of pictures in the East, off and on, since he was little. He was crazy to tackle Hollywood.

Bob Armstrong happened to visit New York at that critical moment for us. He said, "Marie, you ought to take him to California. There's no one out there like him." I didn't know how to interpret that! But Bob went on: "Of course, you mustn't be too anxious. It might take quite a while to connect. But I believe the boy could land out there."

As you can imagine, that encouragement was all Tom wanted. We drove West. We arrived on Hallowe'en, three years ago. It was a Saturday night, and we were prepared to give the movies a three months' trial. If nothing turned up, Tom was to enter Harvard.

A friend had given him a letter to the casting director at Fox, and on the following Thursday Tom was tested. They liked him. But in the meanwhile an agent had interested Universal in his behalf. Universal's offer was more promising than Fox's, so he signed with them.

His first rôle was the lead opposite Joan Blondell in a Warner picture, for which he was loaned. It was a pretty severe test of his acting ability for, while Joan is a young woman, she possesses great sophistication, and Tom looked awfully youthful opposite her. I remember how he used to fret over love scenes when he first had to play them out here. Making love was entirely new to him and he was so afraid of appearing childish!

He began to have quite a few dates, because being seen with girls made him seem older. In New York he'd never had a car. So he bought a little roadster and attached everything but the kitchen sink to it to give it a collegiate touch! His clean sweep of his wardrobe was a jolt for me.

HE'D had a lot of good clothes made in the East, but the minute we were settled in Hollywood he determined that he had to have all new things. "I've got to have real men's clothes!" he exclaimed, leading his father and me down to a tailor's. Personally, I couldn't detect any great difference. I thought what he'd had in the East were real men's clothes!

Then I'll never forget how he yearned to smoke. An Irish lord whom we had known in the East sent Tom a beautiful leather cigarette case and lighter on our first Christmas here. I didn't want him to smoke. He said, "But what'll I do with them? *Men* smoke!"

I suppose he went through the same period every boy of eighteen goes through. Although Tom's desire to be older was prompted purely by a business motive. There are many parts for girls in their 'teens, but comparatively few for boys. He is a whirlwind of energy, and if he did fly off on these tangents, temporarily, there was no cause for my being alarmed. You can reason with Tom. He's an only child, but he's never been spoiled.

Whenever I fancy he is apt to do something he'll regret, I simply comment on what he may anticipate as a result. Then I don't harp on it. I leave it to Tom to

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN

Is she WRECKING her marriage?

HAS she been unreasonable, after all? Has she tried "controlling" instead of "understanding?" Has she allowed fear and squeamishness to get the upper hand?

What a terrible thing it is, really, to be old-fashioned! What a tragedy it can be to watch happiness slip away because one's head is filled with out-of-date information! Yet many young wives find themselves in just this position when they face the problem of feminine hygiene.

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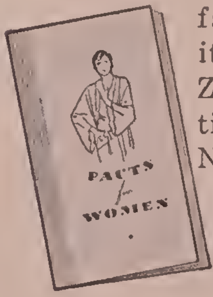

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decide. Truthfully, I can say I've never been disappointed in his final judgment.

This is where I differ from most stage mothers—I don't attempt to tell him what to do. Take his clothes now, for instance. I like to see him in well-tailored suits. But in Hollywood, apparently, it's the vogue to wear informal, sporty things. He mixes a coat from one suit with the trousers of another. Far be it from me to argue about such details.

Why, not one in fifty mothers of youthful actors out here has sense enough to leave her child alone, to stay in the background. It's always been my contention that if a child is clever enough to be a successful actor, he is smart enough to stand alone.

I've seen dozens of those traditional stage mothers. They are in everyone's hair. It's a continual battle. "Mamie *can't* wear her bow on that side of her head; she's prettier with it on the *other* side!" I never go to the studios here in Hollywood, and I was as inconspicuous as possible when Tom was playing on the stage as a child.

No doubt millions of fond mothers wish their children to be actors. I don't think it's up to the mothers. If a child is suited to acting, he or she will demonstrate that fact without any pushing. Tom's career has not been my engineering at all. He just seems to have been fated for it because it's his dream.

HIS father is grand at singing and at the piano and was a vaudeville topnotcher for years. I myself was entranced by the glamour of the stage for a while. Tom was far more important, however, than any career, and I retired when he was born.

My husband refused to tour without us and so we went with him wherever he was playing until Tom was old enough to start school. Then I made New York City our permanent headquarters.

This is how Tom stumbled into his acting career. It was a design of Fate, as you can see. A woman friend of mine who had been a headliner in vaudeville needed work. Tom was such a cute child that she asked if she could take him with her to a studio casting office to buoy her up.

Fancy my amazement when she returned to say that the studio would hire her for a week's work if she'd bring the child along for schoolroom shots. My husband had eight thousand fits when I told him. Tom jumped up and down with excitement. He was always with older people, and he'd have a chance to be with children.

Other offers for bits followed. And when Tom was eight the same strange thing happened once more. A friend begged to "borrow" Tom to accompany her. This time a casting director insisted that Tom was exactly the boy he had to have for a rôle in Henry Hull's "A Hoosier Schoolmaster."

I was amazed. And then I wondered if Tom could possibly do the part. We had never given him any sort of dramatic training. But he was so eager that we agreed to let him try. The critics raved about him, more offers rolled in, and suddenly he was a regular actor.

His success has been due to his own determination to get ahead. Whenever he heard they were casting for a boy he was the first to get down to try for the job. But I took him away to the country every summer, no matter what rôles were available. His health and his education were my particular hobbies and nothing was allowed to interfere.

Tom had to study on trains sometimes when we were on tour with a play he was in. Whenever he was away from New York he did his lessons by correspondence.

When he was in plays I did stay in his dressing-room. Because he was so very young. I never let anyone know I was around, though. I remember one evening during his last Broadway play, the one with Sylvia Sidney. Tom had pinched her and she was chasing him to wreak vengeance. They tumbled into the dressing room, and Sylvia was so surprised to find that I'd been there every night.

Katharine Hepburn, RKO-Radio star is all smiles as she's photographed at the Grand Central on her arrival from the Coast for a brief eastern vacation.

Too, when we were in the East, I naturally used to go to parties with Tom. Here I don't. I'm glad that our house has become a meeting-place for the younger set in Hollywood. They are a grand bunch and I like them all.

At heart Tom is a home boy. Why, I think he wants money chiefly so he may some day own a beautiful home of his own. He is one of the few boys I can think of who truly appreciates a home. And he has an instinctive feeling for furnishing. We have been moving into the place we recently leased and Tom has passed judgment on every single bit of the furnishings.

Before we came to Hollywood a friend of ours tried pictures. He returned to New York broke. I thought that was ridiculous. I was sure I could have saved plenty. But I have lived here now and I see the other side of it. The obligations Tom has acquired along with movie success are—well, the local adjective colossal is most adequate!

We manage to save only by sticking to the strictest budget. I think it's wrong to let people assume that you turn into a millionaire by landing in pictures. Why, most of these young actors begin at a small salary. And you can hardly comprehend the various demands on your income. Tom, to care for his wages intelligently, allots $35 a week to cover all his social and business dates, and the upkeep of his car.

I want to say something about Tom and love. Because many mothers fuss and fume and weep over their children when they are in the maturing age.

Right away when we arrived in Hollywood Tom began falling in love. He was thrust into the midst of glamour. And he reacted normally. In his very first picture he was entranced by the girl who had the second lead. Then he was dazzled by the next four or five girls he played opposite. They were all older than he; Tom wouldn't look at a girl younger.

There was a problem for awhile—if I'd let it become one! As soon as he'd find that he was in love, he'd bring the Right One home to meet me. His father used to mutter, "Is the boy *mad?*" But I didn't worry. I knew he was eighteen and that those were the natural infatuations of an impetuous boy. I realized that he didn't have time to be serious about them.

Now Tom has adjusted himself to Hollywood. He has, while we are on the subject of love, the nicest girl friend. Anita Louise is not only a young beauty but an excellent actress. She is ideal, mentally and morally. Tom wishes they could marry right now. Since he has known Anita he has become very much a one-girl boy. Still, he's a down-to-earth boy, too. And he and Anita are being practical. Both are terribly young; actually starting their real climb this year, they recognize the wisdom of concentrating on work at present.

ALSO, Tom figures a man ought to have some financial security before proposing. Confidentially, I think he's pretty smart to sense this—at his age!

One thing I have instilled in Tom since we've been here, I must confess, is a tremendous respect for those who like him on the screen. He isn't the matinee idol type and never can be. It would be absurd for him to try to be "exciting." Yet he can show his sincerity by reciprocating the interest people evidence in him.

Which reminds me. He has decorated his new bedroom in nautical fashion, with much navy blue trimmings. Before he moves into it he has six hundred fan photographs to autograph. And he'll not move that pile!

Although Tom is grown up and twenty-one, I can't forget that he *is* my son. And where is he now? Oh, he's not working today, so he's out taking his singing lesson. In twenty years, if all goes well, he'll be able to render "Annie Laurie!"

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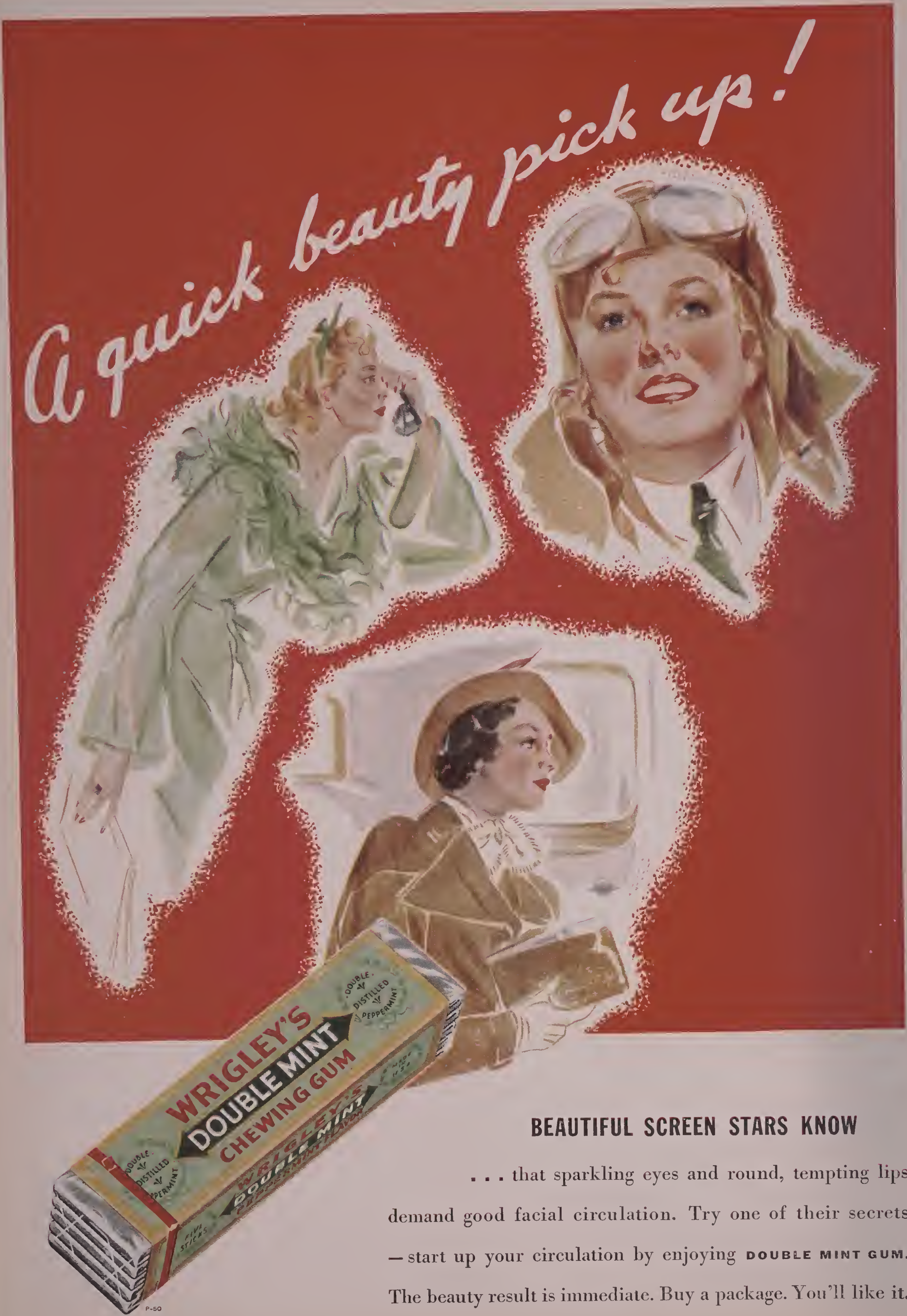
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The True Love Story of Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye

(*Continued from page 33*)

grate fire so that while it was always burning it never got so low and hot that they couldn't sit, comfortably, around it.

They all used to talk at once. They were so proud of the fine things they were going to do. So excited by the things others were doing. They used to regale one another with the interesting items and the goose-fleshy murder details they had come across in the papers. To read favorite bits aloud from the Oxford Book of Verse. And sometimes they went traipsing off to a picture show.

They saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." And went mad over it. The three musketeers, all for one and one for all. They could understand how that might be. For it was all for one and one for all with them, too.

"You're Athos," Evelyn told Frank when the picture had ended and they were out in the street. "A nobleman, sir! With a brilliant brain, if I may be so bold!"

Frank beamed and caught her arm in his. "You're Aramis, obviously," he countered. "With your frills and silks and laces. And that wicked new scent you've been using lately."

Laurence Reid sighed. "That makes me Porthos," he said. "Come on, let's go home and have those crumpets and that jam. And remember you fellows, Porthos gets the lion's share. Always!"

A few months after that Christmas came. And there were three teacups, each with one of the musketeers' names painted upon it in flowing gold script. And three mugs for their ale marked in the same way.

"One day," Evelyn announced one afternoon "we three ought to take a holiday. Without work to interfere. Do only the things we wanted to do from early morning until—early morning.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful!"

"WOULDN'T it!" said Frank and Laurence at once, a little sigh catching itself up in Frank's words.

"Let's plan it," he went on. "Make it our business to manage it somehow."

"Let's make a vow," suggested Evelyn, her hand flying to her heart.

Whereupon together, in solemn voices, their hands on their hearts, they vowed "We vow!"

Those were happy days, the happiest Frank had known in years.

His father had died when he, the oldest of three boys and one girl, was ten. His name had been Frank Lawton, too. And he had come to England from Hartford, Connecticut where he was born to play with the famous Edna May in the equally famous "Belle of New York."

In the London theater he had met Frank's mother. They had fallen desperately in love with each other and been married and she had withdrawn from the theater almost immediately.

When her husband died, Mrs. Lawton had entered her children in Langley School so that she might be free to go out and work. At Langley, orphans are required to pay very little.

"However," Frank told me "I always knew that even the little mother paid to keep us there was a frightful strain. Being the eldest it was natural, I expect, for me to know a sense of responsibility. Always I had the uncomfortable feeling that I should be out holding down a job, earning money to help keep the others.

"'You'll help best by staying where you are and learning your lessons,' my mother used to tell me. 'By preparing yourself for the work you can do later on.'

"And with that I had to be content."

At Langley where Frank remained until he was eighteen, there was a theater which Sir Gerald du Maurier had presented to the school. Frank acted in this theater and wrote plays for it. And so distinguished himself that when he came out there was real theater work for him.

I don't mean that the leading London managers waited in any anxious queue. And I don't mean that Frank started out even as a second lead. He had his apprenticeship to serve. But he was given a chance to serve it. First at a salary of only three pounds a week. Enough to keep him meagrely. Nothing more.

It was in the title role of "Young Woodley" the part which Glenn Hunter played here on the stage that Frank made his mark. At first the English censors objected to this play being shown publicly. So it was presented one Sunday night at a club performance. Admission by invitation only. And the audience was so enthusiastic that they brought their influence to bear upon the Lord Chamberlain, London's highest censor. When he revoked the ban Frank proceeded to enjoy a successful year in London and another successful year on tour.

That this should happen was inevitable. Not only because of Frank's heritage plus the specialized training he had known at Langley, but because for all his youth and the exquisite sensitivity which marks his face and his bearing, he has great strength. The strength artists must have, first to follow their own way which is never a broad highway laid out for them by others. And secondly, to forge their intuitive wisdom and their dreams into realities.

ILLUSTRATIVE of Frank's courage and determination, shortly after he returned to London after appearing in "Cavalcade" he opened in a revue with Beatrice Lillie. During a matinee he fell ill. But he continued to sing and dance quite as though everything was all right. And although he was light-headed from his fever, and towards the end in crucifying pain, when the audience applauded, he was generous with his encores.

That afternoon Gertrude Lawrence appeared back-stage after the final curtain for a visit. Immediately she realized Frank was ill. She took one look at his fever-glazed eyes, felt of his hands and face.

"You're going to see a doctor," she said.

"I couldn't," he protested. "I just want to lie here and save my strength so I can go on tonight."

She paid no attention to him. She went to the telephone and within an incredibly short time she had a doctor there.

"You're going to the hospital, young man," that doctor told Frank as he handed the thermometer to Gertrude Lawrence. It read one hundred and three.

In vain he pleaded that he must appear that night since on that short notice no one could be found to take his place.

"In this country," the doctor announced, "people are not permitted to commit suicide. And that is what it would amount to if you should attempt to play tonight."

Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown register parental pride as they gloat over their first born, Harry Joe, Jr., and Sally's parents share in this pride-fest. Sally will return to the screen in Columbia's "Carnival".

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Frank went to the hospital. Still protesting. And five men went on that night at the theater to carry his songs and dances.

It was acute appendicitis. That no perforations had been caused by the violent dancing Frank had done that afternoon will mystify that doctor to his dying day.

Of course Evelyn and Laurence Reid were frequent visitors at the hospital. And sometimes Evelyn came alone.

"Miss Laye is on her way up," the nurse would say. And Frank's eyes would grow so bright that the nurse thought his fever must be rising.

And when finally Evelyn would stand in the doorway, flushed and excited, Frank's eyes would grow even brighter.

AFTER she had gone he liked to close his eyes and picture her face as it had hung over him. Her dear face with its warm planes and dark wide mouth. With her tender eyes under the gold of her hair.

When Frank grew stronger he and Laurence and Evelyn had the same friendly evenings there in the hospital that they had had at the flat.

"And there again," Frank said "we talked of the holiday we must have together. And again we all said, over and over 'Wouldn't it be wonderful?'"

The opportunity to bring that holiday about came just before Frank began work on "David Copperfield." Laurence Reid over from England on some business had flown to Hollywood for a week or two as Frank's guest. Frank was in the midst of camera tests and fittings for costumes and all the other detail which beset a player before a picture actually goes into production. Still they had some time together.

One day the telephone rang. It was Evelyn. She was in New York. And would remain there for another several days. Then she'd turn toward California to fill a movie contract she had just signed.

Frank and Laurence did frantic calculations on the calendar. But it was no use. By the time Evelyn would reach Hollywood Laurence would be gone, half way across the Atlantic on his way home.

Frank couldn't bear it. He went to the Front Office executives. "If it's possible I'd like a week off," he said. "I want to fly to New York. I wouldn't ask this if it weren't important. Frightfully important. Do what you can about it, please!"

He was so earnest that the Front Office executives were impressed. And that's something. One afternoon he was told he might go. That night he and Laurence were on the plane making its way East over the Rockies. The next morning they descended upon Evelyn at her hotel.

"Break all engagements," they ordered. "We're going to have that holiday we've been talking about for years. We'll give you just one hour to rearrange your affairs and dress. And not one minute more."

When they came back fifty minutes later she was waiting for them.

"Let's go!" she said. "Darling Athos. Blessed Porthos."

They had five days together. It was as if all the beauty and all the excitement and all the interest of New York City were there just for them. They dined at all the restaurants they had ever heard about. They went to see all the interesting plays. They dropped in for tea and cocktails with their gayest and most amusing friends. They sat in the living-room of Evelyn's suite high above Fifth Avenue and talked until the lights below blinked out and the sky broke with the first light of morning. Quite the way they had in London.

THREE young cosmopolites. Or, if you prefer, three sentimentalists. Three musketeers at any rate, carrying out a plan, fulfilling a vow, having a glorious time.

Too soon Laurence Reid's sailing day arrived. Evelyn and Frank went down to the boat with him and stood on the end of the pier until the great liner carrying him toward England was nothing but a blur far down the bay. Then they rushed for the California train. And four days later arrived in Los Angeles to run the gamut of those photographers at the station and report at their studios not one single hour too soon.

Evelyn Laye, besides making "The Night Is Young" with Ramon Novarro, for M-G-M, will be seen in a Gaumont-British picture, "Princess Charming," opposite Henry Wilcoxon.

What About George Brent and Greta Garbo?

(*Continued from page 35*)

if this is a hard lesson for some of us to learn it's invaluable too."

All of which will give you some idea of the mood in which I found him, of his mood when he met Garbo. He was emotionally upset, bored, chafing at the bit.

It was, especially under these circumstances, the most natural thing in the world that they should attract each other. Garbo had loved a man before because he was Irish and daring and an incurable rebel and idealist at heart. And since while she is in Hollywood she is not of Hollywood George Brent would find it a thousand times more exciting to walk with her in the rain than to dance at the Trocadero with a pretty blonde dressed to perfection by Hattie Carnegie.

George never has been the recluse Garbo has been. But he doesn't fit into the average social pattern any too blissfully. He finds little satisfaction in the superficial friendships which serve so many people.

The two friends George values most he found after he grew up. One is the man his sister married. And the other, strangely enough, is a brain specialist who operated on this brother-in-law of his several years ago.

"Odd, isn't it," George asks, "where you find your real friends in this world, the casual way you meet them, the way the bond between you deepens?

"Once that bond exists, however, neither years nor miles of separation alter it."

People who can accept friends and other things lightly have an easier life. But if you happen to be put together as George Brent is there isn't much you can do about it. You must weigh and judge everything for yourself. You must live according to your own standards.

Friendship to George means a deeper thing than it does to most people. And he wouldn't trouble to go through the superficial motions of friendship simply for the sake of having someone to talk to.

The same thing is true of Garbo.

With their similar attitude towards life they naturally knew an immediate interest and understanding for each other.

And Greta was lonely and a woman. And George was restless and a man. And the inevitable happened. Inevitably.

The latest gossip has it that George and Garbo will marry. Whether they will or not still remains to be seen. She certainly doesn't appear the marrying kind. And the day I talked with him he said, most decidedly, that he never again wanted marriage with anyone who was in pictures.

"A few manage to make a go of it," he granted, "but generally speaking a marriage out here between professional people presents an utterly impossible situation.

"The difficulties that lick us are not of our own making. They spring from the working pattern by which we must live.

FOR instance: I'm up at six usually. So I can bathe and shave and dress and have breakfast and get to the studio in time to have forty minutes in which to make-up before I'm called on the set.

"I work through a long day. Sometimes until midnight. I get dog tired before a production is completed. I become nervous. I need quiet, rest, sleep. Okay!

"Another person, grown tired and nervous through his work, needs relaxation. His nerves react differently. He needs to get out, to hear a concert, to see a play or a movie, to meet new people.

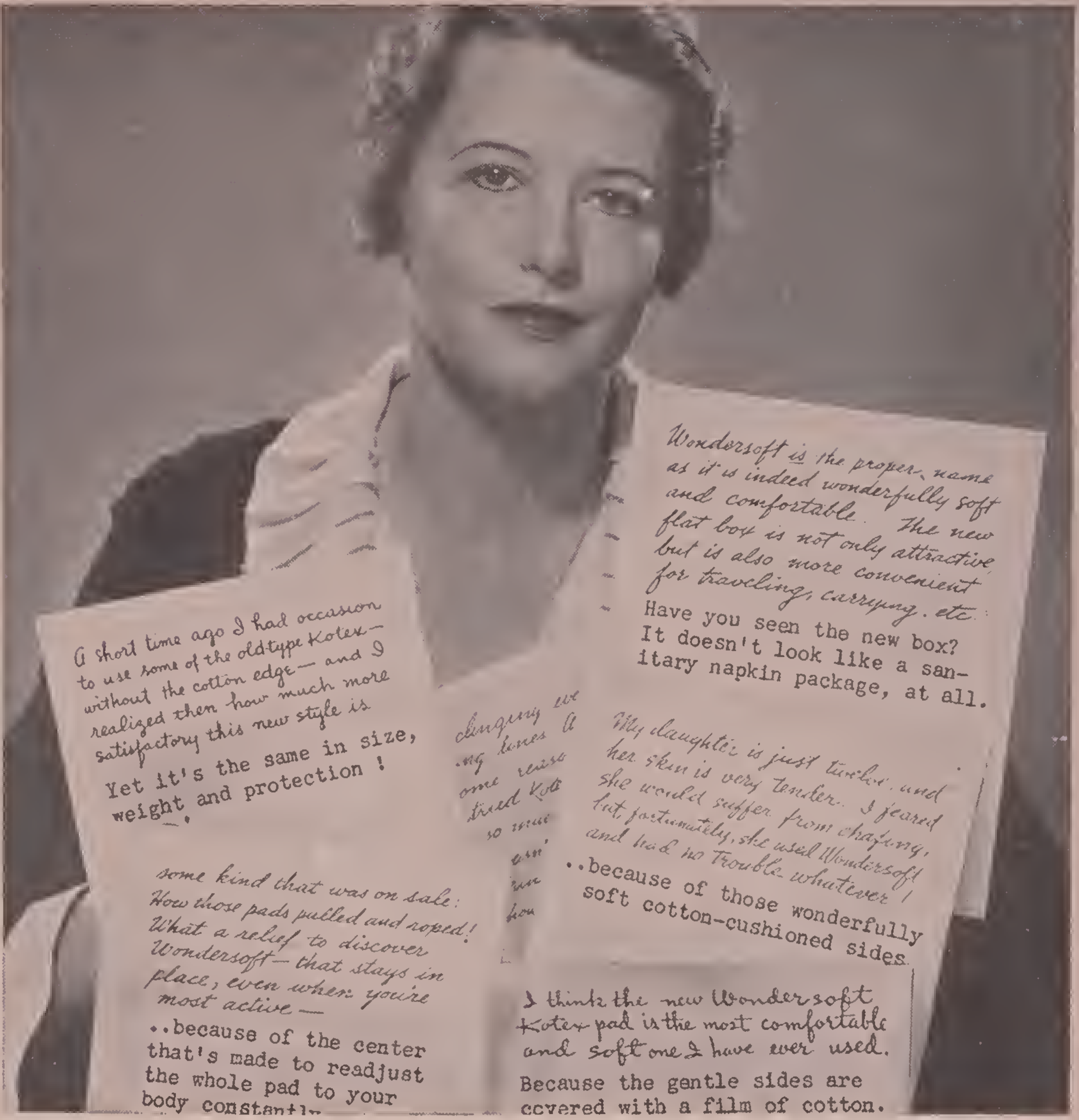
"What happens? Well, if you're two intelligent people and you face a problem of this kind you talk things over. And where does that get you? Nowhere. So you talk things over some more. Until talking things over becomes the greatest irritation of all.

"Look at the roll of Hollywood divorces. That's all you need do. It's the rare exception that results from infidelity or any dramatic difficulty. It's mental cruelty that's cited as the cause of most of them. And it's mental cruelty that has caused them too.

"Two people who work hard, who are obliged to continue on nothing more than sheer nervous energy can be damned cruel to each other. Especially when, as is likely to be the case, one knows a desperate need for quiet and rest and the other craves gaiety and stimulation."

George didn't talk as if he would marry another motion picture star in a hurry. However it's not because of what men and women know with their brains that they marry. It's because of what they feel in their hearts. And George Brent is Irish, with plenty of sentiment and plenty of heart and plenty of feeling.

Whatever happens it is curious that he should have been so restless that day, so eager to get away, to be off in search of color and excitement and adventure. When all the time these things were waiting for him right there. For surely color and excitement and adventure are the very things love provides in the most boundless measure.



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Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

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And More Love—Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr

(*Continued from page 36*)

to say which was the most astounded, Evelyn or Hollywood.

The natives didn't put up even a feeble argument concerning her visible unsophistication and (well, I guess I'll have to use the word) innocence, they were THAT amazed.

And Evelyn had her month or two of bafflement over our easy-going nonchalance about everything in general and nothing in particular, of bewilderment over our quick-born and quick-dying friendships and of perplexity over our thoroughly debonair attitude toward all the accepted preconceptions about life.

I met and interviewed Evelyn within a fortnight of her well-publicized arrival. The Paramount studio (to whom she is under contract) had given me the basic facts concerning their nineteen-year-old-Shakespearian-find.

She was, they told me, the daughter of Professor Emerson Venable, of Cincinnati, greatest American authority on Shakespeare. She had been a child prodigy, winning all scholarships in her path, including one to Wellesley at the age of fifteen.

AT sixteen she gave up college to become leading lady in Walter Hampden's Shakespearian Repertoire, where, after two seasons, a studio scout (he didn't go to sleep during that performance) discovered her.

This list of erudite accomplishments aroused my most offensive brand of prejudice. A stick, a blue-stocking, and probably a prude were my private calculations concerning her.

But when I met Evelyn, I decided that the publicity department had been kidding me. Our interview was fairly garnished with adolescent giggles, and she actually stuttered with the enthusiasm of the "teens" over her first film, oranges, handsome leading men, sunshine, Spanish architecture and her first waterwave.

She hid the introductory jolts Hollywood had handed her with a thick armor of good sportsmanship, and steadfastly refused to admit that anything in our dizzy town had her stymied, but there were a telltale alertness and wariness in every gesture.

Her father, she told me, had accompanied her to the Coast and would remain throughout the summer, first, to see that she was settled nicely with a companion and chaperon, and second, to collaborate with her on a Shakespearian text-book to be used in high schools and universities. Shades of our Wampas Baby Stars!

All this information was offered in a matter-of-fact ramble, as if writing a text-book and making a picture at the same time was an ordinary bit of routine.

And then, I asked her about love.

"I've never been in love," she told me. And I believed her.

Yes, and you would have believed her too, her eyes were that unscarred by life and rapture and things like that.

She told me that she had seen little of boys of her own age. There was constant study at school, and her diligent training for years to prepare for Shakespearian rôles. Even the stage offered her no romantic outlets, because she was rigidly chaperoned by all the older players.

"But if you do fall in love," I asked her, "will your career ever stand in the way?"

Her face had been absurdly young and dewy and gay, but for a swift moment it pinched up into set lines. She said:

"When I fall in love, I will give up everything, if necessary—my career, my plans, my hopes, oh, anything. If the man I love objects to my work, it will mean nothing for me to forget it forever. And you must know that I am terribly serious about returning to the stage some day with my own Shakespearian company."

"And you really think marriage, love and husbands are THAT important?"

"Yes, I think they are that important." She said this quietly.

Evelyn finished her first picture, "Cradle Song," and her text-book in the middle of the summer and she started on "Death Takes a Holiday" immediately. In August, Professor Venable left her in the care of Mrs. Dorothy Gardner, and returned to his educational work in Cincinnati.

In October, Evelyn was "loaned" by Paramount to Fox for the feminine lead in Will Rogers' picture "David Harum."

By the merest chance, Hal Mohr was able to take over the camera work on that picture. Janet Gaynor's production had been suddenly postponed, and since Mohr is Janet's favorite cameraman, she would have had first call on his services.

Hal, who is very tall, and mannishly dark, with a set of those provocative iron gray temples, saw Evelyn for the first time in the billowing finery of her old-fashioned "David Harum" costume.

Something provoked Mohr's interest on the spot. Maybe it was the lack of the usual thickish screen make-up. Or perhaps she was the first star in eons that Mohr had filmed who ignored the regulation fringe of heavy false lashes. She seemed to require no gilding. She was, perhaps, the only completely and authentically natural beauty he had seen in his decade of Hollywood camera work.

They fell in love during the first day's work on the back lot of the Fox Hills Studio. They have never admitted this much to anyone, but the actors and the crew that work in "David Harum" will tell you that you could almost hear those two falling in love.

BUT something went amiss during the Christmas holidays that year. Evelyn's father fled west to be with her, and seriously objected to her plans for an early marriage.

Now Professor Venable has his side of the tangle, and a good one in some lights. Evelyn was just twenty, she had never been in love before and she was appallingly inexperienced. Hal Mohr was obviously a man of the world, he was in his late thirties, he had been married twice. Since her mother's death, four years ago, Evelyn and her father have been very close. He felt, perhaps, he was losing her too soon.

Before he left he must have exacted her promise to give up the man she loved, because quite suddenly they were seen nowhere together. And soon her eyes were terribly scarred with life and lost rapture and things like that.

Now the completely modern girl is going to have small patience with this promise of Evelyn's. But remember, that her training was anything but modern. If she had the usual viewpoint of her contemporaries she would have shrugged her shoulders. She would have said probably:

"Sorry Dad, but I think I have the right to make my own mistakes, if this is going to be a mistake. I have the divine right to find out."

And off she would go to the nearest license bureau.

But Evelyn made that promise and she kept it for almost one whole year, and at a terrific price. She tried that old remedy of keeping herself occupied, hurried, tired, exhausted—to prevent the fine pain of thinking.

She confided in no one during any stage of her joy or suffering but it was there for all to see and know.

She refused to see Hal. He refused to be put off without a fight. He waited long hours, night after night, beside her car parked near the studio. The Paramount workers often saw the pair standing beside her roadster, deep in agonizing argument. No one overheard what they said, but it was plain that Hal was pleading, beseeching, imploring.

You could almost know the words he spoke:

"YOU can't do this to us, Evelyn. It's your life and mine. No one has the right to keep two people apart when they feel as we do. Can't you see? Can't you understand?"

And you could almost guess that Evelyn repeated numbly again and again:

"I promised. He is my father. I promised."

For eleven months Evelyn stuck by that painful bargain. She issued two or three emphatic denials to the press concerning her engagement to Hal. In one statement she said:

"You may quote me as saying that I will NEVER marry Mr. Mohr."

But something happened toward the middle of December, that probably reminded Evelyn of the words she spoke eighteen months before:

"I will give up everything, if necessary, for the man I love, my career, my plans, oh, anything.

Hal must have rushed Evelyn to the plane the moment she weakened, because her father was in town on a visit.

You could tell by the newspaper pictures that she had no time to select any wedding finery for her hasty nuptials. She wore a vagabond felt and a big loose tweed coat, with a careless scarf about her neck.

They are back in Hollywood, living in a new home. They returned within an hour following the ceremony. There was no honeymoon because the bride went to work the next day in "The Little Colonel."

And now the rumor runners of the town (the dependable ones) have it that Evelyn's father has relented and given his old-fashioned blessings to the pair.

So you see the marriage of Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr really *does* read like a page from your grandmother's diary!

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VANESSA: Her Love Story

(Continued from page 55)

and shrank away as Vanessa whispered: "Oh, my poor Benjie. What happened?"

"After the fire, I rode out into the country and stopped here at this Inn for the night. I did a lot of drinking. A girl was there . . ." He roused, and faced her. "Loving you, thinking only of you—in spite of that—I stayed on. I drank a lot. I don't know how much, or how long. And now I'm married to her. I don't quite know how it all happened, but they showed me a paper to prove it. And now there's going to be a child. Will you believe me, Vanessa, when I tell you that I loved you during all this time, more than ever?"

Vanessa said: "Yes, I believe you. Do you care for her in any way at all? No, don't tell me. I shouldn't have asked you. Look, Benjie! I've a carriage waiting. I could take you out of all this. Run away with you!" Then she stopped short, and the momentary excitement left her face. "I forgot. Not where there's a child. No, I couldn't do that."

The hopeless silence lengthened between them.

"Where will you go?" Benjie asked finally.

"I'M perfectly at home with Will and his wife in the servants' cottage. I shall be all right."

"I can't live without seeing you Vanessa."

"We mustn't meet. That would be too difficult for both of us. We mustn't meet, or write, Benjie."

"I'll do anything you say, Vanessa." His abjectness tore her heart, but when he asked if he might kiss her goodbye, she knew she had not the strength.

"No no, I can't. If I kissed you, I should never let you go. Goodbye, my darling."

Something irresistible impelled them and they clung together. They shared a wordless goodbye, there in the courtyard of that cheap tavern to which Vanessa's injustice and Benjie's wildness had brought them. In silence, Vanessa turned and entered her coach. She did not look back, but she knew that only the turn in the road separated her from Benjie's despairing eyes.

All the Herries family knew or cared about the matter was that Vanessa had broken her engagement. They were ready, and delighted to welcome her back into the fold of respectability. A particularly brilliant Royal Garden party was the excuse used by Lady Herries, Ellis' mother, to invite Vanessa to her London house. This, of course, after the proper period of mourning for her father had passed.

At the garden party, her relatives had every intention of being kind. Cynthia, a girl of Vanessa's own age, positively cooed over her:

"How lovely you look, Cousin Vanessa!" and then to Lady Herries and Ellis who were standing nearby: "I'm sure our family does the Queen credit."

Lady Herries pursed her lips and said clearly: "So long as we manage to keep black sheep like Benjie away."

Vanessa heard her and was so angry she could scarcely speak: "No one," she cried, "shall say a word against Benjie while I'm here to defend him in his absence!"

Ellis said grudgingly: "I am sure Benjie has his own side of the story."

"It's a shame," Vanessa continued. "None of you knows anything about it. If you did, you wouldn't be so unfair."

She hurried off to stand by herself, but Barney, the cousin who was a famous novelist, went after her. As he came up, he said: "That was fine, Vanessa, and just like you."

She grasped his arm impulsively: "Oh, Barney, you write novels, you ought to know about human beings. What do characters do, when they have a broken heart?"

Barney smiled kindly. He was fond of Vanessa, and perhaps understood her: "As a matter of fact, one of my characters interested herself in settlement work, slums and that kind of thing. With all the influence you have on Ellis, through his money and power, you could do much."

Vanessa guessed that Barney wasn't very serious in what he said. It was probably the first thing that popped into his head and he wanted to divert her. But it made Vanessa think.

Besides she was fond of Ellis. He did have his queer times, but his unconcealed adoration, and perhaps more than she knew, the invisible pressure of family opinion, made her begin to consider marrying Ellis. When she finally brought herself to accept him his happy words, "Oh, Vanessa, at last! I've waited so long" made her believe that at least one of them would be very happy.

Vanessa was never sure when she began to notice the change in Ellis, it came so gradually. They had been married for some time. She had grown used to him, to his utter dependence on her. The fondness she had felt for him remained, but that was all. And indeed how could she love this man, who was half child, and a disagreeable one at that?

SHE tried to ignore the trend of his dark moods and his strange suspicions, but she was forced to realize, at last, that it was around the memory of Benjie that Ellis' maddest fancies built themselves. He was making himself miserable in his belief that Vanessa was in constant communication with the family's black sheep. He even spied on her mail and put her to the humiliation of quizzing the servants.

The climax came the night they were going to the opera. They were to hear "Tristan and Isolde" which meant nothing to Vanessa but an evening of music which she loved.

As she joined Ellis in the drawing room, she found him playing over the score and he made the strangest request. She was to tell him the story of the opera, and as she began carelessly, he made comments, and only then Vanessa saw what was in his mind, for the story of "Tristan and Isolde" is about a girl who, loving one man, married another, and the tragedy which resulted.

Nor did Ellis become calmer during the opera, and Vanessa's nerves were taut. When Barney joined them in the entr'acte and suggested a stroll in the foyer, Vanessa went with him gladly. She wanted to ask his advice about Ellis, but Barney had news, news of Benjie.

Vanessa went back to their box, her heart full of tears she dare not shed, for Barney had told her that Benjie had been fighting in foreign lands for her Majesty the Queen, that he had lost his right arm, and had been sent home to recuperate. Was he near her? Would she see him? She was in no state to fence with Ellis when he demanded to know what Barney had said. There was not the explosion she expected when she told him. Ellis was quiet the rest of the evening.

When they returned to the house, still very quiet, he followed her into her room, locked the door behind him.

"So that's how you've been hearing from him, through Barney! Sneaking letters behind my back. You . . . deceiving me! Never loving me!" He had snatched up a dagger paper knife and held it menacingly.

Vanessa felt her breath coming fast. She was desperately afraid, but she tried to be wise.

"When we married, I had such high hopes of the good we might do. It's all been so fruitless. But even so, I've meant to make you happy."

"I'M not vexed, my dear. The truth is, life has been a failure for us both. I can't remember a time when I was happy. Nor are you happy. So now, here, very quietly, you won't feel anything . . ." He still carried the knife, but his other hand went to his head. "My head is always so hot, always burning."

Faint from the strain, Vanessa summoned all her courage and faced him, throwing every atom of authority she could command into her voice: "Put down that knife! Give me the key."

He paused and regarded her sadly and she realized she had saved herself from death and him from murder. "How absurd of you, not to do as I wish. But then you never do. How unhappy we are. Perhaps another time will be better." The knife slid from his hand. He fell to his knees beside her and grasped her skirt with maniacal strength: "Dear Vanessa, how I love you! Don't leave me. I'm afraid of being alone."

The next day, Ellis was too unwell to accompany Vanessa to see the passing of the great parade of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. Vanessa did not wish to go without him, but he insisted. She must certainly go and then come back and tell him all about it.

So she went, and as her heart had warned her, she saw Benjie in the crowd, and he saw her.

"So much to say!" he cried. "I'm choking with it."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, all the other fellows are marching."

"Your wife?"

"Marion's dead, but she left me first for another man. The child died, too, soon after it was born. I went soldiering, and then," he touched his empty sleeve with a casual gesture and went on: "Then after this, I was sent home and, I've been in Cumberland. Tell me about yourself, Vanessa?"

"Me? I go to the races, to the opera. We've had parties. Am I happy? Is any-

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one happy?" Her voice broke. "Oh, Benjie!"

How was she going to stand it? She must get home to Ellis, and all the way back to the house she planned how she would tell Ellis she had seen Benjie, and not rouse him to another scene. But there was no scene, it was all very quiet, and very dreadful. He had said: "You see, my dear, this deception is all part of the malady. I must be patient with you. You are not well. Dr. Grayson warned me you might go like this. But it's all arranged. You are to go to his Nursing Home, up in Gloucestershire, I think it is. I shall miss you very much, but you'll be comfortable."

He put his hand to his forehead, dropped it, moved over to where Vanessa stood rigid, and felt of her forehead:

"How hot your head is. You've been ill for a long time. And now I shall go and rest. Don't worry. Worry is bad for you, poor dear." He went out very quietly and softly shut the door.

Vanessa began to tremble. Her knees shook so, she felt for a chair and dropped into it. It had come! What she had refused to acknowledge to herself. Ellis was mad! What should she do? As if in answer the maid announced: "Mr. Benjamin Herries is downstairs, milady."

Vanessa rushed down.

"BENJIE! You mustn't stay here. Ellis is insane, but he thinks it's I who am mad. He's going to send me away to be locked up in some horrible place."

"*You.* He'd better not try it. You must come away with me now at once. You're not safe here."

"No, I can't go. No matter what he does, my duty is to stay with him."

Vanessa meant what she said, but the decision did not lie with her, for Ellis came into the room. He seemed sane enough at first, but the two men had a sharp set-to. Ellis ordered them out of the house. They fled together, and when Vanessa would have returned, she found the door locked behind her.

Instinctively Vanessa sought her old home in the Cumberlands. The house had never been rebuilt, but she found haven with good old Will and his wife and they welcomed her with never a question. Benjie's home was only a short ride down the valley, though at Vanessa's express command Benjie tried to keep away from her.

She knew how the family would feel about the situation and she wished to spare them as much as possible. After the divorce it would be different. Barney, ever her friend, had promised to interview Ellis, and he was expected with news that afternoon, so Vanessa had allowed Benjie to come for tea.

He was stalking up and down the room now, more like the Benjie of old times than she had seen him in years: "What a time we'll have, sharing everything, building a house, having a garden, children."

She laughed with loving amusement: "Oh, Benjie, you don't mean you're going to settle down?"

Benjie made a face at her, and then they both stopped as they heard carriage wheels on the drive. It was Barney, but he brought them nothing of good.

"Vanessa, I couldn't talk to Ellis because no one can. It's hopeless, he's quite insane. He remembered nothing, not even that he sent you out of the house that day. You and Benjie must both realize that in England there is no divorce to be had from insane persons. As long as Ellis lives and remains insane, you are bound to him."

Benjie cried: "And we call ourselves civilized! It's monstrous! There must be some way out. There shall be."

Vanessa went up to him and put both hands on his shoulders.

"There is a way out. What I am going to say may hurt, Benjie dear, but you must go away and leave me. I'm no good to anyone as things are. There's no hope for us. But you're young yet. You can make a life for yourself, meet someone . . ."

He stopped her: "I love you, Vanessa, but I could beat you when you think like that. I shall never love anyone but you and I shall stay here close beside you. Oh, I shan't like it, I'll be hating it, and hating Ellis. But nothing is going to drive me away." He wheeled abruptly and averted his face. "Yes, we'll stay on here together, and yet not together. And we'll grow old, and Ellis will grow young. Idiots never age. We'll stay here and long for each other, and starve for each other, and wither and die!"

Vanessa said dully, while Barney patted her arm, his sympathy too deep to express: "It's true. Old Lady Herries once said to me never to fight the family. They always win in the end. Oh, Barney,—I have loved one man all my life with my whole heart, and he has loved me. Why should I lose everything? What have I done?"

The situation remained unchanged for months. Vanessa lived quietly with the old servants. Once in a while she saw Benjie who did not share her resignation.

"Oh, be patient, Benjie." Vanessa said to him one day. "I expect God has some plan."

"Then God does exist for you?"

"Yes, if one is brave enough to believe in Him. It needs courage. And then . . . perhaps we're meant to discover that love . . . real love . . . goes far beyond the body."

"THAT'S high talk!" Benjie said, but not as scornfully as he might. "You know as well as I that we can't go on like this forever."

Vanessa sighed: "I know. People all over the countryside are talking about us."

Benjie swung around shortly: "You've had to hear it, too? Then that settles it. I'm going."

They had reached the cottage door, and as she opened it, Vanessa said: "But do come in for tea first."

"No. You don't understand. I'm going away for good."

"But I hate them. All the horrible people who gossip and tell lies about us!"

"That's why I'm going."

"Then take me with you!"

"Vanessa!"

"I've wasted my whole life. I can't do without you any longer. I love you as I shall always love you because you are part of me. Because without you I am always lonely, without you, I am not alive. For the first time in my life, I'm not afraid."

"Oh, my darling."

But Vanessa evaded his arm. She was looking down at a letter that had been slipped under the door. "It's from London.

Oh, I don't want to read it!" Even as she spoke she was tearing at the envelope, and she read it aloud to him.

> "Since the death of Lady Herries last year, my sister Winifred and I have taken care of Cousin Ellis. He has been terribly ill and now Dr. Lancaster fears he has not long to live. Your place, Vanessa, is with your husband. He asks for you continually and cannot understand why you are not here. You have it in your power to give him this last happiness. Please let us know when to expect you.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> VERA.

Benjie stormed, argued, pled, but to no purpose. Their moment of exaltation was over, nothing could recapture it.

"I must go, Benjie," Vanessa said, and nothing could move her. The old loyal Herries' blood stirred in her. She left for London that night.

It was the last time Benjie ever saw her. Their farewells were said in the dark Cumberland evening, under the shadow of Skidaw, in the country they had both loved.

Hungry for news of her, Benjie moved up to London. He heard about Ellis' condition . . . that he had reverted to his childhood and played with toys, and was never happy unless Vanessa held his hand, all the time. There was no change, till one night, Benjie was hurriedly summoned. Vanessa had contracted pneumonia. The disease advanced so rapidly the family scarcely knew she was ill, before she was dying. Benjie arrived too late.

BARNEY, the kindly Barney, led him away and took him to his own rooms.

"I must say you behaved remarkably well in everything," he said to Benjie.

Benjie said bitterly: "Oh don't think I was being noble. Vanessa and I never ceased to love each other for a single moment. And now, I do not believe that death can part us. I'm just beginning to understand what Vanessa meant when she said that love went far beyond the body. Sir, you mentioned she had left a letter for me. May I have it?"

Barney gave it to him, and left him alone. Benjie read it:

> "If I should die without seeing you, my darling, you are never to feel that our love has been wasted. It has been the most wonderful and glorious thing in both our lives. I have loved you always, and I want to thank you again and again for loving me so much and so long. Don't be sad after I go. Perhaps I shall be with you even more than I have been. Who knows? This is not the end—but the beginning—"

Benjie recognized the handwriting as Barney's. He had taken it down just as Vanessa had told him to do. The place where it broke off was where . . . Benjie bowed his head, but no tears came.

This is the story of Vanessa and Benjie, two lovers who loved each other so much that they believed not even death could part them. Who can prove them wrong?

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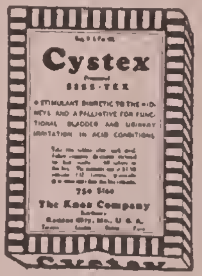
Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George
Medical Director

City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept. University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George, M.D

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What Do the Stars' Dreams Mean?

(*Continued from page* 15)

he keeps to himself, problems which he can't quite bring himself to face. The act of suppressing these conflicts forces them to find expression in dreams.

When we encounter some problem that we cannot solve, it seems as if our energy is dammed up, making it flow backward. Perhaps you have noticed when awake that when unpleasant facts assail you, you want to think of pleasanter things in the past? That is probably what our subject would do if awake and day-dreaming. He would seek his past in his dreams if he could. But he can't, and is harried.

There is a hint that this man is unwilling to meet tests. He ponders on taking bold steps which at times he fears to take.

SUBJECT NUMBER THREE dreams of flying at least once a month. She sees herself in some gilded salon or ballroom filled with people, some of whom she knows, some of whom are strangers to her. She suddenly feels that she has wings. She rises to the ceiling, floats about there, filled with a sense of power and exaltation she never has known in real life. The experience seems quite normal to her. As she soars she looks down on those below not only physically, seeing their bodies—but actually looks into their minds. She can read what they are thinking and planning—what they are like "inside." She always remembers about whom she has dreamed and says that the "glimpse" in her sleep has helped her to deal properly with them when awake.

EXPLANATION:

Here we find, in the ballroom, the symbol of exhibitionism. No actor or actress could get along without this. Second, the public salon, or ballroom, makes the appearance of many persons a normal occurrence. Strangers or crowds in dreams serve to cover up the individual at whom the dream wish really is directed. It would seem that this person is doing something by which she hopes to delight one person.

Flying, of course, is one of the many Freudian symbols for the achievement of the love-wish. The symbol is the substitution of one wish which reason, the censor, admits to good standing, for another wish of which it disapproves. The "looking into people's minds" is a sop to the conscience. It is a justification for the dream flight, for by means of it she gains an insight into people which she would not get by remaining on the ground. The person who dreams this dream desires more love. Her conscience is not guilty.

SUBJECT NUMBER FOUR dreams constantly that he is in a place he has never seen in real life. It is a city, small and square, with a trolley line running through it. Up and down in a central square pass people he knows he never has seen in real life. Yet they seem familiar to him. He nods, exchanges greetings as each passes, as though this were the habitual thing and these people were his neighbors. Even while he is dreaming this dream, he *knows that it is a dream* and that when he awakens he will not know where this place is or who the people are. He's tried in vain to locate the place and believes he's been there in a former life.

EXPLANATION:

Dreaming of being in some other place is the expression of a waking desire. It is possible the dreamer wants to escape from a present situation. Or he may be wishing for some person he has known and loved in the past—and hopes to find that person here. He speaks to these strangers and is friendly with them, for otherwise the unconscious wish to be with *the* one would not be fulfilled. And knowing that he is experiencing a dream is a move of the conscious reasoning to keep the real wish hidden. Sometimes traveling symbolizes death, but I think in this case the unconscious hunger is "for what might have been."

SUBJECT NUMBER FIVE dreams the same thing three or four times a year. It started in her mother's home in New York City when she was about fourteen and has gone on ever since. The last thing which she saw at night in her room was the small statue of a woman on the wall. In the dream which followed, the statue took the form of some animal, reptile or insect which the subject dreaded as a girl. For instance, a spider, snake, or octopus.

The creature in one of its many forms walked or crawled over the entire room, growing larger and larger every moment.

The subject now knows that when it makes the last final turn and grows to its final gigantic proportions its purpose is to kill her. She always awakens, screaming, at this harrowing moment.

EXPLANATION:

This dream first came to the subject when she was beginning to realize that she was a woman. It has continued until this day, a relic of sex fear.

The statue of the woman assumes forms that in dreams signify masculinity. The snake especially means that most often, just as it does in the Biblical story of Adam and Eve in the garden. The form is repellent, for *reason* and previous instruction are warning against sex and punishing the dreamer for having natural, guiltless and unconscious desires. These may not be her own desires. The dream may be associated with someone of whom she is fond and of whom she has just heard something shocking.

SUBJECT NUMBER SIX dreams that he has a huge vaulted room absolutely bare of furniture save for one mammoth clock. This clock, in the dream, seems to have a life of its own. He is afraid of it. Terrified. He wants to get away from it and tries to escape, but succeeds only in running around the room and crashing himself into the stone walls. He feels a terrific desire to stop the monstrous ticking of the clock. He feels that if it ticks on until the hands point to twelve something horrible will happen to him. In the dream he invariably feels that he is going insane as the hands draw close to the mark of twelve.

Just before the end he makes a lunge

for it, tries to reach its face. As he does so, the tick-tocking in his ears seems to swell his ears, his head—burst it—and he wakes up.

EXPLANATION:

This is an "anxiety dream," continuing a wish to avoid an impending or inevitable event. *Reason,* the censor, keeps the unconscious from fleeing it. In other words, the unconscious, realizing that the conscious does not like to face unpleasant events, forces the subject into a state of mind where he will stand up straight and "take it", no matter what happens.

Without this unconscious background, the possessor of this type of mind would be shy, retiring, unable to face life as it comes. The character of this person must be strong, steadfast, and ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, no matter how rough the going.

SUBJECT NUMBER SEVEN has dreamed ever since childhood that he has the power of taking enormous strides—as if he wore seven league boots. He dreams that he goes off to far countries. He wanders through streets familiar to him only because of books he has read or pictures he has seen. He always feels hazily that he is progressing through a dream and hopes he will not awake from the interesting adventure. One place he usually visits is India—and the Vale of Cashmere. While there he has a sensation of indescribable loveliness. The dream occurs once every two or three months.

EXPLANATION:

Dreams like these are based on "the will to power."

These wishes are not concerned directly with sex, but with a hunger to dominate. However, in later years, love has played a strongly associated part in the visions. Sometimes a valley symbolizes one's mother. If this was the case here, it would signify an unconscious desire to return to her, to the state of not having been born, which is the same as death. But in this dream none of the physical characteristics of a valley seem to impress the dreamer.

In the latter case, the dream represents beauty, desire and thrills, but *reason* censors the exact sensations into generalities.

For dream revelations of more famous screen players, see the next month's edition of MOVIE MIRROR.

These are the stars who dreamed the dreams analyzed starting on page 14.

Subject Number One—Mae West.
Subject Number Two—
William Powell.
Subject Number Three—
Marion Davies.
Subject Number Four—
Jean Hersholt
Subject Number Five—
Claudette Colbert.
Subject Number Six—Clark Gable.
Subject Number Seven—
Warren William.

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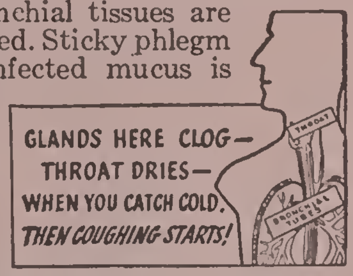

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While There's Hollywood, There's Hope

(*Continued from page 47*)

come along," she says cheerfully. "Meanwhile I'm not exactly loafing."

The same philosophy kindles hope in the breast of that grand old trouper, Irene Franklin, "the Campbell soup kid" of vaudeville fame. She had five lines to speak in "Finishing School," and she made them sparkle. Not like heading a bill on the circuit during the days she ranked with Eva Tangway, but what's the diff—there's still hope in pictures!

Older readers will remember Richard Carle, biggest of the big in the days when musical comedies found Diamond Jim and Stanford White in the front row, and the popping of corks echoed in Delmonicos. It isn't the same old Broadway, but there's still Hollywood. Carle appears briefly in "The Merry Widow" and has a bit in "Sing and Like It."

It doesn't pay to lose hope. George Brent came adventuring this way, and Hollywood turned up its nose at him. He hung around for awhile, and went away, discouraged. But look at him now! Even Claudette Colbert had almost lost hope in pictures. She had good legs, they said, so they cast her in a picture in the silent days. It wasn't until dialog came in that Claudette had her big chance.

W. C. Fields had taken the long toboggan slide and was doing short subjects not so long ago. He had tried a comeback in silents, and flopped. Then Paramount tried him in a feature, and look at the old boy now!

Twenty years ago, Adolphe Menjou was an extra player in a big picture starring Alice Lake. I saw her the other day, playing a bit in his starring picture, "The Great Flirtation." Such is life! You may have recognized her in a brief scene during "The Girl from Missouri." She is the manicurist who is doing Lionel Barrymore's nails when Jean Harlow bursts into the office. I watched the scene being shot.

SHE came over, after it was finished, spluttering and choking with a cough that she had to suppress during the take. She doesn't mind doing bit rôles; something better will turn up.

Then there's that tall, distinguished looking girl striding to the guarded doors of the Garbo set where "The Painted Veil" was being shot. The duplicate of Garbo's stunning Chinese dress, with its small white turban and high collar, made us all turn and stare after her.

You don't know her but the radiating reflection of the Garbo glory makes Chrys Marie Meeker important for a day, as the stand-in for our greatest star. Miss Meeker came from Paris, bursting with ambition to set the Hollywood scene afire with her paintings. But her lovely pastels and oils didn't sell. Still, she has a chance, for you never know your luck in movieland.

The goddess of Hope reveals herself in many forms, and one of her henchmen most certainly is W. S. Van Dyke, the director. You'll always find some of the old timers in Van's pictures; usually Raymond Hatten, Arthur Belasco, and Eddie Hern.

Van lets actions speak for his kindness of heart. He never says much. Usually he likes to sit silently at the press table in the Metro commissary, where he will order a hot chile con carne which he sprinkles with pepper until you'd think his innards would burn up. I often wonder if he got so cold filming Eskimo that he's never been able to warm himself since.

Antonio Moreno is another hero lingering on the outskirts of Limbo, for no reason at all. They had a big polo game out here not long ago, and everybody in Hollywood came to see rival movie teams at the Uplifter's Club. When Tony Moreno appeared in his box, he received more applause than any of the currently shining stars.

HOLLYWOOD gives with one hand, and snatches away with the other—but if you woo the lady adroitly you may recover her good graces. There's Monte Blue, for instance. Long years ago he hit Hollywood on his uppers and went to work as a studio laborer. He got a break and climbed to stardom, and with the sagacity of his Indian blood he took things calmly, saved his money, and eventually retired.

"But Hollywood gets into your blood," he told me. "My fan mail had dropped down and down until I'd get maybe one or two letters a week from some far off place you've never heard of, where some old picture of mine was showing. I missed those tall heaps of enthusiastic letters.

"I'd call up my friends for a game of golf, only to be told that they couldn't play; too busy on a picture. It's a lonesome feeling, to be idle while others work. Finally I decided I'd try to get back into pictures. No, I hadn't lost hope of that—you never do once Hollywood gets in your blood. I started on a personal appearance tour. One night a little girl in another act was on the stage when her dress caught fire from a candle. I was nearest, and smothered the fire. The papers made quite a thing out of that accident, and suddenly I was deluged with letters from all over the country. I thought I'd been forgotten—but the public has a pretty long memory, after all.

"So I'm making my comeback—small parts to learn this talkie technique. Maybe I can come back—I hope so."

His grin, that puckers up his humorous eyes, makes you think back over the years to the time when Monte Blue was rolling along high, wide and handsome.

"Tell all the folks that Chief Blue Mountain has returned to his tribe," he smiled as he walked away.

His bit in the Jimmy Durante-Charles Butterworth comedy, "Student Tour," already has caught the eye of the critics and he's getting plenty of praise. Now he's going to play in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Even Charlie Ray has found that the Hope Springs Eternal are located in Hollywood, and has dipped into the waters of the fountain to revive his youth. Charlie went out with a *beau geste* that Hollywood will always remember—a party attended by everybody in the business to celebrate his complete debacle and bankruptcy!

Charlie didn't give up hope. He is starting in again like Monte Blue, with small bits. His first attempts show great promise. Yes, you may be down in Hollywood, but you're never out!

Even Ruth Roland, glamorous star of the days when serials were the bulwark of the little neighborhood theaters, hankers and hopes for the bright lights and her name on the one-sheets again. She may finance her own picture comeback, for Ruth is wealthy.

Thomas Meighan, long retired, has tried it again. He played the father in "Peck's Bad Boy." Now he is waiting to see what sort of reception he'll get from the fans. And you surely remember with pleasure that bright, wide-eyed face of Madge Bellamy—well, she's out on the Fox lot now, one foot on the bottom of the ladder whose rungs proved so slippery for her tiny feet.

Wally Beery has been to the top twice. He got there via "The Balkan Princess", a long, long time ago, and then slid out of sight. M-G-M picked him up for such films as "Min and Bill" and "The Big House," and now he's on top of the heap again. Warren William got off to a fine start with Pearl White way back in 1916, and then went the way marked "exit". But look at him now! Esther Ralston has learned, through tumultuous ups and downs, that it doesn't pay to quit hoping.

EVEN the ones who are labelled as "just a flash in the pan" may surprise you. Bette Davis looked like one of those unhappy flashes, just a pretty blonde who could click only once. Then, not long ago, she got a part in "Of Human Bondage," and you should listen to 'em rave over her now. Dorothy Wilson, the white hope of all little secretaries who dream of miracles, was ready to go back to her typewriter after a taste of glory, when she got a part in "Eight Girls in a Boat," and zoomed skyward again.

Only a couple of years ago, Nick Stuart was a popular leading man. That flashing warm smile of his made friends everywhere. Now he is head of The Bath and Tennis Club, exclusive movie colony rendezvous, and waiting for another chance.

Same with his ex-wife, adorable Sue Carol. She can sing and dance and do everything—yet this youngster is now overlooked. But the dimple still shows in her cheek as she reports hopefully that there's a job in the offing. Her romance with Ken Murray, by the way, is quite cold. And there is nothing to the rumors that she is to remarry Nick, even if she is frequently seen in his company at the Bath and Tennis Club.

Grant Withers held the spotlight not so long ago. He married Loretta Young, and all seemed serene. But Grant was let out, he and Loretta were divorced, and that seemed to be that. Grant, however, refused to quit. He went out to Universal and got a job in a horse opera with Buck Jones, and now he's working his way back to the top.

George Duryea was going along fine until westerns went out. He changed his name to Tom Keene and went to work in "Our Daily Bread," and though the way back is long and hard, Tom has that Irish fighting spirit that never gives up.

Alan Hale lost his voice just as talkies came in. For 19 months he couldn't speak and by that time he had practically been forgotten. He started struggling back in the complexities of sound picures, but it

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wasn't until he did a bit late last winter in "It Happened One Night" that producers re-discovered him. He followed that with his great hit in "Little Man, What Now?" with the result that he now basks in an RKO contract for the finest parts at the largest salary he has ever earned.

If there are any players who feel like all hope is gone, they should find inspiration in Lilian Harvey. Her arrival in Hollywood was attended with more pomp and glory than would be accorded a visiting queen, and Fox fairly strewed the air with pictures of her immense car, her elaborate dressing rooms, and her palatial residence. In Germany, England, France, Miss Harvey had a name to conjure with.

BUT her pictures didn't click. She grew blue and discouraged. 'Way off in Berlin was Willy Fritsch, the man she loved, and here she sat in Hollywood with fame slipping through her fingers. It didn't seem worth it. Her contract was worth a fortune, but what was money? She finally got just the picture she wanted, "Serenade," and hope revived. But the studio changed it so that she just simply gave up. She had no fight left in her.

They talked it over, this amazing offer of hers to tear up her contract. Finding there was no strings to it, Fox wrote "cancelled" over the paper, and Lilian was through with Hollywood.

But was she? Oh, you don't really lose hope in this town. Suddenly an avalanche of offers descended on her. The clouds opened up to let the sun through again.

"I found I couldn't quit, after all," she said to me, when I had climbed that steep hill back of Hollywood where her house looks over Hopeful Town. "I'm not blue any more. I'm going to try again, with my own voice to be heard in the selection of stories, cast and director. I'm going to sign for another picture in Hollywood before I take a vacation abroad. Something with a simple little plot—like in 'Congress Dances.' I've never heard an adverse criticism of that picture."

It was that film which brought her into American pictures.

Anyway, she is going to play for you again, so prepare to applaud.

While there's Life, there's Hollywood! And while there's Hollywood, there's hope.

It looks like a joyous reunion! Mother Bello is met at the San Francisco depot by her husband and her beautiful daughter, whose smart grooming is especially marked for its simplicity and quality.

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Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 66)

coming now, she pretends to run away. She is on a strict diet you know. But Connie Bennett isn't. She orders quite a lot from me, and so does Katharine Hepburn. My, how that girl can eat peanut brittle!"

Miss Spiker sighed appreciatively. "She's a grand person, too. She's been a good friend to me. Nobody could be kinder or sweeter to her friends. Una Merkel is another darling. And do you know? When Miss Bankhead was out here, she used to like my candy, especially the fudge."

"What other kinds of candy do you make?" I asked.

"Oh, there are the caramels, and the chocolate-covered centers of all kinds. I make quite an assortment now, but the old-fashioned ones are still the favorites and I still make them the real 'homey' way. There just isn't any commercial process that gives that same taste. People said I wouldn't be able to handle such big orders as I did the small ones, but I have. And now I've got my home secure, and my car, and enough to be comfortable on . . . and besides I *like* making candy."

Most of us like to make candy, too, but we want to be sure of the results. Here are some of Blanche Spiker's own recipes, just as she uses them for the sweet things the motion picture stars prefer. Try them yourself, and if you want others, for the fondant or for the peanut-brittle Katharine Hepburn is so fond of, write in to me and I will be glad to send them to you.

SEA FOAM

That's the name Miss Spiker has given to her special brand of Divinity Fudge, because if you follow directions carefully, this recipe comes out in a pretty foam-like consistency, as well as tasting "divine." You will probably have better success if you don't attempt it on a wet day, as dampness sometimes affects it.

Cook together three cups of light brown sugar, one cup of cold water and tablespoon of vinegar, gradually bringing them to a boiling point. *Do not stir.* Boil steadily until it reaches the hard-ball stage when tried in cold water (250 degrees F.). Have ready stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Let the syrup stand for three minutes and then pour it slowly into the egg whites. Add one tablespoon vanilla and beat until stiff. Watch carefully to catch it just as it hardens and drop it by spoonfuls onto waxed paper to cool.

CARAMEL CREAMS

The perfect caramel is supposed to be one of those things which only experts attempt. This delicious candy must have that elusive, delicate caramel" flavor. It must be soft and yet not sticky. If it comes out hard, it just isn't caramel at all.

I asked Miss Spiker especially why

(*Continued on page* 99)

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Why Hollywood Was Jealous of Mae West

(*Continued from page 49*)

I mention this one first, because it is the most absurd of the blemished group. One scrutinizing inventory of Mae's face without makeup in the direct and brutal path of our California sun, takes care of this age skirmish. The little area beneath Mae's gray-blue eyes (always the relentless give-away) is as satiny-smooth as a child's. There isn't a single tiny ruin, or even the start of one in that graveyard of youth, the lower lid. And if this fact isn't sufficiently convincing, take a good look in the bright sunlight at every woman you know who is forty, or thirty-five, or thirty. Look at their eyes, the corners of their mouths, the space between their brows and you will find that in spite of facials, sunbaths and setting-up exercises, Old Man Time has scratched his initials on his favorite playground.

Mae frankly admits that she is thirty-one (and for your information, practically every top-notch feminine star in Hollywood is in the "thirties") but she could so easily get away with twenty-four if she wished to practice the strange age-shrinking alchemy of Hollywood's best circles.

THE people who insist they saw her on the stage "way back when" are right, they did. Mae has been behind footlights since she was five, and was engaged for adult parts when she was fourteen.

Then there is that sniveling slur, the one that bobs up during the lulls, that she is clandestinely married to her manager, James Timony. Just why this one is given space, is a mystery, because even if it were true, which it is NOT, it wouldn't make the slightest difference in Mae's popularity. Marriage and ten children wouldn't make a dent in the West box-office intake.

The latest broadside aimed in Mae's direction is the accusation that she has never written a line in her life, that her books, her plays, her drolleries and famous quips are the work of ghost authors.

But there are several hundred persons in the Paramount studios who again and again have witnessed the star, gowned to the chin in dazzling sequins, chewing the end of a pencil, in the middle of a seething set, while she concocted new dialogue for a sudden change in the next scene. And many times she does it without the aid of the chewing or the pencil.

Every one of those magazine stories that have appeared under her name has been personally written in longhand by Mae.

She composes them rapidly and with few halts for word-groping. I have been with her many times in her dressing-room when, during a brief noon-hour she turned out two smart-cracking articles for the press while nibbling at chicken salad.

And before we are quite finished disinfecting these noisome pests, I want to mop up the general idea that Mae's grammar is festooned with inaccuracies of the "dese, dose and dems" school. Oh, please, please, fling this tissue-paper fable in the ash heap where it belongs and replace it with the durable truth—that Mae West's vocabulary is cultured and thoroughly correct, and although she doesn't try to impress people with seven-syllable words, she knows how and when to use them if necessary.

I believe the crescendo of Hollywood's concerto of Westian jealousy was reached the night of the premiere of her second starring picture "I'm No Angel," at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

It was what the town folks out here call a "natural." It should have brought out every celebrity in the village. An elaborate prologue was arranged for it, and eastern newspapers sent special correspondents to the Coast to cover the event.

But the night of the show, except for a handful of Paramount stars who had never been bitten by the jaundice-eyed virus, barely a NAME either executive or thespian was present.

However, the house was sold out and for the first time in the city's history, a picture opening drew the ultra, ultra of Los Angeles society.

When the second West picture repeated the same financial acrobatics as the first, only more so, and in spite of Hollywood's stentorian prophecies that Mae could never get away with a modern setting, some of the girls out here forgot their manners.

It jarred a few of them right out of their guarded "meows."

You see the favorite scratching system in our hamlet goes something like this:

"Oh, yes, indeed I admire Susie Simper soooo much. Hasn't she a divine figure, but, (now don't tell this to a soul), I hear that her last picture was a flop, and my dear, I'm positively aghast to hear that the studio won't renew her contract."

It's all quite cultured and polished. But the culture scorched and peeled off quite suddenly in a few spots under the steady glare of a triumph that rewrote entertainment history. A few glamorous ladies became so emotionally upset from the highly contagious malady, that they went in for some verbal digging on the subject of Mae West within the hearing of reporters. And what a story and what a flurry of indignant denials followed in the wake of the publication of the feline phrases.

NOW the strange twist to this incredible saga of calumny is Mae West's placid reaction to it. She has never (but I mean not once) been overheard by any of her intimates or co-workers to comment unkindly upon any woman, friend or foe.

One day I asked her why she so obviously side-stepped the cat-calls, the natural weapon of every woman. She said:

"Because sooner or later the great indoor sport of backbiting will swing back at you like a boomerang. If overpracticed you'll soon be able to see only the disagreeable side of everyone around you. You'll be hating everybody and you'll be hated in return. I've seen it happen to so many women, and a few men too.

"And then why add to all the petty meanness in the world? There's such an oversupply now. Furthermore, I haven't the time to think up digs and gags at the same time. The gags pay better anyway."

A typical slice of Mae West philosophy.

In the April issue of MOVIE MIRROR I will take you into Mae's cream-and-gold apartment for a revealing visit and introduce you to the men in her life.

Cooking

(*Continued from page 97*)

most of us seem to have trouble making caramels and she says the important thing is to watch the temperature at which you remove the candy from the fire. Take it off when it will make a hard ball in cold water (248 to 250 degrees F.), but with caramels you really should eliminate guesswork and use a candy thermometer. So with a thermometer firmly in hand, and this recipe, your caramels should be as good as Miss Spiker's.

Melt two tablespoons of butter with one cup of light brown sugar, one cup light molasses and one cup of cream. Cook to the hard-ball stage (248 to 250 degrees F.). Take from the fire, add two teaspoons vanilla and pour into well-greased tins. When cool, cut with a buttered knife.

For chocolate caramels, add two squares of melted bitter chocolate when the caramels are nearly ready to take from the fire. You should do this very slowly, so as not to stop the boiling at all. Nuts may be added if you wish them.

It is always better to wrap caramels in squares of waxed paper, when they are cold, as this will preserve their chewy softness.

PENOCHE

Penoche, sometimes called Brown Sugar Fudge, is an old favorite, almost historical in fact, as the Puritan girls used maple sugar in a recipe something like this way back in the early New England days.

Combine two pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoons of White Karo Corn Syrup, one-half pint of heavy whipping cream and one-eighth pound of butter. Cook together, stirring occasionally to prevent burning, until it reaches the soft-ball stage (242 degrees F.). Take from the fire and let cool well. Then beat, *and beat*—until it is creamy, pouring it out into buttered tins just as it begins to harden. Nuts should be chopped and put in toward the end of the beating.

Be sure to read next month's cooking page for more recipes that you will want to add to your MOVIE MIRROR *collection.*

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2¼ cups hot water
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Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

● Far less chance of wateriness—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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Nosey Nellie Says—

Remember the gal who did the specialty dance with Jimmy Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer"—Patsy Lee? When that picture started, Patsy was married. She now has her divorce and it looks like it's sure wedding bells for Jimmy and Patsy. Patsy has slowed Jimmy down and we never see him in the night spots any more. He is also saving his money, for a change.

Claire DuBrey, the writer and the late Marie Dressler's most devoted friend, is suing the Dressler estate for secretarial services rendered over a period of three years.

Hollywood is all atwitch because Margaret Sullavan's new bridegroom, William Wyler, has been let out of his Universal contract, which still has one picture to go. Wyler is a relative of Carl Laemmle, head of the studio. "The Good Fairy," Sullavan's picture which he directed, is said to be very promising, so it is all most mysterious. Willy and Margaret are in New York, and no one knows when, if ever, they are expected back.

Lupe Velez has filed divorce action once again against Johnny Weissmuller and is dancing these evenings with Director W. S. VanDyke.

Rouben Mamoulian will take over the direction of "Becky Sharp" which was left vacant by the sudden and tragic death of Lowell Sherman. Pneumonia, the direct cause of Sherman's death, was complicated by a throat infection from which the director had suffered for years.

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Movies, Millions and Madness

(*Continued from page 57*)

talkies, Marlene Dietrich, Chevalier, Anna Sten. Maybe you can explain it. I can't.

In less than a year I felt like a stranger in Hollywood. New faces greeted me at the studios, new names flared from the lights on theatre marquees, new voices echoed down the length of Hollywood Boulevard.

Some of the old favorites stayed on to rise to even greater glory. Stars like Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor, Harold Lloyd and Dick Barthelmess, to mention a few of the survivors, weren't discouraged by the sudden eclipse of silence. They deserve the success that has come to them for they worked hard studying diction and singing, applying themselves wholeheartedly to the new technique. And so undaunted and courageously they surmounted the bugaboo of the talkies.

"THE Rogue Song," which I wrote for Irving Thalberg, was to bring a new personality to the screen. Lawrence Tibbett was a great name in the musical world, but the talkies were to bring him close to the hearts of millions who had heard his glorious voice on the radio and phonograph, but had never seen him before. A native Californian, I had met him before in the heyday of Hollywood's golden era when the Charlie Rays were still giving the elaborate parties that were talked about even then. Unknown then, and struggling for success as a singer, no one paid any attention to the shy, modest, young man who came to one of their spectacular teas until he began to sing.

Success hasn't changed Lawrence Tibbett. He is still a big boy, happy in the success that has come to him and loyal to the many old friends he made during his long upward climb. It is that quality of realness and kindness and sincerity that gets into his voice and makes everyone the happier for having heard him sing.

How nearsighted we were when he first came to the screen. We wanted to put him in Grand Opera, but we were afraid. Sometimes I think Hollywood has always belittled the public unconsciously. Now that Grace Moore has made such a success of the charming operettas she has been doing, maybe it will be possible that Lawrence Tibbett's voice will thrill us in one of the roles he has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Wallace Beery was working under a year's contract at M. G. M. when George Hill was getting ready to direct "The Big House" from my story. Wally had worked in only one picture, a small scene in a Buster Keaton comedy and was about to make his exit from the studio, when George and I happened to sit opposite him in the commissary one day.

He was eating spaghetti, I remember, and suddenly it was as if the character of *Butch* in "The Big House" had come to life. The part was being written for Lon Chaney who was enthusiastic about it and was eager to play it and yet as much as George and I admired Lon Chaney's acting and as fond as we were of him, we felt that Wally Beery should play *Butch. He was made for that role.*

Strange how that chance meeting in the commissary was to shape Wally's future. Lon Chaney's serious illness made it impossible for him to play in the picture and George suggested Wally to Irving Thalberg, who was supervising the production. So Wally stepped into the role.

How slender a thread fate hangs on. Wally himself has said that if it weren't for that role his career might have been over.

I had visited San Quentin before I wrote the picture, saturating myself in prison atmosphere, spending hours talking to the warden and the doctor, contacting the prisoners themselves and the boys on parole. And when the picture was in production George took many trips there, too, to get the feel of the prison in the picture.

Talkies were to bring Wallace Beery even greater prominence than he had known in the early days at the Essaney Studio in Chicago when his "Swedey" comedies had convulsed the country. Strange how often comedians' real flair is for the dramatic and even the tragic.

Marie Dressler was like that. In musical comedy, she had always been the rough and tumble slapstick comedienne and her first screen ventures had featured her in the same sort of roles. Maybe that was the real reason her success was delayed, that none of us realized her tragic possibilities.

It was Lon Chaney who saw it first. When they both used to come up to our house on the hill, Lon took me aside one day.

"You know, Marie Dressler would be the Emil Jannings of America if she got the chance," he pointed out to me. "She has the same qualities that give him his terrific pull with the public. The same warmth and understanding and humanness. If she has to be a clown she should be cast as one who would break your heart, even as you laughed with her."

That talk gave me a new insight on Marie. Her clowning and deep hearty laugh had blinded me to her dramatic qualities. I began to see a new Marie and a new comeback in pictures for her.

I DID the scenarios for "Let Us Be Gay" and "Anna Christie" with Marie in mind. The parts I wrote for her in both those pictures weren't written in ink, but with my own heart's blood and love for her. Maybe this time, I thought, I could do something for Marie, who had always done so much for me.

The public's response to Marie in these pictures was so great that the studio decided to star her. "Min and Bill" was to be her first picture under the new arrangement and George Hill, who was directing it, was as determined as I was that it was to be a success.

That picture was a circle of friendship. Lorna Moon, one of my dearest friends, who was dying with tuberculosis, had written a novel called "The Dark Star." One character in the book fascinated me, that of Divot Meg, a trollop, and I wrote Min around her. Lorna's last days were made brighter and happier when the studio

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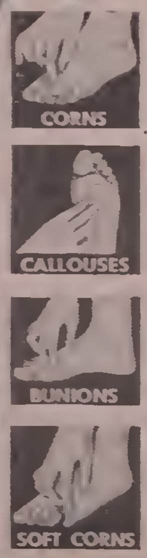

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bought her book, but she did not live to see Divot Meg reborn on the screen as Min.

It was a radical change for Marie to plunge into a story with a dramatic climax and George and I had many moments of suspense waiting for the picture to be released. Our cup of happiness flowed over when it was a success.

That success was a consummation of the long years of friendship Marie and I had known, of the mutual ups and downs we had shared together, of all the joys and all the sorrows that had come to us.

I had to do something to celebrate, something big, and so I married George Hill. Our marriage was not to be a success, but our friendship endured until his tragic death. After our divorce, our companionship went on and we worked together as we had been doing for so long. The perfect team work that existed between us as director and writer is one of the grandest things that has ever come to me and it is hard to realize that it is ended.

When George and I finished "The Secret Six," one of the first gangster stories, we ran into Mr. and Mrs. Censor and all their children and what one didn't say about that picture, another did. Then their neighbor, Mr. Law, stepped in, followed by Mrs. Law and all in all we had an exciting time of it.

BUT out of all the turmoil that followed its release, a new career emerged, one of the most spectacular careers in pictures. It established Clark Gable as a star.

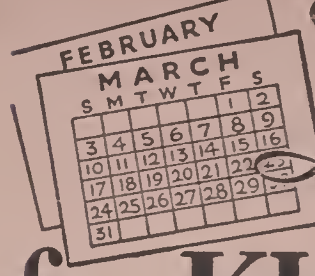
He had always played heavies before, but George and I were convinced that he would be ideal for one of the leading roles in the picture, that of the sympathetic, picturesque reporter who played such an important part in the picture. Clark's success was phenomenal and it was difficult for both of us to refrain from saying "I told you so," to the studio heads who thought us crazy when we first suggested him for a romantic role.

Clark's personality is so refreshing. He brought a new type of hero to the screen, one that is handsome in a virile, rugged way and that is not in the least stereotyped. But more than anything else, I think it was his sense of humor that made the public respond to him so wholeheartedly.

That same sense of humor made Clark so grand in "It Happened One Night." He must have enjoyed playing that role and he brought to it all the things that made him so likable as the young reporter in "The Secret Six."

It was fun to write "Blondie of the Follies" for Marion Davies, one of my favorites of favorites. We had been friends for years, ever since the old days in New York when she and Olive Thomas and I used to pal around together. Marion has the miracle of youth and of sweetness that never cloys. She never trumpets her kindnesses, but we who are so close to her know of the wonderfully tender things she has done and of her generosity born of unselfishness.

It was Marion who took care of poor little Renee Adoree during her long illness and the little French girl who made such a hit in "The Big Parade," found, as we all have, that once your friend Marion is always your friend. She carries the weight



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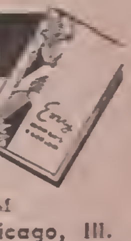

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of fine unheralded charities in her heart and runs a large clinic for children. In fewer words, she's a swell gal and I am the richer for her friendship.

By this time you must notice that though I've written several hundred stories for the screen, I only mention the successful ones. I'm afraid I'm rather secretive about my failures, but after all we only tell those things on the other fellow.

In writing "The Champ" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady," I drew upon my memories, back to the days of the house on the hill when Gene Tunney was often our guest. Fred and he had been drawn together by their mutual love of sports during the war and remained friends until the end. Before Gene's first fight with Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia, he spent some time with us as our guest and with Fred and Gene talking shop almost constantly I felt I knew the fight game inside out.

But, as I've said before, everything is grist to the writer's mill and it was grand to have that inside knowledge to draw on. Some day I'll have to write a fight story around Gene as neither of the fighters in those two stories resembled him in the least.

THESE last few years working with Irving Thalberg have been made so interesting and productive because he is a man who has the courage of youth. He has allowed his writers to write original stories in a day when everyone else is clamoring for famous plays and novels.

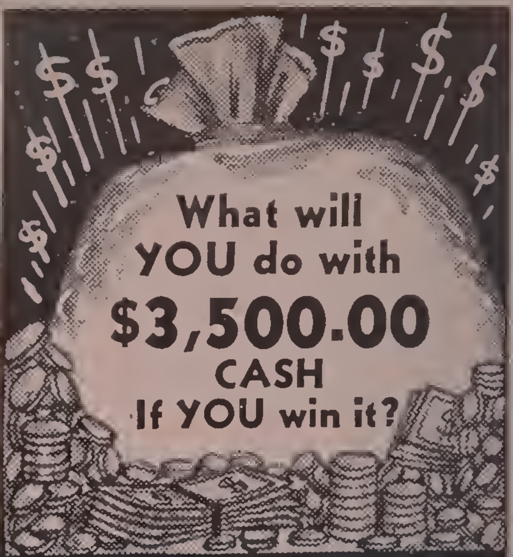
Before we often wrote original stories, too, in adapting some best-seller or play to the screen, writing an entirely new story around a famous title to the author's amazement and chagrin. But that isn't the same as writing a story all your own, from the first idea that come glimmering to the finis.

For the last ten years I have been retiring from the movies. The strain of turning out story after story is terrific and my eyes have turned longingly toward the field of novel writing where an author can pick up a typewriter and travel to the four corners of the world while he is working.

But probably twenty years from now I will still be writing scenarios. For there is a fascination about Hollywood that gives us feet of clay. Great joy comes with success, but ironically, you pay such a price for it, too. Harassed with worries and responsibilities, sometimes I wonder if the joys have been as great as the sorrows.

The Hollywood I first knew has vanished to be replaced by a Hollywood greater than any of us ever dreamed. The village is gone, and so, too, is the gold rush town, and the gold rush people who inhabited it. The stars whom talkies brought in were different from most of the people in the silent days. They were no more lovable, not better characters, but they did have the advantage of more background, and many of them were able to learn from the examples of the stars of the past.

The homes are quieter today and in better taste and almost all of them feature their nurseries above any room in the house. Extravagance has been replaced by thrift and if a certain amount of color has been lost thereby, so too has much of the heartbreak.



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And down the march of years come the memories, poignant and bitter and tender and gay. This last year that will soon be ended has been so tragic. Three of the grandest old troupers who ever lived have gone in Louise Closser Hale and Alec Francis and Marie Dressler.

It was hard to lose Marie and I think often of those last sad, sweet hours we had together, and because we were so soon to be parted, sweet because of their memories.

And then George Hill's tragic suicide at the very peak of his success was so soon to follow Marie's passing.

Yet sometimes I wonder if death is not often kinder than life. When I see former stars with harassed eyes and trembling mouths trying to get work as extras, and famous former directors unable to get by the doorman at their different studios, and writers who are cursed because their mills have run dry, I realize what a kaleidoscope Hollywood really is and how soon the dark pieces of glass replace the bright ones in the shifting pattern. Infinite courage alone can survive.

These twenty odd years I have spent in Hollywood have been such full years, such swift years and sometimes it seems only yesterday that I came from San Francisco, a girl in my teens who had dreams one day of being an artist and was somehow turned into a writer.

Those years have been made rich by the enduring friendships that have come to me and by all those gallant gay souls I have met here. And to know the people of Hollywood is to love them, to rejoice with them in their gladness and to suffer vicariously with them in their sorrows.

Last Minute News

It's rumored that Twentieth Century may bill their next big picture "Sir George Arliss in 'Cardinal Richelieu'," it having been reported that Mr. Arliss is about to be knighted by the King of England.

Irene Dunne has decided to free-lance. Her first will be "Show Boat" for Universal, at $75,000 for the picture. Charles Winninger, Cap'n Andy of the original stage play and Cap'n Henry of the radio "Show Boat," will play himself in the movie version.

Hal Roach has added another business, not having his hands full enough with Laurel and Hardy. He is one of the big guns of Santa Anita racetrack, which has already gained the reputation of being the biggest thing in American racing.

Randolph Scott gets his first real break outside Westerns as the All-American football hero, opposite Irene Dunne, in "Roberta."

Universal has hired two more European opera stars: One, Alpar (just that one name is all she uses), and two, Marta Eggerth, who are figured to give some competition to Grace Moore.

Janet Gaynor visited New York to see the stage version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife," so that she could have ideas for her role of the wife in the picture. Possibly Spencer Tracy will be her farmer.

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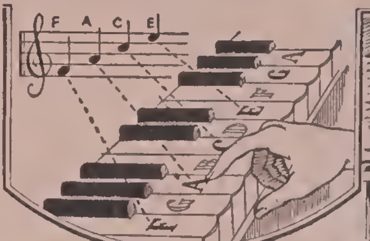

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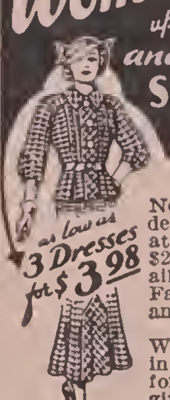
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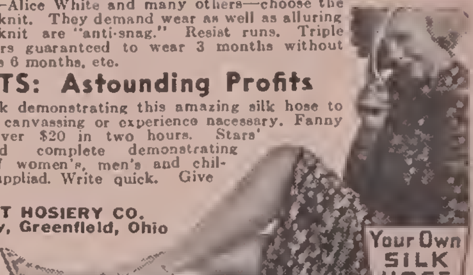
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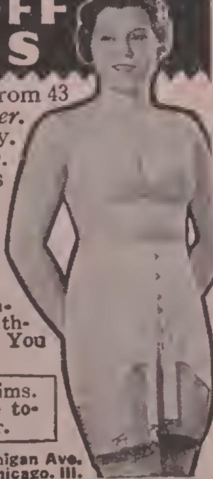

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Joan Crawford Tells the Difference Between Friendship and Love

(*Continued from page* 11)

I believe, instead, that over the period of years, events have *added up* for her—awaiting her contemplation—until now she is beginning to understand and know a great many answers to that eternal puzzle: *herself!*

Once upon a time, a flaming, intense girl who was then Joan Crawford told me: "I could not live without love!"—and she added a boy's name to the observation, a boy she thought she loved madly. Today, a more beautiful and poised woman who is now Joan Crawford told me: "If nothing else ever happens in my life I shall know it has been worth while—I have found happiness because I have found the perfect friend!" No name was added. None was needed.

She continued: "I am amused when I think how glibly I used to speak of love, when now I find myself unable to word the feelings for the friend I have learned to love!" Joan laughed a little, then:

"IF women could only realize how much more thrilling it is to *learn* to love someone, how much more real it is than falling in love in a moment! One is a blind happiness, a gambler's chance on the turn of the wheel. The other is happiness with the eyes wide open, with the true knowledge of where love is leading. I believe this with my whole heart and I think I should know." Joan hesitated. "I should know because I have experienced both. Lucky, wasn't I? If I hadn't known the first, perhaps I would never have been ready to appreciate the other.

"In the very beginning of my unhappiness with Douglas, I used to sit for long hours and wonder what had happened. And I don't think it was until a long time after (I think we had already been separated), that I found the answer to that question: In being so hectically in love, had we forgotten to become real friends? After our marriage we did not have the *time* to find friendship. I say time, because that is just what friendship demands before it will take root in your heart. It will not spring up in an hour, a day or just whenever we need it—even though two lovers have been joined by holy words.

"Friendship should come *before* marriage—believe me, it seldom comes after!

"Of course, all those in love *think* they are friends. They believe that because they have love in common, that they also have life, tastes and ideals in common. I know that we believed *we* shared things only to find later that we did not.

"Why? I suppose it is because blind, unreasoning love makes a person lose all sense of honesty. We try to make ourselves over to suit an ideal of our loved one. Sometimes we succeed in fooling not only the loved one but ourselves as well. Then, after marriage, when we wake up, as we often do, to find that we do not *like* the person we have become by this deception, we change. Thus a

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marriage based on blind love alone is so many times a complete failure. For the blindness leaves very soon and the lost honesty has a way of returning. Few marriages can stand *new* truths, first a pout, then a quarrel, and finally the two blind lovers who married find themselves in the divorce courts!"

The expression in Joan's voice betrayed, only too well, just how *far* into the background her marriage experience has slipped. Certainly, all the hurt, the bewilderment of twelve months ago is gone. From the beginning she has refused to refer to it as a mistake. She seems, rather, to have a real sense of gratitude for the new truths the brief experience brought to her life.

JOAN continued thoughtfully: "Just look at the marriage of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Do you know, I never see them that I am not impressed with the success of their love story! Norma and Irving are a perfect example of friends-in-love, married. That is why their marriage is unusual in Hollywood, and would be in any other place for that matter. They took the time to know and learn to like each other before they were married. They have never forgotten, in their love, to remain friends!

"I think that is the trouble with these all-absorbing loves, popularly referred to as Grand Passions! They don't allow for a sense of humor. You can't find laughter in a cyclone. To every girl in the world, I'd like to say: If you can't find gaiety and joy in your love, if there is room only for heartache, there is something terribly wrong, because there *is* happiness in a love story of two friends!"

Joan Crawford modishly smart in sports outfit goes buy-buy and stops at I. Magnin's to purchase some more trappings—lucky girl!

And you have but to see the scintillating Joan Crawford of today, to realize that Joan is not speaking from *present* experience! You have only to see Joan and Franchot Tone together to know the gaiety and joy, and the difference it has made in Joan, the woman. Though Joan refuses to be quoted on her romance with Franchot . . . " . . What is there to say except things that friendship has proven to be too sacred, too personal to mention?" . . . I don't think she will mind that I have revealed theirs as a gay and happy romance.

"You know," said Joan, seriously, "I've been thinking about this difference between love and friendship a lot lately. And yesterday it suddenly occurred to me how *fragile* love is without the basis of friendship! One can lose love in a single second. One moment you can be looking at a loved one with adoration and the next second you can look at him with the same eyes as one might use to look at a piece of beautiful china—just broken. No more emotion than that. On the other hand, friendship is such a substantial thing. I believe that is why I look upon it as the stronger of the two. Perhaps it is the strength of friendship that holds people together when fragile love cracks under the strain of marriage!

"MOST people look upon friends as those to whom they go in time of sorrow, those they can lean on. They have not learned the truth about romantic friendship. They are talking of the friendship between two women, two men. I have these friendships, too. I must admit, though, that I have never used them to share my sorrow. I want these friends to share my happiness and joy. I think they deserve it! I want to treat my friends as Emerson says: *'Treat your friends as a spectacle!'* Which I have come to understand as meaning that friendship is a thing in itself and that one should expect nothing from it but the *fact* of friendship.

"But *I* have been talking of that greater friendship that comes when one friend emerges from the *spectacle* of those nearest and dearest to us, bringing *friendship coupled with love!* This is the greatest happiness to be obtained from life, the only complete happiness.

"It comes slowly, not with the speed of blinding light. Day by day we can watch it grow, knowing that it is leading us to happiness because it is the gift of a friend; and friendship, unlike passion, is never a hurting thing. We find that all the deception and dishonesty is lost by the wayside because friends like you for what you *are* . . . not what you might be . . . or even should be. And suddenly we are more truly, more sincerely and more honestly *ourselves* than we've ever been!"

Then this amazing Joan said:

"I'm not angry that Hollywood has relegated Franchot and me to the same, quiet paths of romantic friendship . . . I'm flattered and proud!"

And somehow I knew, then, that if you ever hear of Joan Crawford marrying again . . . you will know after reading this, that she has married her best friend!

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Movie Review News

(Continued from page 8)

Pacific Ties

Northwestern

With three of the famous "Four Bombers" shot into the Pacific backfield during the last minutes of play, Pacific managed to wind up its clash with Northwestern with a 6-6 tie. The three players had been held out of the game by Coach Preston Foster because they had previously "struck."

The players were Robert Young, Russell Hardie and William Tannen. The fourth man, Stuart Erwin, couldn't play because of permanent injuries received in an automobile accident. Foster had coached the four lads since they were children playing in the street. As they became famous on the gridiron, they believed he was using them to get personal glory, hence the strike.

The picture was one of the finest football productions this reviewer has ever seen. In addition to fine gridiron shots there were other elements. Young and Erwin both loved the same girl. Betty Furness. Ted Healy was the no-good brother of Betty who tried to get the boys to turn professional. Leo Carrillo was splendid as the college town tailor. Handsome Foster turned in the finest performance, with Carrillo, Young and Erwin right on his heels.

The Cast: Robert Young, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo, Betty Furness, Ted Healy, Preston Foster, Russell Hardie, William Tannen.

✓ *The Band Plays On (M-G-M)*

School Head is Fired

President Visits Her

Political influence caused May Robson to be kicked out of her job as principal in the Avondale High School but, in her hour of defeat, the President of the United States, one of her pupils, returned to do her honor and to defeat her enemies.

For thirty-eight years Miss Robson had let the high school be her life. And, in the thirty-eighth year, two years before her pension was to become effective, she tried to drive Alan Hale, who had a "back room" for the high school children, out of business. Hale had the backing of Hale Hamilton, politician and business man, father of Mary Carlisle, student.

This was her downfall and provides the drama.

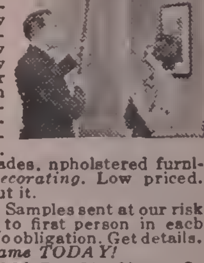
The picture offers fine characterization and some excellent bits. The whole show is thrown to Miss Robson. The plot is slightly hokum, but of the type which gives this reviewer and most of the audience wet eyes in spite of its obvious dramatic deficiencies.

The Cast: May Robson, Mary Carlisle, Fred MacMurray, Alan Hale, Etienne Girardot, Hale Hamilton, Fred Kohler, Jr., Ben Alexander.

Grand Old Girl (RKO)

Amazing New WALL CLEANER

Ends Drudgery... Saves Redecorating!



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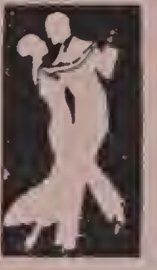

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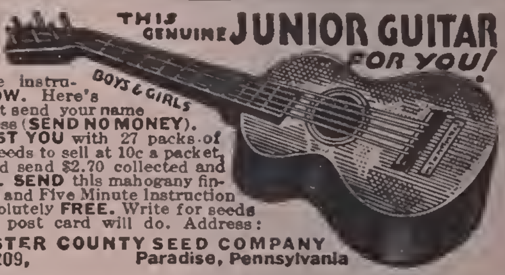

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What Can You Do with Will Rogers?

(*Continued from page* 45)

got a chance to make some real cash on a radio broadcast, and the sponsors, an automobile company, didn't object a bit when Rogers accepted the boys' plea to help them and appear for nothing on their opening program.

The Rogers appearance was advertised widely and the radio introduction of Bill was filled with references to the sponsor's make of automobile. Rogers responded with one of his most entertaining talks—during which he spoke several times of the splendid qualities of his own automobile which was the radio sponsor's outstanding rival. That was Will's polite revenge.

At the studio Will Rogers is THE LAW.

A genial, kidding, talk-you-out-of-it law, but still THE LAW.

There was considerable commotion at the Fox studio one time about finding a new title for a Rogers production.

"Why work yourself into a lather about finding a title?" queried the head man. "When Bill gets around to it, he'll give the picture a title, and that will be that."

As a matter of fact, it was.

AFTER the first scene of any of his films is shot, usually about 9:30 or 10 o'clock, Rogers shouts. "Lunchee! Lunchee." That's his subtle way of pretending that's enough work for the morning.

Following the first scene after lunch he invariably shouts, "All Aboard for Santa Monica Canyon!" Which is a hint that he be dismissed for the day. If no attention is paid to this, he follows up the next scene with something like, "Mighty pretty acting, Rogers. Mighty pretty! Especially that last scene of the day. What time tomorrow, Jack?"

On one such occasion John Ford surprised Rogers by saying, "You're lucky, Bill. That shot does wash you up for the day."

So Rogers sat down and for an hour interestedly watched Stepin Fetchit go through several scenes.

However, assistant directors will tell you he can ordinarily disappear faster than a five-dollar-bill at Agua Caliente.

Restless, brimming with nervous energy, one of the things he most detests is to be called to the studio before the actual moment his own first scene is to start.

If he isn't working in a scene or gabbing as he calls it with folks around the set, he's practically sure to be either reading the papers or sleeping.

He probably could sleep standing up and come right out of it with a wisecrack.

He can eat pails of chili and does.

As far as is known, he's never had a double. Fox has ordered him to have one, but as yet he hasn't used the double—not even for the adagio scene in "Handy Andy." At first Bill wasn't going to do the dance at all. But after one look at the professional fixed up in tights and leopard skin, Rogers walked out on the set and did his stuff.

"Couldn't let 'em use a substitute for a man that's been in the Follies as long as I was," explained Rogers.

The studio likewise had a double engaged for the fight scenes in "David Harum." Again Rogers stepped into a dangerous sequence to do the fight himself, and instead of being laid out, made it tough for half a dozen extras. It's hard to believe that Rogers is six feet tall, weighs within a whisper of 200 pounds and is built like a Pittsburgh left guard.

But Bill can cause trouble in other ways, though he's broad enough to admit any mistakes he may make. During the filming of "Handy Andy," he objected all day to doing a bedroom scene.

"Maybe I'm old fashioned," he said, "but to me, and I think to most people, there's something kind of sacred about the private lives of a married couple, and in this case the scene could just as easy be played in the dining-room or the kitchen."

For once the director won out with Rogers doing the scene according to script and being big enough to admit he had been wrong about the scene having any objectionable features.

During the hours of the debate an electrician observed, "He knows we're finishing three days ahead of schedule and he's just stalling to let the crew get another day's pay."

But that was wrong because from his own pocket Rogers made up the two days' wages lost to those workers employed by the day. No wonder he's popular with the crew on the set.

While Rogers rates tops with the stage crew, he isn't quite such a favorite with the still photographers. Each new portrait photographer on the Fox lot seeks to gain the undying fame that will go to the man who coaxes Rogers into the gallery long enough to make a few posed pictures. The story of the only achievement in this direction has become almost a legend at the studio.

The tale goes that Bill, for the sake of a joke, had stuffed a newspaper in the camera. Discovering the trick, the photographer said to the star, "I'm hired to get photographs of you. If I don't get them, I'll be fired. If you don't want me to keep this job, you don't have to go to the trouble of making things hard for me. Just tell me you don't want me and I'll quit."

REALIZING that the gag instead of being funny, had hurt, Rogers apologized and suggested that he'd go in the gallery and pose for pictures to replace the ones he'd spoiled. That was five years ago, and Rogers hasn't been in since. He objects strenuously to posed photographs with the complaint, "They ain't natural."

And being natural is the secret to Will Rogers' success.

The question of pictures came up more recently in connection with "Handy Andy." In exchange for a promise that no attempt would be made to "steal" a photograph of him in his lion suit and pink tights costume, Rogers promised to stand still long enough to have pictures made with Conchita Montenegro, the cafe scenes in which he wore the noble costume being the only ones in which he and Miss Montengro appeared together.

A few days later the pictures were made. But after the third picture, Rogers glanced back to see a plain white wall. Suspecting

When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine!"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."

(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

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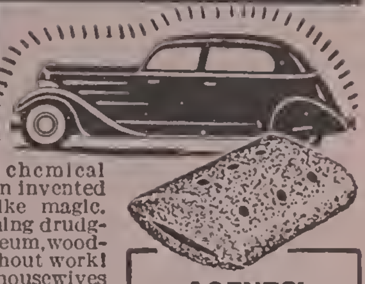
YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.



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Name..Age......................
Street Address..
City......................................State............................
Occupation..

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

the photographer was focussing so as to include only the Rogers head, the star shouted, "Kind of a portrait! Kind of a portrait! Can't fool old man Rogers. It's a kind of a portrait."

And that was that for he walked away.

In the same way Rogers dislikes interviews, though he likes newspapermen and will spend hours gossiping and talking "just for laughs." It's the formal interview he dislikes. But as far as is known he has never objected to being quoted—accurately, though he doesn't evidence great enthusiasm for the efforts of writers to improve his remarks in retelling them.

Nevertheless he did take time out to tell the story of his start in the theater.

"I left the ranch down in Oklahoma, Indian territory it was then, in 1901, and started out to show the world what a cowboy looked like. I had $5,000 representing cattle I'd sold off the ranch.

"We got to South America and did all right and then I went to South Africa just about the time the Boer War was going on," continued Rogers. "A fellow named Texas Jack had a wild west show and he hired me to do some roping. We showed some in the demobilization camps. After that I went to Australia and stayed there a year doing a roping and riding act in the Wirth Circus—same family as May Wirth who is our greatest woman rider today. I was gone two years and nine months. Texas Jack told me I'd do all right in London, but I went instead to New York and got a job right away at Hammerstein's. That was in 1905.

"Lots of people claim I started as a talking roper in various small theaters they managed. That's not true. I started—I know I was lucky—at the top. Hammerstein's was the big theater then. But I'll tell you something funny. I was booked on Keith's circuit, but the Orpheum wouldn't take me. Old Martin Beck said any western kid could rope so there was no audience interest in a roper.

"I came west anyway on the Sullivan and Considine time. Then the Orpheum decided I was all right. After that old Martin Beck was willing to give me the circuit."

AFTER being featured in the Ziegfeld Follies and after making many successful swings around the big time vaudeville circuits, Rogers in 1919 made a series of silent pictures. In 1922 he returned to the Follies and remained on Broadway until 1929 when talking pictures brought him to the screen in "They Had To See Paris."

Since then, except for an interval when he took the place of his friend, Fred Stone, in "Three Cheers," in 1922, he has kept Hollywood as the starting point from which he makes his flying trips around the country and the world.

His home is in the center of a beautiful ranch of 300 acres that spreads over the hills, flats, and hollows of Santa Monica canyon. On it is a practise polo field on which Rogers practises almost every day—not to mention his sons Bill Jr., and Jimmy, and his daughter, Mary.

But don't believe that story about there being no telephone at the Rogers ranch. He had to give in to the children finally and have a phone put in. How could three nearly grown-up youngsters get along without a telephone?

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HOME TRIAL Write today for full particulars, 30-day trial offer, and proof of big money opportunity.

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But try to get Rogers on the phone! He may have let them put a phone in his house, but he doesn't let anybody drag him to it.

Rogers' chief pride, of course, is his family. In his professional life, however, he gets the greatest joy out of the daily squib he writes for the papers, and puts into it his greatest effort.

Ideas don't always come easy. Sometimes the right one doesn't come at all, especially if he has to spend a lot of time in front of the camera. Nevertheless, by two o'clock at the latest, Pacific Standard Time, the item must be at the telegraph office.

"What do you do when you can't get an idea?" he was aked.

"Wait till five minutes to two and then sit down and write it," he answered. He reads all his material to his wife to get her approval. If he doesn't get it, he writes items until he does.

In all his talks, writings, and pictures, Rogers makes it a point never to pick on anyone who isn't big enough to take it. He adroitly keeps his own personal life a closed book, and at the same time never discusses any one else's. He may kid kings, presidents, and other potentates about their public lives, but never about their private lives. And he always writes on something that he and the rest of the world have read in the papers.

IN pictures he works just as informally as one might imagine. He comes on the set, and if he's early, which isn't likely, he pulls his spectacles and a morning paper out of his pocket and starts to go through the periodical line by line.

"Okay, Bill, you're up," the director calls.

"What's the gag? What's the gag?" Rogers says as he rises.

Then the director reads the dialogue and scene.

Rogers repeats it in a half voice as though to see how it sounds. If it sounds natural, he probably will use the script's dialogue, or at least part of it. If it doesn't ring true, he substitutes what he thinks is more nearly what the character would say in the situation.

Other players never know what he'll say next and must get used to an absence of cues. Once accustomed to this informal way of making motion pictures, however, most of the actors like it, and there's no denying a naturalness that rings through all of Rogers' pictures.

"Don't you ever read the script before you start a picture?" someone once asked Rogers.

"Nope," he replied. "What's the fun of making pictures if you know ahead of time how they're coming out?"

HOLLYWOOD OFF GUARD!

Here is Hyman Fink's finest achievement in his career as snapshooting expert for MOVIE MIRROR. Sensational photos of your favorites caught unawares in the most informal and amusing poses you've ever seen. Don't miss it—next month.

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√ nervous
√ pale
√ tired

then don't gamble with your body

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Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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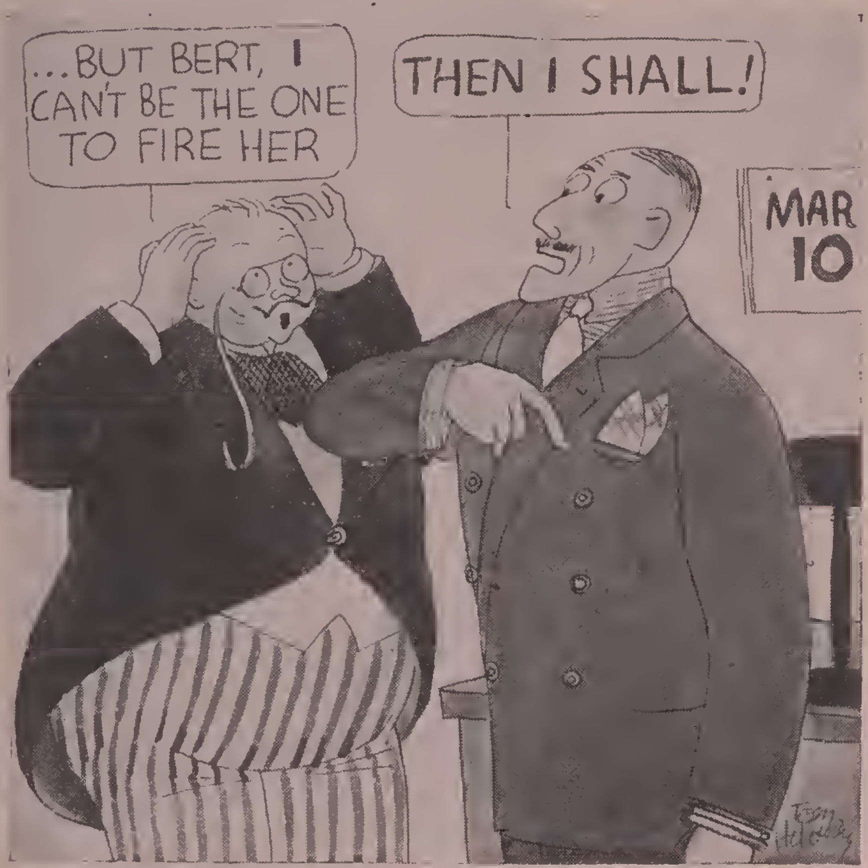
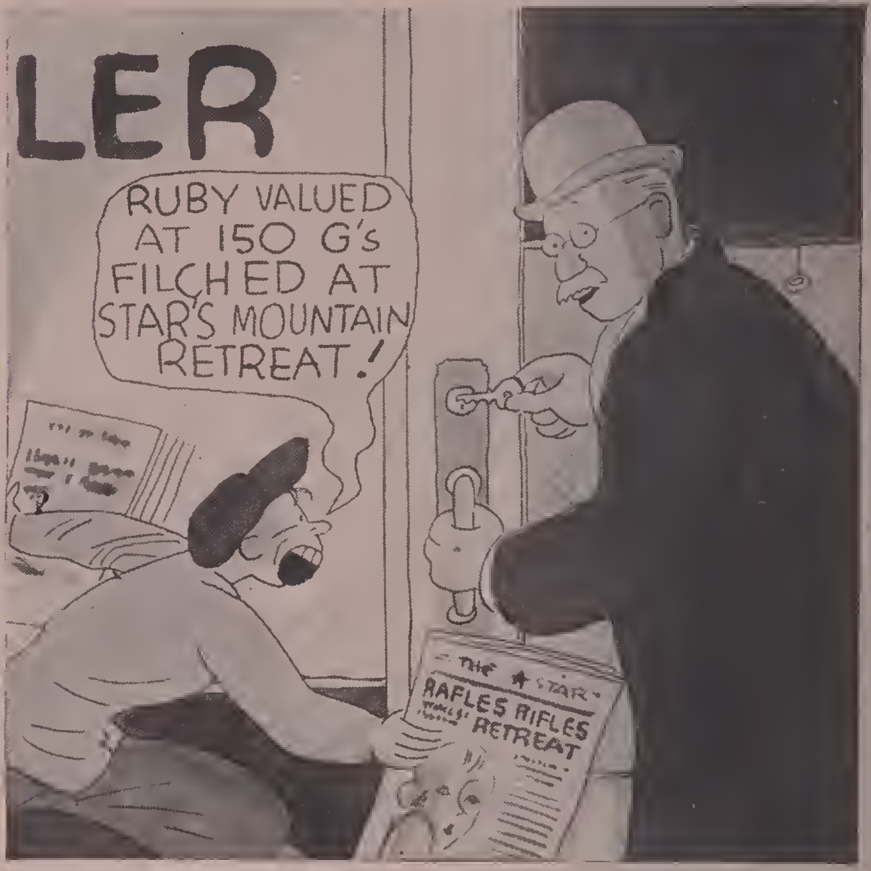

...BUT BERT, I CAN'T BE THE ONE TO FIRE HER
THEN I SHALL!
MAR 10

Picture No. 3

Name of Player..


LER
RUBY VALUED AT 150 G's FILCHED AT STAR'S MOUNTAIN RETREAT!
THE ★ STAR
RAFLES RIFLES
RETREAT

Picture No. 4

Name of Player..

●

GET INTO THIS CASH PRIZE GAME
AND WIN SOME EASY MONEY

EVEN though you did not get started in this interesting game when it began last month you can start a winning entry right now. If you act before it is too late your chance to get into the money is excellent. Begin by reading the rules carefully so that you know exactly what is required. Then study the above drawings for the name hidden in each. That will get you well on your way toward the prizes. Then you will need to name the drawings with which the game opened.

LATE ENTRY

If you have given away or loaned your copy of February Movie Mirror send to the contest address in Rule 6 for free reprints of the first two drawings. They will be supplied without delay. When you receive them seek out the hidden names and your entry will be even with the field.

●

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion picture star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the motion picture star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to HIDDEN NAMES EDITOR, MOVIE MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

THE FINAL DRAWINGS OF THIS SERIES NEXT MONTH!

Movie Mirror Junior

(Continued from page 6)

until Mickey returned. I then sat down in one of the charming white bungalows, that are a part of Mickey's studio.

Before long, I heard a noise that sounded very familiar—where had I heard it before? Then, I remembered, and I know you will, too. It was Donald Duck, who appeared with Mickey in "Orphan's Benefit," and "The Dognapper." Do you remember his delightful quacking voice?

He walked in the door and bid me a quacking good day as he swaggered—that is, waddled—across the room to where I sat. He was dressed as I remembered seeing him when he tried to recite "Mary Had a Little Lamb" for the orphans.

I was very curious to know if Donald Duck was as brave as he seemed to be when he and Mickey chased Peg-leg Pete in "The Dognapper." So I asked him.

"Me—quack—afraid of him?—Quack, quack—Never!" said Donald, as he pushed his hat to the side of his head.

I told him how brave I thought he was. I was terribly excited when he and Mickey had rescued Minnie's little dog from Peg-leg Pete!

"Oh—quack—that, quack, quack—was nothing," quacked Donald, as he strutted in mock sailor style, "you—quack—should see—quack—what I do to him—quack—around here."

By this time I was very impressed with his bravery. Just then I heard stomping—an uneven noise—and there was Peg-leg Pete coming up the walk. And the next thing I knew, a flutter of white feathers passed by me so quickly, I wouldn't have recognized it as Donald Duck if it hadn't been for a faint "quack" as it passed.

On leaving, the last thing I saw was the pointed end of Mr. Donald Duck's tail, quivering in the sunlight with the rest of Mr. Duck hid under the building.

* * *

This month's favorite story is the one about Harold Lloyd's three little children, whose pretty playhouse is big enough for Peggy, Gloria and Brother to walk around in, and is furnished like a real house. They thought up the idea of playing "Church services" on Sunday mornings. They each took turns in giving the sermon, and in taking up the collection.

When Mrs. Lloyd discovered that they really took up a collection, she suggested that each Sunday they mail their collections to the Assistance League in Hollywood, an organization that cares for little orphans. Every Monday, the Assistance League receives about *eleven cents*.

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Wouldn't you like to receive a picture of your favorite motion picture actor or actress? All you have to do is to write a letter to us telling who is your favorite star, and why. Be sure to have your name, address and age on your letter.

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MARCH

TRUE

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MARRIED three times—divorced once—widowed by a sensational suicide—beset with rumors that her third marriage has already hit the rocks. Into the six years in which Jean Harlow has climbed from obscurity to fame she has crowded an almost unbelievable amount of experience. She has been caught in a whirlpool of romance, divorce and tragedy. The limelight of notoriety has blazed upon her with a hard and cruel light. She has worked under the high tension of Hollywood studios and played in the electric vibrations of Hollywood social life.

To the world at large Jean Harlow symbolizes Hollywood with its glamour, its thrills, its youth, its romance. And its vices.

But is it fair to weigh the private life of a screen star by the directed activities of her professional career? Might not the real Jean Harlow be a very different person from the hard-boiled, red-hot siren of the celluloid?

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THE END OF MY LOVE DREAM ● THE HUSBAND I NEVER KNEW, UNTIL ● THE MAN I KILLED ● HE CALLED ME A GOOD SPORT ● THE TWO WOMEN IN HIS LIFE ● NO GREATER LOVE ● NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO MARRY ● DIVORCE MONEY ● THREE-RING GIRL ● STRANGER THAN FICTION ● FAVORITE SCREEN STARS ● HOME PROBLEMS FORUM ● WHAT DO YOU THINK ● BILLY AND BETTY. From cover to cover you will find entertainment, information, humor, and wholesome enjoyment in this newest great issue of a great publication. It has the largest news stand sale in the world. Because more people find in it more things to their liking. And so will you.

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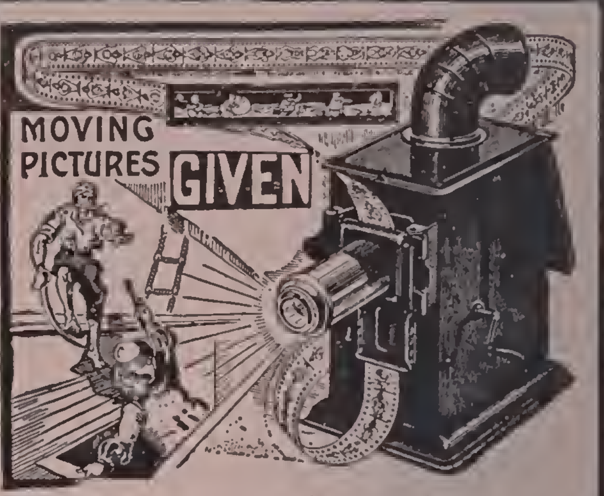

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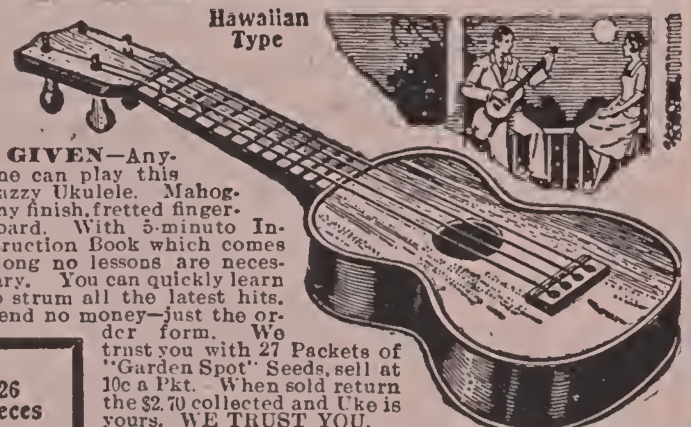

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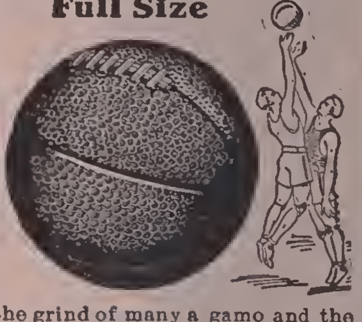

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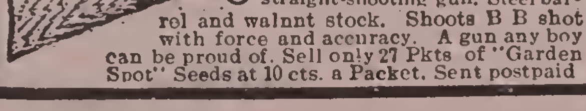

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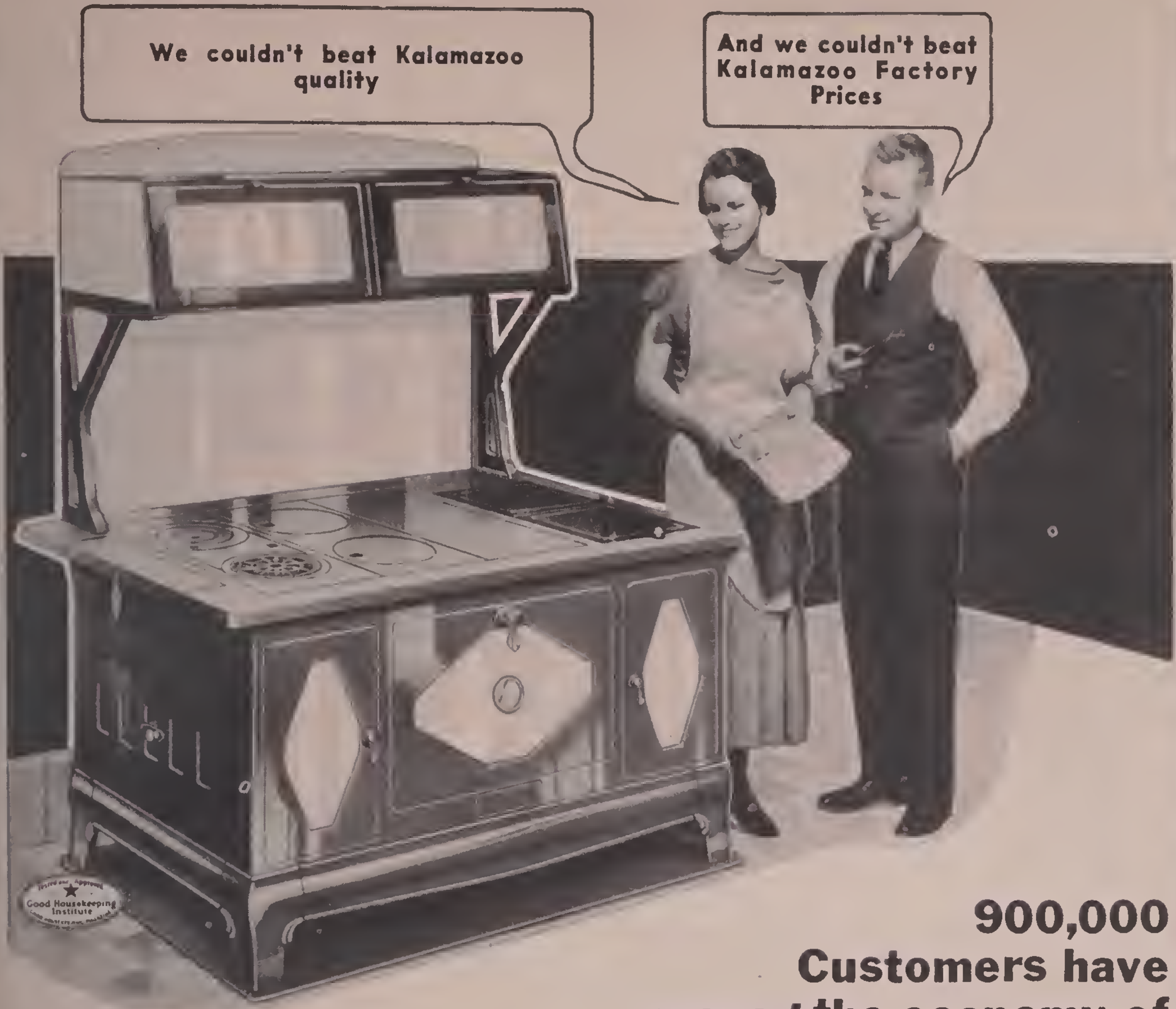
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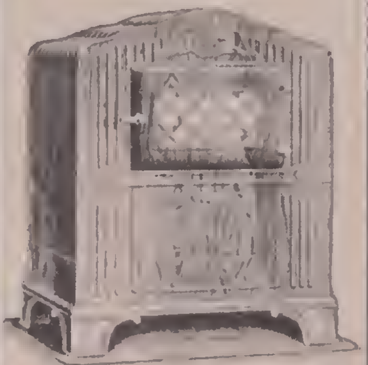
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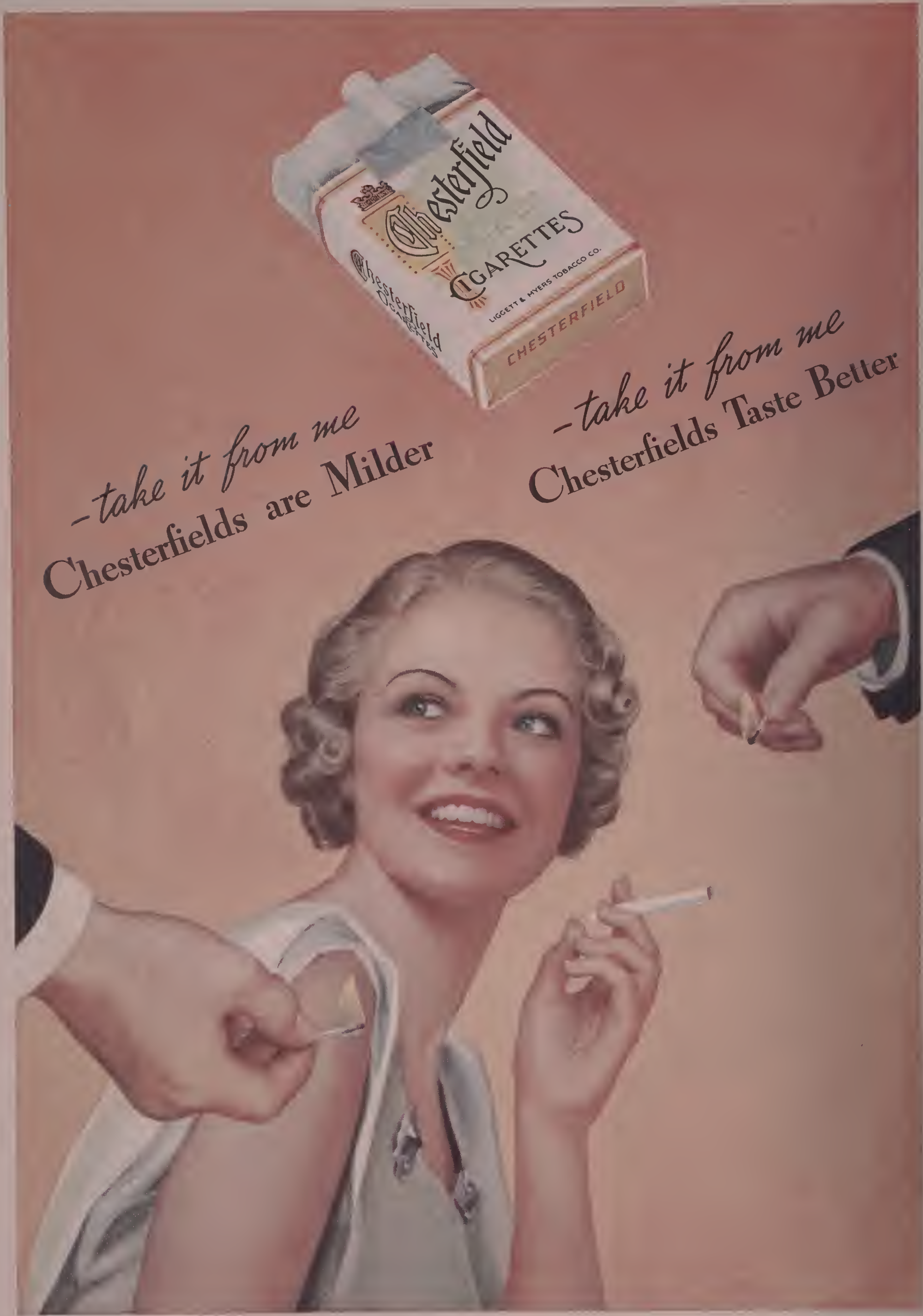
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MAE WEST

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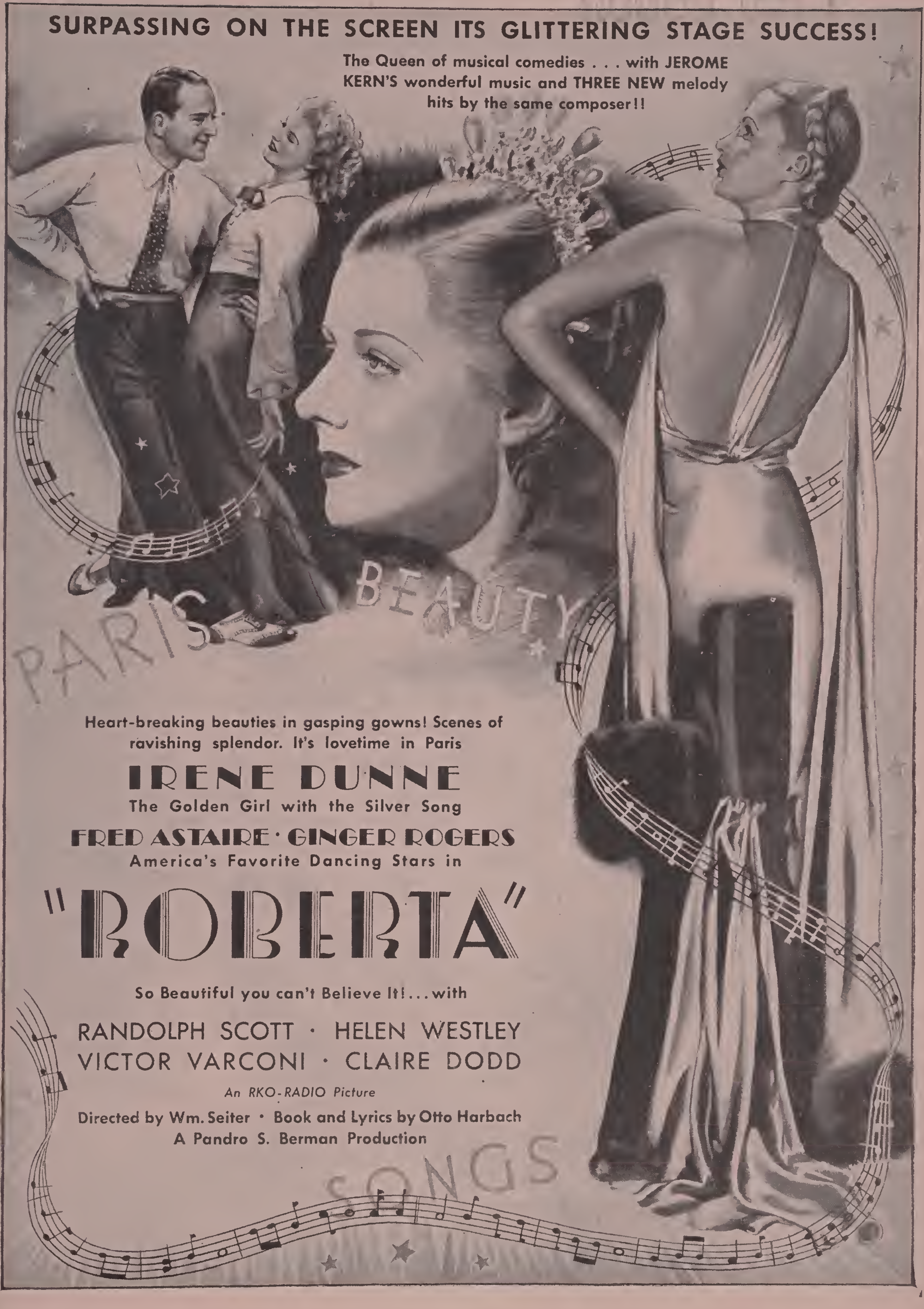

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Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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The HIDDEN Hollywood

by Ruth Waterbury

Our Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown About Freddie Bartholomew—and Others

The minute Editor Waterbury had seen a preview of "David Copperfield," she hurried over to M-G-M to find out what Young David—Freddie Bartholomew —is actually like.

I KNOW that you will be wanting to know about young Freddie Bartholomew after seeing "David Copperfield" so old Firehouse Waterbury that I am, I rushed down to M-G-M the morning after the Copperfield preview to meet the lad.

He is just about the grandest boy you could ever meet. He isn't shy and he isn't bold. He isn't handsome though his face is touchingly sensitive and intelligent. He is quite a bit taller than he looks on the screen and has very sturdy, bare knees, nice brown hair in close curls and a most enchanting British accent. He will be eleven years old a few weeks after you read this—that is on March, the 28th.

Most movie children cutie-pie all over the place and try to charm you. Freddie doesn't. He is like any natural well-brought up boy. He tries to act older, as real children do, not younger and endearing as does the average tot dragged about Hollywood.

He doesn't think he is at all precocious, yet his answers to your questions prove that he is. For instance, I asked him what he liked most about Hollywood and he said, "Chewing gum, fruit salad and looking down canyons." He would like very much to do "Oliver Twist" and "The Prince and the Pauper." His favorite person in Hollywood is Elizabeth Allan, who played his mother in "Copperfield" and he is very excited over her teaching him to ride. He says, well what of it if he can act. He knows boys much younger than he is, who swim beautifully and he doesn't swim well at all. He hopes to, though. He has been acting ever since he was three and he knows he owes it all to his—as he says—"awntie" with whom he lives. He thinks he won out over the 10,000 boys who tried for the role of David because he knew the whole story and when he went in to talk about it to David Selznick, the producer, he wasn't nervous.

It was when I asked him how he got into the mood of crying scenes that he gave me the answer of the month, however. Try to imagine a ten-year-old, wiggling about restlessly in an office chair, regarding you from big, interested eyes, saying in his most proper English voice:

"Well, the very first crying scene I was to play, an assistant director suggested to me that I should imagine that my auntie was dead, and that then I should cry."

Freddie regarded me with great intentness as one artist to another.

"I told him," he said, "that he really had to suggest something within the realms of probability. After all, there was my auntie sitting right there where I could see her. So how could I imagine she was dead? I explained it to Mr. Cukor and Mr. Cukor very kindly told me what was happening to David in the scene, the one where his mother is dying. Naturally when I knew what was happening to David, it was very easy for me to feel very sorry for him. So I cried. You see how that could be, don't you?" asked Freddie.

I saw.

Later a cameraman came and took pictures of Freddie and myself. One moment's direction and someone could have told me to hike up my coat and look much more regal. But no. Freddie was the star and what does M-G-M care if I go about, showing my lining to the world?

AUTHENTIC NEW STAR MATERIAL

When Robert Taylor walked on the screen in "Society Doctor" a couple of years existence of the training school at Metro, much expense, and many heartbreaks were all justified. For Bob Taylor has the quality from which stars are made. He is entirely a product of discovery and the Metro school. And any institution that could guarantee to discover one authentic star a year would be as valuable as the English crown jewels.

Yet quite innocently, Mr. Taylor is also a menace, the typical ghost at the Hollywood feast. Coming up from nowhere, he threatens the security of *(Continued on page 85)*

LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF YOUR DREAMS

FROM the earliest dawn of history the affairs of mankind have been influenced by dreams. In ancient times the belief that the future could be foretold through dreams and visions was almost universal.

Even in this enlightened age, thousands of people believe implicitly in the significance of dreams, other thousands are of two minds and even those who disclaim any belief in dreams feel uncomfortable for a considerable time after experiencing an unhappy dream.

Your Dreams Have a Meaning

Today dreams are by no means the mystery they were. Psychologists have plumbed the mysteries of the human mind and thrown the light of knowledge into many a dark and secluded corner. Due to its extreme general interest the subject of dreams has received particular attention and there is now not the slightest doubt but that dreams have a very real significance and meaning which *can be interpreted*.

In Physical Culture for April is a splendidly enlightening article on dreams by Lawrence Gould, famed psychologist who over the radio instructs millions in the mysteries of psychology. If you are interested in dreams and would like to know their real significance and meaning you could not do better than read this discussion by one of the most eminent living authorities on the subject. You will find it on page 22 of the April issue of Physical Culture, the great personal problem magazine. Get your copy today.

High Spots and Highlights In The April Issue

EDITORIAL by Bernarr Macfadden ● HOW TO DECIDE YOUR MORAL PROBLEMS by Albert Edward Wiggam ● DRINK—MY FRANKENSTEIN—Anonymous ● THE FRUSTRATED FORTIES—Anonymous ● HELPING MOTHER TO "GROW UP"—A True Experience ● WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT LOVE—Anonymous ● SHALL MY CHILD TAKE MUSIC LESSONS by Carol Stone ● BEAUTY ON NOTHING A YEAR by Carol Cameron AND many other helpful departments and articles.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself."—Bernarr Macfadden.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

APRIL ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 15¢

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER

Remember this funny-looking animal? It's Corky, Jackie Cooper's sympathetic and lovable companion, the dog who consoled him in "Peck's Bad Boy."

SO, you like pets! I just knew that your letters would tell me that! And of all pets, dogs are the most popular. Don't you think so?

Now that Spring is almost here, aren't you anxious to get out of doors with your dog? Can't you just picture him, frolicking at your heels, his wagging tail mutely telling you that he's glad it's Spring, too? Of course, for aren't dogs the same all the world over?

The dogs who act in pictures are the same lovable types as the ones you own. And the surprising part of it is that they, for the most part, are not pedigreed dogs. They may live in Hollywood and earn their own livings, but they are just plain mongrel pups full of life and fun and love for their masters.

Do you remember the lovable wire-haired terrier who played the part of "Asta" in "The Thin Man?" Well, he is a pedigreed terrier and his real name is Skippy. Doesn't that just fit him? He is so obedient and well trained, though, that he was easily taught to answer to the name of "Asta," during the filming of "The Thin Man." And, soon, we shall have the treat of seeing Skippy again when he plays as "Asta" once more in the sequel to "The Thin Man."

Now, Corky, for instance, is just a nondescript cur dog and a lovable cur he is. Of course, you remember his quizzical expression and his mismatched ears when you saw him in "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Cooper. He also appears in the picture "Black Fury," with Paul Muni.

And when speaking of small, lovable dogs, we mustn't forget to mention Rex, another mongrel pup. He's just a synthetic (make-believe) Scottie—vivacious, and full of fun—exactly the kind of dog every boy and girl dreams of owning. You'll see him (*Continued on page* 107)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

DAVID COPPERFIELD

They'll love Freddie Barthalamew and the story, too, whether or not they have read it.

LIFE RETURNS

Lots of children in it. The life experiment on the dog is not too sombre for them.

WINGS IN THE DARK

Airplanes, dogs, and a study in courage children will love.

THE WINNING TICKET

A mad lovable family story children will enjoy.

CLIVE OF INDIA

A thrilling adventure story with a painless history lesson included.

CARNIVAL

A love and circus story they'll like.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

A typical George O'Brien Western that will thrill youngsters as much as it bores their parents.

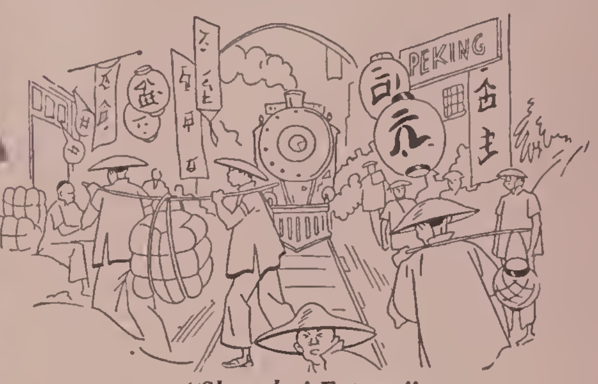
Here are Frankie Thomas and Lightning. This dog, besides being a great actor, has been a pupil in the "Seeing Eye" School. They appear in "A Dog in Flanders."

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.

"Blue Angel"



"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

"Morocco"

"Carnival In Spain"

EXTRA!

Read all about the outstanding pictures of the month! ✓ for good pictures; ✓✓ for the grand ones you can't afford to miss.

MOVIE Review NEWS

VOL. I No. 3 APRIL, 1935 Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Waterbury Says . . .

Outstanding features of the month were the successful transference of a beloved Dickens classic to the screen and the appearance of two of the finest aviation pictures to date. Here's my rating of the month's pictures.

The Most Heart-touching Picture: "David Copperfield" (✓✓)

The Most Thrilling Production: "Clive of India" (✓✓)

Grand Flying Pictures: "Wings in the Dark" (✓) and "Devil Dogs of the Air" (✓✓)

The Best Performance: Freddie Bartholomew as the young David Copperfield.

The Most Interesting Newcomer: Constance Collier in "Shadow of Doubt."

The Neatest Comeback of the Month: Edward G. Robinson (being funny, and very much so! in "The Whole Town's Talking").

Too-Bad Note: "The Winning Ticket"—Don't go!

BRINGS DEAD TO LIFE

Scientist Demonstrates Amazing Operation

The dead can now be brought back to life!

Watching with quickened hearts, a small gallery of famous scientists saw the dream of Dr. Robert E. Cornish, come true last night.

After years of careful research, Dr. Cornish successfully demonstrated to the doubting men of science and the world at large that he is able to return a dead animal to life. As in preceding cases, a dog was used as the subject. The dog still lives!

The story surrounding the amazing operation, however, is so littered with small tots in baggy pants, moping men and other unnecessary impedimenta that this reporter would like to go on record against such "cluttering up,"—which in this instance relegates an astounding SHORT SUBJECT to a much longer and less-interesting feature.

The Cast: Dr. Robert E. Cornish, Onslow Stevens, George Breakston, Lois Wilson and others.

✓ *LIFE RETURNS*
(*Universal*)

WATCH FOR THIS MAN!

Another picture-thief is at large, delighting the nation! Young Robert Taylor, after careful preparatory training under Oliver Hinsdell in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "stock school," suddenly turned on his benefactors and stole the first film in which he had a featured role.

After two or three years in college preparing to follow in his physician-father's footsteps, he was discovered by M-G-M's talent scouts, playing Wilde and Dumas in Hollywood's "little theaters" during his school vacations. Fittingly enough, his part in "Society Doctor" is that of an interne.

STUDIO DEFIES PRECEDENT

Brings Faithful Reproduction of Classic to the Screen

As most of Hollywood's famous names sat wrapped in devout silence at the world-famous *Chinese Theater,* M-G-M Studio unwound before their eyes as gloriously-faithful a reproduction of a time-honored classic as they have ever witnessed.

David Copperfield returned in the flesh!

Despite the fact that Hollywood producers generally feel called upon to change or "improve upon" this type of material, M-G-M threw precedent to the winds and decided to give the public exactly what they had come to expect from this treasure of literature by Charles Dickens. The settings and costumes were perfect examples of the period and the characters, and everyone from *David* down to the much-loved *Mr. Dick* come to life before your eyes!

While it is a matter of news that the showing runs almost twice as long as the average Hollywood production, thus making it necessary to "Road Show" the picture in the larger cities at first, it is predicted that everyone will be able to see it during the first half of 1935.

First a tear and then a resounding laugh broke the silence of the theater as the story progressed upon the screen. Long periods of applause and cheers punctuated the film at regular intervals, as if the actors, by their supreme artistry, were attempting to end each little chapter with a burst of acting genius that would defy the audience to tell it from reality!

The "Inquiring Reporter" method was used in the lobby, following the picture, to obtain for our readers the consensus of famous opinion concerning the performances of the actors. In each instance, the combined opinion coincided with that of your reporter:

That top honors are divided by Freddie Bartholomew (*David* as a boy), Roland Young (*Uriah Heep*), Lennox Pawle (*Mr. Dick*), Edna Mae Oliver (*Aunt Betsey*), and W. C. Fields as *Micawber.*

That director George Cukor should be especially honored for his fine direction.

That Jessie Ralph (*Nurse Peggotty*) and Basil Rathbone as one of the villainous *Murdstones* top anything they have *done to date.*

Cast: W. C. Fields, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Madge Evans, Edna Mae Oliver, Lewis Stone, Frank Lawton, Freddie Bartholomew, Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Roland Young, Lennox Pawle, Herbert Mundin, Jessie Ralph, Elsa Lancaster, Una O'Connor and others.

✓✓ *DAVID COPPERFIELD*
(*M-G-M*)

ENGLISH CLERK CONQUERS INDIA

Last night, as all England tensely awaited their verdict. Parliament passed judgment upon the future honor and reputation of one of its most famous members, Lord Ronald Colman—popularly called *Clive, Conqueror of India!*

Without any show of blustering oratory, Lord Colman quietly and calmly asked his colleagues to " . . . remember your *own* honor when you are judging mine!" He made no attempt to answer the charges of bribery and favoritism in Indian campaigns. Before finishing his address, he said: " . . . What I have done, I have done for India and the good of my country . . . while India has taken *from* me the only thing I hold dear."

Lord Colman, of course, was referring to the death of his first-born son who died while he and Lady Colman (neé Loretta Young) were in India for the second time. He was also referring to the fact that his third expedition for the Crown caused an estrangement between Lady Colman and himself . . . it being rumored at that time that Lady Colman demanded that he give the rest of his life to his family in England!

Just as we go to press, we learn that Parliament has decided to vindicate the honor of Lord Colman! H. R. H. King George, himself sent congratulations to the great soldier by his personal emissary, the Prime Minister. It was also learned that Lady Loretta had already returned to her husband in his hour of need . . .

Thus, Lord Colman stands honored, respected and praised. His performance, throughout, has been magnificent. Lady Loretta, who went out to India to marry a lowly clerk . . . remaining to become the wife of the Conqueror of that great country . . . is one of the loveliest and most sincere women this reporter has ever seen. The entire country should be happy that this story ends so happily!

Cast: Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Colin Clive, Francis Lister, C. Aubrey Smith, Cesar Romero, Montague Love and many others. . . .

✓✓ *CLIVE OF INDIA*
(*20th Century*)

FOR FURTHER NEWS OF THE MONTH IN PICTURES TURN TO PAGE 96

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Tintex The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

Beginning—

The vivid, glamorous novel of a girl whose life was over at twenty-three—and yet had really just begun—

By DALE EUNSON

COME

THE first morning out of Plymouth she walked briskly around the promenade deck six times. She wore low-heeled oxfords, woolen stockings, a brown tweed suit, black beret, and smoked glasses. The disguise was so perfect that after the second circle only one near-sighted octogenarian (whose most recent screen memories were of Flora Finch and John Bunny) remained unaware of the fact that the girl taking this vigorous constitutional was Joyce Wells.

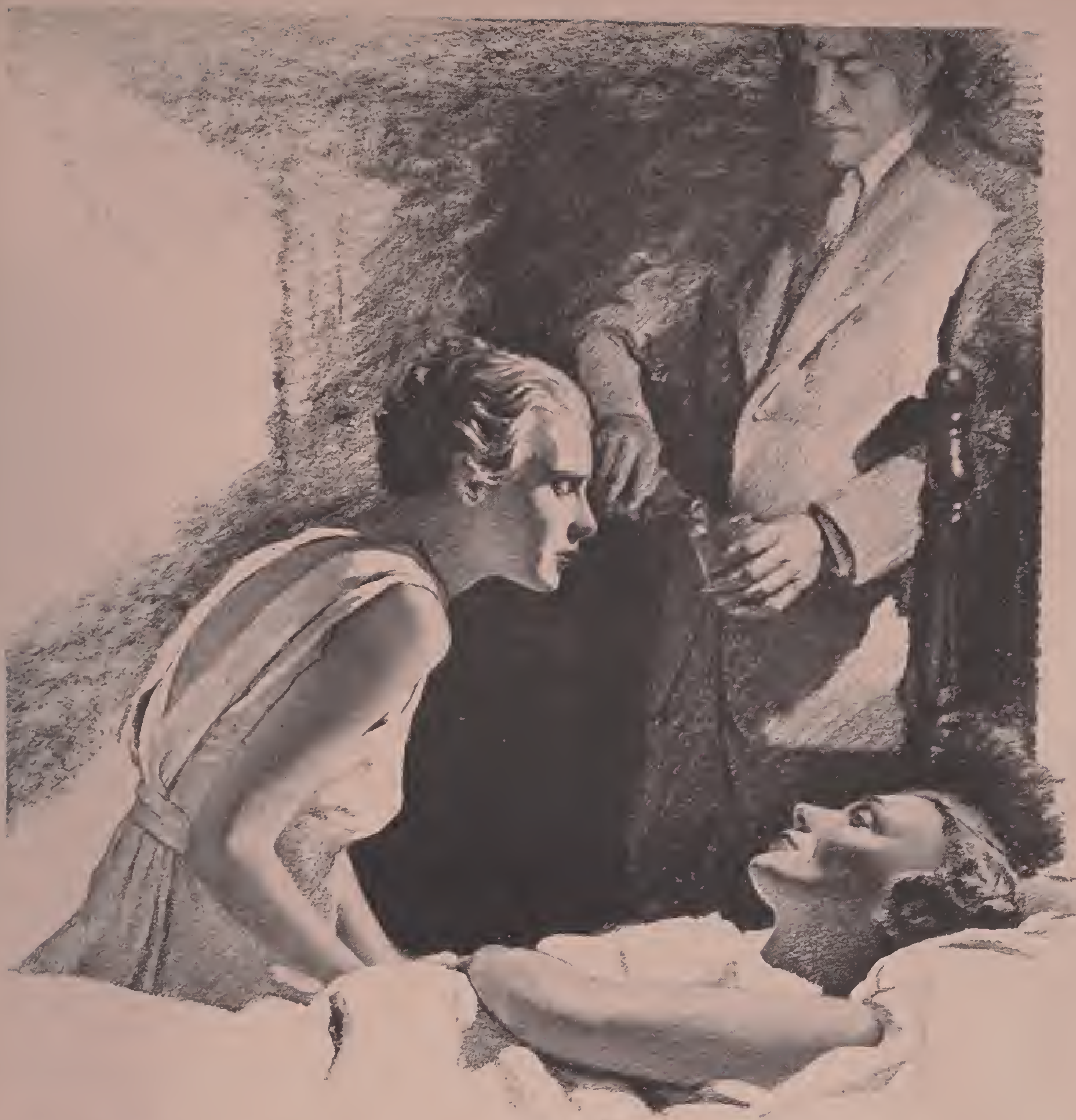
She was returning to Hollywood after an eight month vacation to resume her career. It had been Joyce's first rest since she had come to Hollywood with her mother, "Midge" Wells, six years ago—she had been only seventeen then, but her ambition had more than counter-balanced her tender age.

Joyce stood now at the prow of the *Paris*. There was a stiff wind and no one else dared this section of the boat for a glimpse of her—not even Stanley Davis, the middle-aged Radiator King, who had followed her over half of Europe proposing everything, including marriage, to her, and was now as persistently dogging her trail back to the States.

She watched the waves as they rolled closer, saw the sharp nose of the ship wallow in them, felt the shudder and heard the groan as the vessel shook herself free of the water attempting to smother her, and then head straight into the next grey mountain rushing down upon her.

Eight months ago Joyce had shaken herself free of Hollywood which had been about to smother her. When she left the movie capital she had not known whether she would ever come back, for Hollywood had been, instead of the glamorous city she had expected to find it, an ogre which had come near to swallowing her and all she had ever hoped to become. After a short experience as a chorus girl in "Funny Face" with Fred and Adele Astaire, it had seemed enough at first to be a part of the picture industry, but slowly she had come to realize that she was not getting what she wanted from it—it was squeezing her dry of emotion, ambition, even, she had thought after three or four disastrous experiences, the capacity for love.

And so at the very top of her career, at the expiration of her first contract with Goldman Features, she had pulled out, determined to get away from the town for awhile. She



Illustrated
by
J. HENRY

As long as she lived, Joyce would not forget that night at the bedside of the dying Theresa— . . . whose fitful sleep was interrupted with coughing and a trickle of blood on her gray lips.

BACK

had made enough money to keep herself and her mother the rest of their lives, if need be. If she wanted to sign again, she had been assured by Larry Goldman that a contract would be waiting for her upon her return.

And now she was no longer a weak, inexperienced girl grateful for any crumb thrown her way. She was going back, and this time she would know what she was doing! There was in her the drive to achieve a new and lasting success, the energy and the spirit and the youth.

IT struck her now that most girls her age would be merely starting out in life, their feet on the lowest rung of the ladder. But already she had had one career—a star's professional life, the authorities said, lasted only five years, but she had disproved that. One type of career, perhaps, but she was on the threshold of a greater one. *And,* she thought, *I'm only twenty-three. I've had success, experience, one career, and I'm only twenty-three.*

She was not aware that she spoke the last aloud, nor that a young man had approached and was standing a few feet behind her, and overheard the words that were so plainly audible as the wind whipped them from her mouth.

"Myself, I'm twenty-two," he said, without looking at her, as he stepped up to the rail. "I've had neither success, experience nor a career."

His voice was soft, his nose straight. His eyes crinkled at the corners as Joyce turned to regard him. Still he did not look her way, seeming to fix his gaze on a distant point along the vague horizon. He's harmless, Joyce thought, just a child.

She said: "You're too nice a boy to go around making pick-ups. Someday you'll make a mistake and meet a nice girl who'll marry you."

He turned toward her as she spoke. "Oh, but I know you. You're the favorite actress of the class of '33."

"A college boy, as I live!"

"Yale, majored in playwriting and dramatics. Now you tell your story."

"I'll have the studio send you a typed biography. Right now I've forgotten what my story is—something about a convent girl, I believe, discovered by a director while playing with her dolls—the big chance, success, and of course, success means at least a million dollars every Friday night."

"Now that's right interesting," he smiled. "My name's Rutledge—Thaddeus Rutledge—Tad to my friends. Miss Wells, meet Mr. Rutledge of the No'th Ca'olina Rutledges." He extended his hand and, laughing, Joyce gave him hers. He quickly tucked it beneath his arm and turned toward the main salon. "Now that I've picked you up," he said, "the next move is to ply you with liquor—isn't that usual?"

"Listen. This isn't on a bet, is it?"

"No. It isn't on a bet."

"All right then. But what would the North Carolina Rutledges say? They wouldn't approve, I'm sure."

"They'd disinherit me—if there were anything but the family tippet left to inherit."

Editor's Note:

Dale Eunson, who wrote this poignant novel of a girl who was "through" at twenty-three, has touched its every page with the magic wand of reality...read each and every one of its vital chapters, and end by knowing the real Hollywood better. You will feel, through your intimate acquaintance with its fascinating heroine, Joyce Wells, that you have a better understanding of your own hopes and dreams, and of your own despair!

—R. W.

BY the next day they were fast friends. It rained all day, and Tad spent it with Joyce in her stateroom. He could not keep his eyes off her. He told her how he had read she was sailing on the *Paris*, and that he had taken his last cent to book passage and return on the same boat. When he had finished college that spring there was nothing for him to do, so he had taken the little money left in his account and gone to Europe on a cattle boat, intending to see a bit of England and France before returning. But he had no more than landed in England when the weather had brought on an old pain from an injury suffered, oddly enough, from a fall during the construction of the sets for one of the college plays. And he had taken the money saved from the tour to hurry home on the same boat that carried Joyce.

"You were very silly," she said, "but I'm glad you did. I've not spoken to an American for six months. I've been away eight months, you know."

On the third day he confessed that his one great desire was to come to Hollywood, and try to do something really worthwhile. He pointed with pride at what the Russians and French were doing where they had so little to work with, and Joyce listened, not always agreeing, thinking him often "arty", but interested in hearing him talk, and express these conventionally unconventional views with the bright fervor of youth.

"What do you want to do?" she asked him.

"Oh, there are thousands of possibilities—'Giants in the Earth', reality, fantasy, the classics, 'Cyrano'—"

"Why don't you come to Hollywood then?" she continued. "The more men there are with vision in pictures the better."

"I've got to get a job."

"Get a job in pictures."

"That sounds easy."

"No," Joyce said, "it isn't easy. It's hell—unless you get a break."

"Suppose I did go," Tad continued, "I don't know anybody—"

Joyce said: "You know me. I can introduce you to casting directors, producers, directors, everybody you'll need to know. You've got good looks, a nice voice—"

"Thanks."

"—and you may be the greatest ham that God ever made for all I know."

"Thanks."

They let it go at that. On the fourth day the sun shone, and they played shuffleboard. Joyce found that the people on deck paid her the tribute of accepting her as a fellow human being and not a curiosity to be stared at when she left off her smoked glasses, and she could not deny herself the pleasure of seeing Tad's face light up when he saw her. They danced that afternoon, but as the day wore on she felt there was something on his mind, so she came back to the subject of the day before.

"Well, what about it? Are you coming to Hollywood?"

"I can't see my way clear."

"If it's money—" she ventured.

He looked at her swiftly. Almost eagerly, Joyce thought, and then put the idea from her. After all, she had offered, why shouldn't he accept? Still the thought of other men she had known intruded, men who were clever enough to accept loans without actually asking for them. Then he shifted his eyes quickly.

"No," he said. "No, I couldn't."

"You musn't feel that way about it—it would be just a loan."

He smiled now: "You know something?"

"What?"

"That you're precious?"

"Oh that! 'Precious Wells' they call me."

"Don't talk like that. You're too lovely to need to. Besides, I mean it."

"Oh, serious, are you?"

"Yes. Serious."

"Well, then. So am I. Suppose we take $500 at seven percent—"

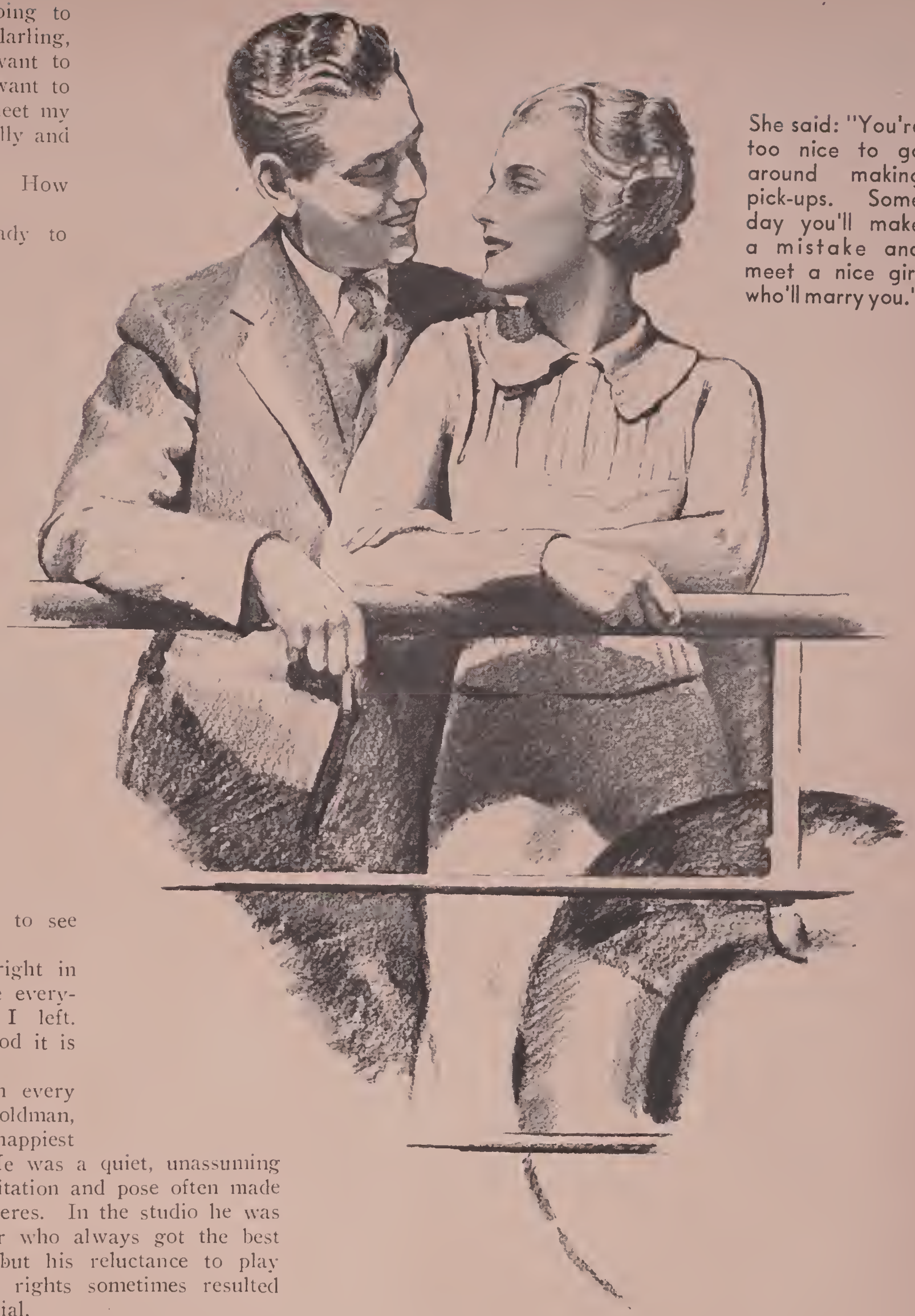
"Usurer!" he cried, pointing his finger at her, and they both laughed. It was all rather childish, and rather wonderful, too, to Joyce. They danced again—a waltz—and the ship swayed with them. Gone was that sense of disappointment in Tad which Joyce had felt for a moment. In its place was an elation, a joyous pride, that she was in a position to make someone's dream come true. She nestled in his arms, forgetting everything but the sweetness of the moment. This, she thought, must be love. This is the real thing. There's nothing Hollywood about this boy, no sham, no boldness, no boastfulness. He's real—he'll help me keep my head this time. We'll be in Hollywood together, but we won't be *of* Hollywood. With him I can be sane and can say what I mean.

And the onlookers sipping afternoon cocktails and envious of the youth and breath-taking beauty of the pair, did not know that the girl had just offered to lend the boy five hundred dollars, and that the boy had realized a dream. Though it was not until the next day, with the Statue of Liberty off the port side, that he agreed to borrow the money from her.

JOYCE was pleased, and a little surprised, that Larry Goldman did not have her met by one of his New York publicity men. The reporters and dock photographers surrounded her and photographed her in all the conventional homecoming poses, and asked her what she thought of conditions in Europe and was she glad to be back; and she did not really miss Sammy Finch, who had always heretofore bombarded her with appointments for interviewers until she was established in her suite at the Waldorf.

Tad helped her through Customs and drove to the hotel with her, but there left her.

"I've got some things to attend to before starting West,"



She said: "You're too nice to go around making pick-ups. Some day you'll make a mistake and meet a nice girl who'll marry you."

he said. "Remember we're going to see Harlem tonight. Joyce, darling, there are so many things I want to show you, so many things I want to do with you. I want you to meet my mother and father—they're really and truly swell."

"I'm sure they are, Tad. How could they help being?"

"You're sure you'll be ready to leave tomorrow?"

"Sure."

After he had gone, Joyce sent a telegram to her mother and another to Larry Goldman. The wire to Goldman bubbled with enthusiasm, begged him to be on the lookout for a good story and try to arrange for Corey Preston to direct it.

She was on the point of wiring Corey Preston when the doorbell rang, and she found Corey himself standing outside the door.

"Corey," she cried, "whatever are you doing in New York?"

"I flew," he said.

"But I thought you were afraid of airplanes."

"I am, but I saw in the paper yesterday that you were arriving today on the *Paris* and well—I had to see you."

"You're a darling. Come right in here and sit down and tell me everything that's happened since I left. Corey, you don't know how good it is to see you."

Corey had directed Joyce in every picture she had made for Goldman, and theirs had been one of the happiest relationships in Hollywood. He was a quiet, unassuming person whose lack of self-exploitation and pose often made him misunderstood by his confreres. In the studio he was a diligent, conscientious worker who always got the best out of the material at hand, but his reluctance to play politics and fight for his own rights sometimes resulted in his being handed poor material.

Joyce felt that she owed Corey whatever she had achieved in moving pictures. Yet, when an interviewer once hinted at a romance between them, Joyce said, and meant it, that they were too good friends to be lovers, and she had always been certain that Corey felt the same. Whenever she had been in love, Corey was her one confidant, the one person to whom she could carry her joys or sorrows and receive a sympathetic hearing.

She had never known how many times these confidences had cost Corey sleepless nights and days of anxiety. He had come to New York to meet her for two purposes: to ask her to marry him, and to warn her that Goldman was not prepared to offer a new contract. He told her neither, for he was no more than seated in her apartment when she began talking about Tad Rutledge.

"Are you—in love with him?" Corey said quietly.

"I think so, Corey. I want to be awfully sure—and, of course, it might be the worst thing in the world for his career to marry me just yet. I hope I'm going to be sensible about it."

Corey sighed: "I hope you'll be very happy," he said, finally.

This struck Joyce as being very funny, and she laughed: "Aren't you tired of wishing me that, Corey? What does this make it, the sixth time? And nothing's ever come of it. I wish you'd tell me why, Corey? I've known some grand guys, too."

He looked up at her furtively and then glanced quickly away. After a moment he said: "I can't tell you, Joyce."

"I'm beginning to be superstitious about your good wishes."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Sammy Finch, red-headed and explosive publicity man. He had not had a shave in two days, and his clothes looked as if he had slept in them. Joyce chose to ignore his appearance, and chided him good naturedly.

"Why weren't you at the boat

(*Continued on page* 90)

The INSIDE STORY of Making "LIVES of a BENGAL LANCER"

The famous author takes you behind the scenes of this hit of hits, bringing you its amazing off-stage color and glamor

By ACHMED ABDULLAH
who wrote the scenario

MOVIE MIRROR proudly presents Captain Achmed Abdullah, known the world over for his stories of little-known lands.

THE story behind the story of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is no more nor less than the frequent one, in Motion Picture Land, of a producer going off the deep end: doing a complete cock-eyed thing, risking a fair-sized fortune, and then—by sheer, bull-dog persistence, cold courage, a modicum of gray-matter and a bit of luck—winning through to success; bringing home the commercial as well as the artistic bacon.

Paramount was cock-eyed—right at the start—in buying Major Yeats-Brown's book.

A bully book. Interesting, exciting, and beautifully written. Yet containing nothing—absolutely nothing—of plot, suspense, drama, humor, tragedy or vital interplay of human relations; not a single situation nor even a single paragraph that, by the widest stretch of the imagination, could be used as a basis for screen entertainment.

Then—a logical query—why was it purchased and, mind you, at a good round figure?

Because it was a "best-seller."

The same thing happened, more recently, in the case of Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday" and Professor Walter Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty." Again—in either book—

Organizing the company on location was an intricate operation which clicked with a military precision worthy of the highly trained Bengal Lancers themselves.

As an officer in the Lancers above the rank of Junior Lieutenant, Gary Cooper absolutely had to wear a mustache. Right, Khybar Pass? No, Lone Pine, Owens Valley foot of Mount Whitney!

no suspense, no drama, no human interest. Still, both were bought. For a "best-seller" is a "best-seller"; proof that—through advertising, publicity, expert salesmanship and, occasionally, through a book's merit—between twenty and two hundred thousand people have been persuaded to buy a copy, that its title has become known—almost as well-known as Ivory Soap.

THEREFORE—to return to our muttons, I mean our lancers—one afternoon a long-distance telephone call from Paramount's Hollywood to Paramount's New York office. Instructions to get the motion picture rights to the Yeats-Brown opus—and hang the expense!

So that was that. Everybody—and most certainly Yeats-Brown—was happy; and, a few months later, one of the Paramount magnates had a brilliant idea:

HE READ THE BOOK.

Read it and said succinctly:

"Oh, damn!"

A hurry call then, early the next morning, to a conference. A typical Hollywood conference attended by a baker's dozen of directors, writers, supervisors, yes-men and plain field-and-garden stooges.

The Paramount Magnate—hereafter referred to as P. M.—exclaiming:

"Boys, I read the Yeats-Brown book!"

A dramatic pause; a sob; and continuing:

"There's no story, boys! Not a single lousy rag of a story! What'll we do?"

Consternation. Supervisor (*Continued on page* 82)

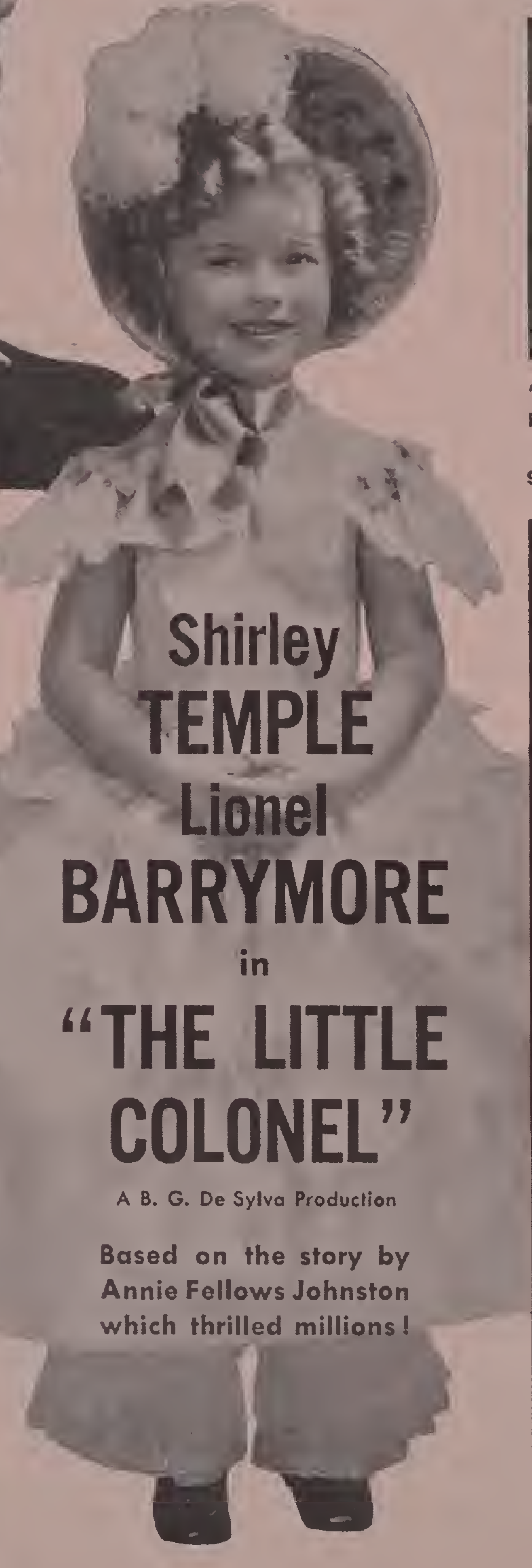
Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."



You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

Shirley TEMPLE Lionel BARRYMORE in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller.

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.

FOX

Clark GABLE *Constance* BENNETT

What happens "After Office Hours" on a great metropolitan daily? Clark and Connie give you a scene from the night life of an editor who wants to be a Sherlock Holmes (there's a murder mystery, too) and his society reporter, who wouldn't mind being his Dr. Watson. M-G-M's "After Office Hours" gives Clark the same type of characterization he did so well in "It Happened One Night." It's Connie's first M-G-M film since she signed her new contract with them.

Although another Sir James M. Barrie classic, "Quality Street," is scheduled for the Queen of RKO in the near future, her very next picture will be "Break of Hearts." Francis Lederer is to be co-starred with her in the latter and Philip Moeller, of Theatre Guild fame, will direct. What a swell combination!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Fox's triple threat box-office attraction, "Bill" is a busy man with his movies, radio and writing. Just now he's "on vacation"—hopping about the country by plane to hob-nob with the Vice President or address a state legislature. His next film is "Torch Bearers," adapted from George Kelly's successful play.

WILL ROGERS

Jean **MUIR**

Play by Shakespeare—music by Mendelssohn—direction by Max Reinhardt—Warner's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is a film to be reckoned with! And Jean, as the lovelorn Helena, plays one of Hollywood's most coveted rôles.

"TERRIBLE!"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE
"EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Of course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to the modern dentist—*to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK
USED ALWAYS

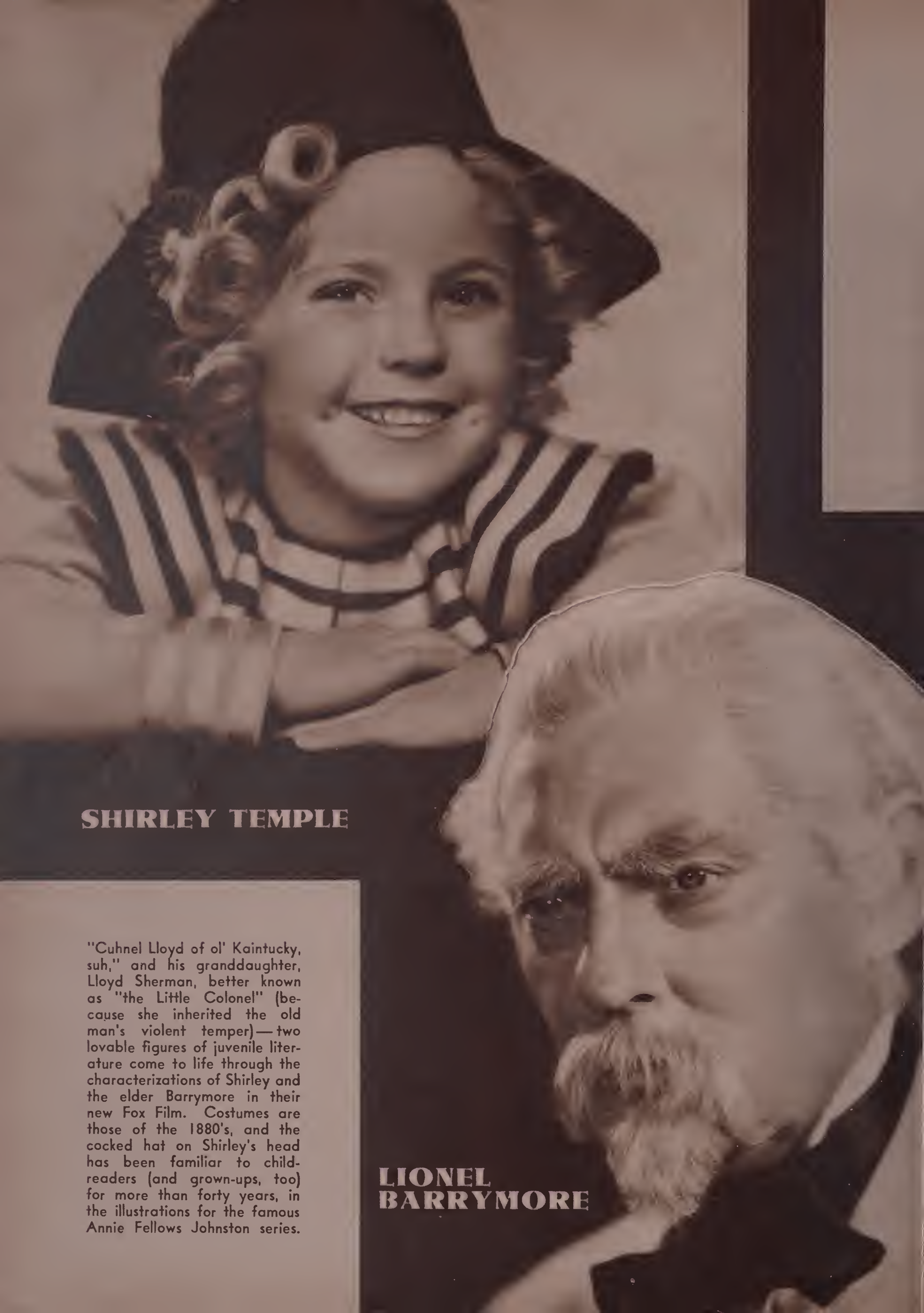
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. KK-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
NRA CODE
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

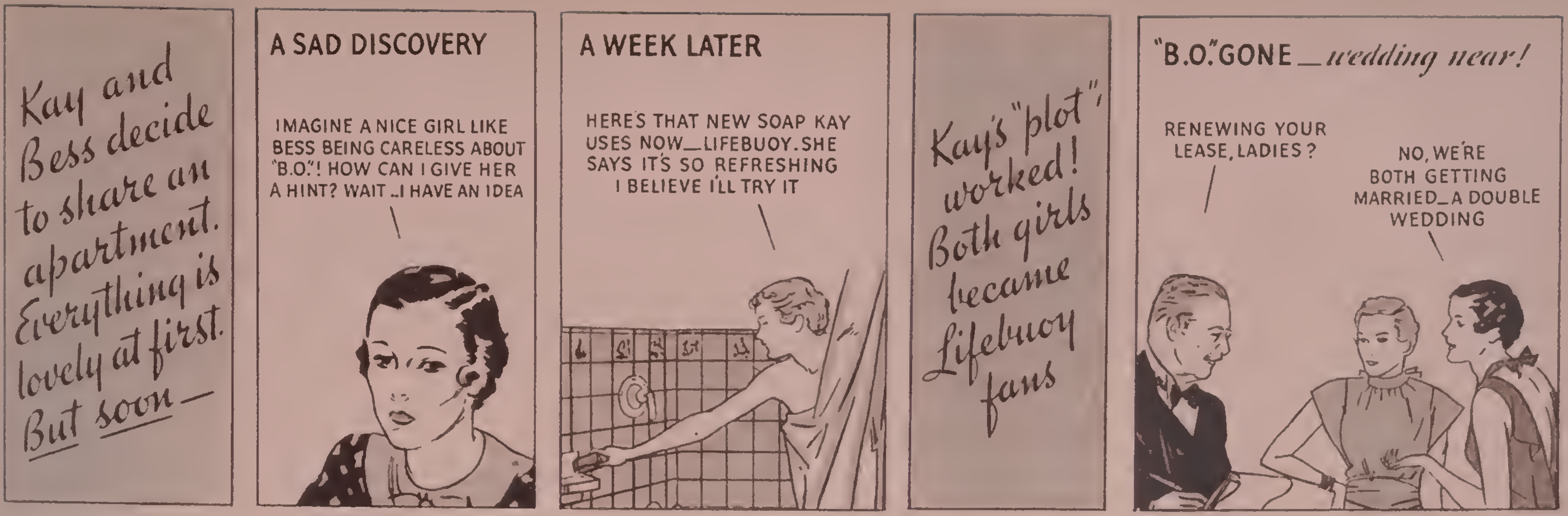
City______________ State________

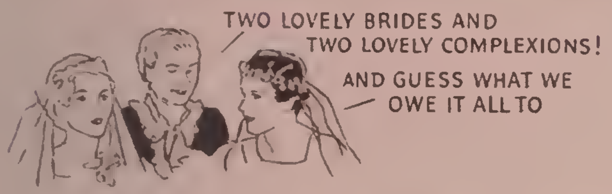


SHIRLEY TEMPLE

LIONEL BARRYMORE

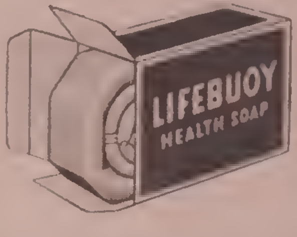
"Cuhnel Lloyd of ol' Kaintucky, suh," and his granddaughter, Lloyd Sherman, better known as "the Little Colonel" (because she inherited the old man's violent temper)—two lovable figures of juvenile literature come to life through the characterizations of Shirley and the elder Barrymore in their new Fox Film. Costumes are those of the 1880's, and the cocked hat on Shirley's head has been familiar to child-readers (and grown-ups, too) for more than forty years, in the illustrations for the famous Annie Fellows Johnston series.


Kay and Bess decide to share an apartment. Everything is lovely at first. But soon—
A SAD DISCOVERY
IMAGINE A NICE GIRL LIKE BESS BEING CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."! HOW CAN I GIVE HER A HINT? WAIT—I HAVE AN IDEA
A WEEK LATER
HERE'S THAT NEW SOAP KAY USES NOW—LIFEBUOY. SHE SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING I BELIEVE I'LL TRY IT
Kay's "plot" worked! Both girls became Lifebuoy fans
"B.O." GONE—wedding near!
RENEWING YOUR LEASE, LADIES?
NO, WE'RE BOTH GETTING MARRIED—A DOUBLE WEDDING

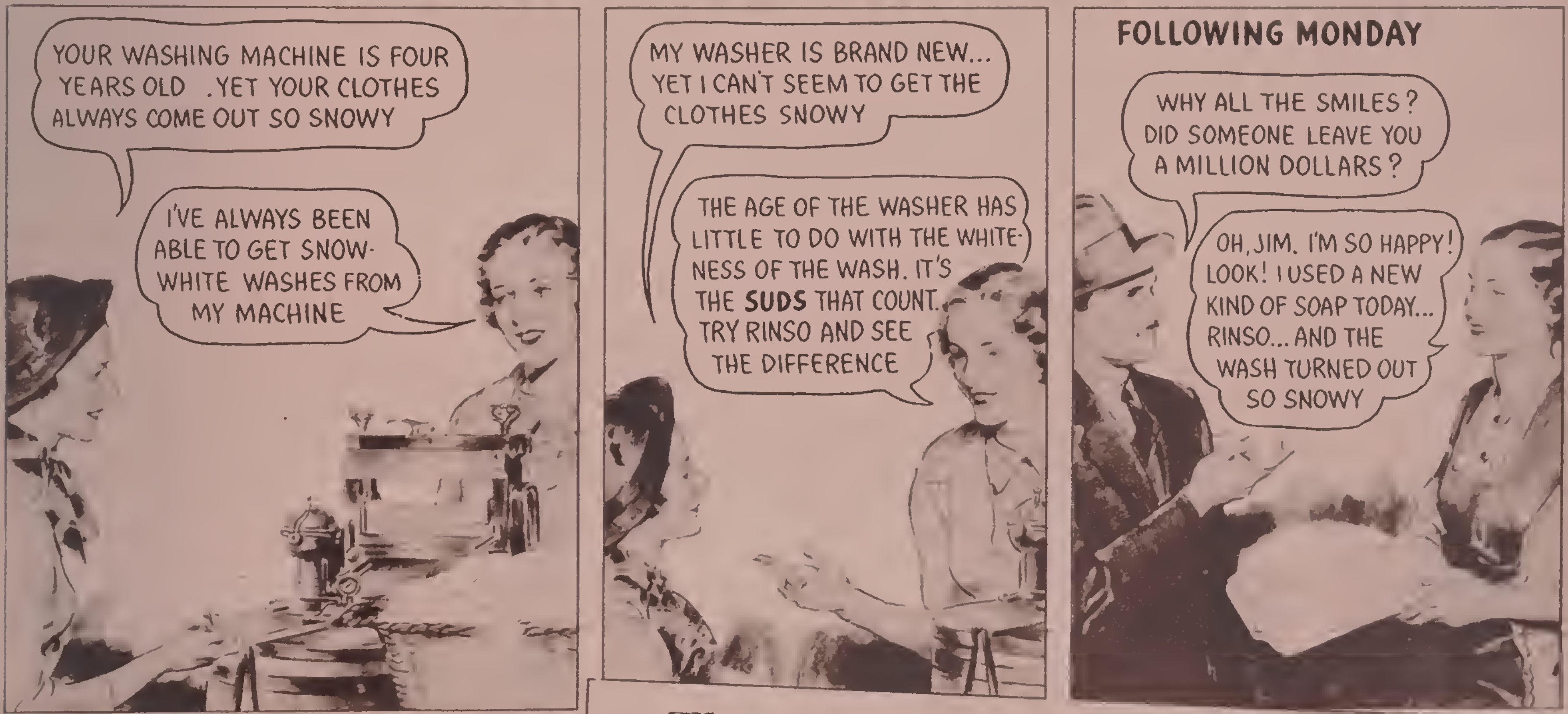

TWO LOVELY BRIDES AND TWO LOVELY COMPLEXIONS!
AND GUESS WHAT WE OWE IT ALL TO

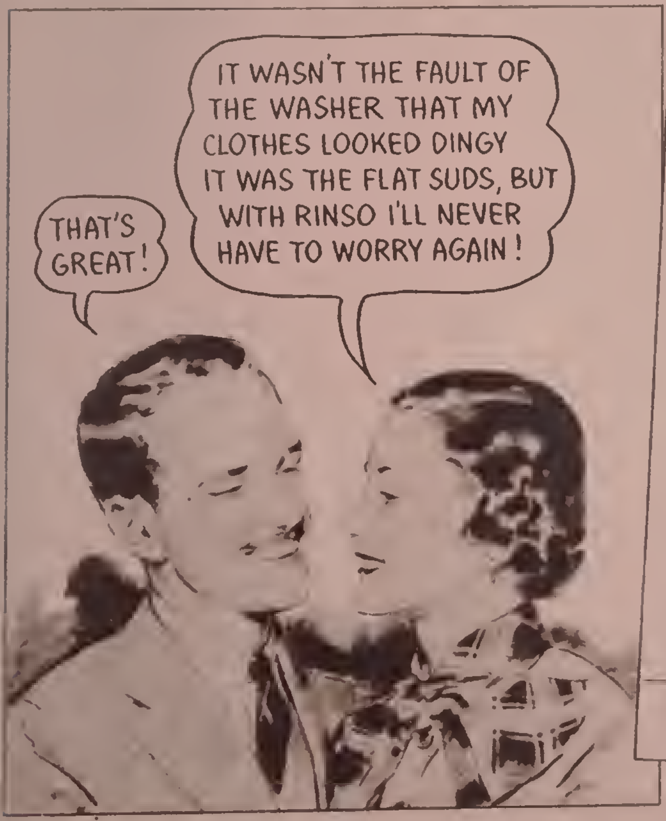
Lifebuoy, of course! It's mild, gentle, *kind* to the skin. Scientific tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Even on cool days, our pores give off a *quart* of odorous waste daily. Play safe with "B.O." (*body odor*)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses quickly away. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT


YOUR WASHING MACHINE IS FOUR YEARS OLD...YET YOUR CLOTHES ALWAYS COME OUT SO SNOWY
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO GET SNOW-WHITE WASHES FROM MY MACHINE
MY WASHER IS BRAND NEW... YET I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE CLOTHES SNOWY
THE AGE OF THE WASHER HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH THE WHITENESS OF THE WASH. IT'S THE SUDS THAT COUNT. TRY RINSO AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE
FOLLOWING MONDAY
WHY ALL THE SMILES? DID SOMEONE LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS?
OH, JIM. I'M SO HAPPY! LOOK! I USED A NEW KIND OF SOAP TODAY... RINSO... AND THE WASH TURNED OUT SO SNOWY


THAT'S GREAT!
IT WASN'T THE FAULT OF THE WASHER THAT MY CLOTHES LOOKED DINGY IT WAS THE FLAT SUDS, BUT WITH RINSO I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY AGAIN!

The makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for best results!"

- A B C
- American Beauty
- Apex
- Automatic
- Barton
- Bee-Vac
- Blackstone
- Boss
- Conlon
- Dexter
- Fairbanks-Morse
- Fairday
- Faultless
- Gainaday
- Haag
- Horton
- Magnetic
- Meadows
- National
- "1900"
- Norge
- One Minute
- Prima
- Rotarex
- Roto-Verso
- Savage
- Speed Queen
- Thor
- Universal
- Voss
- Westinghouse
- Whirldry
- Woodrow
- Zenith

AND for tub washing Rinso is truly remarkable. It *soaks* out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes come whiter, brighter—*safely*. They last 2 or 3 times longer, because they're not scrubbed threadbare. Gives rich suds—*even in hardest water*. Grand for dishes and *all* cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

A LITTLE GIVES A LOT OF SUDS
YES! EVEN IN WATER AS HARD AS NAILS
Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Carole **LOMBARD** *George* **RAFT**

This is the way to do La Rumba, the fascinating dance created by Veloz and Yolanda, in collaboration with LeRoy Prinz, Paramount Studio dance director. George and Carole will introduce it in their new film — "Rumba." At present, Carole is in the East for a vacation before starting work on "Renegade," opposite Gary Cooper. George is already busy with his role as a musician in "Stolen Harmony," with Ben Bernie and Grace Bradley.

Chapped busy hands made thrillingly smooth with HINDS

Smooth hands can say so much. But chapping, roughness, are ugly, unfeminine. Keep your hands nice with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds *does more* for your hands because Hinds is a rich cream—in liquid form. When you smooth in Hinds, it soaks dry abused skin deeply with healing oils. It quickly restores a thrilling smoothness.

Busy hands needn't chap or roughen. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soaks the skin with rich oils—to replace those "dried out" by hot suds or wind.

So easy. Rub in a little Hinds *after* soap tasks . . . and *before* bedtime. Just 1½ minutes' care a day gives lasting smoothness.

Soothe chapped little hands and knees with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It's easier to "wash clean" when Hinds keeps skin smooth.

Housecleaning today—yet her hands will look smooth and white when she goes to a party tonight. Hinds after housework is her secret!

IT is too bad to lose the endearing *smoothness of your hands when you can keep it so easily*—in spite of housework. It takes only about a minute and a half a day—it costs only a mere fraction of a cent a day—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream . . . And your hands *keep* that lovable smoothness.

So many women have decided that Hinds does *more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *liquid cream.* When you rub *in* Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing soothing oils—it replaces oils stolen from the skin by soap suds, housework and wind! Use Hinds after soap tasks—and always at night, to restore thrilling smoothness quickly. 50¢ and 25¢ in drug stores, a 10¢ size in the dime store.

HINDS
CREAM
HINDS
CREAM

HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935

ALL HOLLYWOOD IS GOING TO GLAMOROUS SANTA ANITA NOW

Above, the exclusive Santa Anita Turf Club, which has a practically all-star membership. Left, Raymond Cato, Chief of the State Highway Patrol, wishing Joe E. Brown luck with his tickets on the horses. At the right, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable in their box at the races.

INSIDE STUFF

By **PETER ABBOTT**

with Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: New romance for **Janet Gaynor: Harold Anderson,** wealthy holder of all labor-housing contracts for Boulder Dam, is new Gaynor Heart. Her doctor friend was hardly out of town before he was out of mind.

Elissa Landi files new suit for divorce against English lawyer-husband, charging he *suggested* that she go out with other men . . . as he was going to find solace among several lady friends. She went. He sued. Now, she sues!

Mickey Rooney breaks leg! Cast in the role of *Puck* in "Midsummer Night's Dream", the role that he made famous in the Hollywood stage version, Mickey suffers a bad break that may not heal in time to make picture. **George Breakston** will do long shots meanwhile . . . studio hopes Mickey well enough to make close-ups later. He was tobogganing when it happened.

Ramon Novarro leaves immediately for Mexico where he will produce own picture with actual background . . . "Against the Current." The rumor is out that Novarro will not return to M-G-M for pictures . . . this same story prevalent just before each option, however, so must be discounted as not reliable.

Clyde Beatty, Sr., celebrates 68th birthday . . . studio gang presents him with 50 lb. cake. He turned down $10,000,000 for his Universal studios the same day.

FLASH: It's a cinch now that **Isabel Jewell** and **Lee Tracy** will never marry! In fact, she has a new heart, **William Tannen,** M-G-M actor.

Ex-wife of actor **Henry Kolker** found frozen to death on beach of Brooklyn Bay . . . wore mink coat . . . may have been suicide, but spray from waves left her covered with ice.

FLASH: "I will meet **Willy Fritsch** in London when I arrive, and we will be married almost immediately . . . that is, if time and distance haven't changed our love!" says **Lilian Harvey.**

* * *

SOMETHING new under the Hollywood sun—a *preview premiere*. Without benefit of spotlights, ermine coats or radio announcers "David Copperfield" was previewed at Grauman's Chinese Theatre along with the showing of Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions." Because it was an informal affair "they" merely wore sable and mink coats with their street clothes! It was a big night for the tourists and conspicuously among those present were these celebrities:

Constance Bennett, dripping in mink, and loudly assuring David Selznick, who produced the picture, that he deserved "*all* the credit!" Ah, there Connie!

Clark Gable in a yellow-and-brown striped sports coat getting plenty of attention from the photographers who had never seen anything like it—not the picture, the coat! The Gables were in a party with Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

Gilbert Roland still weeping on his way out of the theatre. (Connie Bennett noisily assuring Selznick that when Gil cries he is really touched.)

Wallace Beery and Rita leaving the spotlight to the others and taking an inconspicuous departure with the tourists through a side door.

Claudette Colbert perfectly stunning in an enormous black hat which she forgot to remove during the picture and the visiting firemen behind her were too impressed by her importance to ask her to remove it.

When we left, you could still hear Connie Bennett telling David Selznick how "marvelous" it all was!

(*Continued on page* 28)

The GIBSON FAMILY

DOT MARSH, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

TODAY Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

IVORY FLAKES · $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

"PURL TWO — SLIP ONE," recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already!*"

"When and *if* it gets done, Miss Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES

"DAT OL' TEA SET of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful'," says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS

"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"

TWO HOURS OUT OF HOLLYWOOD THE STARS MEET AT SANTA ANITA

(*Continued from page* 26)

WHEN Dixie Lee Crosby returned to the screen with Joe Morrison in "Win Or Lose" she developed a mild case of temperament about husband, Bing, dropping over on the set to watch her work. In fact, she refused to work as long as Bing remained on the set, on the grounds that he made her nervous.

But Bing has been coming over to the studio, anyway, holding court in his dressing room. The Crosbys usually lunched together.

But the other day when Dixie arrived at the noon hour she found the crooner's door tightly locked. She pounded. No answer. She pounded again.

Suddenly the crooner's hand was observed putting a little card in the window. It read: I CANNOT EAT WHILE YOU ARE WATCHING. YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS. GO AWAY.

Must have been fun at home that evening with the Crosbys!

* * *

GEORGE RAFT, hard-berled Georgie on the screen, has turned nurse maid! And what's more he loves it.

Virginia Pine's little daughter absolutely refuses to go to bed at night unless George is there to tuck her in and read her bedtime story.

* * *

THE Green-Eyed Monster has got Stepin Fetchit and got him bad.

Until the arrival of that tap dancin' fool, Bill Robinson, on the Fox lot, Step had always been the laziest guy in the world. He wasn't caring a darn whether school kept or not. He was the star "colored" attraction of the movies and if the studio wanted him they could come a-looking down on Central Avenue. Step figured he was in a class by himself. And then came the equally colored Mr. Robinson!

Now Step reports promptly at the studio every day. He makes a point to get around to greet the various directors and the other afternoon he dropped by the publicity department to respectfully suggest a "publicity campaign" on himself.

In the meantime he's doing considerable checking on the "publicity campaign" of Mr. Robinson!

* * *

THERE are many who doubt if Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., will ever return to this country again. Mary has gone through with her divorce and Doug has admitted he is definitely finished with an active screen career. If he marries Lady Ashley it's better than an even money bet he won't come back. From friends close to him comes the information that his feeling for the titled Englishwoman is very genuine.

We were one of the few reporters to talk to Fairbanks during his recent trip to Hollywood. Though he tried in every way to hide the fact, even going so far as to bluster a little bit, there can be no doubt but that Doug keenly felt the chilliness of his American reception. Maybe, as one of his former pals said: "Well, he asked for it" . . . but there's something a little sad about the fate of the former idol in his own country.

* * *

JUST recently Buddy Rogers' manager inserted an "Ad" in a trade paper letting the world know that Buddy's fine saddle horse Sugar was for sale. The slogan on the Ad was: *Gentle for ladies.*

The horse—or Buddy?

* * *

VIRGINIA BRUCE GILBERT'S little daughter Susan is an avid fan magazine looker-at-er. Every time she turns a page to a pretty picture she screams "Mamma" at the top of her lungs whether it is Mamma—or not.

* * *

FOR the first time since the beginning of their artistic alliance, Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg did not celebrate her birthday dinner together!

In the past this has always been a very special event . . . a quiet affair celebrated in Marlene's home with only Joe and little Maria and Rudy Seiber present.

But this year Marlene gaily celebrated her natal day with a party at the Trocadero while von Sternberg was conspicuously absent from the guest list which included Rouben Mamoulian, Felixe Rolo who Hollywood, and probably Marlene, originally, assumed to be a Prince but who isn't, and Rudy Seiber. At exactly eleven o'clock the manage-

On the opposite page, left, Mae Clarke reading the official program at lunch. This was her first time out.

Center, Gene Raymond came out to Santa Anita with his brother. They're watching the posting of bets.

The picture at the right, opposite page, is of Bing Crosby. Who else would dress like this — and not care?

Ah, here are the bangtails themselves, walking out to the start. Clark Gable's goes to the post for the first time.

ment surprised Marlene with a gorgeous little birthday cake.

Verily, it appears to be "all over" between Marlene and her director-discoverer.

* * *

SEEIN' *Things In Hollywood*: That was Loretta Young dining with Ronald Colman in the new supper room of the Roosevelt Hotel the other evening . . . Constance Bennett's new Holmby Hills house is an enormous red brick affair . . . her neighbors are Fredric March on the one side and Anita Stewart on the other . . . Mrs. Clark Gable is giving Bebe Daniels an awful run for her honors of best *femme* bridge player in town . . . Gloria Swanson's favorite color for Spring is purple . . . she has three new outfits in that shade . . . Myrna Loy has an awful yen for California's lowliest flower, the common geranium . . . she keeps little painted pots of them about her everywhere . . . The whole town rejoices with Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown over the recovery of their infant son from a serious ear ailment . . . the little fellow was pretty sick for awhile . . . Joan Crawford's favorite gift book is Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* . . . it breaks her heart that only two of her pals have been able to "get through it" . . . Helen Hayes knitted four sweaters on the set between scenes during the shooting of "Vanessa" . . . two for the baby . . . one for Charlie MacArthur and one for herself . . . Fred Astaire grinning from ear to ear collecting a "long shot" bet at the cashier's window at Santa Anita. . . . Bing Crosby arriving on the set of "Mississippi" with an enormous chocolate cake for his newest admirer, the little five-year-old pickaninny singer . . . Bing put away as much of the cake as the kid did.

Two of the 46,000,000

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief . . . well that laxative *must* be *good*. When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different . . . and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle*. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes — at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE . . . and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up — KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON — TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name____________________

Address____________________

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Above, the pair lunching at Santa Anita, is Mary Brian and Dick Powell. The other guy, between 'em, is Bert Wheeler.

Above, our own Gwenn Walters, who offers MOVIE MIRROR'S Star Fashions each month, sits 'twixt Ruby and Al Jolson in their box at Santa Anita.

SANTA ANITA—HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FAD

Above, a swell shot of the paddock where you go between races to decide on "your" horse.

Bob Montgomery and Chester Morris were the only Hollywood lads who wore "correct" derbies.

Robert Montgomery received an emergency telephone call from the caretakers at his Connecticut farm home the other night.

"What shall we do, Mr. Montgomery?" the elderly couple yelled into the 'phone. "The furnace is broken, there's a terrific blizzard, it's twelve below zero and there's six feet of snow banked against the house? What would you do?"

"I think," said Bob, "I'd go to Florida!"

* * *

EVERY studio in town has a "truant officer" posted at Santa Anita racetrack checking up on writers, directors and actors who should be at the studio!

* * *

GEORGE RAFT is having himself a fine time.

Since his valet went to work in "Mississippi" and his boon companion "The Killer" got a bit in "Car 99" George hasn't been able to step foot in his own dressing room. It takes the boys quite a while to make up and prepare for their "roles."

The pay-off came the other day when the Killer complained that Georgie's greasepaint was an unbecoming color for *him!*

* * *

FRED KEATING has a very difficult-to-find home Casa Escrow in the Hollywood hills. But in spite of this Fred loves to give parties where he performs all his swell tricks, including the famous disappearing canary stunt. The idea is—now you see the little canary singing happily in the cage, a wave of Fred's hand and you *don't.*

Jimmy Gleason and his wife were invited to Fred's home one evening to see the famous trick. But they couldn't find the house. After an hour of roaming the foothills they returned to a Western Union office and sent the following wire:

IS IT THE BIRD OR THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARS IN THE CAGE?

* * *

WHY Mr. Arliss!

Just recently the Hollywood Woman's Press Club met in a private dining room at an exclusive apartment house in Hollywood, the same that shelters George Arliss. Until the arrival of the members the door was left open and the press ladies could be heard chatting and laughing and swapping the latest Hollywood gossip stories.

Suddenly George Arliss planked himself in the door and just stood there, looking in with a great deal of curiosity and interest, and listening to all the talk. For minutes he stood there seemingly engrossed in this spectacle.

The press ladies had often gaped at a movie star—but this is the first time on record a great star reversed the tables and gaped at the press!

WHEN Carole Lombard left on her vacation to Europe she sent all her pals a bottle of her favorite perfume with the following card enclosed:

Just to remember me by . . . Carole.

The gal thinks of the grandest things to do.

* * *

GRETA GARBO and George Brent went to the races at Santa Anita partially "disguised" in dark glasses. By staying away from the crowd in the swanky Turf Club and taking cheaper seats in the Grandstand they had a swell time without being bothered—much.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "there is Greta Garbo!"

"No, it isn't, dear" said Mamma, smiling apologetically at Garbo whom she did not recognize. George almost doubled up with mirth. Even Greta giggled.

* * *

LIBBY TAYLOR, famous colored maid of Mae West's has a new job. Libby, in a blonde wig is now standing in for Mae. She went on a diet and now has her figure down to the exact poundage of her glamorous employer!

* * *

THE most quoted joke of the month is on Chester Morris, but Chet's a good scout and can take it:

For a long time Chester has been giving his friends, and interviewers, a long song and dance about the health-building glories of his swimming pool. In fact, to hear him tell it, the pool has moral uplift. "No more night clubs, no more sitting in smoke-filled rooms for us," Chet was wont to boast, pounding his chest and then going into a back-dive or a flip-up or whatever one does in a swimming pool to indicate the pink of condition.

One magazine editor was so impressed with the build-up he asked permission to send out his photographer to get pictures of the Morris family at the health-giving pool. Chet enthusiastically agreed.

A couple of days went by. The photographer arrived at the Morris home. Could the family pose immediately by the pool?

"Sorry," said the butler, "but Mr. and Mrs. Morris and both the children are ill in bed with colds!"

* * *

THE latest hangover from the success of "The Thin Man" are little *rubber fire-hydrants*! You give 'em to your dogs! Remember?

* * *

LORETTA YOUNG entertained with a cocktail tea the other Sunday afternoon. Among those present were the Frank Borzages, the William Howards, Elizabeth Allan and her estranged husband and about twenty others.

Imagine everyone's surprise when Spencer Tracy suddenly arrived on the scene!

No, it isn't the re-kindling of their famous romance. Both Loretta and Spenc insist everything romantic is "all over" between them. But they have remained the best of friends. Loretta's family is very fond of Spenc and he of them. So every now and then he just drops up to say "Hello."

* * *

HOWARD WILSON, young Paramount player and fiancé of Sue Carol is a (*Continued on page* 109)

Collecting on their winning tickets: Jimmie Durante, Chico Marx, his daughter, Mrs. Marx, and Mrs. Durante. They're happy!

I was half sick all the time

● I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing mint flavor. Try it next time. 15 and 25c at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

A *Fortune* FOR PLAYTHINGS

Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? **Results,** *that's all!*

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick cleansing, gentle acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine
TOOTH POWDER
25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢

There IS PRIVACY In Hollywood!

Ronald Colman finds it the only private-life town in the world! He knows!

By WALTER RAMSEY

In every corner of the globe, except Hollywood, a movie star is hounded, disturbed, exploited, says Ronnie. Right, in "Clive of India."

"HOLLYWOOD is the only place in the world that permits me to be myself, to live my life as conservatively as I choose and pick my *own* spotlight hours! The more I travel, the more I am convinced that the only peace-of-mind I shall find as long as I continue an active screen career, is right here in Hollywood!"

In my time, I've heard Hollywood damned with faint praise, praised with faint "damns" and indicted without any restraint. Helen Hayes once called it an animal cage. Joan Crawford has blamed the glare of the Hollywood spotlight for many of the tragedies of her life—including her divorce. Garbo is continually tanking she'll go home. Yet—

THERE sat Ronald Colman, reserved, aloof Mr. Colman, whose fetish for privacy is almost as well known as Sally Rand's bitter resentment against it, calmly telling me that as far as he was concerned, Hollywood was the only place in the world that allows him a private life! Of course, there are "first times" for everything—and most certainly this is the first time Hollywood has ever been accused of peace and quiet.

"Clive of India" had been finished but twenty-four hours as we now sat in Colman's new (and very unique) dressing room discussing Hollywood's cabbages and kings. We'd gone rather deeply into the subject of new pictures, the clean-up campaign, the excellence of the vintages at the *Trocadero*, the merits and demerits of Hollywood tailoring and the deplorable state of the local theater, when we finally got around to film production in Ronnie's native England.

I happened to know that he had just received a tremendous offer (cash) to return to London and make two British films and I am told that, with a bit of diplomatic coaxing, he would have been able to obtain a leave of absence from his present Twentieth Century contract. I was surprised he had not accepted. Mostly, I presume, because there has always been the idea in the back of my mind (based no doubt on the fact that he seldom goes anywhere or does anything) that Hollywood life was distasteful to him and that he would welcome a working-vacation among his own people. The English, so they tell me, are conservative, well-mannered fans, most respectful of their celebrity kings and queens. In England, I suggested, Mr. Colman could live without the continual blare of the Hollywood trumpets, the ever-present din of reporters and flash bulbs, all very quietly, very nicely.

"IN London," said Mr. Colman dryly and without changing the tenor of his well-modulated voice, "the fans are, what we usually call, *rabid!* Let me tell you a short story that will enlighten you about London's so-called privacy:

"For years, I had been telling Bill Powell about London—and all the quaint, little spots that I would some day point out to him. We had looked forward to it. One morning, during my last stay in London, I received a surprise call from Bill. He was in town and was anxious to 'see London' as I had promised him. Within the hour, he was in my rooms and we had decided to take a taxi (one of those open-tonneau types) to start with. We got a cab at the door and began our long-planned trip.

"Five minutes later, the fun was over!

"Rounding the first corner, we ran into a bad traffic jam. Our driver crowded up to the front as far as possible and on both sides of the cab were busses. In spite of dark glasses and all our hopes, a (*Continued on page 86*)

What has Changed

by GAIL ROGERS

"There isn't a dark corner in it," Dolores says of the stream-lined house which scoffs at everything old from its site at Santa Monica Canyon.

A HOUSE, a large one with many windows and a southern exposure, changed the entire arrangement of Dolores Del Rio's life!

And although this statement carries the suspicious twang of a typical Hollywood quip, it is true, and the story behind it is beautiful.

Dolores told me that she disliked the house at first. She went to live in it only because the man she loved and married four years ago had designed and built it. The man was (and still is) Cedric Gibbons, art director for M-G-M studios.

The house was (and still is) typically Gibbons. If you have noticed the modernistic sets he creates for the Metro productions (and how could you help but notice them) you have an excellent idea of just what Dolores saw the first day Cedric took her on a tour of inspection over the almost completed home he had built for her in Santa Monica Canyon.

Dolores saw a twelve-room house, relentlessly adhering to the "style moderne", with entire walls dedicated to plate glass windows, and a series of white stucco stream lines that seemed to be thumbing invisible noses at every traditional architectural idea.

In fact, the whole idea of the house seemed to scoff at everything old, and to scorn with contemptuous sneers all that smacked of custom, precedent or ancestral dogma.

DOLORES DEL RIO?

How one particular, super-modern house, built and decorated by one man in particular, completely transformed a tragic-eyed woman of dark moods and agonies

He taught her laughter, did Cedric Gibbons, day-dreaming Irishman, of the flawless sense of humor and the genius for creating amazing sets.

And Dolores, still loyal to antiques, recoiled from it. She thought of her own richly caparisoned Spanish villa in the Hollywood hills (she lived there before her marriage to Gibbons) and wondered if there wasn't some tactful loophole through which she could draw Cedric's consent to live in her home after the ceremony.

But there was always something in that Irishman's eyes when he was creating a divan, a stairway or a microscopic light fixture for their new house that silenced Dolores again and again, when the very words were all but tumbling from her lips.

ONE afternoon, in the now famous super-modern, beige, henna and white living-room of the Gibbons-Del Rio home, Dolores asked me if I remembered her four years ago, before she came to live in a house of metal and glass and before her marriage to Cedric.

Yes, I recalled the Del Rio of those days vividly, as stately, as somber and as beautifully sad as all traditional Spanish ladies are supposed to be.

"That was before I had learned to laugh," she told me. "Cedric and this house have taught me how. I've just discovered that very few people really know what real laughter is, and what it can do to one's life.

"And do you remember my big house in the hills? It was literally packed with priceless antiques that I believed beautiful just because they were old. I had been brought up to respect old ideas and old things as more important, intelligent and desirous than anything new.

"My chief hobby in those days was collecting ancient pieces of lace, imagine that, and old Mexican silverware, but the latter collection proved worthwhile. I actually used much of that precious lace for my evening gowns, and I set it off with the oldest and heaviest jewelry I could find.

"The walls of that house were hung with old paintings that were as heavy and gloomy as the old brocade draped over the windows, shutting out the sunlight.

"And did you ever attend one of (*Continued on page 89*)

The Stars CAN "TAKE IT"

It's Nate Slott's job to prepare stars for their battles before the camera and to keep them fit to withstand the rigors of picture making. Here he is working with Paul Muni for his "Seven Faces."

FOR twelve years I have been a trainer of Hollywood stars.

I have prepared them for their battles before the camera, have kept them in physical condition to withstand the rigors of picture making, and have worked in motion pictures myself.

In the course of the years I have come to know many of the players intimately, not as their public knows them, but as one who has seen them off parade, with their hair down, so to speak.

I'll give you a glimpse of them as they really are.

Ben Lyon was one of my first pupils. As a professional boxer, I had come to Hollywood on a vacation, had fought a few fights, and then had settled down to my present business as trainer.

I met Ben when I was working on a picture. I was helping with a fight sequence. Between shots I noticed a slender young juvenile actor watching me intently. Later, in the showers, he approached me:

"I'm Ben Lyon," he said, with a grin. "I've never had a glove on. I'd like to learn to box. Will you teach me?"

"When do we start?" I asked, by way of an answer.

"Right now!" he exclaimed. He planted a well directed kick. That was the beginning of a friendship which endures to this day.

Ben didn't look very husky in those days. When I told him the routine, he shuddered. But he was game. It called for five miles of road work a day, squash, handball, mat exercises in the gym and at least four rounds of fast boxing.

Ben was a good pupil. Before I knew it, he began to hit me more frequently than I liked. His thin body began to bulge with rolls of muscle. Then came the first practical test of my training.

We were working out at the Hollywood Athletic Club when an actor, a keen rival of Ben's, walked into the gym. We knew him to be an accomplished boxer and so were surprised when he challenged Ben to put on the gloves with him. Ben was too game to refuse, although he had never boxed anyone but me. Something in the other fellow's eye told me that he was going to try to do things to Ben's face.

As the end of the third round grew near they were both

A Famous Trainer Gives You the Lowdown on His Experiences with Famous Players He Has Trained

Above, Nate Slott works with Dick Arlen on "The Man I Love." Without his help, the fight scenes would have looked silly.

by NATE SLOTT

the fellow who's paid to make 'em "take it"

There was the time when the pugnacious stranger picked a fight with Ben Lyon in a Salt Lake City Café. That's one occasion when Nate's training came in handy for Ben, all right!

bruised and bleeding. Suddenly Ben threw a terrific right and it was curtains for his opponent. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Another time when Ben's training as a boxer came into practical use was when we were on location in Salt Lake City. A party, consisting of Marie Prevost, her sister, Ben, myself and several local social lights had gone to a café to dance. We were enjoying a quiet evening when I noticed two typical bullies approaching our table.

"There's Ben Lyon, the movie Romeo," said one, winking at his companion, "let's grab the table next to him."

The remark was made in a loud, sneering tone and attracted the attention of the entire café. He accompanied it with a loud and insulting Bronx cheer. I glanced at Ben. His jaw tightened but he calmly reached for a smoke. The larger of the two men leaned over Miss Prevost's shoulder and bawled:

"Hey, Lyon, have a drink on me—or are you too high hat?"

"No, thanks!" said Ben quietly.

"Too good for us, eh, sissy?" (*Continued on page* 73)

THE TWO SIDES

By JACK REGAN

There's the cuckoo side which makes you feel that he's stepped out of one of his movies. Ten o'clock, Sunday morning—come on! It's gonna be fun

WHAT a business this fan writing is! All my life I've made it a rule not to mix business and pleasure. So what happens? So I have to do a story on W. C. Fields—after avoiding it for years.

So I call up the Paramount Studios where Mr. Fields labors—or, at least, gets paid.

"I want to see Bill Fields," I announce.

"Mr. Fields," it is their turn to announce, when they call me back, "is, as you know, writing the script of his new picture. All his time on the set, at lunch and at night is taken up with his work—his writing. But he says if you will come out at ten o'clock Sunday morning—"

"Ten o'clock Sunday morning?" I repeat stupidly, because I'd never even heard of ten o'clock Sunday morning. And then a bright thought strikes me: "He means breakfast," I exult. "Mr. Fields is a widely traveled gentleman. *He* knows what's what. Probably strawberries and cream, an omelet, fried chicken, hot biscuits and honey—and laughs."

Promptly at ten o'clock Sunday morning—having looked in the almanac and found that ten o'clock Sunday morning is really a date and no gag—I knocked on the door of Mr. Fields' home. The wooden door was open and the screen door was latched, so I couldn't get to the knocker. I rapped with my knuckles—and waited.

AFTER perhaps ten minutes I began looking around. I was standing in a patio with a green awning over it, a fish pond containing a half dozen goldfish with Mae West curves, an old wagon wheel with one spoke missing (a relic of old Spain, he told me afterwards), a couple or three easy chairs, a card table with several sheets of yellow paper all covered with writing and a pad of white paper covered with sketches—or were they? There was also a glass with about an inch of what looked like honey in the bottom. That was all.

So I knocked again. Presently Mr. Fields appeared. Mr. Fields was a vision, no less. Starting at the top and working down—his hair was combed in that careless fashion he affects of not having been combed at all. His shirt was brown—open at the throat—his trousers were brown, he had on brown suede sneakers (new) and a beige colored sweater—camel's hair.

"Hullo," he observed doubtfully.

"You get no breaks," I informed him gayly. "I'm here."

"I was afraid of that," said Mr. Fields glumly. "Come in."

The 'phone rang. "Excuse me," said Mr. Fields.

From where I stood I couldn't help but overhear. "Hullo," said Mr. Fields. There was a moment's silence while the party at the other end groped for—or made—some suitable retort. After another moment or two Mr. Fields began to grow excited. "Listen, Greg," he expostulated, "why should I go out there and lose some more money?"

He was interrupted there. I could tell he was interrupted because his voice ended on a querulous note as though he hadn't finished speaking. Possibly Greg had thought of some reasons why he should go out there—wherever "there" was—and lose some more money. Maybe Greg was hungry and needed money.

"No," said Mr. Fields finally, "I'm sick and I've got a lot of work to do. I better stay home and rest today. How about dinner this evening at the Vendome? I'll call you tonight. . . . At your home. . . . All right. Goodbye."

Mr. Fields returned and I noted with dismay he was chewing on a toothpick. Breakfast was over!

With a sinking heart I followed him back to the patio, determined to keep up a brave front, hide my chagrin and let nothing spoil this to-be-brilliant interview.

"Mr. Fields," I began in my best reportorial manner, "we have practically unlimited

(*Continued on page 69*)

OF W. C. FIELDS

By GRACE REED

Then there's the unexpected side—that shows you the half-naked homeless lad who became the man you learn to know in these two fine stories

IF you can rub against the gritty edges of life without flinching, then read this story.

If you can't, skip it.

For this is a rugged vignette of W. C. Fields, that funny man. Across the page you can read about the W. C. Fields the world sees. This is the other side of him, and the yarn is not a pretty one, with no Horatio Alger twists to sweeten it.

Bill was born on the wrong side of the tracks in Philadelphia. He was the oldest of five children and his clearest recollections of his mother has to do with that mild mannered Irish lady's ceaseless maneuvers to keep peace between his father and himself.

She had a little set tableaux handy when the family storm signals were flying. Her favorite ruse (because it usually worked) was to urge Papa Fields to the door and coax him to prognosticate the weather for her.

"No one can tell about rain and snow the way you can, Pa," she would quickly throw into the heaving middle of a sudden scission between father and son. "Now come here to the door and look yonder at the sky the way you always do, and tell me if I can hang out the wash tomorrow. Come on, Pa, you're better than the weather man in the newspapers. I always say to Mrs. O'Brien, you're the only one who really knows—"

Pa Fields was distracted thereby and peace was usually shakily restored to the Fields' bleak and comfortless hearth.

When Bill was eleven he was taken out of school and put to work in a down-town clothing store (the Fields were suffering one of their recurrent depressions), his two dollar salary automatically turned over to his father every Saturday night. In this same store Bill met George Bancroft, who was working for the same princely wage.

ZERO weather and blizzards were never considered sufficient impedimenta to warrant the squandering of carfare, so Bill walked the five miles to and from work, good seasons and bad, without question.

He was a thin, shrunken little boy, with a mop of whitish hair, an undernourished pallor and a pair of feverishly bright blue eyes. His appearance belied his strength, however. For in spite of his starveling size, he was tough, and he kicked and socked his way to the leadership of a rough gang of youngsters, whose robust knavery was their only escape from the poverty of their homes.

The gang recognized but one worthy foe, the cop on the beat.

"It's funny about cops in those days," Bill reminisced. "No one living on the wrong side of town or wearing shabby clothes got a decent break. The kids in our neighborhood were chased on sight by every bluecoat. We had a special cry of alarm when a copper hove into sight, and all of us would beat it for cover in the tall weeds of the vacant lots."

Now Bill admits that he was never able to take these chases philosophically. He hated the cops and he hated the shameful running from those threatening and unjust billy-clubs.

It was Bill who devised the scheme to dig a secret club-house for the gang in one of the vacant lots on the outskirts of the city. Everyone pitched in with frenzy and very soon an enormous dent had been made in some of Philadelphia's choicest future real estate.

The underground hide-out was securely camouflaged from an unsympathetic world in general and the cops in particular by planks skillfully covered with piles of brush and weeds, and every member of the gang was sworn to secrecy upon pain of a sound thrashing.

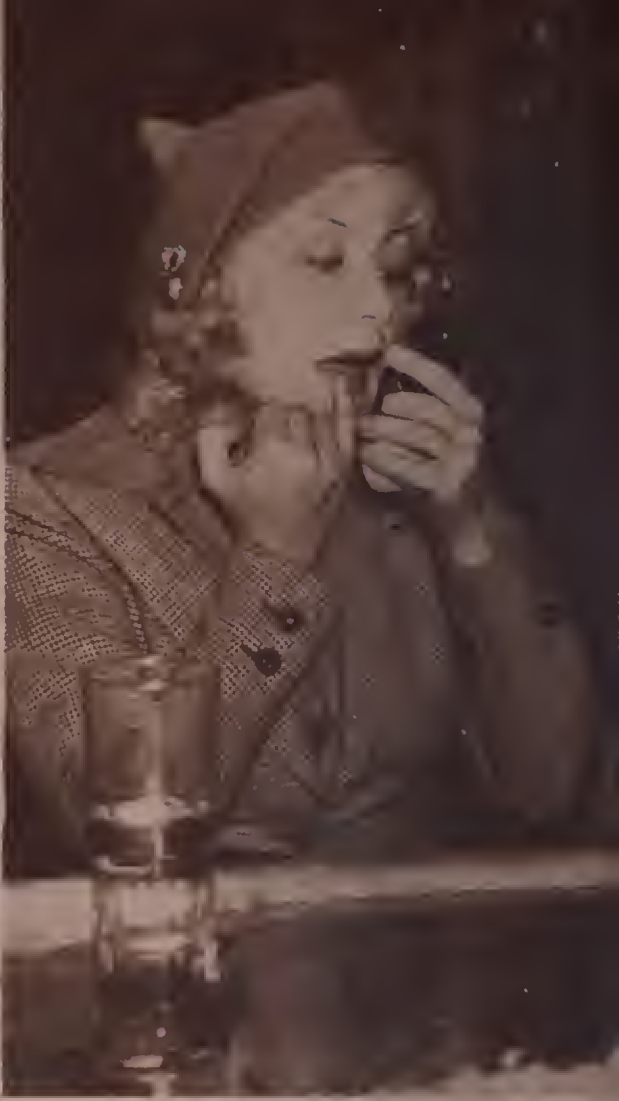
The "club-house" was Bill's fixation. In some way it became all the toys, the normal recreations and the fun he had missed in his short life. In those days there were no Y. M. C. A.'s, no movies, no free playgrounds. Bill's single outlet was a preening pride in that

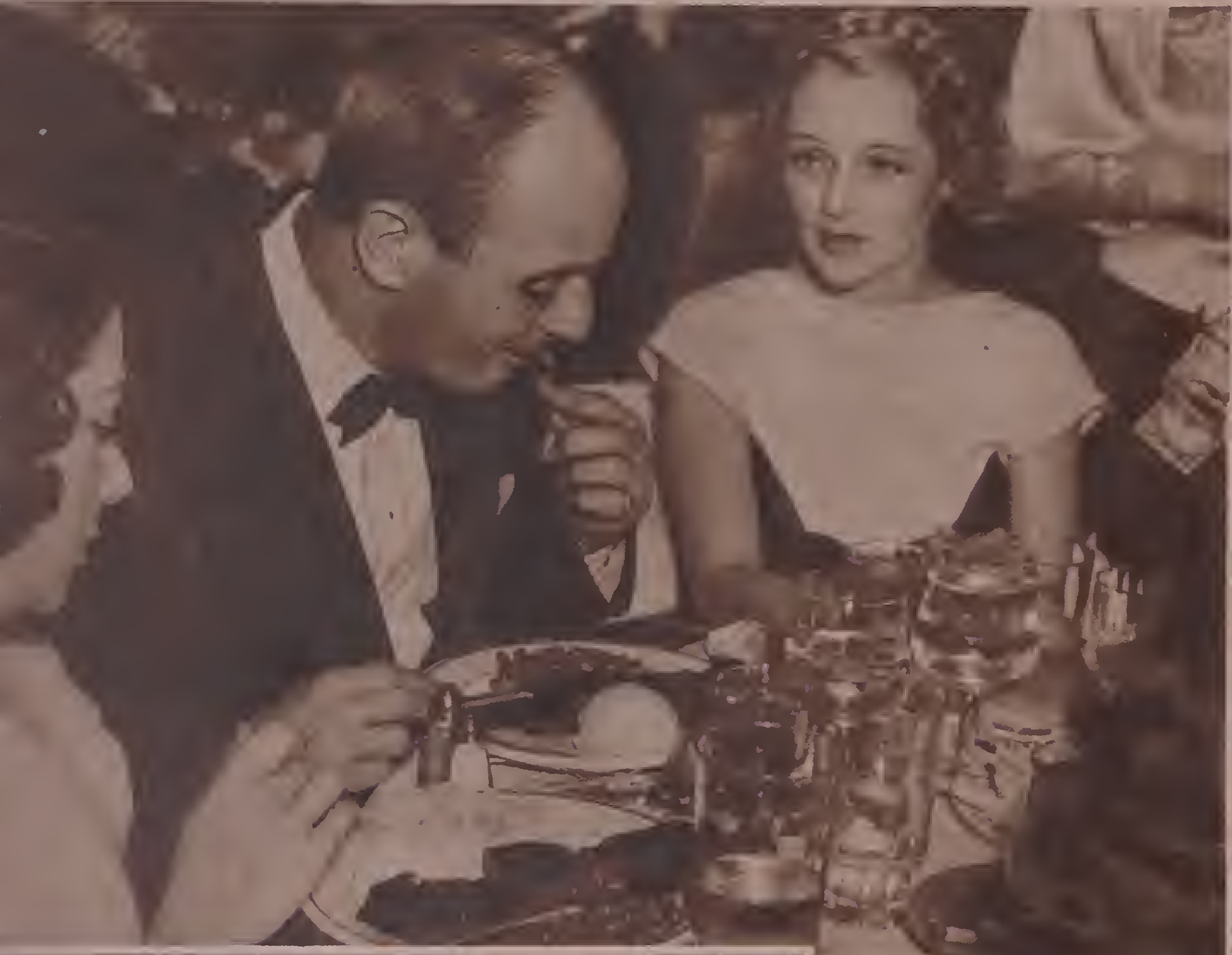
(*Continued on page* 71)

Hollywood off Guard

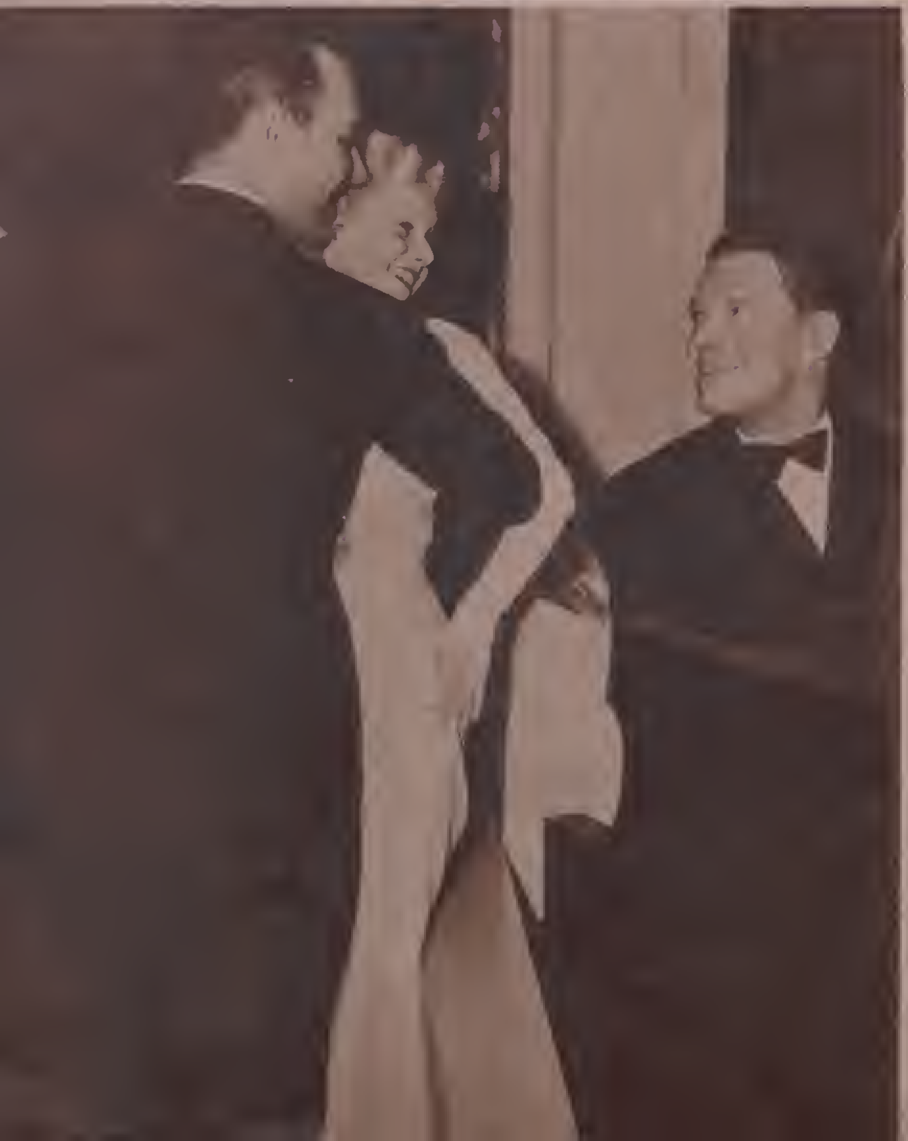
HYMAN FINK CATCHES THE STARS UNAWARES AT THE TROCADERO

Hyman's finest achievement in recent months — these superb snoopshots taken with a Contax Candid Camera show you the stars when they don't know you're looking. Right, Joan Blondell and hubby, George.



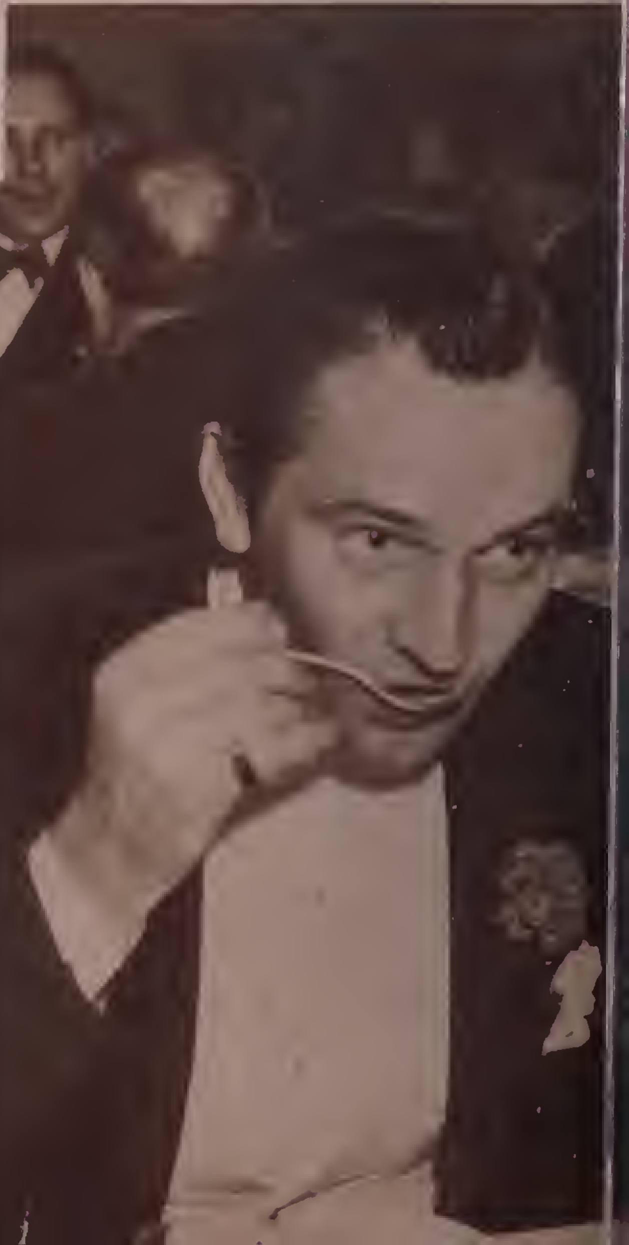


Left, disaster in the offing! The reason for Sally Eiler's worried look, as you can see, is that husband Harry Joe Brown has his fork upside down. Just an absent-minded director! The lady in profile is Edith Wilkerson, wife of the Trocadero's proprietor.



Right, a little picture entitled, "Zzzoup!" The gentleman in this early Twentieth Century masterpiece is Freddie March, famous movie star of that day. The Lady With Bouillon Cup in Hand is Mary Astor.

Left, they don't give a Continental — it looks more like a fox trot. Do we have to tell you that the lady in this striking shot is Jean Harlow and that the gent is Bill Haines? Pianist is Phil Olman, late of Olman and Arden.



A waiter almost robbed Hyman Fink of this superb glimpse of dancers, Marian Nixon and hubby, by stepping in front of the camera — almost. But Massa Fink tripped the waiter just in time

Joby, don't blow that horn! Your husband, Dick Arlen, doesn't like it, even though Ben Bernie, the old cigar-smoking maestro, seems to be egging you on without his baton.

The snap below was made so quickly you can see the liquid which Wally, maitre d'hotel, is pouring into Mrs. Harold Lloyd's glass. Harold and the Missus seem to be enjoying themselves.

NIGHT LIFE of the THAL

THE people who have more fun than anybody are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

I know we've heard Norma referred to in many ways from the First Lady of the Screen to that blooming Efficiency Expert of popular legend. And Irving Thalberg has been titled everything from the Boy Wonder to the Big Brain. Taken together as Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg they've rated higher in film aristocracy than any other couple since Mary and Doug abandoned their royal robes for front page scampers. But to the best of anyone's knowledge I bet this is the first time you've ever heard Norma and Irving Thalberg referred to as those mad, mad Thalbergs who could give odds and points to the mad, mad *Marches* (of *Green Hat* fame) or the ex-mad, mad Barrymores and beat them at their own game.

I know the popular conception among tourists and visiting Elks, picture people who don't know them, and New York playwrights who have cooled their heels in The Little Giant's private office for days at a time, is that the Thalbergs probably don't have any fun at all. How could they think otherwise with all the stories about what a Devoted Wife and Mother Norma is, and how Irving never really leaves the studio but brings it right home with him. I've actually scampered behind M-G-M sound stages (along with a couple of scenario writers, four or five assistant directors and even a few actors) to get out of the way when Thalberg-and-retinue strode by! Glimpsed informally on the lot there always seemed to be a million dollar glint in Mr. Thalberg's eye that boded ill for small talk or chit-chat. Along with a great majority of Hollywooders I was completely sold on the idea the Thalbergs were Busy and Efficient People!

I could just picture them in the evening, Norma wearing some little model Hattie Carnegie had whipped up for her, sitting correctly on one yellow divan flanking the fireplace, and Mr. Thalberg on the other, carrying on something in the nature of the following conversation:

Norma: "Mr. Thalberg, how much do you think 'The Barretts Of Wimpole Street' will gross?"

Mr. Thalberg: "Probably one million, five-hundred and sixty-two thousand four-hundred and twenty dollars and fourteen cents."

Norma: "Oh, dear, I had so hoped it would be one-million, five-hundred and sixty-two thousand four-hundred and twenty dollars and fifteen cents!"

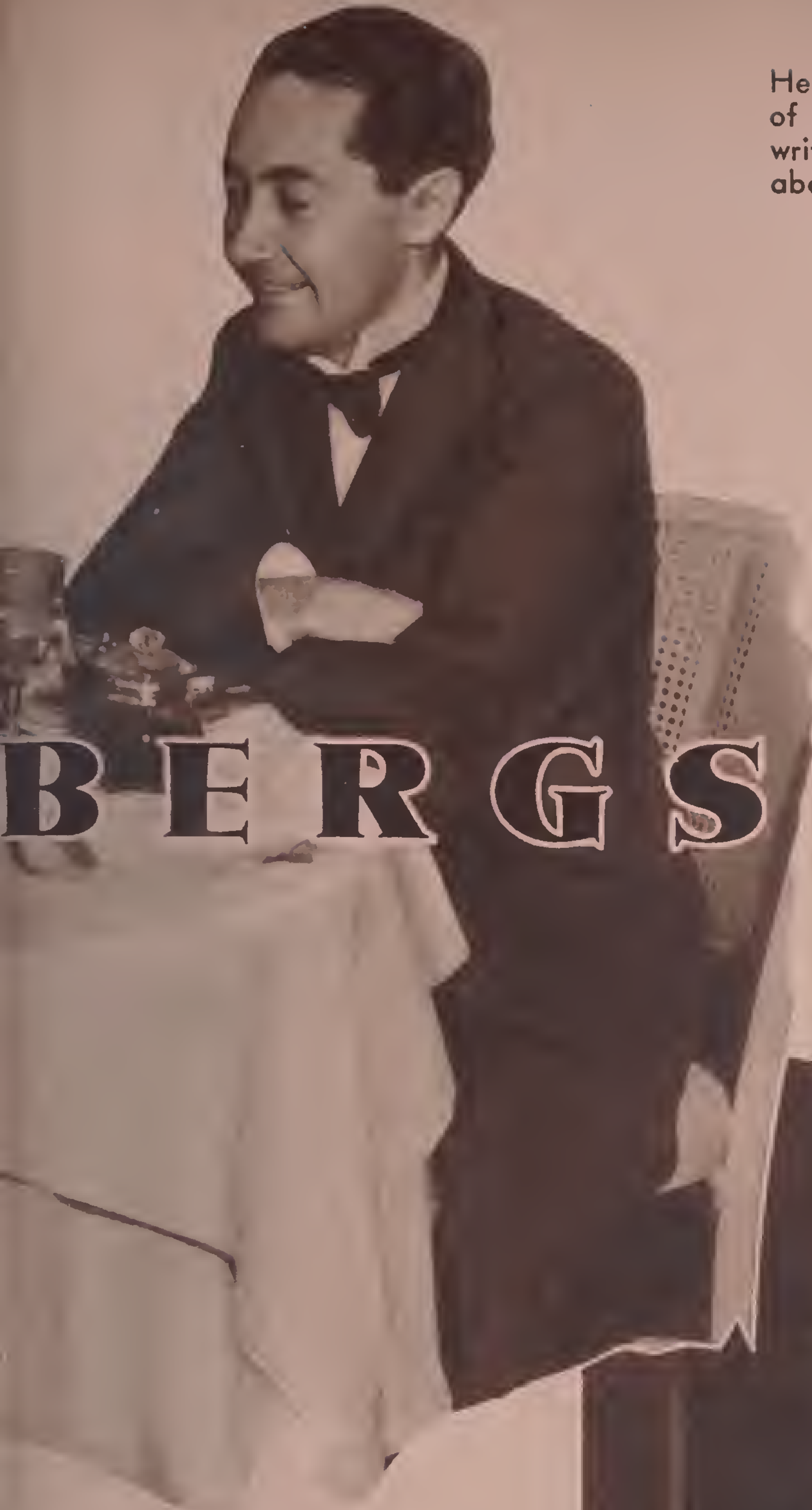
Come to think of it, I might have gone through life with Thalberg ideas like that, if it hadn't been for that night (a week ago Saturday night it was) at the *Cocoanut Grove* when the Thalbergs came in and sat down at our table for an hour while they waited for their own party . . . and ate all our olives and Melba toast. After Hollywood aristocracy has sat down and eaten all your olives and Melba toast . . . well, you just get a different slant on Hollywood aristocracy!

Their arrival was heralded with a hectic commotion at the entrance. Headwaiters and sub-waiters began knocking one another's heads in their mad dash to the side of a solitary couple, a slender girl in a black velvet suit and smart tricorn hat, and by her side, a slender young man in dinner clothes. I never heard so many different dialects and versions of: "Which table . . . which party . . . . what can we do?" Even the manager of the hotel came panting into the scene.

"It's the Thalbergs" explained my bill-paying friend when two bus boys were almost trampled in the rush.

Plenty of further commotion and more ado. It appeared a small calamity had taken place. The Thalbergs were to be guests at a large dinner party . . . and the party hadn't arrived. Not a host, or a hostess on the scene . . . not even another guest. You could just sense the headwaiters were as peeved as thunder that the Thalbergs should be kept waiting. With managers and assistant managers and headwaiters to the right and left, everybody was in a slight uproar . . . that is, everyone except the Thalbergs.

"Oh, hello," called Norma amiably in our direction as Mr. Thalberg went to telephone to find out if they had the right



Here they are at the Trocadero, on one of those nights of which Miss Manners writes (thereby spoiling all your ideas about the life of Norma and Irving).

BERGS

Oh, the dull, dreary, and dignified existence these Busy and Efficient People lead! (Like fun they do—read this insider's glimpse of them!)

By DOROTHY MANNERS

night, and the right place . . . or were they invited for a week ago last Tuesday? And with that she came over and sat down.

"I thought you once told me you were never on time," I remarked in a hangover thought from one of our former interviews.

"I always knew it would be a mistake," grinned Norma. "This proves it!" She helped herself to two olives and a piece of Melba toast. "I suppose this isn't the right night, or the right place. That's always the way we do things. The party was probably two weeks ago . . . at the Biltmore!"

"This is the night, all right," broke in Mr. Thalberg suddenly arriving on the scene with two waiters tagging at his heels wanting to do "something." And with that he sat down and had a

(*Continued on page* 88)

What do the STARS

There's really not much difference between the hopes and fears of the film fan and those of film favorites. The stars' "nightmares" prove it—and reveal many human foibles much like our own!

By THOMAS HALE

BECAUSE the dreams of the stars are typical of those which we all experience recurrently, MOVIE MIRROR *has turned over to me eight more of them for analysis. To test the accuracy of my work, the names of the stars experiencing them have been withheld from me. These names will be found on page 84 of this issue. Check your guesses against them.*

As I explained in my first article, the psychologists of today scout the time-worn belief that dreams foretell the future. Instead, these scientists believe they reveal only the dreamer's true self. They assert that the dreams expose unsuspected forces and conflicts within us which have vast influences on our lives.

Dreams have no sense of right or wrong and, if our unconscious thoughts were not controlled by conscious reason, *we would become wild beasts. Modern scientists realize this and, in psycho-analyzing us, utilize them in reaching conclusions. Dreams are translated by symbols into words.*

Now to our first case:

SUBJECT Number One dreams once a week that he is attending a fancy dress ball. Realizing that everyone is pointing to him and laughing, he discovers that he is nude. He tries to escape, but is surrounded on all sides. Finally he looks up and sees a man and woman, carrying his clothes, trying to get to him. He feels that his life depends on their reaching him.

Just as they are about to get to him a shout goes up. He has reached gigantic size. The clothes will not fit him. He then starts to fight his way out of the teasing mob and as he fights he wakes.

EXPLANATION:

The interpretation of a dream such as the above will hardly seem convincing to the dreamer or his friends. The known personality of the dreamer is the exact opposite of that revealed in the dream. The unconscious wishes of the dreamer are those most repressed in waking life.

Such a dream as this shows a strong unconscious urge toward exhibitionism. Nudity is man's natural state. But since Adam ate the apple and acquired a sense of shame, nudity is frowned on. A dream like this represents the natural man in the dreamer expressing the normal wish to be nude, and being scolded for it by reason. Still, it is reason that is responsible for the accompanying sense of shame, for the nudity has come to symbolize sex.

The fancy dress ball and the crowds are a common disguise for the real object of the desire for nudity, as we have seen in previous studies. The man and woman who hold the clothes symbolize something or someone who would save the dreamer from what seems shameful desire.

In final analysis, I would say that many inhabitants of nudist colonies have in the past been subjects to such imageries as this.

SUBJECT Number Two has dreamed the same dream consistently every two or three weeks since childhood. She dreams that she is going to town with her mother—any town near where she happens to be in her dream. She is just about to board a train or bus when she looks up and instead of seeing her own mother she sees two other mothers—or more.

These other "mothers," all of whom look exactly alike, are *women the subject never has seen in real life.* They tell her that her real mother is *not* her mother but that they are, and that the subject must come with them. She is always a child in this dream, a child of about thirteen. The reaction to these other "mothers" is one of terror. The subject feels a strange horror. She tries to run away from them and experiences that numbed feeling peculiar to nightmares. She wakes up sobbing.

EXPLANATION:

The subject uses this dream for unconscious expression of resentment against her mother. The dream has its foundation in some probably forgotten incident which oc-

DREAMS Mean?

curred between the subject and her mother at the time it started. The subject was angry at some fancied slight, reproof or restraint. While she has consciously forgotten this, the unconscious has not. If reason were not on hand to check the subject's resentment, it is possible that today the subject and her mother would be estranged—and there might even be physical violence.

Such a situation, to reason, is reprehensible, so the dream-work translates it into a situation where the subject does not resent her own mother, but other people or "mothers." The resentment is thoroughly disguised. Many people are apt to have dreams of this kind—none of us likes to be kept from doing things—and often they have had their genesis in childhood because a parent has refused such a small request, for instance, as a second ice-cream soda! No one can help having unconscious resentment against those who interfere or restrain, but the conscious tries to make up for it with sorrow and remorse.

SUBJECT Number Three always dreams of snakes—all varieties. He has always had a horror of them in real life, and dreads them even more when they appear in his sleep. He cannot move fast enough to get away from them, but always wakes up before they have a chance to get near enough to strike and poison him.

He explains that in his dreams he always first sees them coiled peacefully, lying in his path. He treads lightly, hoping that he will not attract their attention. They always see him, however. He tries to run. He is unable to move. The snakes uncoil and come toward him. He breaks out into violent perspiration and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his throat. When he awakens, his mouth is dry.

EXPLANATION:

Snakes may mean things in dreams, such as sex, treacherous friends, open enemies or rivals, or even vices. They never mean anything but evil in some form or other.

In this dream, as so many others, the dreamer might be said to have unconscious desires that reason says are wicked. The snakes at first lie peacefully coiled, suggesting that the evil may appear innocent. The dreamer tries to avoid them. This is reason trying to make the dreamer appear blameless. But the snakes move toward him and he is helpless. This is another mitigation of the wish. His mouth is dry. Reason is giving the unconscious "evil" wish the disguise of blameless thirst.

It must not be assumed that because people reveal unconscious desires in their dreams that they give in to them or are even aware of them during waking hours. Frequently the reverse is the case—desires that seek expression in dreams often are those which are absolutely repressed or denied outlet in the conscious life.

SUBJECT Number Four always dreams of being a circus performer. Once or twice a month he has what he calls his "circus dream." The content varies slightly, but he is always employed in a circus. First he is a trapeze artist, swinging on a bar. Just as he thinks he is doing pretty well, he falls. He is about to hit the ground when he wakes up. Again, he is the strong man juggling cannon balls, and, when one drops on his foot he actually feels the pain. At other times, he is the circus giant. His pals and the crowd praise him. This dream is the happy one. He sits in a throne on a raised dais and looks down to see men and women like midgets.

EXPLANATION:

Dreamers of dreams of this type are exhibitionists. Not only that, but people who dream them are slight and not tall. The dreams are expressing a normal desire for increasing weight, size and strength. At times, this desire is almost a phobia.

The desire may also be for mental mastery, the "will to power." In this case there is an innocent and natural hunger to rise to superior mind-heights above fellow men.

SUBJECT Number Five dreams recurrently that she is walking down a very dusty road.

(*Continued on page* 84)

We were amazed at the accuracy with which our analyst described the unknown stars whose dreams he unravelled. Can you guess their names? Every one is a familiar personality. (You can turn to page 84 to check your answers.) MOVIE MIRROR is especially grateful to Travis Hoke, co-author of "Marriage or Its Equivalent," for assistance and information on the subject of psycho-analysis.

The Mae West

Hollywood doesn't know

Learn about the men in her life, her attitude toward her co-workers, and the woman herself as she really is

BY JULIE LANG HUNT

HOLLYWOOD is waiting for Mae West to fall in love.

The community has been piqued, tantalized and puzzled for two years and more by the exclusively masculine retinue that eddies about her.

"There go the men in her life," sigh the three hundred film colony reporters, who shadow (to no avail) the unattached members of this unique band of men.

But the "who's who" of Mae West's clique is made up entirely of business associates (yes, and I can prove it.)

There is William LeBaron, who produces all Mae West pictures; there is Murray File, her agent; there is Boris Petroff, who left an important producing berth in New York to become her dramatic adviser; there is James Timony, her personal business manager. Then there are the song writers of her current pictures, Arthur Johnson, Sam Coslow, Richard Whiting, Sam Fain and Ralph Rainger, and the director (also of her current picture). Add to this group an occasional assistant director, her cameraman and art director and you have a rough idea of the membership.

I have never seen Mae walking across the Paramount lot with less than four of these men at her elbow. They talk picture problems with her for hours in her super-feminine dressing-room, sprawling over the dainty pink satin chairs, spilling cigar ashes on the delicate rose carpet. They often crowd into her town car for a conference on wheels while Mae gets the fresh air she insists speeds up her brain work. A sextette of them accompanying her to the local prize fights is one of the familiar sights. They are a solid group, bound together by a single absorbing, fascinating goal—Mae West's next picture.

Mae works smoothly with men. Her mind clicks along at that impersonal and logical tempo that is typically masculine. She never clutters up a conference or hinders progress by indulging in the usual feminine irritant of focusing on small and irrelevant details.

But Hollywood continues to keep a hopeful eye on Mae's masculine band (the single ones) as well as the likely parade of her leading men, for romantic rustles, and so far Hollywood feels righteously cheated in the matter.

FOR *Mae West has been in love more than once*, and right under Hollywood's snoopy nose at that.

I can't tell you who the men are. I do not know their names or what they look like, but six months ago, I saw and heard Mae talking with one of them over the telephone in her dressing-room.

The conversation I overheard (at least, her end of it) was casual. This was for my benefit, I am sure. Not one word of endearment escaped her lips, but the swift darkening of her eyes, the inflection of her voice, and the visible pulsating throb in her throat was a complete confessional.

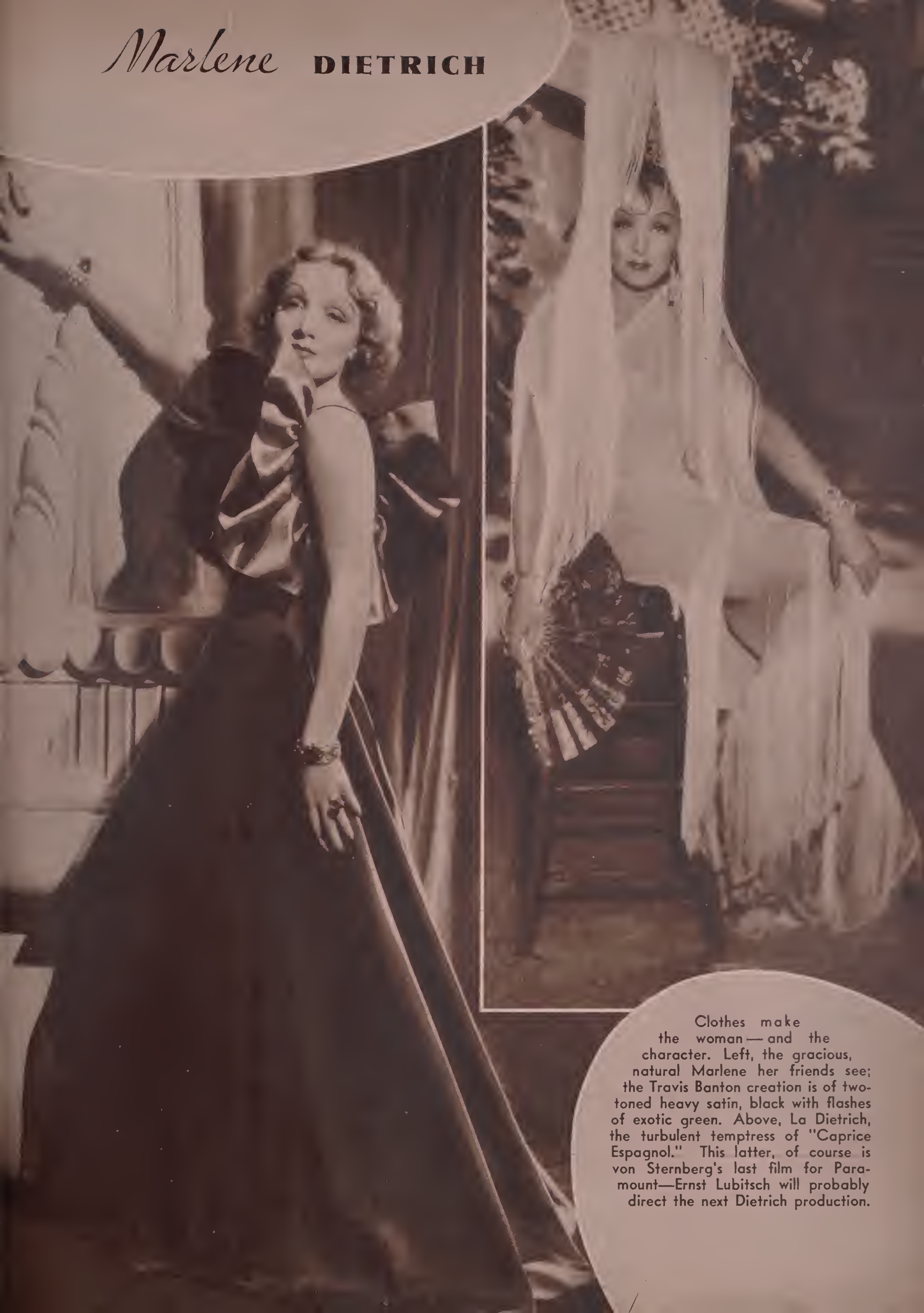
"Wait until the boys and girls around here find out about this," I chided when she had finished.

"I don't think they will find out," she answered placidly. "I refuse to turn any affection of mine into amusing items for the columnists or hot material for the candid camera. I can never believe in any of these usual

(*Continued on page 77*)

As you'll see her in "Now I'm a Lady," with Grant Withers. But this story shows the behind-scenes West.

Marlene DIETRICH



Clothes make the woman — and the character. Left, the gracious, natural Marlene her friends see; the Travis Banton creation is of two-toned heavy satin, black with flashes of exotic green. Above, La Dietrich, the turbulent temptress of "Caprice Espagnol." This latter, of course is von Sternberg's last film for Paramount—Ernst Lubitsch will probably direct the next Dietrich production.

Will Rogers and Jimmie Durante are caught off-guard at the Los Angeles Examiner benefit (at left).

Jackie Cooper at the wheel of a small model car at a charity benefit. Smooth, eh, Jack?

All Around

WITH

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler rehearse at station KHS. Remember that Greer ensemble in MOVIE MIRROR's fashions?

More celebrities at the Examiner benefit! None other than Gracie Allen, George Burns, and the Bill Robinsons. (Right)

Jimmy Dunn, Grace Bradley and Nick Foran at the Trocadero. It's a romance for the two on the right.

Winsome Miss Faye, at the Tracadero. Who's that seductive smile for, Alice?

the Town

HYMAN FINK

The Barnes pride and joy in the arms of his mother, Joan Blondell, while papa George Barnes looks on.

Yes, sir, that Trocadero Cafe is the place to see stars! Here are Barbara Barondess, Jeanette MacDonald and Lya Lys.

Dick Powell Tells how Girls can be POPULAR with Boys

"HOW come you're asking me this?" Dick Powell demanded querulously. "I'm no authority on girls. I'm darned lucky if I can scare up a date a week—especially when Mary Brian is out of town. Why don't you consult Lyle Talbot on this weighty subject? Lyle's a guy who not only knows his onions, he also knows his girls. He could supply an Elk's Convention with phone numbers and still not give away his best ones.

"Well, I'd say the first thing a girl has to do to be popular is to be sympathetic. Most fellows have low spells, when things don't go right at the office or, if they happen to be in pictures, when he has a row with a director or someone of the cast, and the girl who knows how to let him pour out his troubles and finally nurse him out of the blues is pretty sure to be the No. 1 girl in his life. He may take other girls out but nine times out of ten they will be just another date.

"I've often wondered why it is, but most fellows at a time like that don't want to turn to their families—unless they happen to be married. As a general rule you want someone on the outside and if a girl knows how to be that 'someone' she doesn't have to worry much about dates.

"It goes without saying that you want her to have a keen sense of humor but I'm going to go farther and say she should know how to laugh without giggling. I've been out with more girls than you could shake a stick at, who are so afraid they won't laugh at the right time that they giggle at everything you say—and half the time you're not intending to be funny. There's nothing that steers me away from a girl as quick as a giggle . . . not even halitosis.

"Another thing that I think every fellow likes in a girl is a dresser. I realize that not every girl can afford to get clothes from expensive shops but, these days, every girl can afford to look well. The more I notice women and their clothes, the more it is born in on me that the women who spend the most on their clothes dress the most simply. Constance Bennett, Kay Francis and Joan Crawford are three of the best dressed women—offscreen, I mean—that I have ever seen anywhere. It's true they know how to wear clothes as few women do but the most arresting thing about their costumes is the plainness.

"I've also noticed that, generally speaking, girls who can't afford to spend much on clothes buy the fanciest garments. They frequently try to copy the costumes of their favorite actress. Well, most of the time they couldn't make a bigger mistake. I don't mean that screen clothes are not beautiful, because they are. But you take, for instance, most of the clothes Crawford and Shearer wear in their films. They are designed so the stars will look striking—and they do. But at a private function if they wore (*Continued on page 99*)

DICK MOOK PERSUADES TWO FAMOUS

Ginger Rogers Tells how Boys can be POPULAR with Girls

"WHAT makes a boy popular with girls?" Ginger Rogers mused. "The things that would make a boy popular aren't necessarily the same things that would make him a good husband or even a desirable sweetheart. A girl demands traits in a husband she wouldn't care about in a boy she was just 'going with'. And things that would appeal to you in a sweetheart would not necessarily be those that would make a boy popular with the crowd.

"Just things to make him popular," she went on, "are the easiest traits in the world to acquire. It seems to me that any boy, by just using his head, could easily be popular.

"The first thing is a sense of humor. A woman might overlook this lack in a husband if he had other sterling qualities while she wouldn't run around with a boy who wouldn't laugh. It's really amazing how many people there are who either have no sense of humor or else it's a distorted one. A lot of people may not agree with me, but I think a sense of humor can be developed. If a person tries to analyze things that make other people laugh and yet which don't seem funny to him, I think he can soon come to appreciate wit. And the deeper you go into the study of that, the more you can come to appreciate dry, subtle wit rather than the blatant, slapstick kind. It's like reading. If you haven't a natural appreciation of books, you're pretty apt, if you try to force yourself to read, to find yourself lapping up mushy love stories and detective novels. But if you start steeping yourself in classics and biographies and some of the better modern writers, the pap you start your literary career with soon palls. Well, so much for humor. That's the prime requisite.

"I started to say a boy should be nice looking. But I realize that people cannot control their looks and as a girl grows older I think she pays less and less attention to that, and more attention to other things. Nowadays, I really don't think looks matter vitally.

"To be popular with the crowd—to be the sort of fellow who pops into people's minds when they're looking for someone to fill out a gathering or without whom no party seems complete, personality is necessary. And that's something else that can be developed. I know a lot of boys who have personality—when they're alone with someone they know well—but when they get in a crowd of people they never give themselves a chance. They seem to become tongue-tied. Many times, I've had girls say to me, 'I can't understand what you see in Joe or John' when, if they knew him as I do, they'd find him pretty entertaining. And the same thing has happened to me. I've watched girls apparently having a great time with boys I couldn't see for dust. If boys, when they're out with girls, would try to be

(*Continued on page* 101)

STARS TO ADVISE US ABOUT POPULARITY

JEAN HARLOW

"Reckless" is her newest film, in which she is co-starred with William Powell. Meanwhile, all Hollywood wonders if she and Bill are planning to co-star for life. At least, they'll do a second picture together, with Myrna Loy as a third star. It's Faith Baldwin's story, "Wife versus Secretary," and should provide plenty of fireworks for these three sophisticated comedians.

WALLACE BEERY

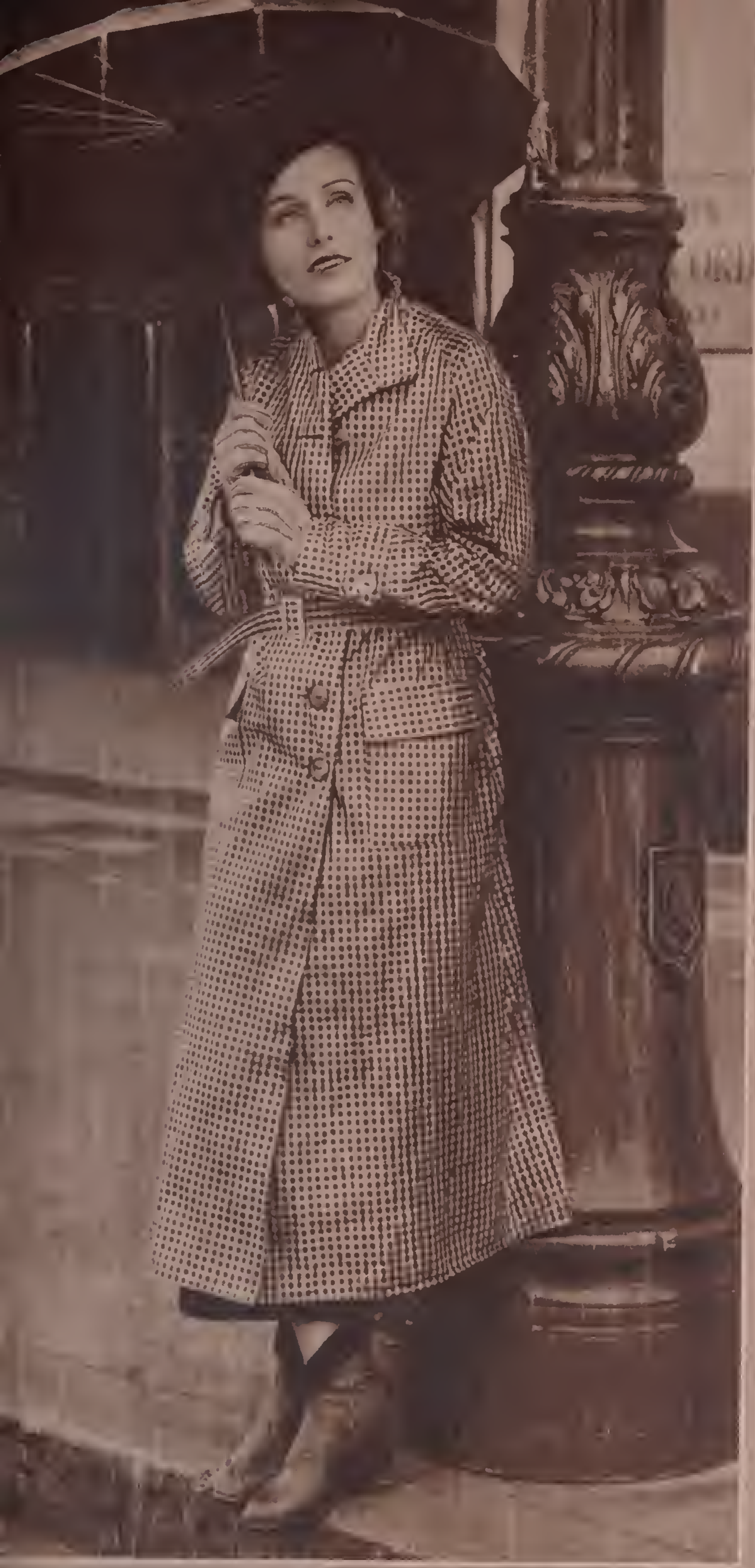
Wally's taking a short Eastern vacation after finishing "West Point of the Air," another aviation picture of the "Hell Divers" variety. It's the sort of rôle he loves—he's a licensed pilot himself and flies his own plane at any opportunity. As a matter of fact, he did most of his own flying in this film without a double. Just one of those things that give producers heart-failure.

star fashions

by gwenn walters

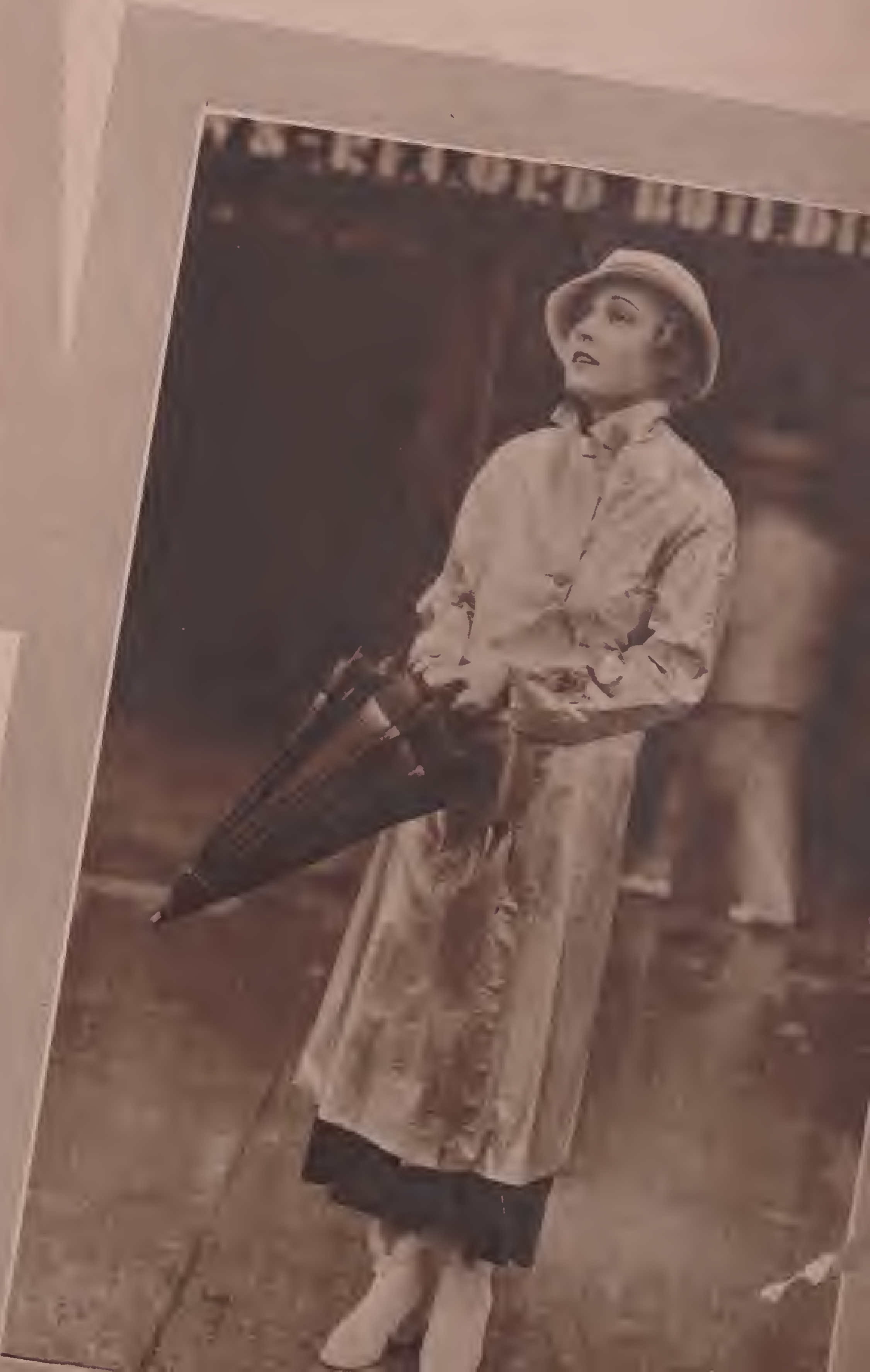
Here is that devastating kind of "dressy" frock one always needs. This one is in dark green heavy crêpe with a very long tunic over a knife-pleated skirt, and it has the new close-to-the-throat neckline.

At left—This is the indispensable "dressy" coat you just must have. It is of light beige wool and is trimmed with a luxurious collar of matching fox. Guaranteed to make you feel like a fashion plate.



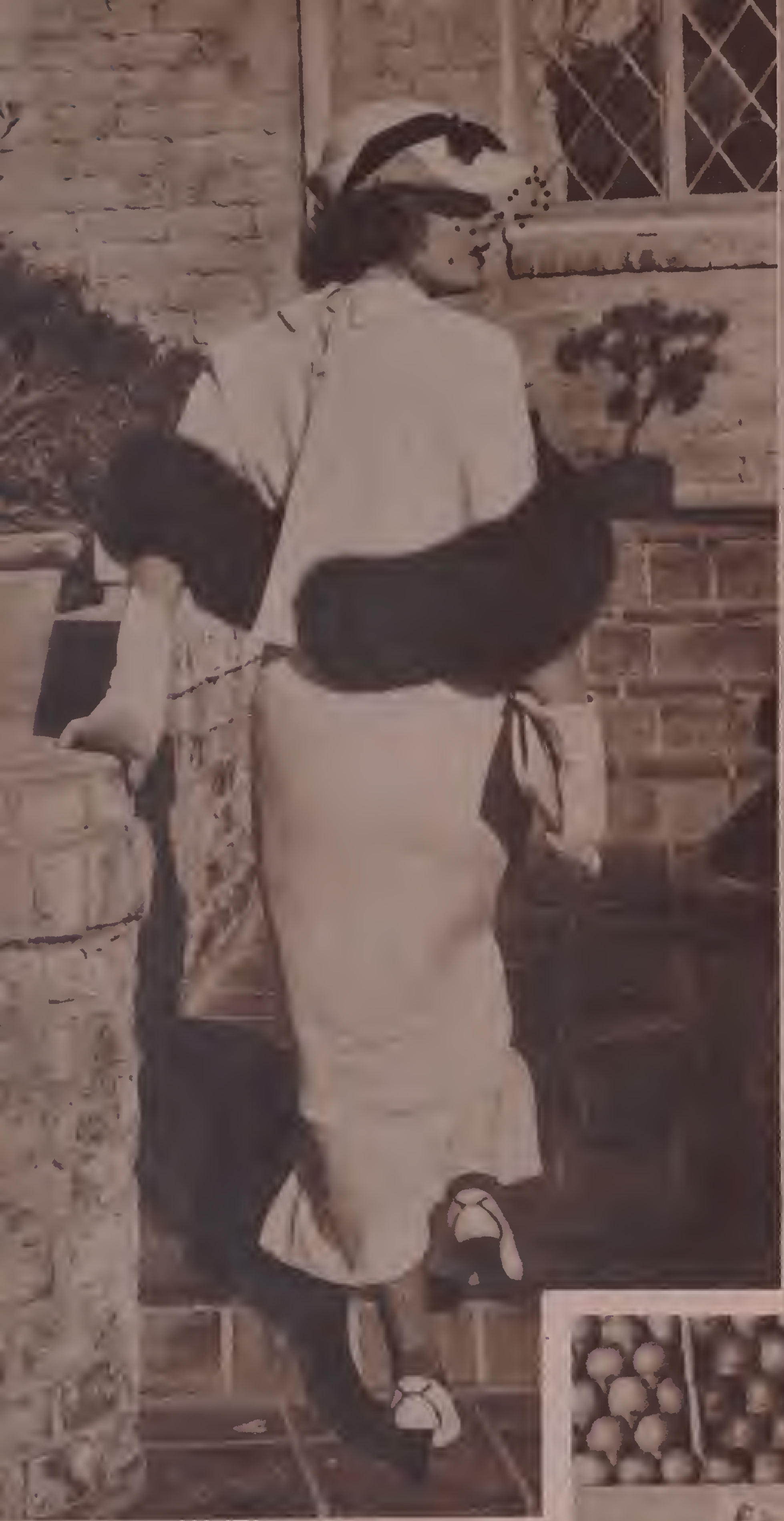
SOMETHING NEW— FASHIONS IN ACTION

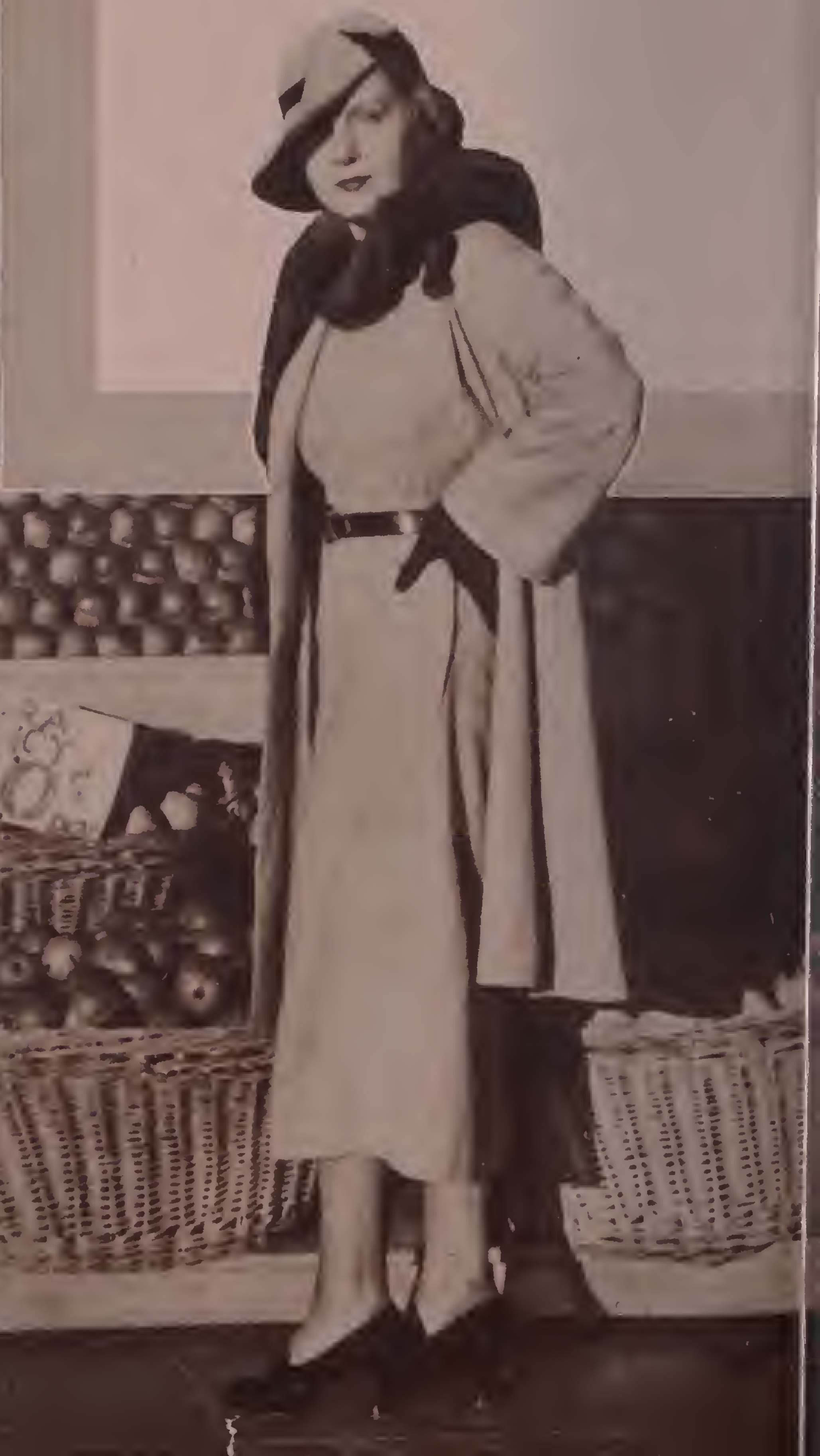
Madge Evans Models a Smart Daily Wardrobe Exclusively for Movie Mirror's Speed Camera



For the busy working girl waiting for her date on a wet April evening, what could be more feminine than this brown-and-white checked silk rain-coat, with striped umbrella, brown galoshes and a beret?

If you want to be smart, you can goal the approaching swain by wearing this raincoat of silver rubber (it's beautiful) and white galoshes with white lapin tops (costly, but cosy). NOT for heavy rains!



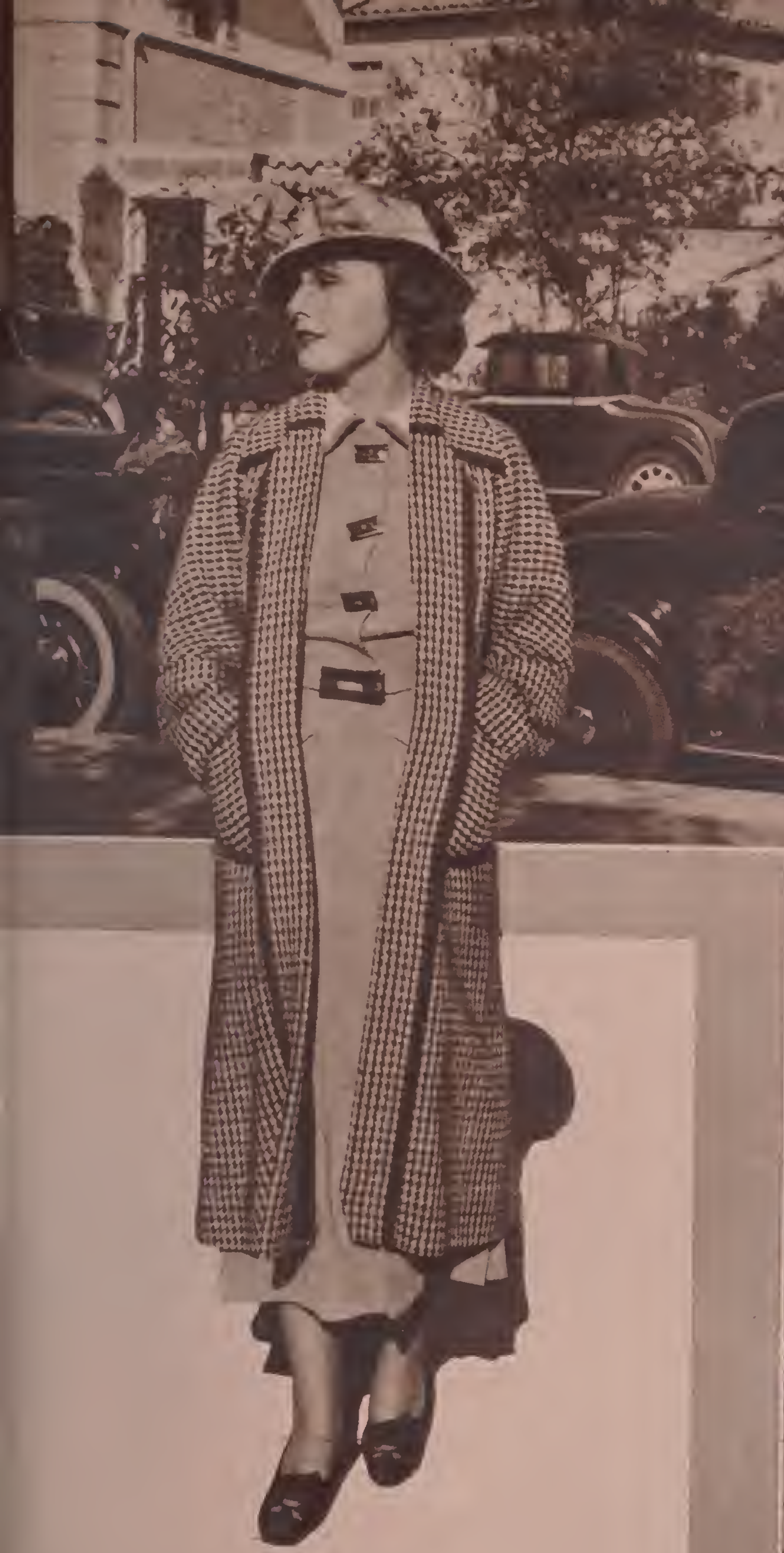


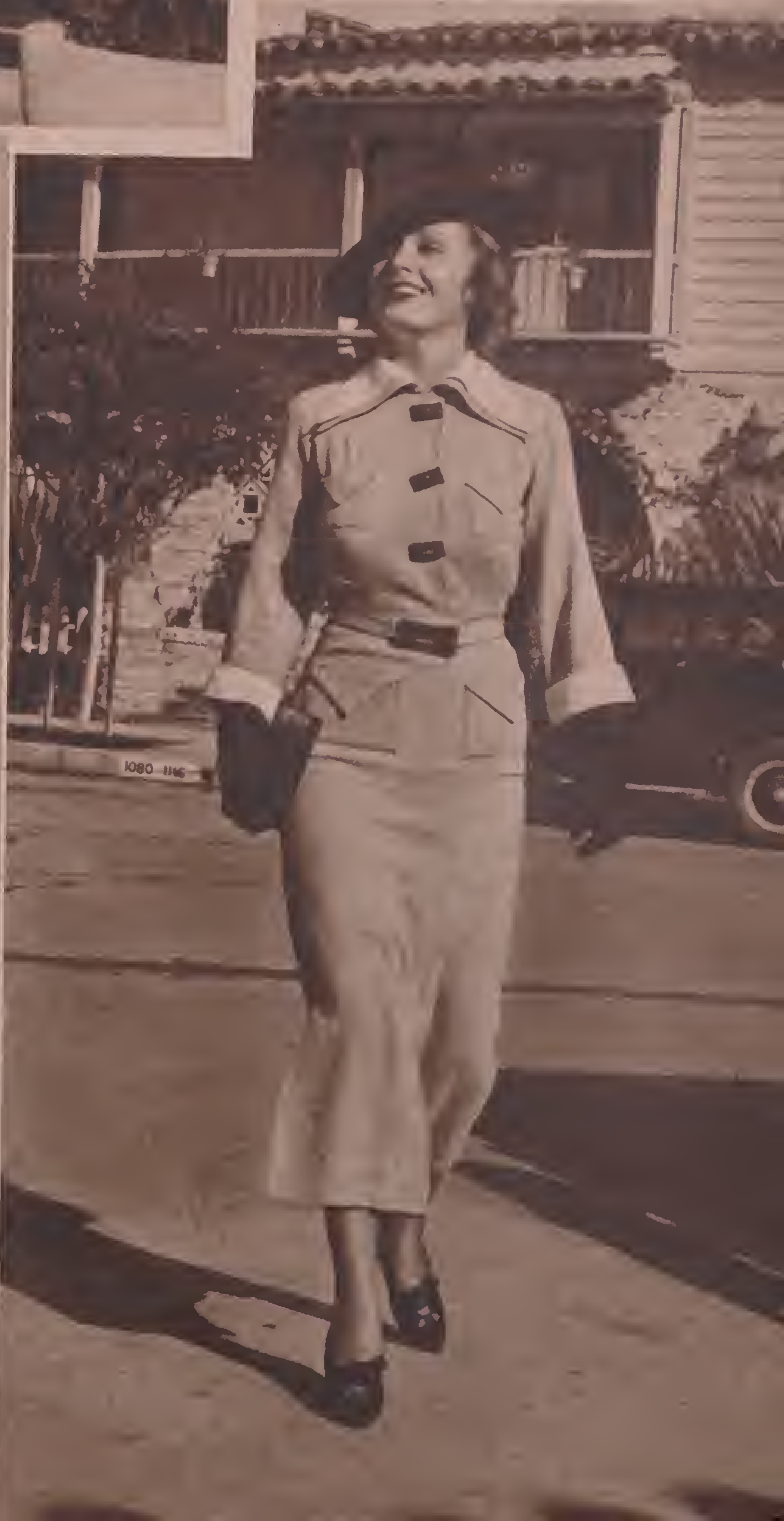
Here's a dress easily copied at home by clever fingers! A severely simple one of heavy crêpe, Madge makes it special by topping it with a cape edged in deep brown fox and buttoned in the back, for a swanky and refreshing change.

Madge pauses at one of California's enticing open markets. Her suit has that extravagantly simple look, yet isn't too expensive, being of beige rabbit's-hair cloth, with a three-quarter length coat, which features deep set-in sleeves.

star fashions

The Latest Styles, Not Posed, but Worn in Typical Settings Just as You Yourself Might Wear Them



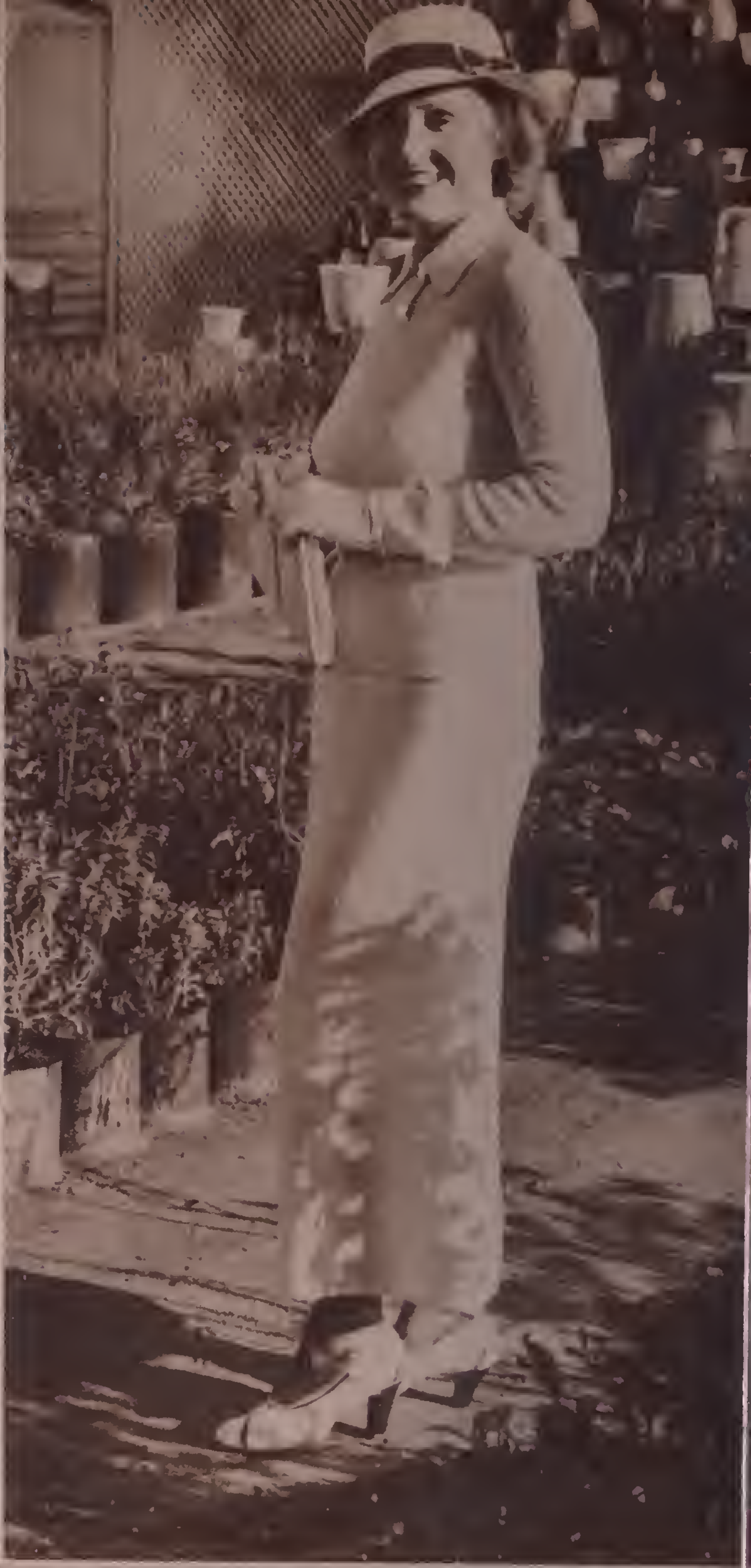


A perfect top-coat—smart, inexpensive, not too conservative, of white, red and green mixture. The new touch is the fringed edging of the collar, running straight down the front of the coat to the hem making a very different type of revers.

Shopping in picturesque Westwood Village (where the stars prowl about just as you do in your favorite stores), Madge wears an ideal frock of lightest weight tan wool, trimmed with novel brown wooden buttons and saucy piqué.

star fashions

The florist will never dream of overcharging you, when you pause at his shop this spring, if you're wearing a costume like Madge's—an all-white knitted suit with a high neck closed with bone buttons. The high-crowned (that's new) Panama hat has a deep blue band. Handbag and gloves are washable. Any light color would be effective.



Do you want to know what colors are new for spring? Which are best for you to wear? What is exactly the right sort of dress to wear to an informal dance? Are you sure about the type of costume you can wear straight from work to any party? Write Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Miss Walters will be glad to help you with the answer to any questions about what's what in fashions.

TAKE INVENTORY OF YOUR *Beauty*

By GLORIA MACK

SOMEONE recently asked me: "Who runs the beauty department of MOVIE MIRROR?" I answered immediately: "Our readers." All of you who write me are the ones who suggest the articles you see here. They are really an "open letter" to you. And this month I have worked out an idea which I am sure many of you will recognize as a practical solution of a problem you have presented——*where* and *how* to begin building for complete beauty. Some girls have worked this out for themselves and ask me definite questions. Others, just as determined, are not quite sure what they need, nor how to go about it. So that's exactly what I'm writing about this month . . . how to start.

I love getting your letters. They reflect, again and again, that ancient but eternally true saying: "Man (and woman) shall not live by bread alone." It's the urge for perfection that drives you on to hunt for knowledge of how to attain and how to hold it for yourselves.

I am so utterly in sympathy with you that I read each letter slowly and carefully, sometimes twice over. Then I write the best answer I know, and as I seal the envelope, my heart says with all earnestness, "Oh, I hope *that* will help her!"

I simply haven't any patience with the people who laugh at us for putting time and money back of a resolve to *improve*. Those who are old dry-as-dusts who make some of you write me like this:

> "My family make it so hard for me to stay on my complexion diet. They think it's a joke and say I'll forget it in a week."

You should have seen the letter of encouragement I sent back, because that girl is right and her scoffing family are wrong. She knew what she wanted and she was using her brains to get it.

That's what the modern girl does. She uses her head. She runs her life like the executive of a big business. And if there's any bigger business for a girl than to be a complete and beautiful woman, I should like to know what it might be.

The first thing in handling a business is to know exactly what are your assets and your liabilities, and this is what the chart (*Continued on page* 81)

Ginger Rogers "before and after"—as she looks today, starring in RKO's "Roberta" (top), and when she came to Hollywood four years ago (above).

BUILD FOR BEAUTY

and begin with stocktaking like this:

age......weight......height
color of hair
color of eyes
measurements:
    bust
    waist
    abdomen
    hips
    thighs
    calves
    ankles
    upper arm
    lower arm
can I improve the beauty of my hair?
am I using a becoming hair-cut and coiffure?
do I realize that modern cosmetics can bring out the beauty of the eyes?
do I use my powder, rouge and lipstick to the very best advantage?
have I a figure which needs exercise and diet to help reduce or develop?
do I care for the beauty of my hands?
    of my feet?
have I neglected my elbows?
am I well groomed at all times?
have I a daily "beauty schedule"?
    and do I stick to it?
what do I like most about my appearance?
what do I dislike most about my appearance?
am I being foolishly sensitive about this, or is it something I should and can correct?

Will you enclose with the chart and your letter a picture of yourself? If possible, send me two, a snapshot taken full length, and a head without a hat. These will be returned to you. And don't forget that stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to me!

GLORIA MACK,
c/o Movie Mirror,
6715 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

Your name...................................
and address.................................

What Got

by CLAIRE DuBREY

FALLING stars! A brief glimpse of brightness in a dark sky—then emptiness! Here is the story of three famous actresses and what brought about their eclipse, and for each it was a different cause.

Nazimova, Alice Terry and Anna Q. Nilsson, each had her brilliant spot in the starry firmament. Each had something that set her apart—emotional intensity, exceptional beauty, fine sincerity. They were among the great names of their day, but the new generation of film fans only know them as vague and shadowy legends. Yet they were still young when the eclipse came, younger and even greater than many who have survived. It wasn't scandal, it wasn't pride or revenge or "temperament" that caused their downfall. It was fate, and love—and food!

WHAT got Nazimova down? Madame Alla Nazimova, the brilliant woman, the great actress, the exotic beauty, the bright particular film star of the 1920's?

She was unquestionably brilliant, an indefatigable student. She speaks several languages, she is world-traveled, she reads constantly and can discuss any subject in terms of authority.

She was a great actress. She came to the screen from the stage, where, a trained technician, a sensitive soul with a responsive heart, she spent unlimited thought and care on every rôle. For instance, she studied "Hedda Gabler" through and through, inside and beyond, for fourteen years before attempting to play her! If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, Madame is a genius. Her clothes for a part, the falling flutter of a scarf as she sank to the floor in a death scene, all were meticulously planned.

She wore a brown velvet robe as Hedda to symbolize her drab existence with a dull husband. When Eilert Lovborg, the lover, went out and closed the door she leaned back against it and flung her arms wide. The brown sheath opened and showed a red satin underdress—her pulsating heart. Probably few in the audience recognized the symbolism in conscious thought, but subconsciously they felt it. She used the same subtle artistry in her screen characterizations.

Nazimova was exotically beautiful. Her dusky black hair and her olive complexion were a fascinating setting for her extraordinary violet eyes. Never were there such eyes, true, velvety purple. Never such magnificent brows. One can understand a poet hymning his lady's eyebrows if they had the winged sweep of Nazimova's. Never was there such a superb jaw line and swan-like neck. Never such a lithe, graceful body whose every movement, every attitude was a picture. Madame didn't dissipate. She went home after her day's work was done and studied and rested for the morrow.

What, then, dimmed such a bright star?

The answer is a four letter word. L-O-V-E! Alla Nazimova loved Charles Bryant, an actor who had been in her stage plays. Why she loved him only she could tell. He was a tall silent Englishman, as narrow between the eyes as a smelt. When she came to Hollywood with her

Them DOWN

Where are the stars of yesteryear? Nazimova, Alice Terry, Anna Q. Nilsson—once they had fame, adulation, fortunes. Garbos of their day, what toppled them from the heights?

Circle—When Anna Q. Nilsson (left) fractured her hip, she went on to fill her contract, with authoress Claire DuBrey (right, in the blonde wig) doubling for her. Next—the two again, with James Kirkwood, in "Ponjola," before Anna's gallantry cost her her career. Above, top—Nazimova, Victor Potel, Claire DuBrey and Nazimova's husband, Charles Bryant, in "The Heart of a Child." Lower picture—Alice Terry (left, back row) and Miss DuBrey (second from left, front row) in 1915 at Inceville.

ten-thousand-dollar-a-week contract, her choice of stories, directors and leading men, she chose stories with good parts for Charles. She made him her leading man, and he wasn't great shakes as an actor. She made him her co-director and he wasn't so much at that, either. He even tried his hand at writing her continuities. Love . . . love. . . .

She called him "The Big One," and she lavished devotion upon him. Devotion that lasted ten or twelve years until Charles departed and married another woman. She threw scenes to him. She played hers to win his approval. She ran off the set to twine her arms about his neck and to ask, "Did I do well, Big One?"

Charles would disengage her arms with sedate British calm and reply briefly, "It was all right, Alla," and turn to his script or his pipe. It satisfied her. It was enough. Enough for all her efforts to put him over. Enough for her loyalty, her generosity with scenes and with money.

When they separated she was finished. Finished with love, finished in Hollywood, nearly finished financially. Alla Nazimova is still a great actress. She still stars in difficult rôles in New York. She will be a brilliant woman and a fascinating one as long as she lives. Nothing but love ruined her screen career. Nothing but love broke that too generous heart.

IT wasn't love that got Alice Terry down, it was food. Alice ate her way out of pictures. She and I began our film work together way back in 1915 at old Inceville. Alice was the loveliest thing on the lot. A little thick in the wrists and ankles but with heavenly limpid blue eyes and exquisite skin. She deliberately stayed in the background. As long as Alice got ten dollars a week to keep the kettle boiling she was content. She had absolutely no ambition.

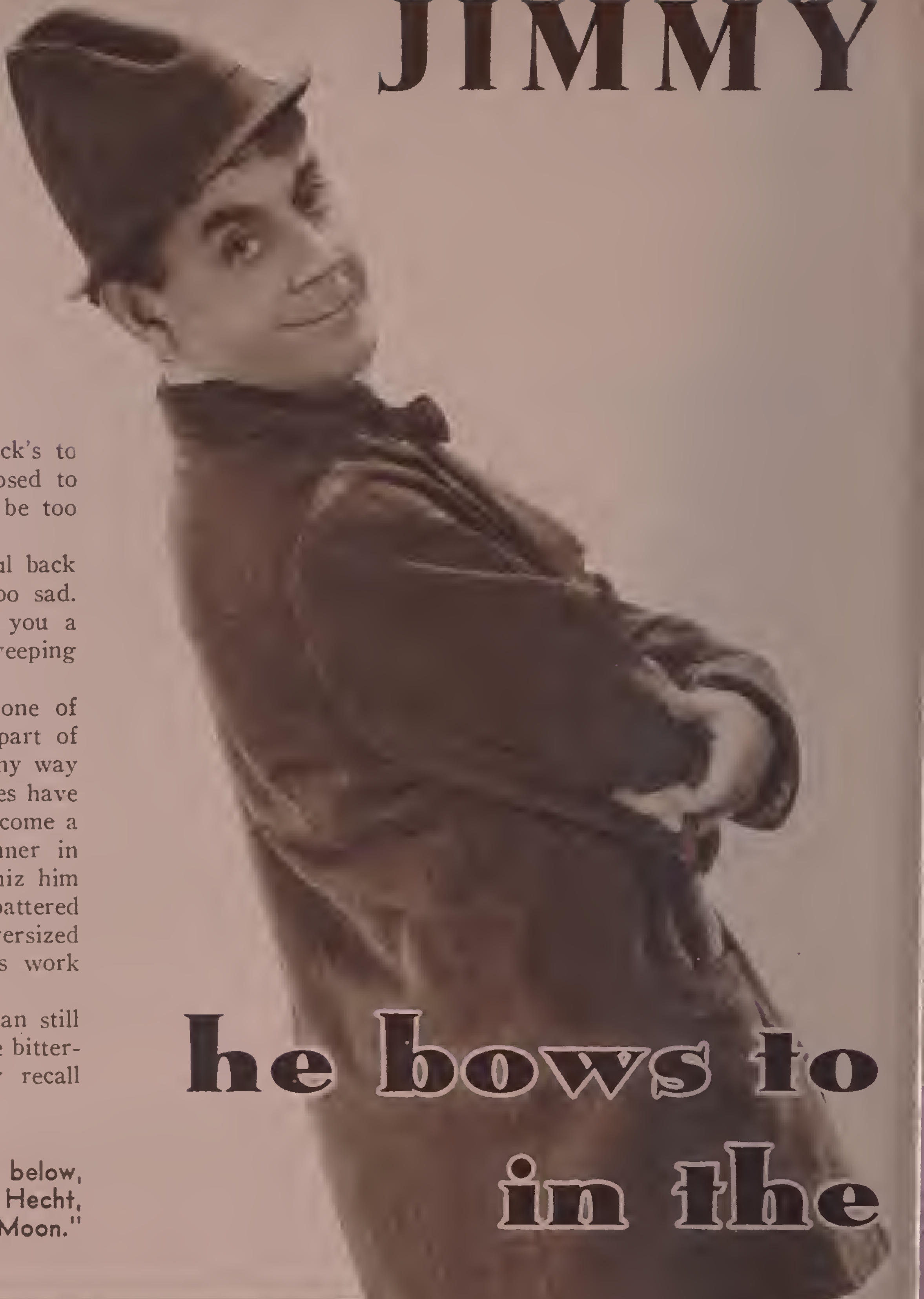
Inevitably her beauty attracted Tom Ince's attention. He gave her a part in a five-reel picture, a Special. It was a big opportunity for an inexperienced girl. He warned her about her weight. Everyone warned her. She only laughed. We shared a dressing-room and whenever Alice burst in and suggested going to the commissary for an ice cream soda I knew someone had been urging her to reduce.

The more they talked the more she ate. Ince let her go. She got a job in a cutting room where no one cared how she looked. It no longer was necessary for her to down six ice cream sodas a day just for stubbornness. When Rex Ingram met and married her, Alice (*Continued on page* 80)

JIMMY

he bows to in the

Explaining, for the first time, the touchingly humble spirit of the man whose work in "Once in a Blue Moon" has marked him as a "new Chaplin"



"IN this scene," said Jimmy Savo, "my back's to the camera. You see, my horse is supposed to be dying. If you saw my face it would be too sad, with the tears falling."

He wasn't joking, either. His eloquent, pitiful back is enough. If you saw his face it would be too sad. And a look into Jimmy Savo's heart shows you a curiously gallant tragedy which, like his face weeping over a prop movie horse, is too sad.

Here is a man who, for years, has been one of Broadway's favorite comedians. An integral part of show business, he has never seemed to be in any way touched by Broadway's glamor. Now the movies have found him. Everyone is saying that he will become a second Chaplin, that the amazingly deft manner in which he combines comedy and pathos will whiz him to that high place once held by a man with a battered derby hat, a flexible cane and a pair of oversized shoes. Yet little Jimmy Savo goes about his work as if he were the humblest bit player. Why?

Because he has not forgotten. Because he can still remember the time when he and his family were bitterly poor, because even now he can instantly recall

The girl with Jimmy Savo and Jackie Breen, below, is Edwina Armstrong, the daughter of Ben Hecht, co-author and producer of "Once in a Blue Moon."

SAVO

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

the stones street

those poignant emotions which possessed him as he stood before a cheap vaudeville audience for the first time—a funny, scared little boy in an old sweater with the neckband so loose from many pullings-on that it had to be fastened with a safety pin. There were holes in the bottoms of his shoes. And it seemed as if there were a hole where his heart should be. He was so petrified by fear. No, Jimmy Savo cannot forget. Life's bitterness has made him humble and kind. When he was a little boy his father used to tell him, "Always bow to the stones in the street. For you don't know which one of them might trip you and kill you." He has had cause to remember that. That was when his wife's brother-in-law—who was making a thousand dollars a day—barely tolerated the poor actor who had married into the family and later—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

I think you will discover that most of the great comedians of the world are products of poverty. Chaplin was a child of the London slums, you know. Savo's only playground was the sidewalks of New York. Perhaps the reason people like that turn comedian is because they realize (*Continued on page* 105)

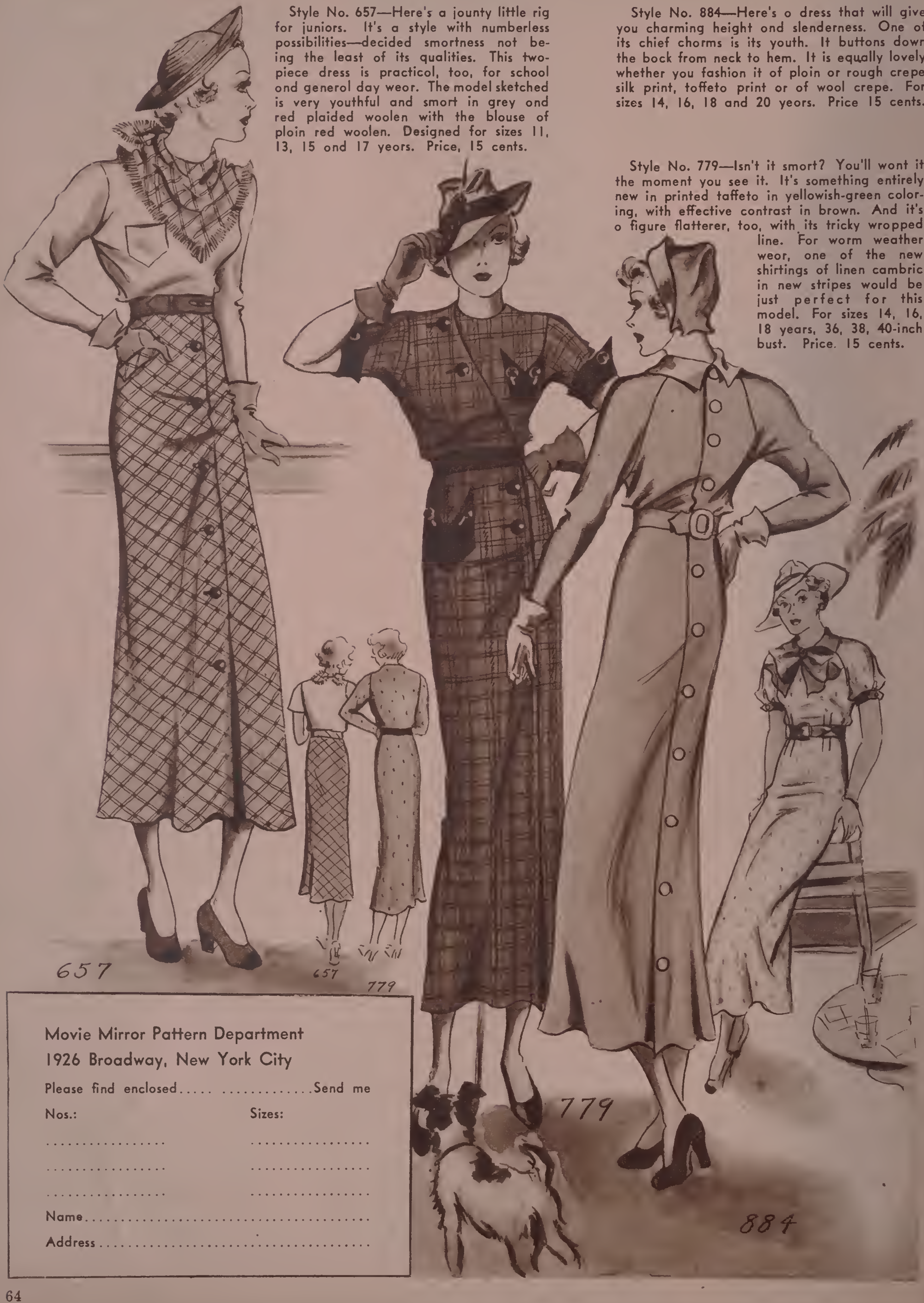
MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ Each in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

Style No. 657—Here's a jounty little rig for juniors. It's a style with numberless possibilities—decided smartness not being the least of its qualities. This two-piece dress is practical, too, for school and general day wear. The model sketched is very youthful and smart in grey and red plaided woolen with the blouse of plain red woolen. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 884—Here's a dress that will give you charming height and slenderness. One of its chief charms is its youth. It buttons down the back from neck to hem. It is equally lovely whether you fashion it of plain or rough crepe silk print, taffeta print or of wool crepe. For sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price 15 cents.

Style No. 779—Isn't it smart? You'll want it the moment you see it. It's something entirely new in printed taffeta in yellowish-green coloring, with effective contrast in brown. And it's a figure flatterer, too, with its tricky wrapped line. For warm weather wear, one of the new shirtings of linen cambric in new stripes would be just perfect for this model. For sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40-inch bust. Price. 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed..... ....Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
....	....

Name...

Address..

HURRY IN AND PUT OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY. IT'S LATE . . .
NOT TILL I'VE CLEANED MY FACE WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP.** NO COSMETIC SKIN FOR ME!

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"

OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN. I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** REGULARLY!

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY, LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It make skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

I promise this: You'll look far more attractive the minute you begin to glorify your lashes with Winx—my perfected formula of mascara—it keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm.

Woman's Greatest Power —alluring eyes

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you,* I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

WINX
DARKENS LASHES PERFECTLY
FREE

M.G.-4-35

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*..........

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Speak for Yourself

She's Eleanore Troy and one of the most persuasive "Gold Diggers of 1935" in the Warner Bros. film showing a galaxy of beauties.

MOVIE MIRROR awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address, "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Too Much Publicity

I've often wondered why producers oversell their wares the way they have been doing so persistently, until the public has suddenly become fed up with superlatives and decided to be unsold to a highly advertised picture!

When I go to a store and a salesman uses too much pressure, I politely smile, and say: "No, I guess that isn't exactly what I want."

A good picture will sell itself—the public isn't so dumb that quality isn't recognizable unless it's given advance ballyhoo.

Why not let the public do the praising after the picture has proven itself?

"I don't say that pictures should not be advertised, but there's a way of introducing them so that the public will be intrigued without too much enthusiasm on the part of the producer, so that there's no enthusiasm left for the audience.

Mrs. John Fahs,
New York, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Joan Deserves Better

I should like to see Joan Crawford do a real characterization. Behind her is a parade of workmanlike, competent rôles wrapped in glamour, but so easily forgotten because they were meaningless. Into these inadequate puppets she has breathed an amazing realism, but none have demanded the breadth, fire and complete submergence of self into character that Joan is so capable of doing.

Why hasn't she been permitted to draw upon the wealth of emotional power within her and breathe it into a character so real and vibrantly alive that it would become indelibly unforgettable?

Let's have a rôle for Joan in a picture minus the modernistic settings, glamorous costumes and attractive, leading men of her previous picture. Let's have a rôle for Joan that will enable her to rise to histrionic heights through being lowered to the depths of life—a rôle that will destroy the cold, glamorous star on a pedestal, and bring back the breath-taking dramatic Joan we once knew in a real, human characterization.

Mrs. K. L. Crosby,
Springdale, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

They Can't Do That to Bob!

This is to advise that I enjoy the movies and seldom miss a performance of my favorites. Recently the Gable-Crawford-Montgomery picture "Forsaking All Others" played at one of our theatres. Naturally I went, expecting *plenty* of enjoyment. Unfortunately I was disappointed. The story was fair—Joan and Clark were good, but what about Bob Montgomery? Was that weak, silly, foolish person really he? The Bob Montgomery I have followed so closely ever since I was first intrigued by his pert sayings and good acting a number of years ago? As our good friend Andy says, "Yes and No." It was Bob all right, as appearances go. But what a Bob! They can't do that to Robert Montgomery.

Does he not realize that he is spoiling himself for his public, as has been done dozens of times by thespians in the past?

Please tell him for me, and others, to never, never, let any person or personage coax, coerce or bulldoze him into portraying such a simple rôle again. Bob is witty, but he's never a half-wit.

H. M. Dempsey,
Johnstown, Pa.

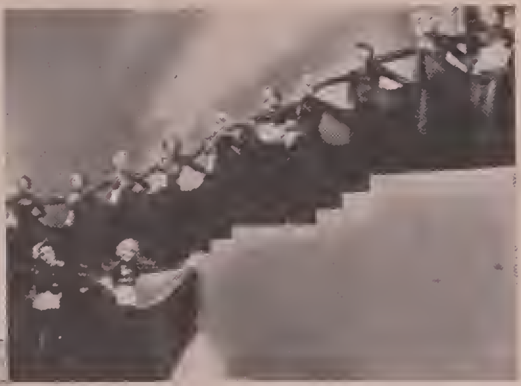
(*Continued on page* 103)

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands" Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL** and famous **RAMON & ROSITA**

Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — **"Lullaby of Broadway"–"The Words Are In My Heart"–"I'm Going Shopping With You."**

Cooking

Swell Recipes to Fill Your Cookie Jar

THIS MONTH'S REDUCING HINT: You don't need a hint to tell you to stay away from the cookie jar if you are trying to lose weight. But, at that, a good home-made cookie once in a while isn't going to add so much to what you weigh, and certainly these home-made sweets are much more wholesome than any other "diet-breaker".

DO you keep a cookie jar in your pantry, one of those comfortable old stone crocks that, even before you've lifted the heavy cover, suggests something good to eat? It's an old-fashioned custom, but one which the modern cook can well afford to follow.

It just *is* so handy when unexpected guests come in for tea or late supper. Also, home-baked sweets are undoubtedly best for little children. And men! Maybe it's the memories of childhood which a cookie invokes, but men will empty a cookie jar about as fast as you can replenish it, if you give them the chance.

Making cookies is fun, too!

You can do so many amusing things with them. Cookie-cutters come in every possible size and shape from the "bridge sets" of spades hearts, diamonds, and clubs to the very beautiful imported cutters for the Christmas sweets with their angels and Christmas trees.

Don't forget that you can ice cookies as well as cakes, and if you've ever started playing around with cookies and a pastry-bag—! It really is exciting what you can do with the different ends of the tube and different colors of icing. While we're talking about this, let me give you the icing to use for this work. Ordinary icing won't do, because you need one that you can take your time with, that won't harden too fast, nor lose its shape.

Take a pound of XXXX confectioner's sugar. If it is lumpy, roll it with a rolling-pin and put it through a sieve, as even one tiny lump clogging the tube at a critical moment can ruin your most artistic effort.

Beat firm the whites of three eggs and add one half teaspoon of cream of tartar. Now put the sugar in slowly, stirring every addition very thoroughly until the mass begins to hold its shape. At this point, I advise you to put a very little of the icing into the pastry-tube and squeeze it out to see if you already have put in enough sugar. You can tell this by the way the icing comes out of the tube. If it is just right, it will flow smoothly and yet hold perfectly its form. If it flattens out and seems sticky, add more sugar to your bowl and try it again. (*Continued on page* 98)

Mustn't eat between meals, Miss Temple! The cameraman caught Shirley eating COOKIES, in an exclusive MOVIE MIRROR picture to accompany Miss Nelson's page.

PEOPLE *ALWAYS* LIKE COOKIES!

Can you make that rich, crumbly different-tasting *real* Scotch shortbread? Would you be interested in knowing about the Banbury Tarts which fit so perfectly into the children's lunch-box, and make such an impression when you serve them in your home? Both these recipes, with others, will be sent you free of charge when you write to Pauline Nelson, care of MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Miss Nelson is always ready to help you if you'll tell her about your cooking problem, or to send you hints and helps along this line.

The Two Sides of W. C. Fields

The Cuckoo Side

(*Continued from page* 38)

leeway in the matter of this story. The only stipulation is that it must be brilliant. Can you be brilliant at ten o'clock of a Sunday morning?"

"I can be brilliant at ten o'clock of any morn," retorted Mr. Fields. "Or at eight o'clock or two o'clock—yes, particularly at two o'clock—if the conditions are right and my *vis-a-vis* is sufficiently stimulating." He eyed me doubtfully and drained the remains of the honey-colored fluid. "I have a wretched cold," he went on, "and when I have a cold I can't sleep. That makes it worse. I have to take medicine for it. Is it too early for you to have a drink?"

"It's never too early," I assured him.

"Scotch or rye?" murmured Mr. Fields as he disappeared into the house.

A few minutes later he re-appeared with what Phil Holmes' valet terms "the ingredients."

"Help yourself," he invited. And, as I busied myself, he continued, "Had you anything special in mind?"

"WELL," I well'd, "I thought it might be funny if you would give me a story on why you don't like comics. We could gag it and maybe you could tell me about some scenes other comedians had stolen from you—or tried to," I added hastily.

"If we gagged it—and we'd have to," he answered, "the public might not understand it was a gag and think I was a conceited ass. And besides," he added severely, "if we gagged it, it would be fiction. I don't believe anything is ever as compelling as the truth. Take Jim Tully's books for instance. The reason they are so absorbing is because he is writing about facts—telling the truth."

"All right," I agreed, "that's out. Let's try something else. Give me some anecdotes or human interest stories. Tell me some amusing things that have happened to you in the course of your career."

"Did you ever," demanded Mr. Fields, "hear the story of the bride who said to her groom, 'Scare me again' and he said 'Boo!'? Well, I'm like that. I get to talking and I can think of a million things. But when you come at me all of a sudden like that, it scares them all out of me."

Silence reigned for a few moments while Mr. Fields strode up and down—up and down—in his new brown suede sneakers and I sipped my eye-opener.

"Does this story have to be OK'd by the studio?" he asked suddenly. I shook my head negatively. "Well, I'll tell you this, then, and maybe we'll get it by, this time. I've told it before but the studio always deletes it.

"Once I was in a picture," murmured Mr. Fields. "We were supposed to make some scenes on a ferry boat. So they built a ferry boat on one of the lakes near here and we all trooped down to make the scenes. About half past two in the afternoon the boat began settling to the

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray look?* She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer . . .

The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.

That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.

Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

NRA CODE

1935, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

You'll never know how

BEAUTIFUL

you can be!

UNTIL YOU DISCOVER THIS SECRET OF MAKE-UP!

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they *match each other!* Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

That's what you get when you use OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids. Regardless of which shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you can be sure of finding an OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge of the *same tonal quality.*

No clash of colors! No cheap, gaudy effect! Your make-up is free of all artificiality... *natural.* OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids not only make your skin seem lovelier than ever before, but because of their exclusive Olive Oil base, they *protect* it, too!

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

POWDER

The *only* face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! No orris root! 7 smart shades.

ROUGE

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Lasts for hours. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.

LIPSTICK

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port side. 'Everybody off,' yelled the director. 'We're not going to have any accidents like that *Eastland* or *Eastman* or whatever it was in Chicago.'

"He had been on the water so he was very nautical. 'Man the buckets,' he ordered. So all the props and electricians and what-nots manned the buckets and from two until about half past six or seven they bailed out water. Then they looked down in the hold and there was just as much water as there had ever been and the boat hadn't righted itself an inch.

"There was a fire department a few miles up the road so they sent for the engine. The engine came and they attached the hose and had the engine pump until about twelve that night. Then they looked in the hold. The water hadn't gone down a hair's breadth and the boat was still listing to port as much as ever.

"So they started 'phoning back to town and about two o'clock in the morning they got hold of the architect who had built the damned thing. 'The boat's sinking,' the director informed him.

"'It can't sink,' replied the architect. 'It wasn't built to sink.'

"'Can't sink, hell!' screamed the director. 'It *is* sinking and you're throwing me behind on my shooting schedule. You put it in a car and haul it down here.'

"ABOUT two-thirty or three o'clock he arrived and took a look at the thing with its lee side sticking up in the air. 'That's funny,' he muttered, 'the boat hasn't any hold to it—it's built on pontoons. Those sides are just dummies.' He went aboard and looked around. 'You've got the damned thing overloaded on this side,' he yelped. 'Move some of those lights over to the other side.' So they did and the boat righted itself. They had been trying for about twelve or fourteen hours to pump the lake out from under the boat!"

Mr. Fields faced me triumphantly. "How's that?"

"Mr. Fields," I observed gravely, "that is one of the most absorbing human interest stories I have ever listened to. Now, tell me," I went on, "you're a big hit today. Yet a few years ago, right after you'd made a picture with Jack Oakie, there was an hiatus between your appearance with him and your next picture—a space covering two or two and a half years. Why was it you couldn't get work in films after that Oakie picture?"

Mr. Fields' face reddened for I had touched a tender spot.

"Oakie had nothing to do with it," he answered. "I had made some pictures in the east and been fairly well received in them. So they signed me up for three pictures out here. I was put under a director who knew no more about picture-making than-tha-than," he paused, groping for a suitable simile.

"Than I do?" I suggested.

"Yes," said Mr. Fields gratefully, "than you do. When I came out here they said to me, 'In New York you had the reputation of being thoroughly disagreeable, hard to get along with, you fought with everybody, you wanted to be the whole show and thought no one knew anything but you.

"'Now, let's try a different angle out here. You just confine yourself to acting and let us worry about everything else. We've got experts trained in lighting, camera work, direction, gags and writing. You just relax. Take it easy. Play golf or whatever you like. We've been in this business *eight years* and we *know* what we're doing.'

"So I thought, 'Maybe they're right. I *will* take it easy. I won't talk back to anyone and everybody will love me.'

"Well, all I've got to say is, 'God help anybody who trusts his career to somebody else—particularly when the person in charge of it knows no more about pictures than my supervisor or whatever he was. I'll tell you, my little chickadee—"

"Just a moment, Mr. Fields," I interjected. "I'm not your little chickadee. You're getting your sexes mixed."

"So I am, so I am," he agreed.

"Well, I made those three pictures and I couldn't get another job in pictures. I had to go back to New York, return to the stage. I was two years with Earl Carroll and about six months with Oscar Hammerstein II. The Hammerstein engagement was a flop because, although Oscar is a helluva clever writer, he made the mistake of entrusting the writing of his show to other people. Just as I told you—you've got to do things yourself.

"I did all right with Mr. Carroll," he added reminiscently, "by fighting tooth and nail for my rights."

We were interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman who was introduced as "Mr. Macauley." "Have a spot?" Mr. Fields offered.

"Sure," said Mr. Macauley.

Mr. Fields eyed him critically. "You've taken off weight," he observed.

Me, I'm always interested in weight-taker-offers. "How'd you do it?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I just cut out starches."

"ME, too," averred Mr. Fields. "Now look at Tammany Young. He hasn't touched a drop in fourteen years and he's got a belly about twice—no, three times—the size of mine. Do you know, the other day I went into the Paramount lunchroom and ordered a three decker sandwich. I knew I didn't want all that junk so I just took the stuffing out and ate it. Then I took the bread and wadded it up into a ball to see how much it was. It was almost the size of a cannon-ball. Well, it would show on anybody if they swallowed a cannon-ball, wouldn't it?"

A Mr. Roderick appeared and was introduced. "Have a spot?" Mr. Fields offered.

"Sure," Mr. Roderick agreed.

"Here's something you'll appreciate," Mr. Fields remarked to me. He darted into the house and returned with what looked like a manuscript. "Gene Fowler sent it to me," he explained. "He just dashed it off. Now, anybody else would have spoiled it by explaining in the note that they were drunk when they wrote it but Gene makes it all the funnier by not mentioning that and letting me guess it."

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Fields in amazement, peering into my glass, "it's empty."

"Yes," I admitted guiltily, "I drank it."

"Have a spot?" he offered.

"No," I thanked him, "I better go."

"But you didn't get your story!"

"That's the trouble," I replied. "It's been just another morning of eye-openers. But it was one of the swellest interviews I've ever had." And I meant it, too.

The Unexpected Side

(*Continued from page* 39)

damp and pungent hole in the ground.

And just when he was experiencing his first pangs of achievement, he and his father had their worst quarrel.

If Pa Fields had not come home that Saturday night wearing an elegant white Melton coat with bowler hat to match (fresh from the second-hand store), Bill would probably be just another good clothing salesman today.

And if Bill, on that same Saturday night, had not carelessly left a shovel on the front steps, the show-going world would probably never know the gay hysteria of a slow-motion cigar box juggling act.

But his father did come home in all his elegance, did fall over the shovel, and beat Bill within an inch of his life because of the accident.

Bill fled to his hole, and the thing we call Fate went into a dizzy spin.

He spent the night in shivering indignation, picturing touching death-bed scenes in which Pa Fields knelt beside him, begging abject forgiveness. He determined never to go home until that happened.

But in the morning when the gang gathered, Bill immediately organized the boys for the success of his hiding campaign. One was ordered to bring so much food daily, another to filch some burlap, another to find a cast-off blanket, and so on. All were solemnly sworn to an oath of silence concerning his whereabouts.

FOR six spring and summer months, Bill managed to exist in that fetid hole, emerging cautiously at night when the cops were off the beat. He was completely uncomfortable, dirty, cold and badly fed, but he couldn't go back on his promise to himself or to the gang. To the boys, and sometimes to himself, he was Dead-Eye Dick, Jesse James and Buffalo Bill all rolled into one.

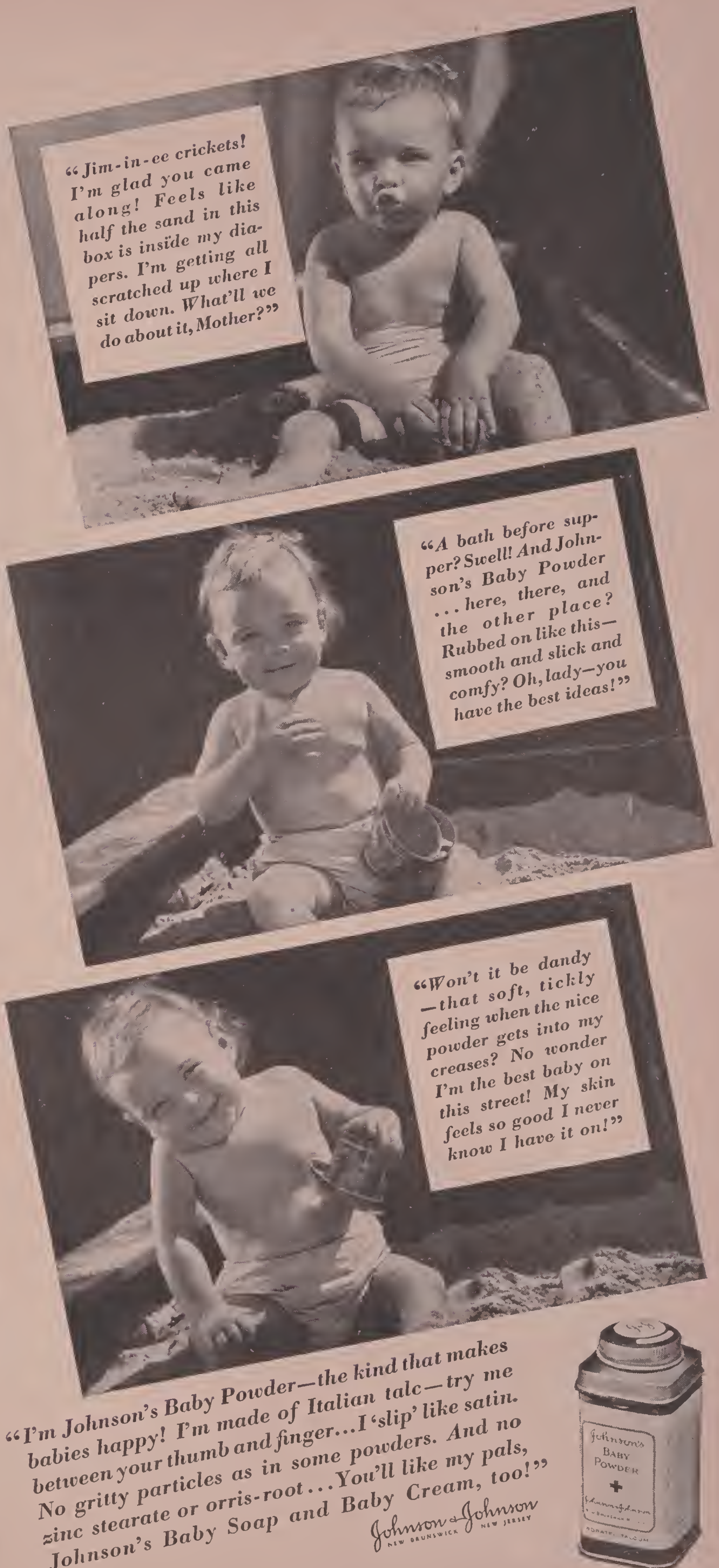
But winter arrived, as winter will, and the gang was herded back into school, and suddenly lost interest in its summer hero's underground welfare.

When a sudden heavy rain flooded his "home," Bill was forced to search Philadelphia for dry and rentless quarters. By this time he was thoroughly afraid to go home, afraid of the beating he was sure to get, afraid of everything, so he set out for another shoddy industrial section of the city, many miles from the old neighborhood.

In the new district he made friends with a group of pool hall loafers, who sometimes magnanimously permitted him to sleep on the floor of their club-room, ostentatiously titled the Orvington Club.

But Bill sagaciously prepared for the nights the Orvington magnanimity was lacking, by compiling a grimy list of every vacant house, barn, loft, and, yes, even out-houses, in the district. Carrying his bedding, a piece of dirt-hardened carpet, he wandered nightly from one precarious shelter to another, somehow evading the waspish eye of juvenile officers and well-meaning housewives. He was a typical lonely, desperate, unhappy tramp kid.

For three years he managed to survive the creeping destruction of starvation,


"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diapers. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"
"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder ... here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"
"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby on this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"
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filth, and zero temperatures. For three years he managed to stay on his feet in spite of a devitalizing, hacking cough.

He recalls that he was never able to sleep beyond three o'clock in the morning because the stiffness of his joints and the icy pain of his body made further rest impossible. He spent the three hours until dawn, running, stamping his feet and beating his hands monotonously against his body to keep circulation alive.

And, to this day Bill Fields automatically awakens every morning in the blackness of three o'clock, and he knows that to woo further sleep is futile. The one habit of those stark years remains doggedly with him in spite of specially built mattresses and the fleecy warmth of all-wool blankets.

He defeated extinction on a doubtful diet of frankfurters and sauerkraut, doled out to him once a day by a soft-hearted bartender of a nearby saloon, from the largesse of the free-lunch counter.

Slowly he regathered his reputation in the new neighborhood for toughness. He learned to ride the trains, blind baggage, and during the summer traveled largely without the benefit of a dime. The Orvington boys flattered him into supervising group tours for them to Chicago, New York and even as far west as Omaha.

DURING his second year he became rather a figure, even with the older pool hall clique, and was looked upon with respect, because he was widely traveled.

Following a successful freight-car jaunt to Chicago, two Orvington boys who had been his traveling students, decided to reward him by taking him to a show.

The events of that electrifying night of the show are still hotly etched into Bill's memory. He can tell you what he wore, what his hosts did and said, what time they arrived at the theater, what they ate before the show, and the row and position of their gallery seats.

He can recall clearly the name of the show, which was "Eight Bells," and the featured stars, who were the Five Byrne Brothers, and he is still able to offer a minute account of the solo juggling act achieved by one of the brothers.

Ambition flamed suddenly, almost painfully, when Bill saw the youngest Byrne toss balls, broomsticks, high-hats and steel discs into the air and catch them with a nonchalant, nimble-fingered magic.

From that moment his simplified struggle to survive became complicated with a new hunger, a gnawing seduction he could not name. He knew before he had his hand around a tennis ball that he could toss things high into the air and catch them with the sorcery of a Byrne brother.

He collected a strange array of juggling utensils, but it required weeks of patient searching. Three tennis balls were the result of a seven-day ambuscade in the shrubbery of the city parks near the lawn tennis courts. Two broomstick handles demanded a week of inventory work in the city's refuse heaps. Four steel discs were begged from a foundry worker in a mellow condition.

But the high-hat stymied him. He had to use money to get that. He finally bartered successfully with the second-hand dealer, and for sweeping and cleaning the dingy store for one month, the treasured topper became his.

For one year he practised juggling with this primitive equipment in all his usual hostelries—the vacant houses, the ashen club-rooms, the livery stables. During his twelve months of fanatic concentration he devised an original and intricate juggling routine, using a dozen cigar boxes. (This trick later became famous throughout the world.)

Bill's first humble début was for the hard and worldly Orvingtonians. His extemporaneous comic pantomime (injected suddenly in a timid effort to please) received as boisterous approval as his juggling. He was instantaneously besieged with offers to appear in church benefits, club benefits and hospital benefits, everything but a Bill Fields benefit.

He covered miles of Philadelphia pavement clutching his ludicrous juggling paraphernalia, because the good ladies of the church, and the big-handed men of the clubs usually failed to offer him carfare.

His clothes presented an embarrassing problem until an appalled church worker tactfully billed him as "The Tramp Juggler." Thereafter, Bill's dejected rags went over big as his "costume." He had only to add a stringy crêpe beard to complete his illusion of a hard-bitten hobo.

The rest of Bill Fields' story is well-thumbed theatrical history. When he was seventeen he was actually hired for a salary by a burlesque show. The munificent sum each week was five dollars, but that was actual riches to Bill. His next jump was to Atlantic City and for *ten dollars a week*, but for this he had to put on a drowning act every afternoon in the surf to draw the crowds into the pavilion to drink beer and watch his subsequent resuscitation over a barrel.

When he had reached the staggering wealth of thirty-five dollars a week with a New York music hall, he returned home to see the folks. He found Pa Fields still wearing his Melton coat, but it was gray with the grime of the years, and he found Ma Fields still placating her man with a brand new set of handy tableaux.

From that day (he was nineteen) until his parents died, Bill took over the complete burden of their support.

TODAY Hollywood and the highways leading to his orange ranch are dotted with the depressing parade of homeless boys, and he remembers.

Every morning, when he jerks into wakefulness at three o'clock, he remembers.

And then just a few months ago, during a physical examination for insurance, he was plunged into deeper memories.

His physician was scanning the plates of an X-ray. He said:

"Look here, Bill, when did you have tuberculosis? There are two scars on your lungs, but they have healed up beautifully.

"You must have had excellent care and good medical supervision to skim through a siege like that."

Bill said nothing. He does not bother to tell this story to many people. He would rather see people laugh than cry. He remembers how bitter tears can be.

The Stars Can "Take It"

(*Continued from page 37*)

Without a word, Ben kicked back his chair. He whirled, and planted a beautiful right on the bully's nose. Of course, his pal joined the fight, so I chimed in, too. It was a grand battle while it lasted. It ended with the two being knocked cold and kicked out of the place. Ben had a split lip and a black eye, but he was grinning. That boy can take it as well as dish it out.

For a long time I had a gym where Ben Lyon, Milton Sills, Victor McLaglen, Warner Baxter, Lloyd Hughes, Jack Mulhall, Ian Keith and other stars of the day came for their workouts. One day Vic McLaglen, who weighs 230 pounds and once fought Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world, said to me:

"Nate, how about stepping a couple of rounds?"

I weighed but little more than half of 230 pounds but I agreed. The boys all laughed and crowded up to see the annihilation of Nate Slott. Vic's first punch almost shook my teeth out. The second left me dazed. It went on that way, with me trying to cover and land an occasional blow for two rounds. I was beginning to wonder why he had it in for me. Suddenly I saw a chance and I brought up a beautiful left hook which landed on Vic's mouth.

"SAY!" he exclaimed, "you've got a punch for a little fellow! Shake."

Vic, of course, hadn't intended to hurt me but it was hard for him to pull his punches.

My acquaintance with Johnny Weissmuller began when we were both members of the Illinois Athletic Club in Chicago, I a boxer and he a swimmer. That was back in 1920, long before Johnny ever dreamed of becoming "Tarzan." In 1922 when I came west, I said goodbye to Johnny.

"Keep in touch with me, Nate, when you get to California," he said as we parted. "I may come out there myself some day."

We had often talked of California as some mythical place which neither of us had any hope of reaching. It was in 1929 while Johnny was swimming for the Crown Prince of Japan that I got a scribbled card from him. It read:

"Try and get me some picture work. Having a grand time."

My chance came when I decided to film a series of short sports reels. My first one was with Mickey Walker, then middleweight champion of the world. Ben Lyon was also in this picture. It happened that Johnny was in town for a few days, enroute to San Francisco for the Olympic tryouts. He consented to make a short for me with Myrna Kennedy, then leading lady for Charles Chaplin. Fred Windemere, husband of the late Belle Bennett, loaned me his yacht. We went out into the Catalina channel, set up for the first shot, and overboard went Johnny. The water was absolutely freezing and even a Weissmuller couldn't stand it. We had to give up and return home. We never did finish that short. Johnny won the Olympic championship soon afterward.

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YEAST FOAM TABLETS

I have often been asked how Johnny keeps in such perfect physical condition. How he trains and what diet he uses. The answer is that he doesn't. Johnny is one of those rare specimens, a natural athlete, and I have seen him polish off a big helping of strawberry shortcake just before going into the pool.

I taught Johnny to box. He is a natural boxer, fast, shifty and with the punch of a discontented mule in each hand. Had he not chosen to become a swimmer, he might have been a champion boxer.

Johnny is just a big good-natured kid. I remember one night he and Lupe were giving a big party at one of Hollywood's night spots. There are always those who want to pick fights with any he-man movie star, thinking to cover themselves with glory. There was such an individual present that night. Johnny stepped out to get some champagne. As he returned, loaded with bottles, this fellow bumped into him.

"Listen, you big ape, whom do you think you're bumping? I've a notion to take a sock at you," the man sneered.

"Just wait until I put these bottles down," grinned Johnny, "and I'll be back."

But when he got back the man had gone. We heard afterward that he had bragged to his friends how he had tamed the mighty Tarzan.

CELEBRITIES are always victims of these seekers of glory. One fellow walked up to Dempsey when we were filming "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." He struck Jack viciously and asked:

"Can you still take it, Jack?"

There was much talk of real animosity between Max Baer and Primo Carnera during the making of "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." I was one of Carnera's seconds during the making of that film and I overheard Bill Duffy, his manager, say to him as he put on the gloves for their first ring scene:

"You feelin' all right? I think Max is going to nail you if he can, so watch him."

"And may God help him if he does," said Carnera.

Baer had also heard that Carnera intended to slip one over on him and the tension was high on that first day, but Dempsey broke it with his wisecracks. Only once did it look as though the boys were in earnest and that was when Dempsey told Carnera to hand Baer a stiff one. He did, but Baer only grinned and said:

"Better keep those for the million dollar gate, big boy."

When Tom Mix was the ace of the Fox lot he had a regulation size ring in his bungalow and employed a trainer, Frankie Dolan, once a boxer of note, now a well-known referee. Tom was a good boxer and under Dolan's instructions began to fancy himself as near-championship calibre. He sent Jack Dempsey an invitation to come over and step a few rounds with him. They were to go three rounds and Tom did a lot of bragging among his friends that Dempsey wouldn't be able to lay a glove on him.

Some of Jack's friends heard about it and got Jack to rub his gloves in charcoal before he went into the ring. Jack kept weaving around, getting Mix to lead and then he would jab him lightly. At the end of the third round, Tom looked like Al Jolson ready to sing a "Mammy Song." He was all smiles as the bout ended.

"Never touched me," he boasted. Then someone brought him a mirror.

AL HOCKETT, the Fox producer, called me into his office one day several months ago, saying:

"Nate, I've got a man's sized job for you. I'm putting Jimmy Dunn into a picture called 'Society Girl,' and the role calls

Hollywood's Marry-Go-Round! It seems to be a great day for the race at Santa Anita, but where's Hank, Connie? La Bennett's arm entwines Gilbert Roland's neck, and the Irving Netchers follow close behind.

for him to play the part of a middleweight boxing champion. He looks like a heavyweight wrestler. We start shooting in three weeks. Put him in shape."

Jimmy is a clever boy. He didn't want to do road work and immediately started a subtle campaign. For two weeks he worked fairly hard, but when the third week rolled around he rebelled. One morning when I arrived to begin his day, I found him in bed, asleep. I tried to awaken him but he paid no attention. I turned from the bed a moment. A pillow hit me with the force of a battering ram. Jimmy had been playing possum.

"Be a good guy, Nate, and go play with the dog for an hour and I'll get up. I've found a swell place to do road work," he pleaded.

The "swell place to do road work" turned out to be the Lakeside golf course where Jimmy and I played Johnny Weissmuller and W. C. Fields for five dollars a hole.

Jimmy's opponent in "Society Girl" was a pug whose sole claim to fame was that he resembled a famous fighter of other years. Director Sidney Lanfield called him to his side.

"Jimmy is supposed to be knocked out in this picture," he explained. "I want it to be a real knockout so that we are sure it looks natural on the screen. Let him have it."

THE day for the big fight scene came. A ring had been built on one of the big sound stages and hundreds of extras employed to act as the audience. I was in Jimmy's corner. The knockout was supposed to be in the third round but the pug finding himself the center of attraction, tore into Jimmy from the first bell. Jimmy is no sissy and he fought back. They were getting some wonderful stuff with the cameras. Suddenly just as the bell ending the first round sounded, the pug smashed Jimmy a hard right to the mouth. I burned and when Jimmy came back to his corner I asked him to let me take a punch at the guy.

"Nix on that stuff, Nate," Jimmy shook his head. "he didn't mean it."

But I know he did. That second round was a honey, the pug throwing all he had and Jimmy doing some throwing too. The crowd of extras were wild. They were seeing a real fight. The bell rang and the round was over.

About half way through the third round the knockout scene was supposed to come. The pug sent a smashing right to Jimmy's body and down he went.

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Jimmy that was the best acting you ever did!"

"Acting, hell!" grinned Jimmy, "get a doctor and see if my ribs aren't broken."

And broken they were, two of them.

I have trained scores of other picture people. I put Dick Arlen in trim and gave him boxing instructions for his battle in "The Man I Love." I worked with George Bancroft in "Lady and Gent," with Wallace Beery in "The Champ," and with Jack Oakie in "Madison Square Garden." I also prepared Paul Muni for his role in "Seven Faces." It's been hard work but it has resulted in many fine friendships.

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Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—*not yours*.

Will he be grateful? He'll be looking for someone to thank!

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bristol-Myers, Inc.. Dept. 2-A
75 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name ....

Address ....

PRIZE WINNERS

MOVIE MIRROR Great Star Contest

$400 First Prize

THERALL E. FOURT,
Springdale, Wash.

$150 Second Prize

MARION M. GRANGER,
Washington, D. C.

$50 Third Prize

MARIE A. MUHLHAUSEN,
Glendale, L. I., N. Y.

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Twenty $5.00 Prizes

Betty Bandelow, Cleveland Hgts., Ohio; Josephine B. Becker, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Louise Bruneau, Huntington Park, Calif.; Maxine J. Castle, Connersville, Ind.; Marie Crady, Minneapolis, Minn.; Elizabeth Duffy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edith F. Hamlin, Quincy, Mass.; John P. Holzer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Araxy Kaishian, Syracuse, N. Y.; Lillian V. Kelly, Jamaica, N. Y.; Chester Kocik. Niagara Falls, N. Y.; M. J. Larson, Minot, N. D.; Mary A. Laughlin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hope MacDonald, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. W. A. McDaniel, Enfield. N. C.; Richard F. Olsen, Minneapolis, Minn.; Harold J. Puerner, Jefferson, Wisc.; Edith A. Scharf, Cumberland, Md.; Georgia Soudie, Staunton, Va.; Edna Vest, San Francisco, Calif.

One Hundred $2.00 Prizes

Lorraine Ascherin, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Thomas Austing, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; Mrs. Woodward B. Baugh, Richmond, Va.; Marcella Bick, St. Louis, Mo.; Emily Bowman, West Warwick, R. I.; Margaret Bradley, Bellingham, Wash.; Myrtle Brogley, Mobile, Ala.; Alice Brooks, Cleveland, Ohio; Bert D. Burnes, Austin, Tex.; Margaret A. Buskey, Mankato, Minn.; Margaret Cairns, Albany, N. Y.; Lois J. Capell, Brockton, Mass.; Sedona Chester, Lakewood, Ohio; Grace Cornils, Evansville, Ind.; Lottie Darowski, Toledo, Ohio; June M. Dase, Cleveland, Ohio; Estelle Dibble, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Bernice Dietrich, Muscatine, Iowa; Arthur Dodge, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Jessie Douglas, Woodhaven, N. Y.; Mrs. Walfran Drew, Mt. Olivier, Pa.; Isabel Eckert, Allentown, Pa.; E. J. W. Ehlert, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. S. Ferguson, Richmond, Va.; Mary Ferzaca, New York, N. Y.; Leta Fulton, Wichita, Kans.; Mazie Gilmore, Cresskill, N. J.; Vinnie Goddard, Detroit, Mich.; Mary J. Gorsuch, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. G. Green, Alvaton, Ky.; Elizabeth Griggs, Washington, N. C.; Dorothy Groncy, Akron, Ohio; Frieda Guttenplan, Bronx, N. Y.; Marie Haslam, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence H. Helm, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Kathryn Hilgers, Racine, Wisc.; Mrs. Leon Hoffman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Julia Hoover, Vancouver, B. C.; Jessie Hudson, Clifton, N. J.; Margaret E. Johnson, Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. Freda Katz, Plainfield, N. J.; Fanny Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Kot, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa; Rose Kral, N. Braddock, Pa.; Wilma Kring, Clinton, Ill.; Mrs. Charles D. Leary, Hastings, Mich.; Rosalie LeFebvre, Lyndhurst, N. J.; Marjorie J. Leslie, Lakewood, Ohio; Concetta Lomuscio, New York, N. Y.; Josephine Mangraviti, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clara McDaniels, Lakewood, Ohio; C. C. McMillan, Oakdale, Calif.; Elizabeth Meszaros, New York, N. Y.; Hyman Meyer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marjorie Meyer, Cleveland, Ohio; Paul L. Nemcek, Little Falls, N. Y.; Steve Nikos, Essex, Mont.; Mrs. Elsie Nobel, Irvington, N. J.; Lilli Norton, Waikiki, Honolulu, T. H.; Petra Obregon, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Jos. V. Oppenheimer, Kingston, N. Y.; Rachael Payne, Darien, Conn.; Frances Perlman, New York, N. Y.; Elna E. Peterson, Albert Lea, Minn.; Josephine Pizzo, Chicago, Ill.; Orline Pugh, Milledgeville, Ga.: Catherine Reiss, Chicago, Ill.; Mildred Rickle, Berwyn, Ill.; Gordon Ritchie, Cincinnati, Ohio; Betty Robb, Dinuba, Calif.; Genevieve Rose, Pasadena, Calif.; Geo. W. Ross, Henderson, N. C.; Miss E. Running, Portland, Ore.: Michael Russo, New York, N. Y.; Thelma Saxer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elsie K. Schubert, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Ottilia Scott, Rochester, N. Y.; Laura Shefsky, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Rose Silberstein, Roxbury, Mass.; Roland Sill, St. Louis, Mo.; Helen Skogerson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Clara Slack, Caribou, Maine; Julia Suvak, E. Pittsburgh, Pa.; Verne Sweben, Clairton, Pa.; Almon Tawney, Los Angeles, Calif.; John E. Thayer, Cambridge, Mass.; John E. Todd, Salt Lake City, Utah; Alice Toomey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Crystal Towns, Marion, Ind.; Celia Trebb, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lillian Utenwold, New York, N. Y.; Jennie Walchak, Youngstown, Ohio; N. Philip Watterson, Newport, R. I.; Christina Webb, Indianapolis, Ind.; Doris Webber, Medford, Mass.; Jane Whitaker, Omaha, Nebr.; W. Ward Wright, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. George Young, Clifton, N. J.; Agnes Zak, Rochester, N. Y.

The Mae West Hollywood Doesn't Know

(*Continued from page 46*)

Hollywood romances that are flaunted before the public. The glare of publicity seems to turn them into shallow, meaningless flirtations.

"Love is *the one thing* that a woman must keep to herself and for herself. You just can't let the world in on it."

And so Hollywood is blithely unaware of Mae's deflection, and even her studio pals, myself among them, haven't the vaguest notion to whom the voice at the other end of that wire belongs.

Of one thing, however, I am certain. He is no one with whom she has ever worked on or off the screen. No woman, Mae has so often told me, is clever enough to mix business and love and emerge victorious. And Mae always insists upon victory.

Strangely enough Mae West is the only feminine star in Hollywood I have ever known who has never had one or more close, admiring girl friends in constant attendance.

Mae does not dislike women, but she admits an uncomfortable strain in the tight, demanding and overly-confidential code of the usual feminine friendship.

ONE day when my boss in the publicity department told me to turn in a West story for a Sunday newspaper feature, I decided that Mae's opinions on "The Modern Woman" would make good reading.

It was during our long talk on this topic that she made a poignant and revealing statement. She said:

"I think that every moment of mental agony in my life has been caused directly or indirectly by women."

And yet I have seen her sacrifice pleasure, and comfort and much needed rest to save a little wardrobe girl whose name she did not know, from a reprimand or possible dismissal.

One morning I dropped into Mae's dressing-room and found it in a complete state of upheaval. A frantic-eyed girl and Mae's personal maid were turning the two rooms upside down in a breathless search. Mae was assisting them, but she was her usual calm, unruffled self.

A handbag, they told me, had disappeared. Mae had turned it over to the new wardrobe girl the night before, but it had vanished. It was a valuable purse, more than valuable, because Mae had carried it conspicuously through a week's work on her picture.

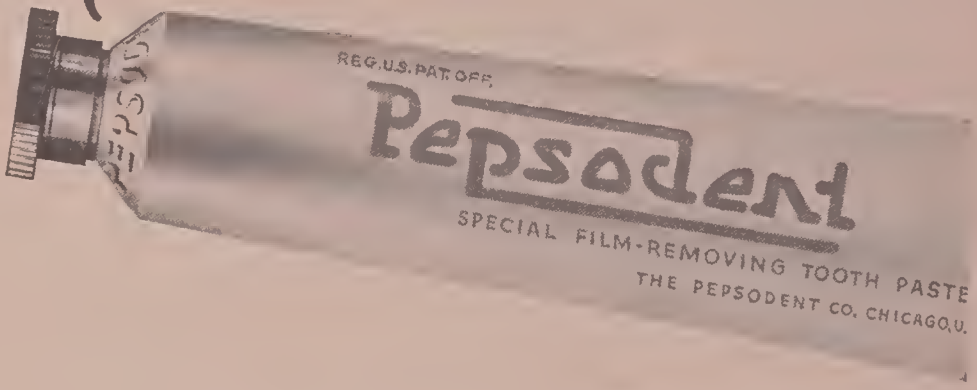
The telephone jangled maddeningly with calls from the set where production was being delayed, but Mae refused to reveal what was detaining her.

When the search reached the futile stage, Mae took things into her own hands.

"The purse is gone, now let's forget it," she told the terror-stricken girl before her. "You run upstairs (to the wardrobe) find some bag that is near the size and shape of the other, and tell your boss that *I did not return* that bag to you last night. Tell him that *I lost it*. That's our story, now remember it."

When Mae finally left for the set, she

I'M LARGER THAN EVER
YET DEALERS ARE SELLING ME
FOR LESS!


REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Pepsodent
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.

The famous Pepsodent Tooth Paste Now in New 10% Larger Tube

Actually more tooth paste but same high quality

THE new, larger Pepsodent tube holds more tooth paste than the old. And dealers are featuring the larger tube at new low prices! Thus you save in two ways at a time when true economy means so much. Thousands who never used Pepsodent will welcome this chance to try it at a saving. Millions who know this special film-removing tooth paste are enthusiastic over its new economy. The formula is unchanged.

Made to remove film

Years ago, The Pepsodent Co. discovered a scientific fact known to comparatively few . . . that film must be removed from teeth if they are to be really clean. Film was found to harbor unsightly stains—to glue germs to teeth, germs that could be the forerunner of decay. Scientists set to work to make a true film-removing tooth paste. A tooth paste without grit or pumice or soap, so it could not harm precious tooth enamel. A tooth paste that would polish teeth to a gleaming lustre with perfect safety. Pepsodent, as you know it today, is the result. Famous in 67 countries!

Watch your drug store window

Practically everybody has wanted to use a real film-removing tooth paste. Now that druggists are selling Pepsodent at new low prices, you don't need to risk the use of so-called "bargain" dentifrices. Get a tube of Pepsodent as soon as your drug store displays the new larger package identified by the red banner. Look for it TODAY.

WHY
this greater saving
is possible

Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today dealers are selling Pepsodent in a 10% larger tube . . . at a new low price.

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

. . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**
. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 284, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ____________ State ____________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

turned to her maid and told her to cancel a dinner and theater engagement for the evening and to order a light supper sent to the dressing-room at seven o'clock.

"We'll have to work late tonight, to make up for this delay, and then it will take a lot of extra time to change the scenes around so this bag won't show up."

This was her only reference to a stranger's carelessness that had completely ruined a day's work and her plans for a gay evening.

So many little comedies and dramas have taken place in that gray and pink satin dressing-room of Mae's. The door is never closed, and anyone in the studio who wishes to drop in and say "hello" to Mae is sure of a gracious welcome.

As a result of this hospitality the vicinity of Mae's dressing-room often takes on the flavor of the Grand Central Station during a rush hour.

One noon I decided to count heads in the West suite, and I tabulated one producer, one song writer, two wardrobe girls, the studio gown designer, one prop boy, two stenographers and an Italian count. The mob that shoves its way through that famous doorway is always a democratic grab-bag.

AND Mae presides over her strange little court, placid and serene and unhurried, usually wearing one of her numerous and inevitable white negligées.

Although she works harder and at a faster pace than any other star in Hollywood (remember she does all her own writing, and attends to many of the details on her pictures) I have yet to discover her resting on the long satin couch in her suite.

Other players demand quiet and drawn shades during the midday lull. They lock their doors against intrusion and turn in for reviving naps, while Mae holds a gay and usually noisy open house.

Her amazing vitality overflows the pulverizing grind of studio work. It causes her to reach out for the problems and defeats of people around her, often people she barely knows. She is constantly in some turmoil of scheming and fighting to get someone a job or a part or an audition within the studio.

There is the case of Johnny Engstead, who for some years has had charge of still pictures for the Paramount publicity department.

Mae discovered that Johnny had ambitions to become an actor, and that he was appearing in his first play with the Pasadena Community Players. Mae decided to find out if the boy had any talent, and the long drive to Pasadena after work didn't dampen her enthusiasm. She worked late that particular night, had to miss her dinner, but she was there when the curtain went up.

Since that night, Mae has never failed to write a scene for Johnny into every one of her pictures. She knows that he isn't ready yet to give up the security of his publicity job, so she flatters and cajoles her directors into arranging their shooting schedules so that Johnny can make his scenes with her at night, when he is finished with his regular duties.

But if you tell Mae that she is generous, kind and munificent, she will only look annoyed and tell you that everybody in the theatrical business holds out a helping hand. But Mae must know in her own heart that this is not true.

Just a few days ago I had an appointment with Mae at her apartment. The date was set for one o'clock, but at twelve she called and asked me to come at three instead.

"Boris Petroff and a few others dropped in before I had breakfast this morning to go over the musical plans for my next picture. I'll get rid of them by three, sure."

But when I arrived outside her apartment door, I could hear the clamor of half a dozen male voices over the banging of a piano.

"I can't get them out," Mae confessed. "We are really getting a lot of work accomplished, though. Come into the bedroom—we can talk in peace there."

Now that bedroom of Mae's, the entire apartment, for that matter, is exactly what you would imagine and want for her background. It is just a foam of creamy white satin, deep furry rugs, ivory brocade over windows, and antique gold encrusted on dainty French furniture.

Mae was wearing her favorite white velvet, a long trailing house coat this time, an absurdly flattering one.

We talked for a few moments about her plans, her picture, her personal problems, and then the clear sure notes of a good tenor voice filtered in to us.

Mae jumped up. The interview was forgotten on the spot.

"That's Tito Coral. He's really great. Wonderful voice. Heard him in 'Marie Galante' the other day. I had him hired immediately for my picture. You must write something about him for the magazines. You must hear him sing."

And I heard Coral sing and sing and sing, while Mae was swept into a whirl of new plans for his début in her picture.

The bell rang. A Cuban boy, hired by the studio to teach Mae a new and intricate rhumba for the picture, arrived. He had come just to talk plans with Mae, but she insisted upon starting the lessons then and there. The pianist went to work on the dance numbers.

FOR hours Mae pivoted, glided, swooped and dipped before the mirrored walls in her living-room. The men from the studio argued loudly over production problems at the other end of the room. Mae went on dancing with the Cuban in complete detachment.

The bell rang. A quietly-dressed woman arrived.

"That's Mae's French teacher," Petroff told me. "Mae sings some French songs in the picture."

The quietly-dressed woman waited patiently in the hallway. The room became hot and blue with smoke. The men began to look disheveled and flushed. Mae went on dancing, cool, calm, composed.

At seven o'clock I left. Mae stopped in the very middle of her French song to take me to the door.

"Sorry I couldn't get rid of them," she apologized. "They've been here since ten o'clock this morning. They think I've nothing better to do than work all day long. It's an imposition."

I looked at her. Nine hours of singing, dancing, dictating, creating and the anticlimax of a French lesson hadn't disturbed a strand of her hair, hadn't misplaced a fold of her white velvet house coat, hadn't even made her nose shiny.

"Imposition, my eye!" was my rather unclever retort.

Her face, as she closed the door, was cloudless and deep with content.

That unalloyed tranquillity of Mae's is difficult to analyze. Her friends say it is the result of constant work and the redundant satisfaction of knowing that she completes every job she starts.

But I think it is something more than that. I think that much of Mae's radiant composure can be traced back to one summer's day in 1933. It was August 17th to be exact, and it was Mae's birthday, her first since her arrival in Hollywood.

Just how the news grapevined through the vast network of buildings and departments of the studio, will never be known, but more than one hundred employees, some having only the slightest nodding acquaintance with Mae, decided individually to send offerings.

It was a day of withering heat, and Mae was working beneath merciless lights on her second starring picture, "I'm No Angel."

By noon, the area surrounding her chair near the cameras was filled with fifty floral pieces. By four o'clock the influx of flowers became a problem to the crew and the several hundred extras working on the set. By six o'clock the director requested that further boxes and baskets be rerouted to Mae's home.

There were a few sprays of expensive orchids from executives, but the vast monument of less extravagant blooms was the priceless tribute of more than one hundred men and women to a woman they understood and respected, a woman who in turn understood and respected them.

It is the first time in the history of the Paramount studio (or any other studio, I believe) that a star has received such concrete acclamation from the workers.

And I remember her face as she left the set that night, and it was surfeit with a happiness one seldom sees in Hollywood.

DO YOU LIKE GLAMOROUS VIVID EXCLUSIVE PORTRAITS

of your favorite stars? MOVIE MIRROR has arranged with one of Hollywood's greatest photographers to take photographs, more beautiful and inviting than any previous portraits, of many of the great stars. His name is Maurice Goldberg and in the May issue, out March 26, you can find brilliant studies of MARGARET SULLAVAN, BETTE DAVIS, GARY COOPER, RUBY KEELER, JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON, and ANNA STEN.

Watch for them!

HAVE YOU A "DATED SKIN"?
I was born April 2, 1902

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By Lady Esther

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

If you feel low—

✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upgrade today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S. TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

What Got Them Down

(*Continued from page* 61)

was fairly svelte—that is, for Alice.

She was cast in fine roles by her husband. He gave her careful direction and Alice became a prime favorite without trying. Her very indifference gave her poise. Self-consciousness, that fatal defect of the overly willing, was unknown to her. Alice had everything; beauty, nerveless ease, hand-picked parts, masterly supervision. She had everything, alas, but ambition.

I do not weep for Alice. She doesn't weep for herself. She laughs and waxes fatter and fatter. Alice would rather be a has-been and sit down to a platter of spaghetti than to be amongst those present and munch on a saucer of spinach. No, I weep for the girls who never had Alice's chances. The straining, eager girls who blister their feet tramping from studio to studio. Who wear themselves out by day and sob themselves to sleep at night. Who starve, ache, hope, and despair. Poor moths who burn to bask under the Kleig lights. Poor little unlucky ones who would crawl on their knees over hot coals for one of the opportunities kicked away by careless Alice. How can life be so unfair?

THE saddest tragedy of all is the one that befell Anna Q. Nilsson. The saddest because the least deserved, the most sudden. One can set a limit to generosity in love. One can curb one's appetite for food. Who can guard against an unforeseen accident?

Anna Q. was at the height of her fame when Fate toppled her down to earth, literally, beneath the hoofs of a bucking horse. Directors fought to get her for pictures. Productions were held up for months until she was available. She never gave a poor performance, never got a bad notice. She took good care of her face and figure. No breath of scandal ever clouded the clear crystal of her reputation. She was a fine actress, a high type of beauty, a dependable trouper.

It is pitiful that the fact that she was a trouper, a brave woman who did not moan or complain after her hip was shattered, delayed her recovery—cost her her career. She lay for five days in agony in a remote mountain cabin, whither we had gone for a rest between pictures, with that splintered bone lacerating her bruised flesh. A young doctor, vacationing near by, assured us it was only a matter of wrenched ligaments.

If Anna had shown less patience, if she had not clenched her teeth on her torture we would have suspected the truth. As it was we soaked her bed applying hot compresses and we picked her up—handling that shattered limb—to change the wet mattress. She rode up-right in the seat of a touring car over three hundred rough and twisting mountain miles to reach the Santa Monica Hospital. She tried to STEP OUT OF THE CAR when we got there! Attendants caught her just as she made the gallant effort; doctors were amazed at her fortitude when the X-Ray revealed the extent of her suffering. Nurses affectionately nick-named her G. P. Good Patient.

Previous to her accident Anna had signed contracts to make four pictures of famous plays, and the studios already had advertised these coming releases. The first three were out of the question while she lay on a cot with her leg on a trolley, weighted with sandbags. The studio begged so hard she made the fourth film on crutches. I wore a blonde wig and doubled for her in the long shots but even so she had to stand for long periods without any support for close and medium set-ups.

It was a sea story, made on the Isthmus at Catalina, and Anna was hoisted on and off vessels that ranged from a row boat to a Government destroyer. She swayed perilously on slippery decks, took a few painful steps this way and that to suggest an entrance or exit, and ruined the green union of the broken hip bone!

After that the leg had to be broken over. Bone from her shin was grafted onto her hip. Dr. Lowman, the great specialist at the Orthopaedic Hospital, feared she might never walk again without a limp. For months she was in a massive cast from her breast to her ankles, holding her arms above her head while she wove baskets to sell for the benefit of crippled children. Her arms were all she could move, flat on her back without a change of position—not for an hour, not for a day, but for SEVEN LONG MONTHS!

FROM the date of her accident, May 1, 1928, until now, Anna has complained less than the average woman does with a headache. She has endured agony, fear, tremendous expense, loss of her place in the sun without a murmur, much less a whine. That she has not lost her place in the hearts of her fans is proved by the letters they still write. When she made personal appearances last year, healed, slender, radiantly beautiful as ever, she was given an ovation in every city. Theatres were packed. People mobbed her back-stage to ask when she was returning to the screen.

When? Ah! When! When producers' memories grow as long as the loyal public's. When they remember how they used to beg for her, wait for her, depend on her to save a poor story. When they get tired of temperament, inexperience, training new-comers, and recall the mature ability, the perfect timing, the wholesome, delicate beauty of that unsullied lady, that capable actress, that TROUPER, Anna Q. Nilsson.

Undeserved fate, and that alone, got her down, but she's not out, by a long way, and if there is such a thing as gratitude in business, justice in heaven, she will be raised up again to deserving fame.

The Fascinating Story of
"THE CALL OF THE WILD"
Don't miss the engrossing fictionization of the movie starring Clark Gable and Loretta Young in MOVIE MIRROR for MAY

Take Inventory of Your Beauty

(*Continued from page* 59)

on page 59 will help you to do for yourself. Many of you do this partially in your letters to me, but this is a really comprehensive survey.

You may either write your answers directly on it and clip it to send me, or copy the questions. This doesn't make any difference, but *how* you answer this questionnaire will make a great deal of difference to you. If you will be completely honest with yourself, you will find this self-analysis a great satisfaction.

It's fun to concentrate on the nice things about yourself, and what's more, it's good for you, honestly it is! If your hair has a particularly lovely gloss to it, I want you to revel in that beauty when you brush it at night. Lovely hair means health, and care on your part. You have a right to enjoy the beauty you have earned. This is *not* conceit, and don't let anyone fool you into believing it is.

MAYBE you don't think writing down the less beautiful things about yourself will be fun, but I assure you it will be when you realize that to face a difficulty is to begin to overcome it. Have you a fat, bulgy waistline? All right, you *have*, but does that mean that six months from now (or even sooner) you still need to have one? Certainly not.

What I want this chart to do for you is to make you think, always constructively, about yourself. It's to help you bring true some of those lovely day-dreams in which you've been indulging. Day-dreams *are* lovely, and they are important, because nothing was ever accomplished in this world that didn't start as a day-dream.

Filling out this chart will put your *self*-knowledge into definite form. It will crystallize for you just what you want to do. Send it to me with a letter and your pictures. I ask for a letter because each of you is an individual and no chart could be made that would apply perfectly to you all. I must know about you before I can answer you intelligently.

Then I'll give you every bit of knowledge I have, or can find, which will help you to achieve that priceless, all-around beauty which is every girl's rightful desire.

Let's get going on this campaign right now. You may look back on the day you filled out and sent this chart to me, as the beginning of a new and happier part of your life. I hope so.

The Three Most Thrilling Days in the Life of Victor Jory

Don't miss the story about the girl, named Joan, whom he loved and lost—in less than a week. Coming in

MOVIE MIRROR

Poor Complexion?

Nurses now tell how famous medicated cream

Corrects ugly skin faults

Thousands use it for Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Chapped Skin

OVER 2 million women today use this famous medicated cream to relieve skin irritations, to help clear up blemished complexions—to help restore their skin to normal healthy loveliness.

Of this vast number of women, thousands are nurses, whose training and experience have taught them what is best for the skin.

What it is

This famous medicated cream is Noxzema Skin Cream—a dainty, snow-white, greaseless formula that doctors first prescribed to relieve eczema, sunburn and other skin irritations.

Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous 25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 104, Baltimore, Md.

Red Chapped Hands Relieved Overnight . . . OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

FIND your glamorous new self! You ...*seductive you*...can win and thrill all hearts if you use the lure men can't resist...exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear this exquisite perfume that stirs the senses ...awakens love...makes men admire you, pursue you, adore you and beg you for dates.

Try all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Be irresistible tonight...buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Irresistible

PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS · FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

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GIVES NATURAL WAVE IN 20 MINUTES AT HOME

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GUARANTEED BY 12-YEAR-OLD ELECTRICAL FIRM

Plugs into any light socket. Uses any ordinary household current, AC or DC or home light plant current. Will last lifetime. Made of finest materials. Customer writes, "Safe-Kurl saves me money and keeps my hair waved perfectly. Takes only a few minutes to use." SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage, when he delivers your Waver, ready to use. Nothing else to buy. Complete directions included. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Mail order today.

SAFE-KURL CO.; Dept. H-348, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Story Behind the Making of the Lives of a Bengal Lancer

(*Continued from page* 15)

looking at supervisor, and stooge at stooge.

Then a bright lad suggesting:

"Well—we've got to write one."

Another bright lad—he had his pay raised in consequence—chiming in:

"The book's scene is laid in India, eh?"

"You're telling me!" groaned the P. M.

"Wait a moment. India's a swell locale—see? It spells rajahs—and dancing-girls—and elephants—and Kipling—and pig sticking—and cobras—and tigers. . . ."

"Oodles of local color," continued the P. M., no longer morose. "Get a hold of whooziz."

"Which whooziz?"

"The whooziz who's always kicking around the Orient—you know—shooting pictures. The bird who made CHANG."

"Oh—Schoedsack?"

"Attaboy! He goes to India tomorrow to get us a raft of background stuff."

SO Schoedsack left; if not the next day, then the week after. All six-foot-seven of him went, taking along his cameras, his keen intelligence, his great talent, his fine, chilly courage. No better man for the job. Spending six months in India. Going up the land and down the land; from the snows of the Himalayas to Assam's mephitic jungles; shooting everything he came across—tiger hunts, Viceregal *durbars*, pilgrimages to the Golden Temple at Benares, processions to Udaipur's cruel Jagganath, *nautch* girls gyrating before the strange, many-armed gods, and, last but not least the Bengal Lancers in action at the North-Western Frontier. Warfare there with the wild, hairy Afridis, cavalry attacks. Heroic deeds. Oh yes—background; and lots of it.

Back then to Hollywood—and tragedy!

For, when Schoedsack's reels upon reels of film had been developed, it appeared that they had been spoiled by adverse climatic conditions, and by insects.

A tragedy indeed. Nothing to show for all the labor and expenditure; and the P. M. exclaiming:

"What a headache! We've already advertised the picture. We've bragged about it. We've sold it to the exhibitors—and we haven't even a story!"

"Well," somebody spoke up, "we still have the title. What about writing a story around it?"

"O. K. by me. Whom have we who can do it?"

"We've got a stable full of writers—doing nothing—just drawing their pay."

"Let's all get busy!" the P. M. ordered.

They all got as busy as bees. They all turned in plots by the ream.

Then—and here is where I get personal and, I am afraid, faintly immodest—my friend "Bud" Lighton, who, by this time, doubtless for the sake of his sins, had been entrusted with the production of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," happened to remember that, before I became a writer, I had seen long service in India, as a captain of British cavalry. So a long-distance call to the little town in Maine where I spend my summers: would I come to Hollywood immediately, if not sooner?

I would—and did.

Interesting work. Hard work. Hard—I being a playwright and novelist rather than a motion picture craftsman—when it came to translating my ideas into the subtle and treacherous medium of the screen. But not hard in the plotting of the story.

For there—as to dramatic incidents, situations, dialogue and the rest—I plagiarized, freely and shamelessly, from my own former experiences in the British-Indian cavalry and, too, from my own books, chiefly from my recently published autobiography "The Cat Had Nine Lives." There was too much material; and the trouble was less in the choosing than in the discarding. But, in the making of the screen version, I was fortunate to have, by my side, "Bud" Lighton, the producer, with his amazing knowledge, his fine patience and understanding, Steve Roberts—orchids to him!—who, at the time, was supposed to direct the picture but was busy on another picture when they finally got around to shooting "Lancer"; and Waldemar Young, who wrote the continuity for me.

So, finally, Henry Hathaway directed it. A man who can create as well as interpret.

Henry Hathaway not going to India, but taking a look-see around California; finding—and reconstructing it—right there.

INDIA—and the towering Himalayas—and the Khybar Pass. The Khybar Pass which is a pistol aimed straight at the heart of England's Eastern Empire, possession of which means safety and dominion to the British, and catastrophe should they relinquish their hold on it for a single moment. The Khybar Pass cut in between mountains that rise dizzily, enormously, overwhelmingly, with sheer, wind-swept granite walls that give no foothold of any sort to beast or man. The Khybar Pass—I have some grim memories of it from my soldiering days—around which "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was written.

And Henry Hathaway finding the Khybar Pass—at least its dead ringer—right at home: at Lone Pine, a small Owens Valley town that nestles at the foot of Mt. Whitney, tallest of America's peaks.

There, under his direction, the most dramatic of the screen play's scenes were staged. There hundreds of technicians and skilled workers were quartered in tents, while at Independence, twenty-eight miles away, were stationed the rest of the company; a scattering of personnel over some forty miles, which surely establishes a new record for this kind of operation.

An intricate operation which clicked with a military precision worthy of the Bengal Lancers themselves.

The main body of extras were fed from portable kitchens—with an expert, not on cooking but on Hindustan's caste laws, supervising the process. For these extras were the "real thing." They belonged to half a dozen different Indian religions and races one of which might—and did—insist on rice and rather stinking dried fish three times a day, while another might—and did—interpret the very smell of pork as a grave insult to be wiped out with blood.

There were huge, temporary stables which housed the assortment of livestock, and, for the feeding of these animals, loads of alfalfa, oats and wheat had to be trucked daily over more than twenty miles of rough desert and mountain roads. Very difficult roads; and the actual sites even more difficult; far from main highways and power lines, so that power generators had to be erected to supply currents for light and a special telephone system built.

Furthermore, a new kind of sound equipment had to be invented. More mobile than any known heretofore, on rubber-wheeled trucks with sound-proofed engines carrying the microphones in "chase" scenes and suspended some one hundred feet or so in front; the bullet-like "mikes" dangling from steel poles like enormous spiders; and the cameras, too, newly designed—for speedy transportation, mounted on tank-like vehicles.

HERE, into this rugged and treacherous area—besides the human actors, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, and no comparison intended—was sent a large company of actors belonging to the animal kingdom: more than five hundred horses, one hundred pack mules, fifty camels, an elephant, a brace of leopards, and the only hunting falcon in America. Here, too, foregathered the afore-mentioned extras: hundreds of Indian and Afghan natives; gentlemen—some of them—of homicidal antecedents and primitive instincts who had hated each other at home and who continued to hate each other on American soil.

Therefore, added to his duties as director, Henry Hathaway had to act as a local League of Nations when Afghan tried to assassinate Rajput, when Sikh endeavored to slit Punjaubi's gullet, and when all four combined to arrange for a private little lynching-bee in which some little black Madrassi was supposed to be the center of attraction. Not an enviable job—Henry Hathaway's. And even this—from the angle of physical danger—more child's play compared to the moment when Hathaway told Gary Cooper that, though the latter's clean-shaven profile was God's answer to the prayers of American girlhood, he would, as an officer in the Lancers above the rank of junior lieutenant, absolutely have to wear a moustache!

A mere incident in the complex, multi-colored routine which resulted in a money-making picture flashed on thousands of screens—an incident which symbolizes the careful research of writer, director, assistant director, property man, the willingness of the actor to carry out that spirit—even to the extent of risking feminine disfavor with an art-for-art's-sake moustache!

It was like that—the whole production—an intense feeling of camaraderie, of eager co-operation, set against a background of danger—and the unexpected!

It started out as a farce—did "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—another fiasco that would mourn its lost public on an obscure, groaning shelf.

It ended as a picture filled with drama and pathos—growing out of the drama and pathos—and brain-wracking work—that went into its making!

Your EYES CAN HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY AND APPEAL AS *these* . . .

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instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

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Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

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Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Hidden in the depths of *your* eyes is the same irresistible allure that makes *this* girl so stunning. Why let it lie there, dormant, useless? Bring it to life! Release it with Maybelline eye make up. Instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara. Now use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the size and brilliance of your eyes . . . then Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to smoothly form your brows. To care for your lashes and brows, use Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and there is the Special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training lashes and brows.

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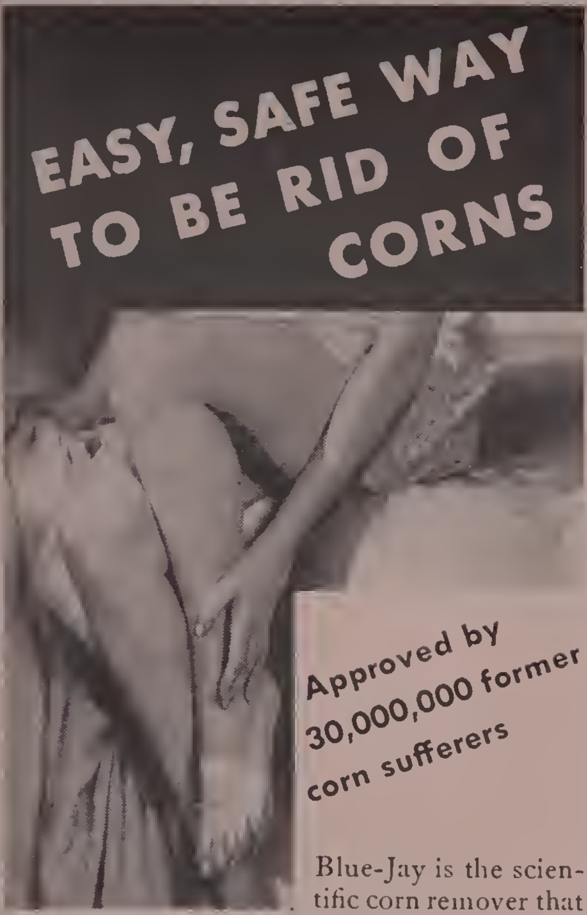
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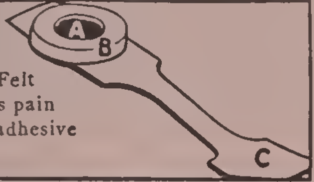
Approved by 30,000,000 former corn sufferers

Blue-Jay is the scientific corn remover that works gently—yet ends corn suffering forever. Pain stops the instant you apply Blue-Jay's soft felt pad. In 3 days, you take pad off, soak foot 10 minutes, lift corn out! It's as simple as that. You'll like the new Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish, does not cling to stocking). • Made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house. Used by millions for 35 years. *25c at your druggist.*

How Blue-Jay Works
A—Blue-Jay medication that undermines corn. B—Felt pad stops pressure, stops pain at once. C—Wet-Pruf adhesive strip holds pad in place.



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CORN PLASTER

"IMPOSSIBLE!.."
My Friends Exclaimed
"SUCH SMART WINDOW SHADES *Only* 15¢!"

LOVELY? YES, BUT HOW THEY WEAR!

"LITTLE wonder visitors could hardly believe my handsome Clopay Shades cost but 15c each. They're so remarkably good looking—both in plain colors and those distinctive chintz-like patterns." Amazingly durable, too—extra-heavy fibre with patented creped texture will not crack, ravel or pinhole; actually outwear far costlier shades. Easily attached to old rollers without tacks or tools. See these amazing values at your nearest "5 and 10," or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to
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AND *Save Money* On All Oilcloth Needs. FABRAY Looks—Feels—Wears Like Oilcloth—Costs ⅓ to ½ Less. At Your Favorite 5-and-10c Store!

What Do the Stars' Dreams Mean?

(*Continued from page* 45)

The dust is so deep it comes over the top of her shoes. She finds it difficult to walk and is desperately tired. A car races toward her back. It is huge and travelling very fast. She cannot get her feet out of the dust and get out of the way. She gets down on her hands and knees and tries to crawl. She becomes weaker and weaker. The car speeds up, is within a few feet of her when she awakes. The sound of the car and knowledge that it is coming toward her causes her to experience horror—not of being killed—which she can neither understand nor explain.

EXPLANATION: This is a distinctly feminine dream. The dust may have some special significance that only the dreamer knows; or, may symbolize dirt, which is sin; or, may be a way of expressing the lack of escape from a situation which is making the dreamer unhappy. The pursuing car, in the generality of psychoanalytical opinion, is the dream figuration for the love desire. It is *seeking the dreamer* rather than *being sought.*

SUBJECT Number Six dreams frequently that he is falling from a window. It is always a window very high in some skyscraper with a sickening drop of hundreds of feet. He goes through the agonies of maintaining balance on the sill for a minute—then hurtles downward, hearing peals of loud and horrible laughter. In the process of falling, he wakes.

EXPLANATION: This is much the same dream as Subject 4's dream except that this dreamer never has the joy of reaching the heights. His wish is to have the thrill that surmounting heights represents, but he dreams only in terms of punishment.

It has been thought and taught that anyone dreaming of falling would die if he landed. Unfortunately it is impossible to prove this theory. But it is true that most people who dream of falling wake in mid-flight, so to speak. There is no special significance to the fact. The sheer terror of falling ought to waken anyone.

SUBJECT Number Seven used to dream, when a child, of cycling through the quaint old lanes in villages in Normandy and Brittany. He had never at that time been to those places. He had read about them and had seen illustrations of them. Years later he took a bicycle trip through that country and saw the scenes so vividly pictured in the dream.

He says that he realized how strange this was because he knew that he never had seen the places before. How could he have been there?

EXPLANATION: The dream of cycling through these villages is the expression of a waking desire to do just this. On the other hand, it might be the habitual dream resulting from a desire to escape from the harrowing present. The circumstance that the scenes in reality were like those of the dreams is neither supernatural nor mysterious. It simply happens that the child's reading and imagination have coincided sufficiently with the scenes as they were later disclosed.

There is, however, a sensation experienced by many people of having done the thing that they are doing many times before. For instance, they enter a room for the first time—and know they have seen it before! Usually this is the result of some association of which one is entirely unaware. This dreamer is an enviably uncomplex, happy person.

SUBJECT Number Eight dreams often of her mother's mother who has been dead for many years. The subject was always very close to this grandmother. She dreams that she is sitting on the front porch of their old home, talking to her grandmother, and is always telling her of what is most on her mind at the moment. She always dreams that her grandmother says to her:

"I am dead, and you know it, and I know it, but you wanted to talk to me, so I came."

While she is talking to her grandmother in these dreams, and while her grandmother listens, certain problems which she has been trying to work out are solved. She remembers the solutions when she awakes.

EXPLANATION: The subject in these dreams is simply utilizing the knowledge of her unconscious, which in all of us is a deep, unfailing source of inspiration and creativeness. Savages, uninhabited people, have developed the ability to the point where they can rely on it for their wisdom. Even some highly civilized people have developed the ability to tap their unconscious resources at will. For instance, I know mathematicians who never worry about their problems. They simply forget them. Hours or days later the answer "comes to them." Creative writers pierce through the conscious mind when they have inspiration.

The dream shows that the subject possesses an extremely enviable power. The chances are that she is able to consult her grandmother about her problems without much conscious worry over them. Anyone might develop the ability to consult the unconscious, but people with either very strict consciences or very guilty ones would be the least able to do so.

These are the stars who dreamed the dreams analyzed starting on page 44 of this issue:

Subject Number One	Maurice Chevalier
Subject Number Two	Jeanette MacDonald
Subject Number Three	Dick Powell
Subject Number Four	George E. Stone
Subject Number Five	Myrna Loy
Subject Number Six	Charles Butterworth
Subject Number Seven	Bruce Cabot
Subject Number Eight	Una Merkel

The Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 4)

Bob Young, Bob Montgomery, any of Metro's bright young actors, just as Freddie Bartholomew, flashing into fame, casts a shadow over the future of Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins, already under contract to this studio.

It is this awful insecurity, of never knowing when or from where the personality is going to come along, to eclipse you completely that tortures all actors.

TEA WITH NORMA

Living with zest in her ocean-side home at Santa Monica, Norma Shearer is off-screen these months until another young Thalberg comes into the world. I stopped by for tea with her late one afternoon. It was a cold, blowing day (apologies to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce) but there was the Best Groomed Woman of the Screen romping in the sand with Irving, Jr., and immensely interested in helping him achieve a very large sand castle. Her hair was flying about and her cheeks were red and it wouldn't have been possible for her to look any happier.

Where many stars complain about things that are sometimes said against them, Norma claims she has always had a perfect press. In fact it bores her to have so many nice things said about her. She says her interviews make her sound like a dogmatic saint.

I, too, think there has been much, too much perfect-wife-mother-actress-woman stuff about Norma. But I don't know how you are going to write with anything but complete admiration of a woman who lives so happily and gaily and competently and yet who has the intelligence to say as she did to me that day, "I used to want to be admired. Now I want just to be liked."

HAVE SOME ANECDOTES

Have you heard the story about the Hollywood producer who was asked about the classic "Les Miserables" that Freddie March is now making? The producer said it was just another "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" in costume!

And there's also the story of the electrician who went up to the Princess Paley, playing the lead in the French version of "The Folies Bergere" and asked her her name.

"I am the Princess Paley," said Her Highness.

"But what can I call you?" asked the electrician. "What is your first name?"

"It is Natalie," said the Princess.

"O.K., Nat," said the electrician and went serenely on with his work while the company swooned.

R. W.

HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS ABOUT MOVIE MIRROR, JR.?

A magazine within a magazine for the young ones. Conducted each month in MOVIE MIRROR by Ann Ramber.

WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *same* OLD *mistake*

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitiably lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"

It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.

"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The *practice* of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the *old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic* which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an antiseptic providing surgical cleanliness *with safety!* Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used without danger on the human body. Zonite will never harm delicate membranes. Nor leave an area of scar-tissue. Despite its germicidal strength, Zonite is gentle, positively soothing. It comes in bottles: 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Then there are *Zonite Suppositories* which are semi-solid, dainty white and *greaseless* forms. They come hygienically sealed in individual glass vials, 12 to a box: $1.00. Ask your druggist.

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Safe, All-Vegetable LAXATIVE

Constipation Ceased To Be a Problem
20 YEARS AGO

NO TRYING "after 40" intestinal sluggishness for them! Safe, all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) are their secret for keeping fit, free from the headaches, biliousness, colds, and conditions that distress so many older people.

It means so much to you, to use the right laxative. One that treats the system kindly—containing no phenol derivatives. One that works right with, not against, nature. One that cleans the whole intestinal tract, yet with gentle, natural action. Altogether they spell one thing—an all-vegetable laxative. Any doctor will tell you. A fair trial of Nature's Remedy will convince you. That vigorous, refreshed feeling—the clear head, the improved digestion, the sense of well-being, tell the story. Plus the fact that you don't have to increase the dose, for they're non-habit forming. The box of 25 tablets only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR.** *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 119-DAA, St., Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT
GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Sell 7 Big Bars

Of Finest Toilet Soaps

for only 25¢

Seven cakes of finest toilet soap in handsome package sells for only 25c. The kind of soap used in every home every day.

EARN UP TO $40.00 a week!

Selling value marked on box $1. You sell for only 25c. Housewives buy on sight. Up to 100 per cent profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quick action send 25c for actual full sized sample.

VICTOR SOAP CO. Dept. TR-45. Dayton, Ohio

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ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star

There IS Privacy in Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 33*)

passenger atop one of the busses spotted Bill and started yelling his name at the assembled customers. Like that, we were surrounded on all sides—men, women and children of all ages and types were hanging on the running board, sitting on our laps and pulling at our clothes.

"I don't know quite what happened after that, though in my dazed condition, it did occur to me that Bill couldn't take it. His face was flustered with embarrassment that changed to humiliation when one of the fans tried to remove his tie. Nor did he seem to care for the two young ladies who climbed over the back of the cab and insisted upon sitting on his shoulders. No," said Ronnie smiling, "Bill really couldn't handle the London pace."

"And you—"

"Oh, I'd grown used to it by then," was the astounding reply of Hollywood's favorite hermit. "By that time, I wasn't wearing any tie, myself!"

He was kidding, but not *much!* And before I could ask any further questions, Ronnie made that remarkable revelation concerning the calm and serenity of Hollywood life as compared to that of New York, London, Berlin, Madrid, points East and West, including the Orient. He continued:

"Someday, I think I shall get up a little book for the exclusive use of traveling motion picture stars entitled: *Around The World With Ballyhoo,* in which I shall try to save them some of the dupings I encountered on my recent trip. Dupings is exactly the word, too. Away from Hollywood, motion picture stars are at the mercy of the hotel publicity man, the souvenir hunter, and every trick and device known to the curiosity seeker.

"When I left here, I was badly in need of a new mental viewpoint. I wanted to visit new countries, unseen places, for the express purpose of gaining a new perspective. I went to *see* but generally I remained to *be seen* and, oddly enough, I found I had to return to Hollywood to find the mental relaxation and privacy I had sought elsewhere.

"MY first taste of what I was in for, occurred on the first lap of the journey—the boat trip from Los Angeles to New York through the Panama Canal:

"Our initial stop-over was at Guatemala City but I had been urged to go by cab to Antiqua, instead. We (I was traveling with a non-professional friend) had decided to spend the day there and return for dinner at the hotel in Guatemala City.

"Imagine our surprise, upon returning, to find the city in a festive mood. The lobby of the hotel was packed to overflowing and, as we wished to avoid the crowds, we used the freight elevators and back stairways. While I was brushing up for dinner, my traveling companion decided to go below and find out what all the shooting was about. He returned breathless! It seems, among other things that:

"The crowd was attending a tea-dansant in honor of Ronald Colman! Further, a great number of people had paid their good, hard-earned cash to see Ronald Colman and, what's more, they weren't in any mood to leave until they had! It was then broken to me that the hotel manager had learned of my passage, thought it a chance to lure in some customers, plastered the town with huge bill boards announcing my appearance as "Honor Guest," all, without consulting me at all. To top it off, right at that moment he was raving mad that I had *disappointed* him.

"I was finally forced to appear for a moment to be gaped at for the sole reason that this hotel man had decided that I would be good bait for extra business and jacked-up prices. Of course, I could have stubbornly refused to appear but naturally enough, many of the *customers* (especially after the bill board stunt) probably thought I was on a personal-appearance tour, that *I* had ordered the bill boards and that I was going to get most of the money they had paid. They would never have believed that the hotel had duped them. It would have been Colman's fault!

"Since then, I've used every trick I could think of to keep from having hotel keepers make commercial Roman Holidays of my short vacation visits. I've sent my traveling companion two or three days ahead to engage rooms under *his* name. I've begged for protection. Most hotel keepers, especially in Europe, seem to feel that they would be silly to help a Hollywood star enjoy an unmolested vacation. He figures that if he doesn't capitalize on the visit, his rival in the next town will. Sometimes, too, they think you are bluffing. An American hotel manager once told me that many professional and famed society guests demanded privacy—and then move out in a huff if they *get* it!

FOR the information of traveling motion picture stars: England, Spain and Japan are the most difficult. In fact, the Orientals are the most frenzied fans in the world. Dick and Jessica Barthelmess were going the opposite way around the world to my trip and we planned to meet in Yokohama and do the out-of-the-way places in Japan together. Just browse leisurely, as the mood struck us. Funny, we were afraid we might miss one another because we were sure no one knew us in the land of the Rising Sun. We cabled minute instructions to one another as to where and when we would meet.

"*The effort was wasted!*

"The moment I set foot in Yokohama, I was confronted with enormous pictures of Dick and Jessica on the front pages of the newspaper, together with the hour of their arrival and the name of the hotel at which they were stopping. I couldn't have missed them if I made it a life work. There were at least a hundred thousand people who could have guided me to their suite. It was grand fun to see them—but the browsing was out of the question.

"But, at that," continued Colman, "I think the most embarrassing moment of my trip occurred in Spain. I had wanted to see the new *Spanish Riviera,* excellent beach, they had told me. Too, I had been assured that it was slightly out-of-season and thus quite certain to afford some privacy. It was a lovely spot and it didn't take me long to stretch out in solitary comfort on the beach. I went to sleep in the sun. When I awakened, it seemed that all hell was popping. On the bluff, above me, was a sight-seeing bus literally filled with people—and a chap in front was bellowing my name at the top of his Spanish lungs! As usual, an enterprising hotelkeeper had sent out the word. A bus barker had rallied a load of townspeople and tourists to come out and see the Americano. I shall never forget the embarrassment of that moment as long as I live. One is never quite poised in bathing trunks, anyway. And with a bus load of people screaming and waving . . . ah, there was a moment!

"BUT Holland," he smiled, "is the place for me. Just contrast that last incident in Spain with the treatment I got in the country of Wind Mills:

"I was looking over some rare books in an Amsterdam book store one late afternoon, when I was approached by a gentleman who looked like a university professor. He clicked his heels, doffed his hat in the grand manner. 'Do I presume to be talking to Mr. Ronald Colman of the American films?' he asked politely. I said he was. He then presented me, quite formally with his card. *He was a local news reporter!* Such an approach nearly bowled me over. He asked if he might ask some questions . . . and proceeded, after my permission, to query me about my work. When he had finished making his notes, he read them all back to me for correction and then came the prize of all prizes: *he asked permission to print it in his paper!*

"But, while the press has always been kind to me (nothing to equal this last, however, except in Holland) the public and the hotel men seem to go in for the most fantastic treatment. Soon after my trip began, I felt like a hare before the hounds. It was a game, a maddening game. In place of looking forward to a new country with deep interest, I found myself unable to enjoy the prospect. I am sure the hotel man in Bombay didn't know he was going to *help* me when he gave out a story that I had left in 'red wig and red whiskers.' I saw the piece in the paper and by merely ducking my head at the next stop, I got in a full day without trouble.

"Of course, all this is very flattering, to realize that one's work on the screen has caught the imaginations of the peoples of far places. I suppose it is a tribute to . . . well, *what?* Possibly these demonstrations make many stars happy, maybe *I'm* the one who is out of step. But the desire for privacy is not an act with me—I must have it to be happy.

"And I honestly believe the greatest moment of peace I felt on my entire vacation, was when the train pulled back into Los Angeles. No one knew of my arrival. I hopped into a taxi, un-honored and unsung. No one jumped on the running board as we crossed Hollywood Boulevard. No one wanted my tie as a souvenir. They are quite used to us here, you know, these Hollywood natives. If there was a disturbance to be caused, I felt like causing it myself by sticking my head out the window and yelling 'Hi, Hollywood!'

"I wonder if anyone would have looked around? I don't suppose so. In fact, Hollywood is the only place in the world that allows a movie star any privacy!"

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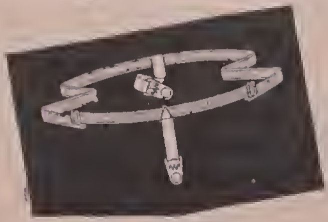

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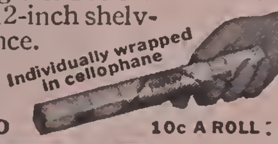

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Night Life of the Thalbergs

(*Continued from page 43*)

radish! "They're on their way . . . be here in a little while." He shooed the waiters away and remarked out of a clear sky. "What's everybody been doing today?"

"I've been meeting circus freaks," said Norma, a remark that was as casually received by her husband as though hardly a night went by that he didn't return home to find Norma had been meeting circus freaks in her spare time. "I took your father and your son to the circus today," she went on, "and we lost the tickets. Irving, Jr., was wild. He was scared to death we weren't going to be able to get in. So was I when I saw the crowd swarming in. So I looked up that little midget who worked on one of your pictures, 'Freaks,' I think it was, and asked him to use his pull to get us in. He was certainly most efficient. He not only got us better seats than we had lost . . . but personally introduced us to the Glass Eater, the Bearded Lady, and Tiny, the 400 Pound Woman. Irving, Jr., was thrilled to death to meet so many celebrities. I never felt so important in the eyes of my child."

"Some fun," remarked the beginning-to-be-amazing Mr. Thalberg, helping himself to Melba toast and a hunk of butter, "I must have forgotten to eat today. I'm starving to death."

I THOUGHT back over those bookkeeping conversations I had imagined between the Thalbergs. Something was beginning to slip some place.

"This is a whoopee night for us," continued the Boy Wonder, "We haven't been here for over six months. Haven't been here since . . . ."

". . . The night we kept those two tango dancers up until three o'clock in the morning trying to teach us some of their fanciest steps," laughed Norma. "I'll never forget how determined we were to learn to tango just like they did. They were practically dropping in their tracks when we finally decided to give them a rest and go home . . . after promising to come back for more lessons."

"We got home about four A.M.," continued Mr. Thalberg, "practically tango crazy. We called up the all-night radio station and asked them to play tango records. Then we went out in the kitchen and made some sandwiches so we would have strength to practice our fancy Cuban stepping an hour longer."

"But just about then," said Norma, "the sun came up and the beach looked so beautiful we called off the tango and took a swim!"

"And the next morning we'd forgotten all we knew," remarked the genius of M-G-M who brings the studio home with him . . . *like fun* . . . "so we never called up our tango teachers again."

"I bet they thought we were crazy," put in Norma.

"Why not?" agreed Mr. Thalberg, helping himself to the last of the radishes. The Efficient Miss Shearer cast a more and more interested eye in the direction of my baked oysters. "I do wish you'd go ahead and eat your dinner," she remarked politely.

"It would be wiser," opined her husband. "Before we do."

Norma ignored this crack. "I think the real reason we gave up the tango lessons was because we got interested in gymnasium . . . wasn't it?"

"And did you take your gymnasium lessons at two or three o'clock in the morning?" I asked, beginning to feel a little helpless. It was supposed to be a mild joke. But apparently the Thalbergs found nothing amiss in the idea.

THE funny part of it is, I don't think they realize what a swell but slightly crazy existence they do live! When you stop to think about it, it has to be that way if the Thalbergs are going to have any play hours at all. Irving Thalberg's studio day begins at ten o'clock in the morning and frequently does not end until nine o'clock at night. When she is working, Norma's starts an hour earlier and ends . . . ? The dinner hour at their ocean-front home is as elastic as a chorus girl's conscience. Servants are engaged with the idea that dinner hour at their ocean-front home is eight to midnight. At the time you and I are tuning in on the last "news broadcast" all set to call it a day and a night . . . the Thalbergs are just about looking at one another over their demi-tasse cups and asking, "Well, what shall we do tonight?" If the day has been really too strenuous for even the indefatigable Thalbergs, they call it a quiet evening at home (this usually means a game of bridge for Mr. Thalberg while Mrs. Thalberg has her nails done) until their respective masseurs arrive about eleven-thirty.

But if dinner has been squeezed in anywhere before eight-thirty, they go looking for previews! Considering that they could see any picture in this town in the privacy of their own card room by merely expressing the hint, this is really *something!* By their own admission, they are "preview hounds" who go chasing them!

"It's more fun to see them in theaters," quoth the amazing Mr. Thalberg. "Both Norma and I chew gum and people turn around and give us dirty looks."

"The last preview we saw," collaborated Norma, "was 'We Live Again' at the press preview at United Artists studio. There weren't any seats left when we got there, and so we sat on camp chairs in the middle of the aisle and chewed gum. It's a good thing the critics liked the picture . . . or I would have felt guilty about that chewing gum!"

If this is a slightly different picture than you have previously entertained about the private life of the elite Thalbergs . . . don't blame me. It's their idea . . . and their life.

Personally, I'll never again have to read an explanation of why Norma and Irving Thalberg are so happily married. The answer is . . . they have so much fun together.

P.S. The papers now carry the announcements that there will be another little mad, mad Thalberg in the family circle sometime next Spring.

What Has Changed Dolores Del Rio?

(*Continued from page* 35)

my dinner parties then? No? Well, you missed something. They were enormous—dozens of people, formal, and done in the grand manner, and they always left me in a state of nerves for a week. I never once enjoyed a single party I gave, but that, too, was right according to the tradition of the good hostess."

Now Dolores believes firmly that she was completely tied up in knots of traditionalism until she became Mrs. Gibbons and went to live in a house that left even Hollywood gaping. But she had shattered the first of the many shackles that bound her, two years before that, when she divorced Jaime Del Rio, the man she married at sixteen according to the accepted customs of her people.

She was fresh from a convent; the marriage had been more or less arranged by families, and her husband was the first man she had ever met socially outside the guarded circle of her family clan. But all this was in accord with the most respected teachings of her Spanish forbears.

When Cedric Gibbons, who is an artistic, day-dreaming Irishman, with a flawless sense of humor, met Dolores, she was a humorless, sensitive, tragically lovely star.

Cedric laughed at himself, at Dolores, at his mistakes and at his successes, too. Dolores never laughed, unless one could call the mechanical sounds she made when someone was witty, laughter.

Dolores was a portrait in moods, she suffered agonies when she read a single bad review on one of her pictures, and the slightest zephyr of personal gossip sent her to her room actually ill.

Now these were the two people who said "I do" or "we will," or whatever it is one says at the marriage rites, and then went to live in the Irishman's dream house, that was secretly a nightmare to the Spanish bride.

"I would not place my Spanish house on the market for sale for a long time," Dolores admitted. "I felt that perhaps after a year or so, Cedric and I would return to it. All my lovely antiques I carefully stored away. There is no place for ancient laces and paintings in this house. I was overjoyed when Cedric told me to bring my silver to the new house. Old Mexican silverware is very severe and blends perfectly with the interior here.

"I snubbed all the modern paintings Cedric brought home, and clung to the memory of my masterpieces."

It required one year, a year in which a woman named Dolores (which means *sorrow* in Spanish) learned that marriage can be gay, and happy and lots of fun, and that new ideas and shiny new things can be beautiful. It required a year in which she didn't have the luxury of one black mood, because a man named Cedric (which means *fearless leader* in Gaelic) was always there to make her see the funny side of every little stalking personal tragedy.

To a severely critical picture review, she learned to say, "It might be good advice," and to a scratchy sort of dig in the newspaper columns, she could, in time,

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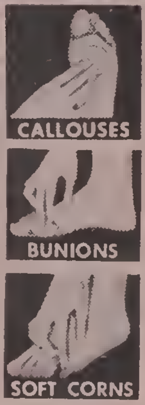

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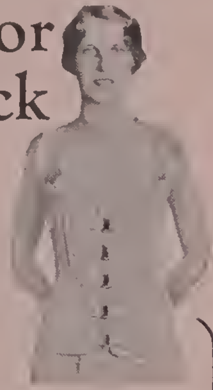

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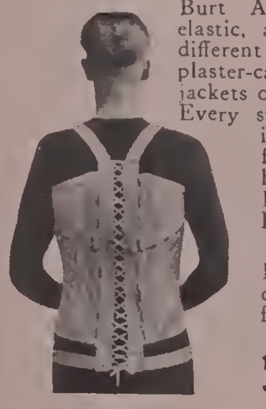

chuckle. "How important I must be to justify so much space!"

She remembers that she had been married twelve months or so when she placed the Spanish villa on the market for sale, and without a quiver.

"Look at this room," Dolores commanded me that afternoon. "There isn't a dark corner in it. There isn't a place for a shadow to lurk in the whole house. It literally runs a vacuum cleaner over your mind, all this light."

And the combination of that unadorned, spirited new house, coupled with the Celtic humor of her husband, has also taught Dolores the abundant satisfaction of simplicity.

The Gibbons live graciously, luxuriantly and splendidly, but their fun, their mechanics of living, and their outlook on people and things are unerringly simple.

Living, for Dolores, has been reduced to the simple equation of home and work. She has discovered also, the exalting lift of physical sports, and has become an avid tennis fan. It does seem odd, however, to watch anyone as regally and majestically beautiful as Dolores hopping over a tennis court, smacking balls with a fine flat-hand drive.

And then about a year ago Dolores took up gardening, vegetable gardening at that. I don't know just how the Gibbons' modernistic mansion is connected with this return to the soil, but it is, somehow. Can you imagine the Del Rio of the Spanish-villa-and-antique-lace period reveling in a patch of tender young turnips?

"The vegetable garden was my mother's idea, originally," she told me. "Mother visits us six months out of every year, and Cedric built the house door for her.

"When mother started planting, I argued against the idea. Why raise vegetables in California where such things can be purchased for so little, was my argument. But mother went right on planting. I believed the idea absurd.

"But one day when mother had more to do than she could manage, and the gardener wasn't around to pitch in, I did. And that was the beginning. Since then I haven't missed an hour a day in that patch unless I am at work at the studio. And my string beans are something to brag about this season."

And for those who refuse to believe that a house, a marriage and a vegetable patch can accomplish a complete transfiguration, I point to Dolores' latest picture "Madame Du Barry" as final and conclusive proof for my story.

Every drama critic in the country devoted columns to Del Rio's amazing and sudden talent for comedy uncovered in this production.

They wrote; "she actually sparkles"; the tragic-eyed Del Rio knows how to laugh, and how to make others laugh"; "who would believe that the star who made 'Evangeline' could accomplish a gay and amusing 'Du Barry'?" and "the perennially beautiful Del Rio not only manages sophisticated comedy, but manages it without a trace of her former Spanish accent."

Before her marriage, living in that formal, antique-filled house, Dolores was never able to free herself entirely of this accent, although she studied ceaselessly.

In a rambling house with stream lines called modernistic and walls of glass, she has thrown off her final fetter.

Comeback

(*Continued from page* 13)

this morning? It's the first time I've ever stepped off any conveyance in New York that I've missed that red head of yours in the crowd."

Sammy twirled his hat uneasily. "I don't work for Goldman any more—haven't been with him for five months. We—we disagreed."

"I'm sorry, Sammy."

"Let it go. I didn't trot up here to give you a hardluck story, even if Goldman is a lousy, double-crossing you know what. I want to talk business. I got an idea for a stunt that'll get you some space in the rotos."

"I've always been able to get all the space I needed without pulling any stunts, Sammy. You know that."

"Sure, I know that, Joyce. But look. You've been away a long time. It doesn't take folks long to forget you. They don't see you in pictures and they don't see pictures of you in the papers. So what do they think? They think you're dead, or retired. . . I'm telling you, the public is fickle. You've got to get some space fast now, and I'm the boy can get it for you."

Joyce broke into the monologue:

"What do you think, Corey? You think I need more publicity?"

"It wouldn't do you any harm," he said.

"It's like this, Joyce," Sammy continued. "Suppose tomorrow morning we take these flowers from your friends here, and buy some more and you go up to the Children's Hospital and I leave a cameraman there to photograph you presenting your old flowers from your fans to the crippled kiddies in the wards. We'd hit every rotogravure section in the country and set some swell stories. And it's sweet, and dignified . . . What's wrong with it?"

Joyce did not feel that she could tell the author of this inspired plan that she thought it was a cheap and hypocritical play upon the sympathies of an emotional public, so she tried to let Sammy down as easily as possible.

"I think it's a grand idea to send these flowers to the hospital, Sammy. But I couldn't have you use it for publicity purposes. I'll give you the flowers tomorrow, and you can send them up yourself.

"That won't get my name in the papers," Sammy said bitterly. "Or yours."

"I'm sorry, Sammy. You think up some other plan tonight and come up to see me tomorrow."

"Gee, Joyce, I don't like to have you think I fall down on you when you need me most."

"I won't. You come up tomorrow. If you're going to work for me, Sammy, I insist I give you something as a retainer." She reached in her purse, extracted a crisp $50 bill and pressed it into his hand. He looked down quickly and spotted the denomination, and when he looked up at her again, his eyes were brimming. He gripped her hand until she feared for the bones in it. "God love you, kid," he said. "The old woman and me'll eat tonight."

AFTER Sammy had left, Joyce waited for Corey to bring up the subject on which he and the press agent had seemed to agree—that she needed publicity to get her before the public again. When he did not, she said:

"Do you really think I need somebody like Sammy to 'build me up'?"

"Maybe not somebody like Sammy, but publicity wouldn't do anybody harm."

When she realized that he did not want to talk about it she changed the subject: "Tad and I are going to do Harlem tonight, Corey. I've never seen it. Won't you come along? No pretty speeches now, because I want you to come with us."

Corey agreed finally, and went to his own hotel to change his clothes. But none of the three went to Harlem. Instead, Joyce had the most harrowing and emotional experience of her life to date.

She had dressed carefully, wearing a dull green velvet robe-de-style which Lanvin had created for her. Over it she wore one of Madame Lanvin's metal jackets of the same color, and Joyce knew that she had never looked more stunning. She would suggest tomorrow that Sammy Finch have a photographer do some fashion pictures of her in her new clothes.

She was ready to go out for dinner at 7:30, and Corey and Tad were not expected until eight. At 7:40 the hotel desk informed her that a Mr. Paul Thompson was calling, and Joyce asked that they send him up immediately.

She had known Paul during the few months she had been in New York before she had left for Hollywood. He had been a newspaper man then, and had lived in the same boarding house.

When he arrived she realized that there was something troubling him, though he had time for the left-handed compliment:

"Good Lord, Joyce, you certainly are rigged out like Mrs. Astor's pet alligator."

"The same old Paul," she laughed. "Always saying the tactful thing. What are you up to these days?"

"Plenty. But I haven't time to tell you about it. Do you remember old Theresa Milford?"

Joyce thought for a moment, and slowly the image of Theresa came through, Theresa of the blonde hair which she wore in a long knot on the back of her neck, Theresa who had bucked the Broadway racket for fifteen years even then and for the last ten of them had never spoken more than two lines in a play, Theresa whose neck had begun to go crepey, Theresa whose insistence that today would be the day when once more she would get the great part was funny, yet whose courage in the face of constant defeat was something very near greatness.

Joyce said: "I remember Theresa. Of course, I could never forget her. Remember how we used to kid her at the house about her dieting to keep her figure?"

"She's dying, Joyce. I found out about her a week ago. She hadn't eaten or paid her rent since God knows when, but she was so weak the landlady couldn't throw her out. I saw her just an hour ago, and I don't believe she can last through the

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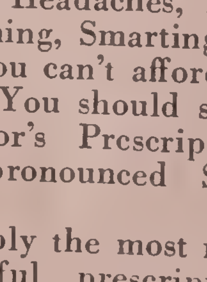

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night. Her lungs are gone, and it's only a matter of hours. Just to be saying something, anything, I told her I heard you were in town, and she said she'd like to see you. There's nothing you can do, of course, but . . ."

Joyce started to fling off her wrap. "I'll just change these clothes," she said, "and you tell me the rest on the way up there."

"Don't change," he commanded. "She'd rather see you this way, in all your glory. We all lived there together in that house years ago. You succeeded, and she . . . Well, she thinks you're what she might have been. You represent something substantial in her mind, you prove to her that her fight for fame wasn't one long futility."

Joyce's eyes were filled with tears. "Of course, Paul. I'll come—just as I am. I've got to leave a note to break a date."

"No crying, now. You're the great lady of the theatre going to make a personal appearance."

As long as she lived, Joyce would never forget that night, the long hours in the dim, gas-lit room beside the four poster bed on which lay the wreck of a woman who must once have been beautiful, the long hours during which Theresa alternated between delirium and a fevered half-sanity when her withered hand would grope toward Joyce, finger the stuff of the girl's fine garments, and a ghostly smile would flicker across the purple-veined, emaciated cheeks. The doctor, whom Paul had hired, sat with them during the last hours when Theresa sank into a deep sleep interrupted occasionally by a fit of violent, smothered coughing and a trickle of blood on her gray lips. It was after daylight had come and the traffic had commenced its early morning worry that Theresa's gallant heart gave up its fight.

Joyce sat in a corner of the cab on the way back to the hotel, too exhausted, physically and emotionally, to speak. She had witnessed real tragedy this night, the tragedy of a woman who had believed in herself and lost everything but that belief . . .

SHE did not think nor care how she looked, how she must appear in the eyes of Tad and Corey as she walked into her apartment to find them, in full evening dress, waiting for her. Neither man had slept, and the stench of highballs and cigarette smoke was stifling. Paul followed her in and they both slumped down in chairs without a word.

Tad was holding the note which she had left the night before. He walked over to her and, tossing it in her lap, repeated it from memory: "'Suddenly called out. Don't know for how long. Will explain as soon as I get in.' Well?"

She looked up at him from dull eyes rimmed with mauve shadows. She did not feel that she could speak, but she managed to say:

"Don't ask me anything yet, Tad. I can't talk now."

He stood over her, glowering in injured masculine pride. Unwittingly he said the one thing which he ought not to have said:

"Sitting up with a sick friend, I suppose you'll say."

She looked up now, and suddenly the dam before her tears was open. "You're right, Tad," she said. "I suppose you could call it 'sitting up with a sick friend.'"

Corey ran to her and lifted her in his arms. "Come along," he said quietly. "We've got to get her to bed."

IT was two days before Joyce felt well enough to start the trip West. Corey went on the next day, having received a frantic wire from Goldman's secretary and left Joyce in Tad's care. Joyce had explained to them both finally, how she had spent that night, and Tad was youthfully contrite for having doubted her.

Before she left, Joyce wired her father, whom she saw perhaps once a year when she passed through Emporia, Kansas. It was her father who had made it possible for her and her mother to go to New York originally, yet he had steadfastly refused to join them there and, while Joyce was sometimes provoked at his stubbornness to leave the bank where he had been teller for twenty years, more often she thought of him with a glow of pride in his refusal to take money from her and become merely one more movie star's parent. He kept plodding along at his job year after year, writing her letters overflowing with parental pride in her achievements, never complaining that Midge remained always with Joyce. "I'd die of worry, daughter," he often wrote, "if your ma wasn't there to take care of you."

When they reached Emporia, it was midnight and her father was there to meet her and she knew he would be. She rushed to him and threw her arms about his neck and he hugged her, whispering in her ear, "My baby! My baby girl!"

It was a moment before she could draw herself out of his embrace and look at him. "Let me see you," she cried, "let me look at you."

"I'm just the same as ever, Joyce, but you're always more beautiful."

She looked at him almost fiercely, trying in a few moments to fill her eyes with him, to implant in them a picture she could remember until next she should see him.

She said: "You're thinner, though, Papa. You look tired."

"It's the heat—and I'm not getting any younger."

"You're working too hard," she accused.

"Don't you worry about me. I get along all right."

"But Papa, you know you needn't work any more. Why, I'm rich. I've got more money than Midge and I can ever spend. Why won't you come and live with us?"

"You know how I feel about that, daughter." He tried to make a joke of it. "I guess your old father's just set in his ways. Besides, what would Emporia do without me?"

"But you could help me. There are a thousand things. . . ."

"I'm too old to learn any of those tricks, baby. But if you ever do need me, if you ever do need me for anything real, you'll send for me, won't you?"

The conductor was shouting "All aboard" and the porter was looking anxiously her way. Joyce felt the tears beginning to stream down her face. "I'll send for you," she said. "You know how I love you." She kissed him again, and she felt that his arms, tight about her, were telling her all the things he could not bring himself to say.

She ran for the train which had commenced to move, and she watched from the platform until Frank Wells was only a solitary speck before the disappearing station. Two minutes, she thought. I see him for two minutes once a year. And over and over in her mind ran his last admonition. *But if you ever do need me, if you ever do need me for anything real, you'll send for me, won't you?*

LARRY GOLDMAN was in conference. No, Miss Satz did not know how long he would be. You understand those things, Miss Wells. It might be five minutes—it might be five hours. Miss Satz did not really think it would pay Miss Wells to wait because, as soon as he was finished he had to look at the rushes of Joyce Elder's new picture. Yes, wasn't it nice? That cute little Joyce Elder—what a coincidence that two stars should have the same Christian name!—had been made a star. She had stolen all the scenes right away from Bruce Arnold in the last picture they had made together, and the exhibitors were "demanding, simply demanding, my dear, just look at these telegrams," Joyce Elder starring pictures. Wouldn't Mr. Goldman have time to say Hello as he passed through? Well, perhaps, if Miss Wells and—Mr. Rutledge—was that the name? really wanted to wait.

Miss Wells and Mr. Rutledge would wait.

They waited two hours. Joyce apologized to Tad that they should have to sit so long, but he said he understood. He had seen "Once in a Lifetime" and knew all about moving picture producers. Joyce and Tad had to talk furtively, because Miss Satz seemed so preoccupied with her work that they knew she was listening to everything they said.

Joyce could have cried when she looked at Tad's face. He seemed so young and so eager, yet so grateful to her for opening these first doors. His eyes were eloquent in their admiration for her, and she thought she saw something more than gratitude there, too. Once, as they waited, he took her hand, pressed it in his big fist, and whispered:

"I can never thank you enough. I wish I could tell you how I feel about you."

It pleased her, and interested her, too, that he had not yet spoken what she thought she read in those eyes turned upon her like a big, hungry dog's, and she returned the pressure.

"Don't be too disappointed," she said, "if nothing comes of this. It would be almost too good to be true if it did."

"Oh, I won't," he said, with too much emphasis. "I know how these things are." But she could see that he would be hurt if Goldman did not at least give him a chance, so she added: "I'll do the selling my own way, and don't interrupt me even if you are shocked. I know the language."

At 12:30 after a crush of associates and directors and blue smoke had burst from Goldman's inner office, Goldman himself came to the door to speak to Miss Satz. He saw Joyce and, rushing to her, threw his arms about her and kissed her affectionately. He boomed at Miss Satz, who smiled, and looked as if she were accustomed to such treatment:

"What do you mean keeping my Joyce cooling her heels out here? What do I care for conferences, what do I care for

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anything when she comes to see me? Sure, I'm a busy man with a million things on my mind, but Miss Wells is always first. See? Interrupt me if I'm signing up Garbo, anybody."

Joyce smiled, and Miss Satz said, "Yes, Mr. Goldman."

"Well, see that you do it, then," he ended, and turned to lead Joyce into his office, when she interrupted:

"Just a minute, Larry. This is Mr. Rutledge, Tad Rutledge, the new Goldman sensation of 1935."

Goldman turned and snorted like a great bull.

"Look, Joyce," he said. "Don't do things like that to me. My heart ain't what it used to be. How do, Tad?"

Tad shook his hand and Goldman winced and then shook his fingers like so many fat clothes-pins on a line.

"Where did he get that grip? Where'd you find him? He shakes like Gable."

"I found him on a boat," said Joyce, seating herself in one of the extremely modern, and extremely uncomfortable, chairs. "All I had to do was take one look at that profile—turn your head, Tad—and I knew he would panic 'em out front. You've got to give him a chance, Larry. You've got to—for my sake."

Goldman made an elaborate grimace and raised both eyebrows. "So it's like that, eh?"

JOYCE dropped her lashes, fluttered them, and said:

"If he can do this to me in ten days, what's he going to do to the women of America?"

Tad's composure, which had never encountered anything quite so blatant, deserted him, and a blush grew from his collar, swept up over his face in a hot wave, and took root in his hair.

"Look! A blush!" Goldman cried pointing at Tad, his finger under Tad's nose. "My God! I haven't seen one since 'The Birth of a Nation.' Miss Satz! Miss Satz!—damn that girl, where the devil does she keep herself?"

Miss Satz entered leisurely, her composure unruffled. "Did you call, Mr. Goldman?"

"Here, take this—this—what did you say his name was, Joyce?"

"Rutledge. Tad Rutledge, of the North Carolina Rutledges," Joyce supplied.

"Take this, this Tad Rutledge down to George and tell him to make a test of him. You never can tell—maybe he's got something. Anybody that can blush like that . . . Well," turning on Tad, "what're you standing there for like a Schlemiel?"

"I want to thank you, Mr. Goldman."

"Whuff," he said, waving his hand in a grand gesture. "Save that till you get some money out of us——if you ever do. Goodbye . . . Go on, go on, I'm a busy man."

After Miss Satz had closed the door on Tad and herself, Goldman turned to Joyce and took her hands in his. "Well," he began, "tell me about yourself."

Joyce did. She told him a little of her trip, and of the things she thought she had learned about herself and her capabilities, of the work she wanted to do now that she was old enough to think and act for herself. Goldman sat quietly, toying with the gold-headed letter knife which he never had used. Occasionally he looked up at her from beneath his heavy, beetling brows and, when he did not volunteer to speak, Joyce rushed on.

"You see, Larry," she said. "I want to do something really worthwhile. The kind of pictures I was making are dead, and I think the public is tired of them."

"You're right, there," he commented. It was the first time he had spoken since she had begun.

"And I'm tired of playing that sort of wild girl, too," she continued. "I know I can do something better than that now. I've read a lot of books I want to talk to you about for my new pictures. There's 'The Story of an African Farm.'"

"Farm stories are out."

"It's not what you think. But if not that, there are half a dozen others I'm dying to do."

Goldman sighed deeply, turned away from the table and tipped back in his swivel chair. With one hand he knocked a long ash from his cigar, and ran the other across the top of his bald head as if to smooth back the hair which had once been there.

"Times are bad," he began without looking directly at her. "Our profits—listen to me talking about profits, there ain't no profits. We've had to let a lot of our best people go."

"I know. It's a shame, too, but times can't always be this way."

"That's what I said two years ago. And look. We send out pictures, beautiful pictures, and they don't even pay for the film they're printed on. Your last two didn't even make expenses."

"I know. That's what I meant," Joyce said, "when I told you the public was tired of pictures like that. They want something different."

"Maybe. Maybe not. But we can't afford to experiment."

"But you can't afford not to!" Joyce cried. "If a man is dying, don't you have to try everything?"

"Sure. But not poison."

HE relapsed into silence again, and Joyce, too, held her tongue. She sat perfectly still, her hands clenched in her lap, and suddenly the color drained from her face. She moistened her lips with her tongue, opened her bag and shut it carefully. She remembered now, what Sammy Finch had said to her.

"Listen, Larry," she said. "What are you trying to tell me? Are you trying to 'break the news gently'? I'd rather be told like a gentleman."

"Oh, now Joyce, don't take it that way. You know how I personally always like you. But my hands are tied—those bankers! Ach! They say Wells pictures don't make money."

She stood up, and she hoped that Goldman was not aware of her trembling knees. "It's all right, Larry," she said. "I understand."

"Joyce—please don't."

"It's all right—it's *all right.* I'll just have to have time to get used to it."

"You'll come to see me—and if anything comes up . . ."

"Sure. I know. 'If anything comes up!' Oh, Larry, I never thought you'd be saying that to me."

She ran to the door and opened it. She

stopped for a moment at Miss Satz's desk, only long enough to ask:

"Is Corey Preston's office the same?"

"The same old one—Number fourteen in director's row, Miss Wells. Shall I tell him you're on your way?"

"No—no. I'll just drop in and see if he's there."

After she had left, Amy Satz turned to the red-headed office boy.

"Well," she said philosophically, "they come—and they go."

JOYCE ran down one flight of steps, through the long hall of the Administration building, across the wide expanse of lawn, past the commissary. She heard voices calling to her, "Joyce!" "Joyce Wells, when did you get back?" "Hello, bay-bee!" But she did not stop until she flung open the door to Number fourteen. She felt as if she could not stop for anything, could not even let one little thought cross her frightened brain. If she stopped to think she was afraid she would see before her eyes the vision of Theresa, who had believed in herself and been deceived. It did not occur to her to run to Tad with her troubles—she must go to someone of Hollywood itself, someone who would understand and sympathize.

He was sitting there, as she hoped he would be, alone, doing nothing, his hands folded behind his head. When he saw her his face lighted as if a door to his soul had suddenly been flung open. Without a word he took her in his arms, and brushed the hair back out of her eyes. He felt her body torn with sobs, and his lips moved as if he were whispering to her, but he made no sound.

Finally she looked up at him and tried to smile. "Corey," she said, tears still tracing little runnels down her cheeks. "It's come—they don't want me."

"You too! I'm sorry, Joyce—God, how sorry."

Joyce drew back. There was incredulity in her eyes, her voice:

"Oh, not you, Corey! They haven't let you go."

"Haven't they, just? They called me back from New York to tell me I didn't have a job any more. The two of us—just two old war-horses out of a job."

(*To be continued*)

How Joyce Wells stood up against cold, relentless Hollywood, fought for happiness—and for the destiny she had decided upon—makes one of the most thrilling true-to-life dramas you have ever read. Don't miss the startling developments in Joyce Wells' career and love life—in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

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by Walter Ramsey

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says Anne C. Parke

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AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

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SHED—yes, *shed* the mask of dull, weathered—roughened outer skin. And with it, blemishes, freckles, tiny imperfections—even surface pimples! Reveal from underneath the amazingly clear, fresh youthfulness of your own skin. Golden Peacock Bleach Creme acts Nature's way, only much quicker. In only 5 nights, the invisible particles of aged surface skin disappear. Then your skin looks radiantly clear—glamorously white. Mild, safe, sure. Over 2 million jars used last year. At all druggists, 55c.

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by using Murine daily. It soothes and refreshes tired, irritated eyes. Dependable for 40 years.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Movie Reviews

(*Continued from page* 8)

BLIND AVIATOR RESCUES AVIATRIX LOST IN FOG

Last night, as fog hung over New York, aviator Cary Grant—blinded by a recent explosion that would have ended the career of any less daring or ambitious pilot—flew to the rescue of Myrna Loy, lost in the soupy-darkness over the city on the last leg of her flight from Moscow. Using audible, blind-flying instruments, aviator Grant draws the plaudits of the entire world for his death-defying feat.

Reporters-at-large, overcome by the sensational aspects of this daring achievement, may overlook the pathetically dramatic incident before the flight. We saw aviator Grant, aided only by his faithful "seeing-eye" (police dog trained to lead the blind and presented by the self-same woman whom he was later to save from death) feeling his way about the hangar for his plane . . . which was gone. Never has this reporter witnessed such a scene!

Aviatrix Loy, running true to her recent headline-form, gave a perfect performance against the distinct handicap of sharing the feature-news-story of the month with a blind hero. Tough competition, that. Roscoe Karns, manager of flyer Myrna Loy, kept the reporters howling with his antics and laughs while Cary Grant's mechanic, one Hobart Cavanaugh, stole his portion of the intervening spotlight with his Scotch burr.

Cast: Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Roscoe Karns, Hobart Cavanaugh.

✓ *WINGS IN THE DARK* (*Paramount*)

DIRECTS OWN OPERATION AS BEGINNER GRABS HONORS

As Chester Morris, head surgeon of City Hospital, was leaving the room of his wealthy client Billie Burke late today, he ran into an escaped murderer in the hospital corridor. Morris demanded that the desperado put down his gun. The gangster put a *bullet* down Surgeon Morris' spine, instead!

Investigation has proved that, while Nurse Virginia Bruce and Interne Robert Taylor were on the same floor, they failed to hear the shot because they were popping a champagne cork at the time. This startling information will be taken up by the Medical Association at the next meeting.

In spite of the champagne, however, both Nurse Bruce and Interne Taylor were able to perform a delicate operation on Surgeon Morris one hour after the shooting. While the famous surgeon grimly instructed the lowly interne (aided by a rear vision mirror), the "impossible" operation was completed. The mirror and the grimness not-with-standing, Interne Taylor got most of the credit from the audience.

The owners of the hospital (M-G-M studio) did not allow beautiful and competent Nurse Bruce to talk much or have her picture taken often enough . . . thereby hurting her chance for advancement. Interne Taylor, though, was allowed to talk and pose all over the place. We advise a close watch set on Mr. Taylor . . . he's goin' places.

Cast: Chester Morris, Virginia Bruce, Billie Burke, Robert Taylor, Robert McWade, Johnny Hines.

✓ *SOCIETY DOCTOR* (*M-G-M*)

BROOKLYN LEADER WINS RIVER TUNNEL CONTEST

Victor McLaglen, sandhog (meaning one of those laborers who work under rivers building tunnels), today proved victorious over Charles Bickford, his rival. McLaglen and his pal, Edmund Lowe, commanded one set of workers starting from the Brooklyn side of the Hudson River. Bickford and his crew started from the New York side. McLaglen reached center first, of course.

The tale of McLaglen's and Lowe's adventures in reaching center is a story of triumph over fire, water, cave-ins, quarrels and even rivalry over the attentions of a girl, Florence Rice.

McLaglen and Lowe are fairly interesting in this quite inadequate story. The background is at least a new one. But if you miss the whole thing, it won't matter.

MANLOCK (*Fox*)

FORMER JUDGE GETS ELECTION RECOUNT

While Berton Churchill, twenty years county prosecutor of Tomahawk County, was still celebrating his latest victory, Will Rogers (formerly known as Judge Priest) demanded a recount of the votes, based on the fact that Stepin Fetchit had copied the tallies backwards!

Rogers, county chairman and also campaign manager for his youthful law partner, Kent Taylor, finally convinced the election board that his candidate had won, only to discover that Taylor's sweetheart, Evelyn Venable (Berton Churchill's daughter) had eloped with the town playboy to pay an election bet. But she was saved when his horseless carriage burned up in front of the Justice of the Peace's office while the townspeople howled in glee. Entertainment furnished by the heated campaign, the smart political jabbering of Will Rogers and the love story make a pleasant enough combine. Despite the fact that the same characters become involved in all the stories concerning Will (Judge Priest) Rogers, you will probably enjoy the new one. For a full account, see your local theater.

Cast: Will Rogers, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Louise Dresser, Mickey Rooney, Berton Churchill, Frank Melton, Robert McWade and Stepin Fetchit.

✓ *THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN* (*Fox*)

BETRAYED BY FRENCH WIFE, HERO FACES FIRING SQUAD

Disguised as the feared and sought-after "Scarlet Pimpernel," Leslie Howard, with a small band of followers, snatched from the hands of Robespierre many Royalist families in the shadow of the guillotine. Himself an Englishman, Howard nevertheless pitied and befriended the helpless remnants of the overthrown

French kingdom. Married to a French woman, Leslie found his love toward her dying after her confession that she helped betray a Royalist family to the republic. In London, acting the part of a fashionable fop, he went unsuspected even by his wife, until Monsieur Chauvelin, new ambassador of the French Republic, came to England and told Merle Oberon, Leslie's wife, that her brother would be guillotined unless she obtained for him the real name of the "Scarlet Pimpernel."

In a tender scene during which Merle confessed her part in this plot, Leslie learned that his love was stronger than ever, but he kept up his pretense of foppishness and left on the dangerous mission of rescuing her brother. How he tricked Chauvelin, rescued Merle and got back on board ship makes an exciting climax. Masterfully handled by Leslie and photographically aided and abetted by Merle, the picture should cause children and grandparents alike to sit breathless for the denouement. Plot is strangely baffling in spots, but the main idea gets across.

Cast: Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, O. B. Clarence, Raymond Massey, Anthony Busshell, Bramwell Fletcher, Nigel Bruce, John Gardner and many others.

✓ *THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL*
(*United Artists*)

DUKE'S NAME IS CLEARED IN SCANDAL WITH TITLED BEAUTY

All England was rocked with the scandal created by the Duke of Arliss's kindly but misunderstood attentions to lovely Lady Lesley Wareing. In one of the slowest battles ever witnessed on the screen, the doughty Duke of Arliss had previously defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. These scenes had the pictorial quality of famous paintings, but the oft-told frenzy and slaughter of that day were strangely missing.

Arliss himself failed to infuse life into a film which was at best a magnificent and plotless pageant presenting incidents from the time Wellington was informed that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, until he was able to rejoin his wife and children in London—and to take his seat in Parliament and refute the critics of his generous policies. But then Rothschild is sadly miscast as the redoubtable Iron Duke. A little less whimsy and a good deal more blood and thunder were needed to make a convincing Wellington.

In a cast bristling with names of almost legendary statesmen and warriors, the women were permitted to engulf the plot and walk off with the best characterizations. The attractive "Lady" Wareing sighed and fluttered effectively over the hero whose career she nearly ruined with her brainless adoration (forming what little real plot the film possessed). Ellaline Terriss was both arch and motherly as the Duchess of Wellington who saw her husband once every ten years. But it was Gladys Cooper who dominated the picture in her few scenes, with her malicious and despairing portrait of Louis XVIII's niece.

The Cast: George Arliss, Gladys Cooper, A. E. Matthews, Lesley Wareing, Ellaline Terriss, Allan Aynesworth, Norma Varden and many, many others.

✓ *"THE IRON DUKE"—Gaumont—British*

HAVE YOU A "DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?

?
DOES IT LOOK A DULL GRAY, LIKE LINEN COME BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY IMPROPERLY WASHED
?

It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

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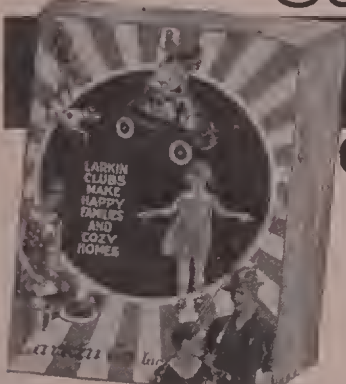

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Cooking

(*Continued from page 68*)

When the consistency is just right, put separate dabs of the icing into saucers, as many of these as you are to have different colors, and put in your coloring matter. Try to plan your decoration so that you can do all the work in the same color at the same time, as washing the tube is a chore, and it must be wiped absolutely bone dry before being used again. Some people even use a separate pastry-tube for each color, to have all the colors handy at once, but it isn't necessary to be so technical.

I'm giving you this Sour Cream Cookie recipe, not only because it's delicious and keeps well, but because it's always helpful to learn different ways of using the sour cream which even the most careful of us will have on hand at times.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

1 cup butter
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon baking soda
1½ cups white sugar
2 eggs beaten together
3 cups pastry flour

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the eggs and put in some of the flour. Stir the soda into the cream and add that, then the rest of the flour, mixing it soft so it will handle easily. Turn out on a floured board, roll and cut the cookies. Sprinkle sugar on top and bake in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees F.) for twenty minutes, or longer if you wish the cookies very crisp.

If you don't feel equal to the somewhat lengthy task of rolling out and cutting cookies, use this recipe. It's a life-saver when you do want to serve piping-hot fresh cookies for a luncheon or supper and haven't the time to put them together on the day you are entertaining.

ICE-BOX COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1½ cups melted shortening
3 eggs beaten together
4½ cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 cup finely chopped nutmeats

Cream together the sugars and the shortening. Stir in the eggs slowly. Sift together the soda and the flour and put that in. Now the nuts and the other dry ingredients. Flour your hands and shape the mass into a fat roll. (You can buy special "ice-box" cookie shapes, which makes this very easy, but you don't need them.) Put the roll into a greased tin, cover, and let stand in the ice-box over night. In the morning, simply slice the cookies off the roll, rather thin, and bake in a 375 degrees F. oven for six or seven minutes. These are so crisp, and sweet and spicy!

You must be careful how you pile away *these* cookies (if you have any left to pile after the family samples them!) as they are fragile and break easily, though they will keep beautifully if you lay them flat and put wax paper between the tiers. The recipe for them comes from Iceland and you really do put *hard-boiled* eggs into them. That is *not* a printer's error. Maybe it's the cooked eggs which give them their delicious, distinctive flavor.

ICELAND COOKIES

Yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs
Yolks of 2 raw eggs
¼ pound white sugar
½ pound unsalted butter
1 scant pound of flour
Beaten white of egg
Crushed lump sugar, or the colored sugar crystals. (Plain white granulated sugar may be used but it isn't so pretty.)

Powder the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs. Mix in the raw yolks and, when smooth, gradually stir in the sugar. Knead in alternately the butter and the flour. (And I'm warning you to use a big mixing bowl. You'll need it.) Take a little piece of the dough and roll it out in your hands till it is about half an inch in diameter and five inches long. Curl it in a circle and wrap the ends over each other, like a little wreath. Dip in the beaten white of egg and then in the sugar crystals. Bake in a slow oven (about 325 degrees F.) for twenty minutes.

Here's a way to get a thoroughly "peanutty" taste which gives your cookie an unusual though delicate flavor.

PEANUT PASTRY

¾ cup shortening
¼ cup peanut butter (be sure you have stirred the oil at the top of the peanut butter jar, well into the peanut butter, before you measure this out)
3 eggs beaten together
¼ teaspoon baking soda
3 cups bread flour
2 cups sugar

Cream together the shortening, peanut butter and sugar. Stir in the eggs. Sift the flour and soda together and stir in. Pat out small pieces of the dough to make a cookie about two inches wide and ½ inch thick. (If you wish them hard and crisp, make them thinner and bake a trifle longer.) Put half a peanut on top and place at least an inch apart on a greased tin. Bake from ten to fifteen minutes in a fairly hot oven, or till light brown on top.

I'm sure you've bought Scotch shortbread in boxes. Did you ever try making it at home? I have the genuine Scotch recipe for it, and it is as simple to make as it is rich and good to eat. I shall be glad to send it to you when you write for the other cookie recipes which I didn't have room for here.

Dick Powell Tells How Boys Can Be Popular With the Girls

(*Continued from page* 50)

those same clothes they would be ludicrously overdressed.

"When you've got over wondering how you happen to be lucky enough to be out with Mary Brian or Ginger Rogers, the first thing you notice about them is the simplicity of their costumes.

"One of the chief means of becoming popular is to get away from giving the impression you're a gold-digger. Don't be always dropping hints about your birthday and this and that. If a fellow cares anything about you he'll make it his business to find out when your anniversaries are. If you have to keep reminding him, the chances are he won't pay any attention to them or, if he does, he'll begrudge every cent he spends on a present.

"Another way to let him know you're not a gold-digger is not to insist upon going somewhere every time he comes to call. Or, even if he always suggests going somewhere, occasionally suggest that you spend an evening at home. That makes him feel you enjoy his company and that he is not just another date.

"Many fellows I know really can't afford to take a girl out every time they go to see her but they like the girl and she has managed to make them feel she expects it. A girl generally knows approximately what a boy she is going out with makes and she should also be able to figure out where he can afford to spend as much on her as he is spending. If those girls would make those boys feel that they are not just someone to haul them around where they want to go, they'd go up a thousand per cent in those fellows' estimation.

"I KNOW several extra girls, bit players and some of the Wampus Baby Stars who always insist upon being taken to the most expensive places in town when you ask them for a date. Half of them haven't even carfare but the minute a chap dates them they put the ritz on. If you get out of an evening with one of those babies for less than $25 or $30 you're lucky. They don't know it, but most of the time they're only asked for dates when a fellow has to have a girl and the ones he usually calls are already dated up. They have a pretty good time for awhile but they usually wind up behind the eight ball.

"One of the surest ways I know for a girl to poison herself with me is this: Say I particularly want to see a certain picture. I'll call up a girl on Monday and ask her if she would like to go with me Wednesday to see that picture. If she hasn't a date already she'll say she's delighted. On Wednesday I call for her. Everything is just ducky until we're in the car and started on our way. Then all of a sudden she gets very coy and coaxy and finally burbles, 'Joe and Jennie are going

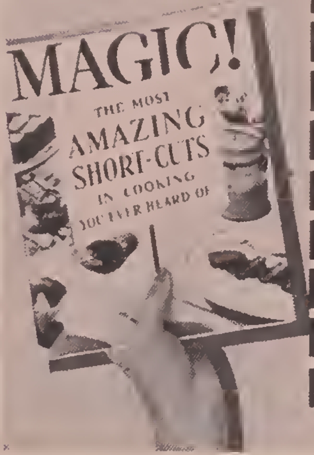
NEW EASY WAY TO
Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

● Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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to the King's Club. I told them we'd meet them there. Do you mind?'

"Being more or less of a gentleman, there isn't much I can say. But I really fry—inwardly. I'd asked her to go to a specific place and if she didn't want to go there, all she had to do was to say so. Most any man would react this way, I think.

"Another trick girls have at a time like that is accepting your invitation and then on the way to wherever you'd asked them to go, slyly dropping a remark to the effect that she's already seen that picture.

"Nine-tenths of the time when I'm out with a girl I don't give a hang what we do or where we go and in cases like that I always ask how she wants to spend the evening. I think most fellows do the same, too. But when you ask them to go to a specific place, if it doesn't appeal to them the least they can do is say so or, if they accept your invitation, accompany you graciously and not try to pull any of those little two-bit tricks.

"It used to be that a girl had to know how to cook and sew and while the knowledge that they can, usually makes a big hit with a fellow I don't think it's a matter of vital importance.

"Another thing that girls should watch is their dispositions. Nobody likes to take a girl out who is always whining about something or always telling how she's been slighted or that everybody 'picks' on her. If anything really important has happened to upset her, if a boy is interested enough in her to take her out, he's interested enough to want to hear what's happened and do whatever he can to help her out, but you'd be surprised at the number of girls who greet you with, 'I'm in a foul mood tonight. That brat of a sister of mine took a brand new pair of my silk stockings!'

"I always feel like saying, 'Well, and so what? She's got them and there's certainly nothing I can do about it. You don't have to grouse about it to me. You surely should be able to settle a thing like that between the two of you.'"

Here are two of the most important things:

"WHEN a fellow asks you for a date DON'T come down to meet him, expecting him to take you out, dressed in shorts or slacks. How girls ever got the idea they look cute in those bloody things I don't know. To me, a girl's chief charm has always been her femininity. When she starts dressing like a man she loses that, and as far as I'm concerned if she's going to wear pants I'd as soon go out with the fellows.

"The other thing that gets a fellow's goat is to have a girl continually fussing with her hair and her lipstick and rouge box. If you go horseback riding, or skiing or skating or to a wienie roast forget about your looks until it's over. There's plenty of time then to fix yourself up.

"I suppose I could ramble on for hours like this but the easiest way to tell you how a girl can be popular is to say, 'Be as much like Mary Brian or Ginger Rogers as possible!' Popularity with the men means more than just being feminine and that certain thing called charm can be cultivated."

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AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 376 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

Ginger Rogers Tells How Girls Can Be Popular With the Boys

(*Continued from page* 51)

entertaining instead of, if they feel ill at ease, making the girls do all the work, they'd be pretty much run after. If they would just stifle self-consciousness and say the clever things they're always saying when they're 'practicing' in front of their mirrors and imagining themselves the life of the party they'd find they're not making the fools of themselves they're afraid of making.

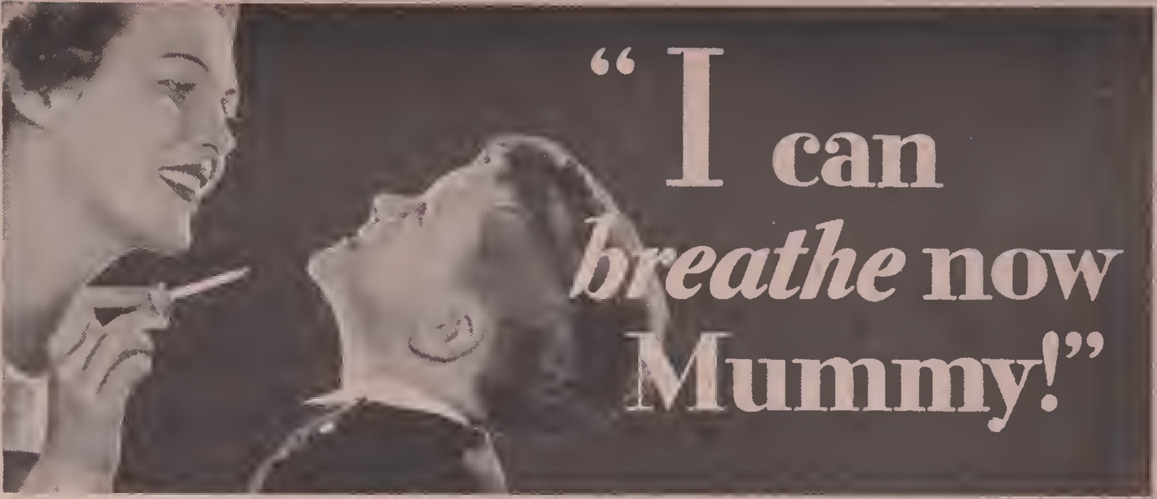
"Of course, there's a big difference between merely having personality and being one of these 'personality-plus' kids. I can't stand them. They turn on the old personality the way most people turn on electric lights. And very often it completely exhausts you. I've found, though, that those 'personality-plus' boys, as I call them, are generally assuming a personality that isn't really theirs. Everyone has a personality of some kind and the best thing to do is to try to develop that and not one that you've admired in someone else.

"Another thing that appeals to girls is being willing to fall in with what the crowd wants to do and not insist upon having your own way all the time. There's nothing that casts a pall over a bunch of people or disgusts girls with fellows so quickly as having one boy insist upon going one place, simply because he likes it or because the head waiter knows him and will call him by name, when everyone else wants to go to another place.

"I THINK all girls like attention. I don't mean by this that a boy has to deluge a girl with flowers and candy and telephone calls and letters. I used to think 'thoughtfulness' came under the head of good breeding but I'm beginning to believe that in this age of hustle and bustle in which we're living, common courtesy is rapidly being discarded like Aunt Emma's bustles and petticoats. Possibly it's our own fault. Maybe in our frantic struggle for 'equal rights' we've sacrificed some surface femininity. I say 'surface femininity' because I think every girl is strictly feminine at heart. If she has to work for her living in the daytime, that doesn't mean she isn't feminine at night—or even during the day.

"No matter how much 'equal rights' women achieve, they still appreciate it if a man gives them his seat in a street-car. And I know if I'm out with a boy and he doesn't bother to hold a door open for me or to strike a light for my cigarette, or help me on and off with my wraps and push a chair under me when I go to sit down, I always think I can't mean very much to him.

"Another thing girls dote on is having a boy interest himself—or pretend to—in them and their affairs. It's generally supposed that when a couple is out together the girl is to do all the listening while the boy swells up and tells her what a great guy he is and what the boss said to him and


"I can *breathe* now Mummy!"

Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

THE next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

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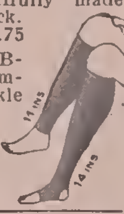

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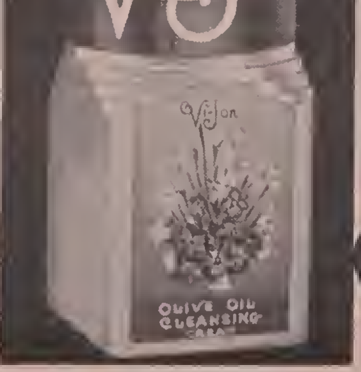

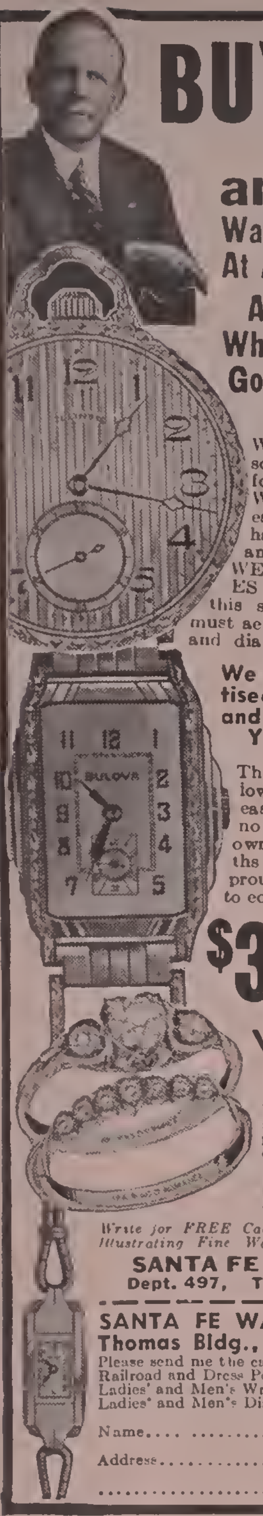

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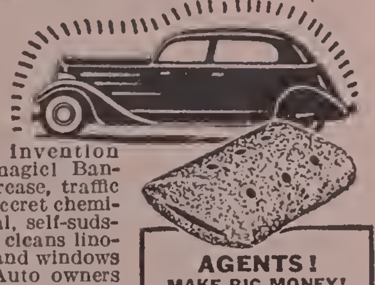

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KRISTEE MFG. CO., 434 Bar Street, Akron, Ohio

what he said to the boss. Possibly, we women are responsible for this. But I know if a boy stops talking about himself occasionally and pretends to be interested in me and my problems, it always makes a big hit with me. And other girls have told me they feel the same way.

"And still another thing a girl adores is having a boy she's out with notice her clothes. She may have spent hours fixing herself up and it isn't unlikely that if she particularly wants to make a good impression she will have bought herself a new outfit and doubtless have spent a lot more on it than she could really afford. Imagine her feelings if her escort simply calls for her, gives her a whirl for the evening, tells her all about himself and takes her home without even so much as saying, 'Oh, gee! You look nice tonight.' And if he wants to make a *big* hit, he'll add, 'Even nicer than usual.'

"Something else that makes a hit with girls is when a boy asks for a date not to always insist upon saying, 'Would you like to go see So-and-So in Such-and-Such a picture?' or 'Wanna go to the Grove tomorrow night?' or specify some other place. If just once in awhile he would merely ask for a date and make the girl feel he simply wanted to be with her and it didn't make much difference where they went so long as they were together—if just occasionally he would let her decide what they'd do with the evening—well! Men like that are at a premium.

"And while a girl doesn't always want to go out, she does like, when they do step out, to have the boy spend gracefully. Unless she is an out and out gold-digger, she doesn't expect orchids and taxis, the best show in town, and supper at the finest night club. But it is pretty depressing to get sweet peas, a trolley-car ride, a movie. My argument is that the boy who wants to be popular, will really take a girl out in an important way when they make a date. Boys who are shrewd about it realize how much it costs a girl to go on a date, the cost of her wave, her manicure, sometimes her new dress. A girl hates to get all dressed up and then go nowhere except to Joe's house, or to go to some big place and have the boy run out of cash.

"OF course, when a girl falls in love, all this changes. Every girl I've ever known, immediately wanted the boy to start saving money the moment she got interested in him in a big way. She doesn't want him wasting money on her. She's blissful then over an ice cream soda bought for her. Or for any small attention that will show he isn't just taking her for granted. It's the little things in life that count.

"There!" she finished. "I probably sound like a combination of Beatrice Fairfax and Dorothy Dix answering one of those letters, 'I am a young man of twenty-four. My friends tell me I am not unattractive but I can never seem to get a date and when my friends get up a crowd to go somewhere they never ask me. What shall I do?'

"The answer is, 'Be yourself—and make sure it's an attractive self.' And Grandma Ginger will almost be willing to issue an insurance policy that your troubles are over."

LEARN TO DANCE
From Hollywood's Most Famous Dance Director
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DAVE GOULD, famous head Dance Director of "Flying Down to Rio," "Melody Cruise," "Gay Divorcee," etc., as well as 30 hit Broadway shows now offers you his Home Dancing course which teaches you all the modern ballroom steps—as well as his own Continental and other latest stage dances. His amazing new method makes dancing as simple as A B C. No music or partner required. Gould is now creating new dances for forthcoming musicals and you learn many of these steps even before they become the rage in your town.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.
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Fadeproof Royal oil colored silk enlargements. Bust, Full Length, etc. Made from any size Photos, Snapshot or Negative. Originals returned. SEND NO MONEY UNLESS YOU WISH. THREE 8 x 10—$1.00. FOUR 6 x 8 or 5 x 7—$1.00. 11 x 14—60c. TWO 11 x 14—$1.00. (8 x 10 or smaller COMPLETELY FRAMED $1.00.) SPECIAL—128 page book on "GUIDE TO DANCING" 89c. COMPLETE LARGE COURSE ON "HOW TO DANCE" NEW EDITION, 298 PAGES, complete with Diagrams and illustrations $1.95. Pay postman, plus postage
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"Made $16.50 and have finished only 3 lessons," says Mrs. Ellen V. Bailey of Pennsylvania. Decorate giftwares. We supply everything and teach you how. Easy, fascinating work—full or spare time. A big income possible every month. No selling experience needed. 50,000 members of Fireside Craft Guild make money right at home. Write today for new membership plan. It is FREE. Send no money.
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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
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"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

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Learn to soar above the lowly things of every-day existence. Let us reveal how you may direct your intuitive powers and attain the fullness of life's blessings. Write for FREE Sealed Book explaining how to receive these truths. Scribe N.A.I.
The Rosicrucians
SAN JOSE AMORC CALIFORNIA

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 66*)

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Voices

The deep, throaty tones of Crawford—a striking contrast to her large, sad eyes and heavy make-up.

The soft, silvery voice of Jean Harlow, seeming so innocent, but oh—enough to set any man's heart on fire.

The gay, rippling laughter of Norma Shearer that runs up the scale like a cascade of notes.

The sexy drawl of Mae West's "C'm up and see me."

The most beautiful voices in Hollywood belong to Barbara Stanwyck and Helen Hayes, and the sweetest one on earth to Shirley Temple, of course!

Christine L. Boley,
Rocky Ford, Colorado

$1 PRIZE LETTER
What Has Irene Dunne?

What has Irene Dunne that she should be given a part like "Sweet Adeline"? Lovely, talented, with a heavenly voice, she deserves to portray a part that will call out all her latent dramatic ability.

For us, it may be gratifying to turn back the years to 1898 and congratulate ourselves that we are living in the "now." But remember that not all the people were as "Sweet Adeline" would have us think, nor was the atmosphere displeasing in spite of Admiral Dewey and the War. But for Miss Dunne to portray that, is sheer waste.

Mary Belle Walley,
Butler, New Jersey

$1 PRIZE LETTER
It's All in Your Attitude

I honestly believe that I have made a discovery, at least for myself. From now on my slogan is going to be "It's all in your attitude!"

Go to the theatre, preferably when the program is likely to draw a good crowd and also when the movie-story is apt to play upon the emotions of the audience as a whole, a picture like "The President Vanishes" or "Bright Eyes" or "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," then watch their combined reactions, their guffaws and applause, their "Oh's" and "Ah's", their sniffles and sobs—it's infectious to the highest degree! You've got to admit you're getting a kick out of it.

Isn't it possible then to swing right into the moving spirit of every picture you see and derive enjoyment in so doing?

Budd White,
New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
A Pennant for Penner

Joe Penner is my favorite and how!

They say you have to be crazy to like his kind of acting—well, if you do, I was sitting among a throng of half-wits and nitwits, when I saw him in "College Rhythm."

He has you laughing all over.

I can't speak for the rest, but as far as Joe and I are concerned, everything's just ducky, whether he knows it or not.

Hal Sweitzer,
Alliance, Ohio

Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. It is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. Use it daily.

Pure Mercolized Wax
Beautifies The Skin
Bleaches Cleanses Nourishes
Softens and Protects

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will **not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.**

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

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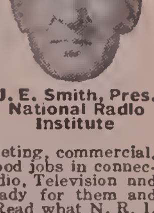

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LAST MINUTE NEWS!

Snappy Chatter as We Go to Press

HERO NOTE: Little Sheila Brown (age three) and about 100 dancers on a set for "Midsummer Night's Dream" are singing the praises of **Hal Mohr** and **Victor Jory.** Fire, caused by the high-powered lamps, broke out and it was only the quick-thinking of Cameraman Mohr and Actor Jory that the girls were all saved. They were clad only in cellophane costumes.

Myrna Loy is said to be sulking about her house and refusing to have any words with the studio until they write it into her contract that she is to be paid during the time she is BETWEEN pictures!

William Desmond, out of pix since 1915, will return in M-G-M picture "Naughty Marietta."

Francis Lederer will co-star with **Katharine Hepburn,** who has just returned from New York, in "Break of Hearts."

ROMANCE: Columbia newcomer, **James Blakeley** and **Mary Carlisle.**

FLASH: **Merle Oberon** says: "I am sure that **Douglas** will marry **Lady Ashley** after Mary's divorce becomes final . . . they may even elope."

MARRIAGE STUFF: Strong rumor that director **King Vidor** will marry his secretary, **Betty Hill** . . (2) . . **Betty Boyd** marries **Mason B. Olmsted** . . (3) . . **Jocelyn Lee** marries Warner producer, **James Seymour** and (4) **Josephine Hutchinson** marries **J. F. Townsend.**

FLASH: **Jean Parker's** romance with **Pancho Lukas** is over! Jean made resolution yesterday: "Never again let romance come before career."

Lloyd Hamilton, noted comic, dies at age of 43.

Rumor of stork for newly-married **Sally O'Neill.**

NEW TEAM: **Billie Burke** and **Will Rogers!** Miss Burke has been signed to play opposite Rogers in his next: "The Torch Bearers" (Tentative Title).

Nat Pendleton, for many years a wrestler, will challenge **Man Mountain Deen,** 317-pound heavyweight . . . The bout will be held in Los Angeles.

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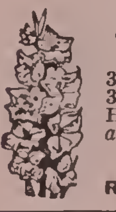

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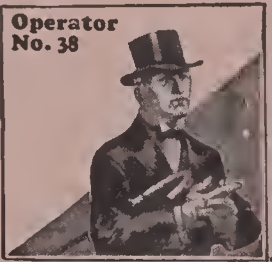

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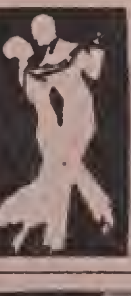

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Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. K-212, Chicago, Ill.

Jimmy Savo—He Bows to the Stones in the Street

(*Continued from page 63*)

the great need for laughter. Yet you will invariably find that their humor is tinged with tragedy.

When Jimmy was eight he thought the most glamorous sight he had ever seen was a street juggler's performance. Someone beat a drum to attract the tawdry crowd. That lone drum, to Jimmy, was as beautiful and as exciting as a great symphony. Spellbound, the little ragamuffin watched the entertainer and when the performance was finished he ran home as fast as he could, determined that he would learn to juggle. But what could he use? There was certainly no money to waste buying rubber balls, so he searched the neighborhood for round, smooth rocks and began, precariously, to juggle these. Then he made a wonderful trade and acquired three huge marbles, but these were much too heavy for him to catch on the back of his fingers. The strictest economies at last provided him with the pennies necessary to invest in rubber balls. To these he added lighted cigar ends, matches, bits of paper—all objects of varied weights and it was this strange assortment of things that he juggled that fateful amateur night. The little, frightened boy in the worn sweater won the five dollar prize! It was more money than he had ever seen and the happiest moment of his life came when he laid the crumpled bill on his mother's lap. From then on until he was a married man he gave her every cent.

FATE makes strange and wonderful gestures. He wanted to be a comedian—and he was—but he never spoke lines on the stage.

"Why did you turn to pantomime?" I asked. I did not realize that I had touched a deep regret in his heart. He looked at me with his dark, grave eyes. "I couldn't talk well enough," he said, "you see, I didn't have any education."

He said it with the utmost simplicity. For Jimmy Savo has known too much of human suffering to pretend to be something that he is not. Yet because he couldn't speak lines correctly he became one of the greatest pantomimists of his day.

Jimmy could not learn even during the hours he did spend at school. He was too tired. Every day of his boyhood he got up at five o'clock in the morning to deliver papers. And even after he was on the stage he still sold papers because the financial returns from the theater were precarious. Paper selling was an assured income no matter how small. When he was working in a theater he must give night performances as well as ones in the afternoon. He averaged about five hours sleep out of the twenty-four all during his childhood, so at school in the morning his brain was too dulled by the demands of the struggle for existence to allow him to concentrate.

He met the girl he was to marry on a train. She, just seventeen, was being brought to Chicago by her married sister, who hoped she would "make a good match." Jimmy, then twenty-two, was a vaudeville trouper. He was anything but a marital catch.

But he thought the girl on the train the loveliest thing he had ever seen. He—of Italian parentage—was fascinated by the long reddish gold braid that hung down her back. "I wasn't trying to be fresh—honest," he said, "but I just had to pull her hair. I was just a kid and didn't know no better. But I wasn't trying to be fresh."

The hair pulling episode brought him a severe and disapproving look from sister, but, nevertheless, it served as an introduction—no matter how informal.

"I thought I was scared that amateur night," he said, "but that didn't compare to the night I met her old man."

And I could see that, with his ability to remember, he was now—so many years later—in the grip of the emotions he had known then. The girl was in Chicago for a purpose—to marry well. Her family expected it of her. Yet there she was presenting an awkward shy uneducated boy who was—oh yes, how odd!—a pantomimist and juggler in vaudeville. Jimmy knew he did not fit into the scheme of things, but he knew something else more definitely than that—he knew he loved the girl with the golden braid.

They were married and because Jimmy was in the family he must needs be accepted by the married sister's husband who, as vice-president of a large company, earned a thousand dollars a day. "Oh, he talked to me all right," Jimmy said, "but he didn't *want* to talk to anybody but millionaires. I could tell that."

"Always bow to the stones on the street," Jimmy's father had said. The home-made adage came back to roost. Times changed. Men who could make their fellow creatures laugh became more important than vice-presidents of large companies. The man who wanted only to talk to millionaires had to borrow money from the humble vaudeville juggler, Jimmy Savo.

AND that's why Jimmy remains so humble. He does not forget the time when that five dollars he laid in his mother's lap looked like the wealth of the world. That's why instead of boasting of his lovely ranch in California he says, "Well, we thought it would be nice to have a home, some place permanent—gosh; that's a big word for me—where we could put a lot of old junk we had been keeping around in old trunks." That's why, too, he does not boast about his fourteen-year-old son, except to say, shyly, "He's a good kid."

The boy was born in Chicago. Jimmy was in New York waiting breathlessly for word of his wife's and his child's safety to come. "I wish I could have been with her," he said, "but I had to make a living. You see, I wanted the boy to have an education."

"I wanted the boy to have an education." In those words you will find all the tragedy and triumph of Jimmy Savo's life. He has known poverty and the suffering it causes a sensitive soul. He realizes his own lack of academic knowledge. The scars left upon his heart will always be there, but his boy can be saved from the wounds that caused them.

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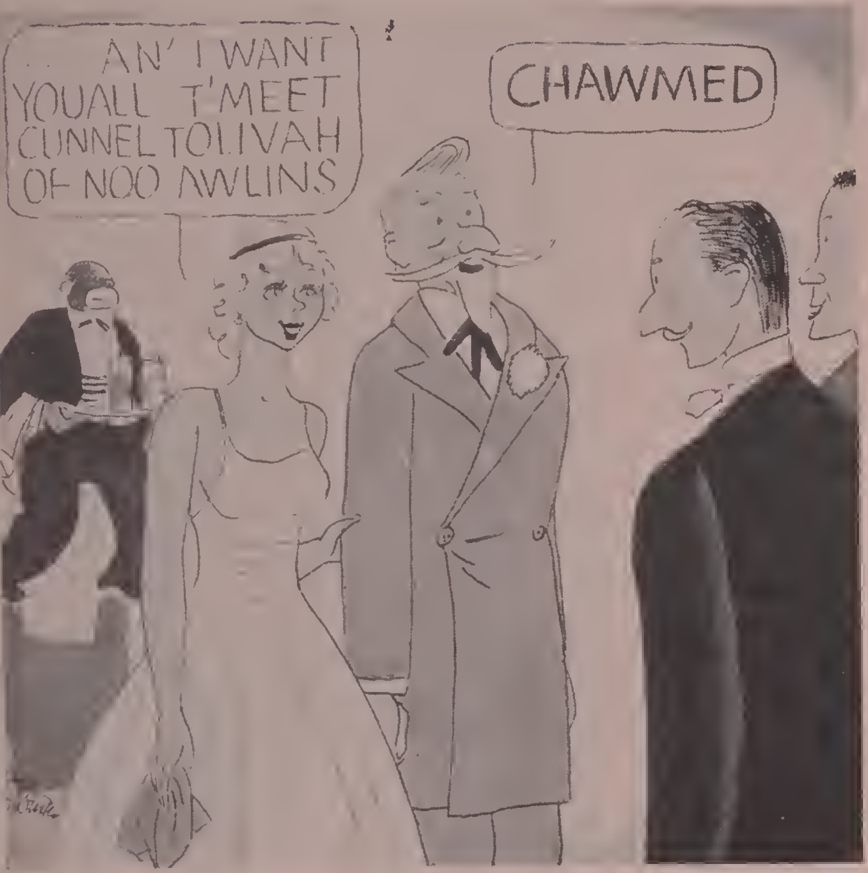
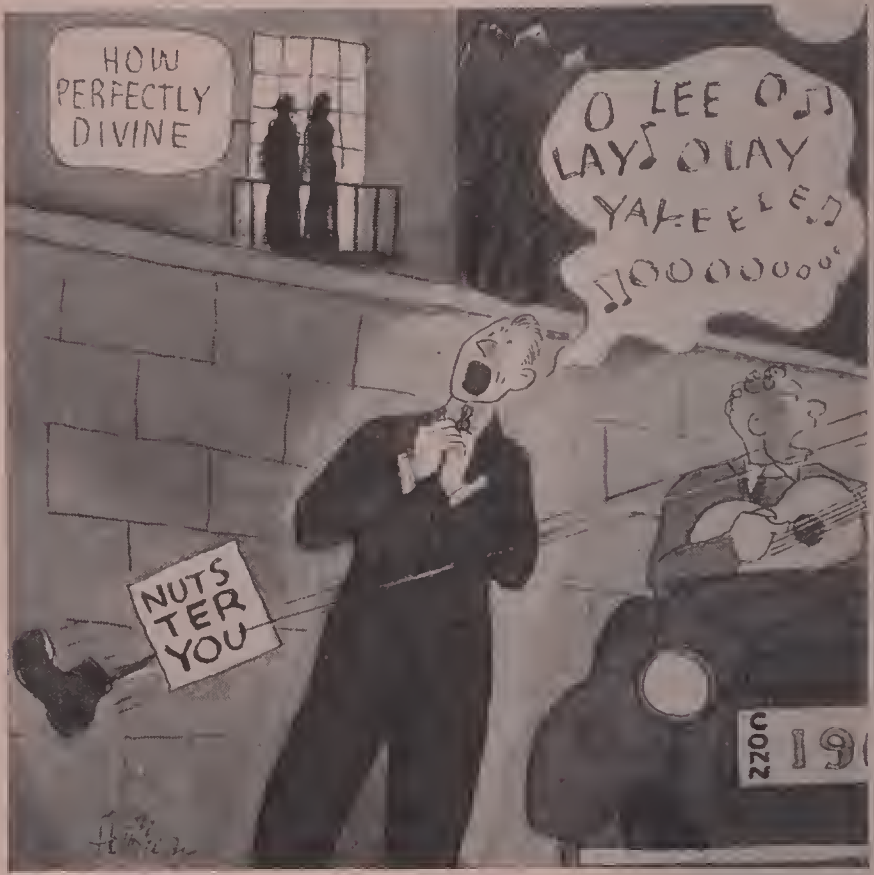

AN' I WANT YOUALL T'MEET CUNNEL TOLIVAH OF NOO AWLINS
CHAWMED

Picture No. 5

Name of Player..



Picture No. 6

Name of Player..

DO NOT ELABORATE YOUR ENTRY SEND IT IN ON TIME!

HERE, Ladies and Gentlemen of the MOVIE MIRROR contest clan, are the final drawings in the brain-teasing name game. Can you find the name hidden in each drawing? Good! Then your contest entry is practically complete. Just jot down the short note expressing your preference among the players you have named from the six drawings in this series and send your set of named drawings and your note to the contest address as directed.

The awards will be published in the first available issue of MOVIE MIRROR and the prize checks will go into the mails at approximately the time the judges' decisions are made public.

Now a final word about your entry. Do not spend time and money on needless ornamentation. Simplicity is best. Ornate and elaborate entries will carry no more weight in this contest than simple ones. Past experience shows that contestants concentrating on elaboration are more apt to make errors in preparing their contest material than those who concentrate on accuracy. No entries will be returned which is another reason for avoiding expense in their preparation.

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish two contest drawings each of which will indicate, suggest or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion picture star.
2. To compete, clip or trace the pictures and under each write the name of the motion picture star it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of six pictures and names, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference judged on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, April 9, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to HIDDEN NAMES EDITOR, MOVIE MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

NEXT MONTH A BRAND NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST!

Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page 6*)

cavorting and making merry in "Murder on a Honeymoon," and many others.

The kind of dog a boy would love to own is Cyclone, a gentle police dog very unlike the name he bears. When he makes an attack on the villain in a picture he doesn't hurt him at all, because Cyclone was bred with love and care. When his master tells him to attack he does so without malice, because acting is fun.

I chuckle every time I think of Von, a Great Dane. He's just a big clunk—as his master lovingly calls him. He's really a comedian—you know, the kind of dog that runs in between the funny fellows' legs and makes them fall!

And I'm sure all of you are familiar with Pete, the monocle-eyed dog of Our Gang. He is known as an English "pitt" bulldog, a very smart dog, who adores the children of Our Gang. That ring around his eye is his "make-up."

And last but not least of the more popular dog actors is Lightning. He is a German Shepherd, and has taken the "seeing eye" course. This is a school where dogs are taught to be the "eyes" for blind people. Isn't that a wonderful thing? Lightning knows how to lead a blind person carefully across the street, how to let him know when to step up or down at curbs and to be a help at all times. He is only two years old and has been in pictures since he was born. He just seemed to be born to act in pictures, being the grandson of Strongheart, who was a popular dog actor some years ago. And because of Lightning's training he won a part in "A Dog of Flanders." He is also in "Wings in the Dark" with Cary Grant.

Have you a pet? Of course you have! And if you haven't, you certainly admire some animal you'd like to have for a pet. And for telling us about this pet, wouldn't you like to receive a picture of your favorite star, posed with his or her favorite pet?

It's very simple. All you have to do is to write us a letter, not too long, and tell us what your favorite pet is and why. And be sure to mention your favorite star.

To the boys and girls who send in the most interesting letters, will be sent autographed pictures of their favorite stars.

Address your letter to: MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

It takes a great deal of time and patience to train a dog, especially when he is being trained for the movies. They must know how to yawn, stretch, scratch, sneeze, drink, and do many other things on command. There are several men doing this work, the chief of whom is Mr. Henry East, who raised Skippy and Cyclone and many other star dogs.

If you would like to know how to train your dog as Hollywood dogs are trained, or how to teach him tricks, or what to feed him, I shall be happy to help you.

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Name ....

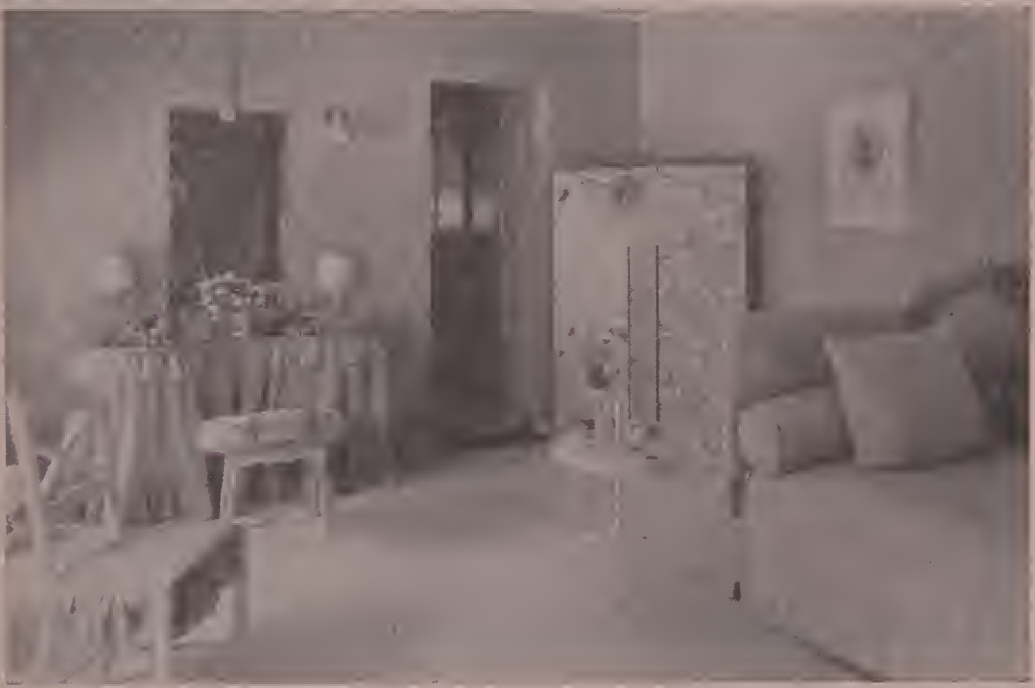
Address ....

Instrument .... Have you Instrument? ....

Homemaking

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY HAROLD GRIEVE

How to place furniture in the living room, dining room and boudoir, for the convenience of hostess and guests



Bed and spread upholstered in the same material give the appearance of a day-bed in Virginia Bruce's sitting-room-bedroom. The dressing table is for the use of guests.

ALTHOUGH I promised to talk this month on the use of old pieces of furniture, I shall continue on the theme of furniture arrangement, as a number of inquiries have come in by mail on important phases of the subject which I did not have room to discuss in the last article.

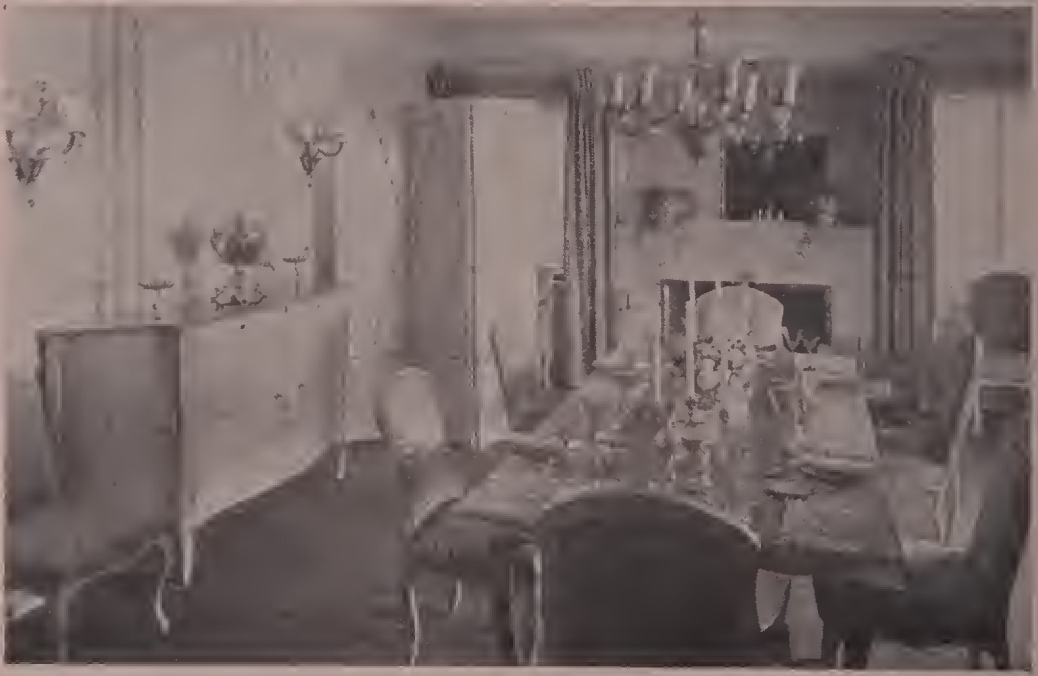
A room may often be given two distinct characters. This may be accomplished by a furniture arrangement for winter, which naturally centers around the fireplace with lamps and tables grouped for the comfort of reading, and a different arrangement for summer, which distributes groups of furniture around windows giving an appearance of more open space in the room. The difference in character may be carried even further by using slip covers in summer, dispensing with the side curtains and using only glass curtains and, of course, by such details as supplanting artificial bouquets with garden flowers.

The year around one should keep a bridge table, with the top finished in harmony with your room decorations, tucked away conveniently in a nearby closet. I have seen many a hostess ruin a color scheme of a room when guests arrived, just when the room *should* look its best, by bringing out a motley collection of bridge chairs and tables. Norma Shearer, with her usual foresight, had all of her bridge tables and chairs lacquered to harmonize with her room color scheme. This is only a detail but one which can be done at a slight cost. It is worth considering while planning the furnishings of a room.

Breakfast rooms I have not discussed. Mainly because I am not in favor of them as an American institution. They are too often a waste of space, and usually furnished with the proverbial square table and hard, uncomfortable chairs. If you must have a breakfast room, because you believe it saves steps and time, make it a room of more comfort. We will call it a morning room and instead of four wooden chairs, use two upholstered chairs at a low table. In case there are more than two in the family and it *is* necessary to use the customary breakfast table, give the slick wooden chairs a gay covered seat pad which will add materially to comfort. If you do not have a breakfast room, one may use a small table in the dining room for the morning meal.

In a dining room, again, make certain you have comfortable chairs. Generally speaking, dining room chairs are seldom designed for ease. For an inexpensive suggestion in a budget-planned Early American or an English dining room, I should use armed Windsor chairs which may be purchased for about fifteen dollars a piece.

Every dining room should have a screen before the pantry door. If there are no doors (*Continued on page* 111)



Ivory walls, a dull blue-green rug, yellow and white draperies, and honey-colored furniture upholstered in two-toned gray and yellow, adorn Norma Shearer's dining room.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 31)

pretty discouraged fellow, and no wonder!

For years he's been taking exercises for a perfect carriage, and as a result he is as straight as a rod.

Imagine his surprise when a director told him that all he needed was a "Gable slouch"!

* * *

Every male on the United Artists' lot tries to get on the set of "The Folies Bergere de Paris" between the hours of two and four in the afternoon. That's when they shoot the "French version"!!!

* * *

THEY say that for the first time in his life Wally Beery is a little peeved and a little temperamental.

Next to "Viva Villa" Wally liked his role as Barnum in "The Mighty Barnum" best of all and he wasn't at all pleased when some of the New York critics referred to it as one of his "weaker" characterizations.

* * *

DIRECTOR DAVID BUTLER is planning a gorgeous surprise for little Shirley Temple.

Shirley is crazy about her role in "The Little Colonel" and unknown to his little star, the director is making a private film of the story on Shirley's own little pocket movie camera! Assistant Director Ad Schaumer does the "shooting" during one of the rehearsals. This is the only case on record of the complete filming of a movie story with a pocket camera. The "junior" film will be presented to Shirley at the completion of the picture.

* * *

TWO new surprise divorces registered this month:

First, Rosemary Ames of Fox Films filed suit in Chicago against her 56-year-old husband, Bertie A. Meyer, theatrical producer. They were married in 1932 and Rosemary complains that her husband deserted her a year later. This marriage was no particular secret from Hollywood but in the complaint it was brought out that the pretty Ames had been previously married to Ogden Ketting, former secretary to Samuel Insull.

W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke's divorce action was the second gasp. Ever since he charged into the "big time" local columnists have been referring to Woody as an eligible bachelor. In his divorce suit against Zina B. Van Dyke he claims they were married in 1909 and that his wife deserted him in 1923.

* * *

JEAN HARLOW may soon have Marian Nixon and William Seiter for next-door-neighbors. Marian and Bill just recently purchased the hill side adjoining Jean's, and if present plans go through, they may be occupying a Monterey-type home there sometime this fall.

* * *

NO wonder Cary Grant has decided to take himself on a vacation to England. It has become the town joke the way Cary and Virginia Cherrill (she's filed divorce complaint) run into one another every place they go.

The other day they met face to face at the Gotham delicatessen and this after three nights of attending the same parties, but not together!

Incidentally Cary gives one of the finest performances of his career in "Wings in the Dark," his latest picture.

* * *

WE hear that Jean Muir did not take the break-up of her promising romance with Francis Lederer lightly.

Francis, so they say, is interested in the young niece of Anita Loos, Mary Anita Loos.

Ah, well Jean! They say heart-trouble is grand for the career!

* * *

FRANCIS LEDERER, confirmed pacifist, founder and supporter of the league for world peace, finds himself sharpening a sword for the lead in "The Three Musketeers" and learning such dialog as "I'll run you through, begad!" and "Ah! Ha! Blood!"

* * *

FEW people in Hollywood know that Patrolman Earl Reed, the universally known policeman who unsnarls traffic at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, the community's main intersection, is the husband of Jane Bernoudy, comedy gag woman—and that many of the punch lines on the screen are gathered by Reed as he works.

A LITTLE STORY TOLD IN PICTURES:

Left, the Weissmullers at the Trocadero after they reconciled for the teenth time, and laughing over it. Above, Johnny and Ann Macy, the gal who's often seen with him when Johnny and Lupe aren't on speaking terms.

$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of $25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of $250 up to the munificent first prize of $5,000. Imagine receiving $5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

Why not claim one of these big prizes? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial advantage. Hundreds more will do so in the future. You owe it to yourself to be among them.

And remember this—TRUE STORY is *always* in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates provided we can use it.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $5,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best story will be awarded the $2,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in this contest is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

First Prize	**$5,000**
Second Prize	**2,500**
Third Prize (5 at $1,000)	**5,000**
Fourth Prize (10 at $500)	**5,000**
Fifth Prize (30 at $250)	**7,500**
47 Cash Prizes Totaling	**$25,000**

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

Homemaking

(*Continued from page* 108)

between the dining room and an adjoining room, the screen may be used in the opening before dinner is served. As a furniture saving in a small dining room two serving tables, placed at either end of a room or on either side of a window, may be used instead of a buffet. When one is entertaining they may be pulled up to make the table longer and at the same time leave free wall space for comfort in serving. The dining room is the one room in the house which is preferably kept underfurnished rather than over-furnished.

Many people have written to ask about overhead lighting in a dining room. That is a matter of personal taste. Of course, candles are always desirable and if more light is wanted the center fixture may be used. Candles on the table, sidelights and candelabras on the buffet give a soft light which is often considered adequate illumination, but there is no hard and fast rule on the subject.

In the small dining room, chairs not in use which crowd the room may be used in a living room or hall. Tied-on slipcovers done in colors that fit in with the other room color scheme may be made with narrow pleated ruffles as finishing touches.

A warning should be sounded again about the colors one uses in a dining room. Be sure to select them under night lights as everyone wants his dining room to look its best at night.

The photograph shown of Norma Shearer's dining room embodies many of the points I have suggested; a screen is employed before the pantry door, the chairs are designed for comfort, and the lighting is planned to please the taste for either low or overhead lights.

In furnishing a room for a boy or girl of high school age, one might give it more of an appearance of a sitting room with the bed treated as a day bed or couch. The bed cover should be one which will not wrinkle if sat upon. Of course, a desk with a study lamp is necessary and another table, large enough for games and reference books is advisable. If the closet is large enough to treat as a small dressing room a chest of drawers may be disposed of in this manner. If not, the chest may be left in the room by adding a row of books across the top instead of using toilet articles. If there are two boys in the family occupying separate rooms, one room may be fitted up as their sitting room and the other be occupied by both as a bedroom.

WHAT ARE YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS?

Do you know how to place an occasional chair or table? Would you like to know how many lamps your living room needs to look really smart? Have you the secret of using inexpensive materials for curtains or rugs and yet having your rooms look attractive? For advice on these or other decorating problems, write Harold Grieve, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. And please remember to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for his reply.

For a young girl's room I should suggest a sitting room-bedroom much like the one of Virginia Bruce's which is illustrated. The bed is upholstered in the same material as the spread giving the appearance of a day bed. The screen, set aside in the photograph, is used before the door of the dressing room. The dressing table, done in sun tan organdie, is left in the room as a convenience to guests. Two small lounge chairs and a desk complete the furnishings of this delightful room.

Now that we are well over the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment and the bar is no longer hidden behind a tapestry, it has become an important adjunct to many homes. In a small house a closet makes an amusing tiny bar. The closet may be fitted out with shelves and glass racks and a shelf on the door may be covered with copper and the section above mirrored. Linoleum should be used on the floor.

Then, too, in the small house the tea wagon which has passed through many new improvements may now be a portable bar. I recently made a bar for use in a Hollywood dining room which when closed looked like a serving table that held silver candlesticks and a low bowl. As it is built on wheels like a tea wagon it may be quickly rushed into service in the living room when a few guests gather at cocktail hour.

The ideas I have offered in this article are done in compliance with requests for inexpensive, applicable suggestions. Many of the things I have mentioned will require not so much the buying of new pieces of furniture as the shifting about of old pieces, or some slight remodeling.

Where Will the NEW STARS Come From?

Hollywood's greatest problem is finding new actors and actresses to exploit—to make them the favorites of next year! In the May MOVIE MIRROR, out March 26, you can read the complete inside story of the stars of tomorrow—and how they're found.

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1 ACROSS

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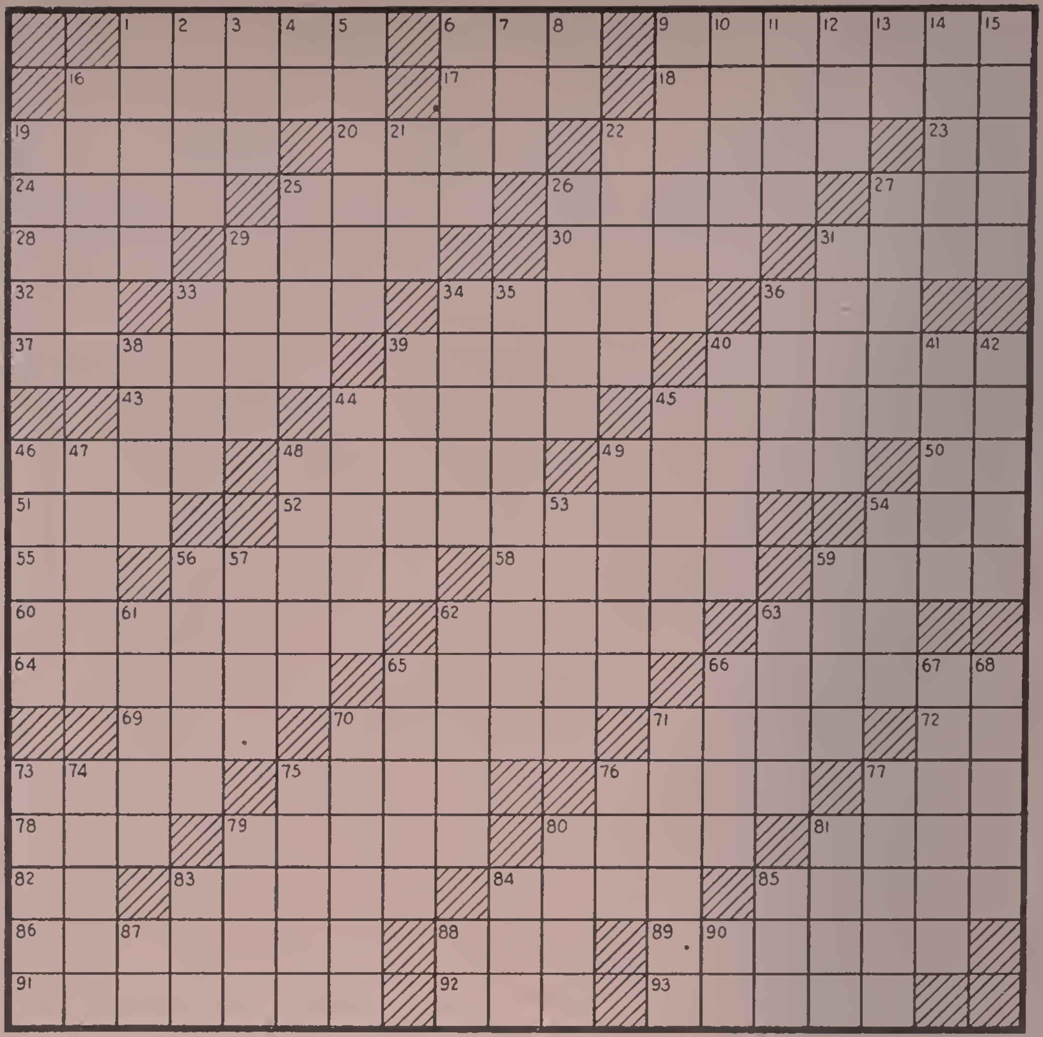


MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

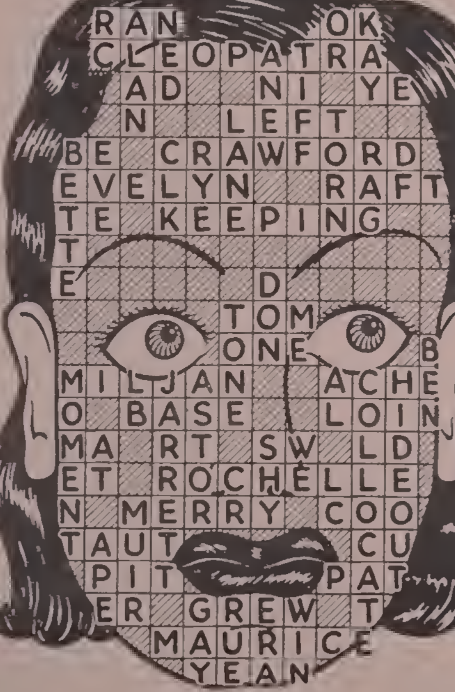
ACROSS

1. Star of "What Every Woman Knows"
6. She is teamed with Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill"
9. "Elizabeth" in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
16. Star of "The Thin Man"
17. A salutation
18. Starred in "The Scarlet Empress"
19. Window-glass sections
20. ——— Sten
22. She starred in "The Age of Innocence"
23. Musical note
24. Greek god of war
25. Malarial fever
26. She is featured in "What Every Woman Knows"
27. Earthen drinking cup
28. The firmament
29. A pantomimic gesture
30. Units of energy
31. Existed
32. Pronoun
33. America's sweetheart
34. Babble
36. A wing-like part
37. Currently starred in "The Last Gentleman"
39. Spools of film
40. ——— Farrell
43. A tree
44. Warms
45. Frenzied
46. Barks
48. Venomous snake of India
49. Plays the "Charlie Chan" character
50. Land measure
51. Single unit
52. "Henrietta" in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
54. Tropical blackbird
55. Behold!
56. Separates
58. Inactive
59. A pair of units
60. "Ukulele Ike"
62. Spanish priest
63. Distant
64. A connected succession
65. Sacred vocal composition
66. Starred with Kay Francis in "British Agent"
69. ——— Claire
70. Silica in the form of quartz
71. Lacerated
72. Otherwise
73. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
75. Greek letter
76. Featured in "Little Man, What Now?"
77. "Diamond Lil"
78. Rodent
79. More clever
80. Liquefy
81. City in Ohio
82. For instance
83. Satisfies
84. To restrain
85. Lavished extreme fondness on
86. She is featured in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
88. Source of light
89. Plays opposite George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman"
91. To teach
92. Japanese sash
93. To lessen gradually

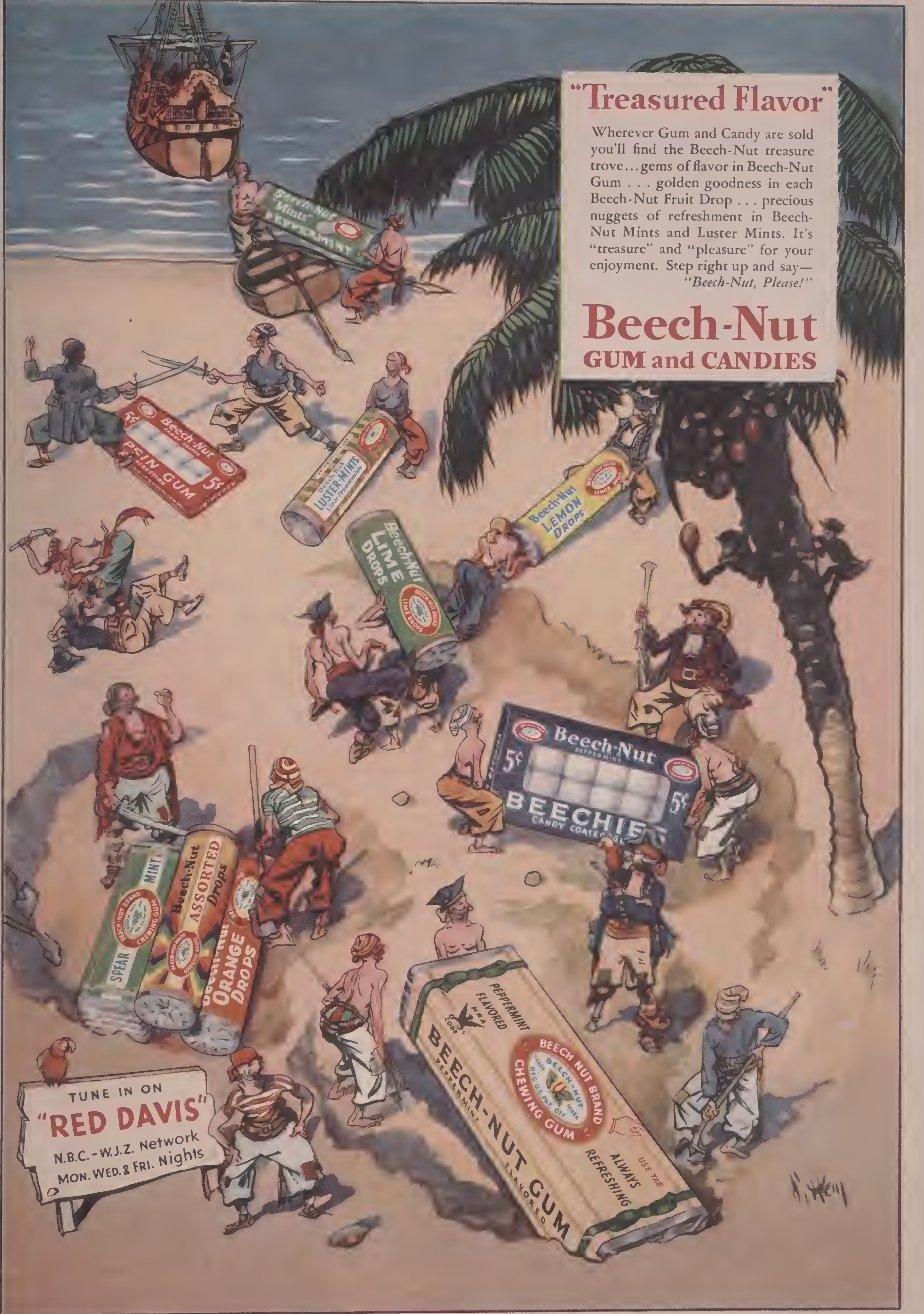
MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in January, to Vera M. Beuchat, Baraboo, Wisconsin. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. Send your original puzzle to Puzzle Editor, MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DOWN

1. A pet name
2. Inspires with reverential fear
3. Affirmative reply
4. Swedish comedian
5. Pertaining to, or like, slag
6. Ex-Mrs. Lew Ayres, now Mrs. Al Hall
7. Eggs
8. Old pronoun
9. A thick or suffocating smoke
10. Suspends
11. Sea eagle
12. Fermented liquor
13. Concerning
14. To follow
15. Royal authority
16. "Sally" in "Have a Heart"
19. Turkish title given to high officials
21. Sister
22. Pointed missile weapons
25. Ventilates
26. Repasts
27. Intended
29. Window frame
31. Combine into one product
33. "Little ——— Marker"
34. The "Baron Munchausen"
35. To give like for like
36 ——— Mowbray
38. English actress
39. Puzzle
40. He was starred in "Ladies Should Listen"
41. Plays leading feminine role in "One More River"
42. Bitter
44 Those who entertain guests
45. To blaze with a sudden unsteady light
46. Starred with Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
47. Positive terminal in an electrical circuit
48. Strings
49. Outwardly manifest
53. Alphabetical list of the contents of a book
54. A gentle breeze
56. Rouge
57. Superficial extent
59. The break of day
61. Joint uniting the hand and arm
62. Bear of the Arctic regions
63. Preceding in place or time
65. Very small amounts
66. "Bill Grimes" in "I'll Fix It"
67. Wanderer
68. Anticipate with horror
70. Long seat with a high back
71. Lyle ———
73. Courageous
74. Alleviated
75. Constructed
76. Pronoun
77. Ecclesiastical headdress
79. Largest island of the West Indies
80. Recently starred in "Hi! Nellie!"
81. Bessie ———
83. Membranous pouch
84. Young bear
85 To incline downward
87. Greek letter
88. Therefore
90. Musical note



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE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PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED
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SPEAR MINT
CHEWING GUM
Beech-Nut
ASSORTED
Drops
Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

MAY

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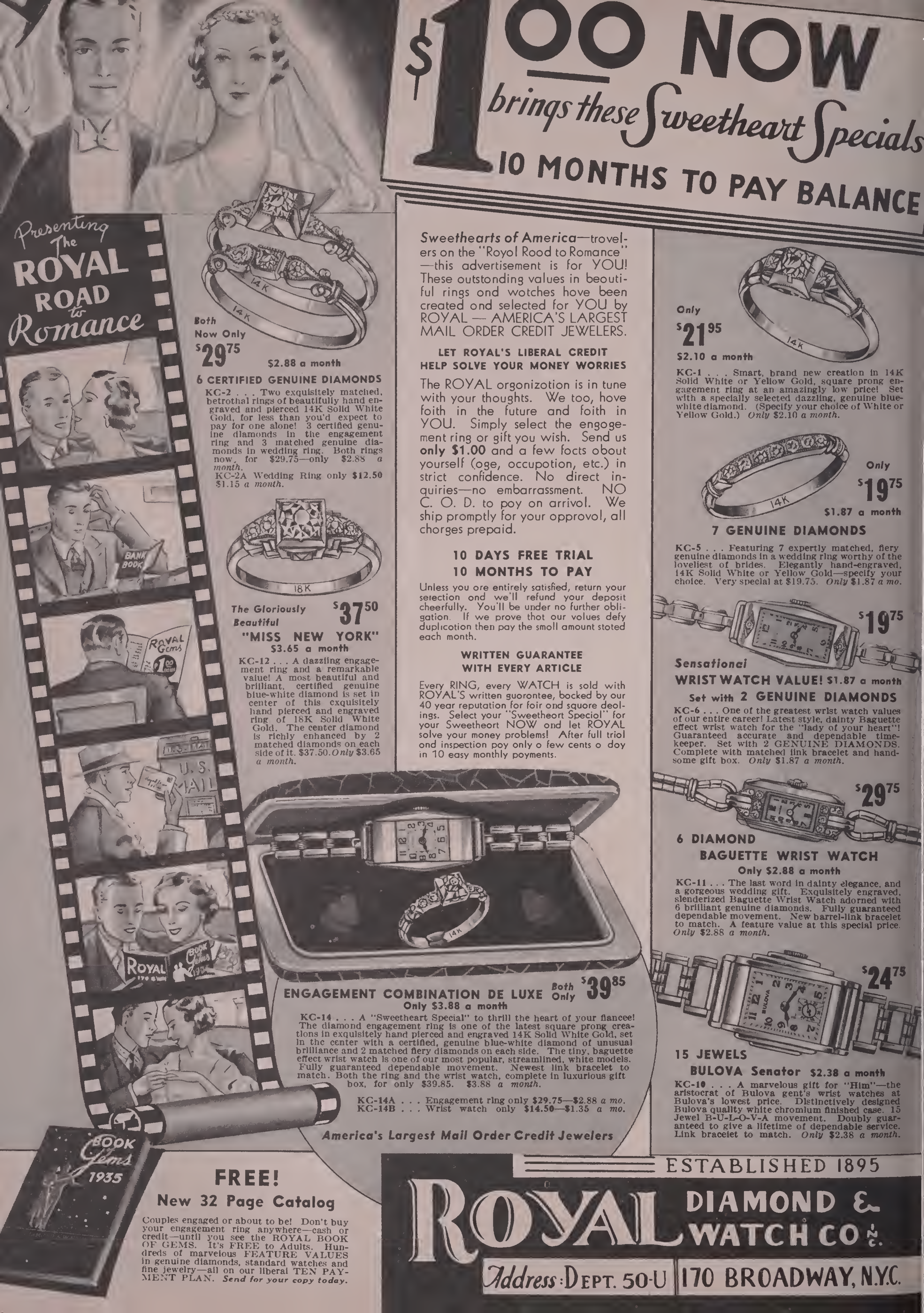

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THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the swellest stepping she's ever done!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
to the lilting tunes of 8 grand songs by Warren & Dubin!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny Rubin, and other big stars!

GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in ravishing Bobby Connolly spectacles!

☆

Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Teams for the First Time on the Screen

Al JOLSON

and

Ruby KEELER

in

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.

☆

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

(Out April 26)

Her Fascinating Life Story

Follow Grace Moore from her early days, through struggles and torments, to her days of unusual success, which meant new problems, new worries. You'll love the grand pictures, too, of her babyhood and girlhood.

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movie MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

Ernest V. Heyn, Eastern Editor

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Director

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The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST— BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement ... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance ... you'll laugh at its bright comedy ... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MacDONALD · Nelson EDDY

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

"AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK
MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

Above, Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes in "Vanessa—Her Love Story" which, our reviewer warns, though full of charming romance, is slow moving. Right, Samuel Goldwyn's "The Wedding Night" in which Anna Sten, Ralph Bellamy, and Gary Cooper are pictured.

MOVIES of the MONTH

THE musical comedies take all the praise this month and it seems as though there is one for every taste. The finest in our opinion is "Roberta" with the miraculous Fred Astaire. In our feeble way we don't see how any musical could ever be better than this for songs, for gowns, for casting and for its superlative dancing. But if you are all for romance, there's "Naughty Marietta" with its tuneful Victor Herbert score and Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy starring. For girl stuff, comes "Folies Bergere" which is just a bit daring. It is very similar to "All the King's Horses" which is most swell, also.

Among the dramas, there is "The Wedding Night," a bit on the sombre side, but most interesting with Gary Cooper and Anna Sten; "The Good Fairy, a delightful, lightsome comedy; in the "I-don't-care-what-they're-in, I-always-go" class are Shirley Temple and Will Rogers in "The Little Colonel" and "Life Begins at 40." Both stars behave exactly as you expect them to, which is very nice indeed.

✓Life Begins At 40 (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Richard Cromwell, George Barbier, Rochelle Hudson, Jane Darwell, Slim Summerville, Sterling Holloway, others.*

It's About: *A small-town newspaper owner who tries to prove the innocence of a young man who has served a prison term and who is shunned by most of the townspeople.*

A homey story, chock-full of laughs for everyone, performed in typical Will Rogers' style.

Will Rogers is a bachelor newspaper publisher in a small town. His troubles begin when he befriends a young man (Richard Cromwell), just returned from prison.

He loses his newspaper to George Barbier, but undaunted begins a small rival paper with the help of Richard Cromwell, and to add insult to injury, sponsors Slim Summerville, the town do-nothing as Mr. Barbier's political rival.

The riotous highlights of the picture are the hog-calling relations of Mr. Summerville, who break up dignified Mr. Barbier's picnic.

Your Reviewer Says: When you go—be sure to take the whole family with you. It's good clean fun.

Shirley Temple (right) with dancer Bill Robinson is what you would expect her to be in "The Little Colonel." The story gets by with little Miss Temple's dimples.

Let these time-saving reviews guide you in picking the pictures of the month

Left, the outstanding film of the month, "Roberta," which wins a double check because of Fred Astaire. With him are Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. Above, "All the King's Horses," another double check. In it are Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis who make this story entertaining.

Musical comedy month—"Roberta," "Naughty Marietta," "Folies Bergere," "All the King's Horses," and "Mississippi." Bing Crosby is wisely kicking about "Mississippi" and demanding more comedy in retakes so that finished film you see will undoubtedly be much more amusing

Ruth Waterbury

Will Rogers and Slim Summerville give "Life Begins At 40" laughs for everyone. Will performs in typical Rogers style as a bachelor publisher of a newspaper.

✓Vanessa—Her Love Story (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Otto Kruger, May Robson, Lewis Stone, Henry Stephenson, others.*

It's About: *Two lovers, who marry the wrong people, but eventually work out their loves satisfactorily.*

Fair Warning: You have to be a definite type of person to enjoy this picture. If you like slow-moving but charming romance with beautiful love scenes posed against old-fashioned, melodramatic situations, you will enjoy this. If you want fast moving action, crisp people who know their own minds and act accordingly, you will find this a bit out-dated and pokey.

The story concerns Vanessa, the youngest of an old, established family, and Benjie, her cousin and the family's black sheep. They are in love and to be married until the night that Vanessa's home burns down and Vanessa misunderstands Benjie's explanation and turns against him. (It's one of those misunderstanding pictures, you see.) In pique, Benjie marries a bar maid. Vanessa marries her other cousin who later turns out to be insane. Both Benjie and Vanessa act according to the late nineties code for well-bred people and therefore have to wait for death to free them.

The picture is beautifully produced with Helen Hayes most charmingly photographed. The entire cast give performances worthy of their distinguished names.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have to decide for yourself whether or not it's the sort of picture you like best.

✓✓Roberta (RKO)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, Victor Varconi, others.*

It's About: *The usual musical comedy jumble, exiled Russian princesses, American college boys, an American actress pretending to be French, all meeting in a dressmaking shop in Paris.*

Well, cherubs, here it is—the one picture you must not miss if you want a mad, thrilling, gay, funny evening highlighted with songs, made glorious with dancing, loaded with love and distinguished with the loveliest women's clothes yet to be photographed.

There's Irene Dunne for romance, and Ginger Rogers for youth and laughter, and Freddie Astaire for dances and your heart will miss a beat (*Continued on page 108*)

movie MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY ANN RAMBER

WELL, did I have a good time this month! I saw cowboys and real Indians—hundreds of them! And best of all I met "The Miracle Rider," himself—Tom Mix.

When your letters came pouring in with requests for news about Tom Mix, the cowboy of cowboys, I rushed over to see him. And my very first glimpse of him was a breathless thrill that I won't forget for a long, long time.

He was coming across the plains, bandanna flying, hat waving, and his gay shirt a crimson splotch against the gray of the sage-brush. Hold on, now. Here he comes! Faster and faster, he urges Tony, Jr. But there's a fence in front of us. A high fence! They'll have to jump. Can they make it? There they go. A graceful swoop into the air, and they're over! And the next thing I knew, I was looking up at the sun-tanned face of Tom Mix—in person!

What a grand, alive person he is. His bright brown eyes look out at this world bravely, fearlessly, and with a twinkle in them that assured me, at once, that here was a kind and friendly man.

His first thought was for Tony, Jr. Tony, Tom's first horse, just got too old to work and his son, Tony, Jr., is following in his father's hoofprints. As soon as Tom was assured that his horse was all right after the swift ride and jump, he let one of the other cowboys take Tony, Jr., to the corral.

Then he flashed a smile of greeting to me and the rest of the people nearby. He was all ready for his day's work. It's really hard work, you know, to make a picture that has fifteen episodes, and it keeps Tom quite busy. But nothing is hard work for Tom. Everything is play to him. If you think of your daily tasks in that way, everything is easy.

"The Miracle Rider" is the first serial that Tom has ever made. Tom plays the part of a Texas Ranger. But that is easy for him, because he was born in Texas. And did you know that Tom learned to ride a horse shortly after he learned to walk? And that's very young, isn't it?

He's very fond of his horses. Most of the horses in his corral were bred by Tom, himself. He knows a lot about them. I asked Tom how he was able to train his horses.

(Continued on page 92)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

ROBERTA

You'll love its dancing and songs.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

You'll laugh and it will teach you a lesson in democracy, too.

CAR 99

Yes, indeed. Tell your mother the gangster villains all get punished.

LIFE BEGINS AT 40

Don't let the title keep you away. You'll enjoy this—and Will Rogers!

THE LITTLE COLONEL

It has Shirley Temple in it. That's all you'll want.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

You'll love it. It even has pirates and soldiers.

WEST POINT OF THE AIR

You'll love the flying scene.

Yes, sir, that's Tom Mix himself, teaching the varmints a lesson in "The Miracle Rider"; with him—well, under him—are Charles King and Max Wagner. And, of course, that's Tony, Jr., at the top of the page.

Mae's Change of Pace...

by Ted Allen

Every big league pitcher knows the value of a change of pace. First a fast one, then a wide curve, then a high one on the inside, then another fast one right across the heart of the plate. That wins baseball games.

And Mae West, the feminine Babe Ruth of the screen, knows all about change of pace too. An expert on fast ones and wide curves, she long ago learned the value of varying her style to meet public demand.

All of which is by way of pointing out that Mae West is about to give theatre-goers a brand-new version of herself. Having set a home-run record with her characterizations of the Gay Nineties, she decided it was time to change pace. She has done it by going completely, down-to-the-minute modern in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?"

Gone are the exaggerated curves and towering head-dresses of "She Done Him Wrong." In their place are the just-as-alluring 1935 model curves and the smartest of today's coiffures. The trailing gowns of the Mauve Decade have been replaced by Travis Banton's smartest creations. The sixteen-cylinder town car replaces the horse-drawn barouche. And there isn't a pearl gray derby or a handle-bar mustache to be found on either Paul Cavanaugh or Ivan Lebedeff, the "tall, dark and handsome" masculine members of the cast!

Always her own scenarist, Miss West has seen to it that the story is as modern as the characters who appear in it. But she hasn't lost sight of the basic entertainment values that have distinguished every one of her box office smashes of the past. It's a Mae West story tailored in the 1935 fashion for Mae West by Mae West and directed by Alexander Hall, the man who gave the screen "Little Miss Marker."

"How Am I Doin'?" the star asks in the title of this Paramount Picture. And the answer from an army of West fans-promises to be a mighty "Okay, Mae!"

Mrs. Wesley Ruggles (all right, then it *is* Arline Judge!) in one of the perky costumes which she glorifies in the 1935 screen edition of George White's "Scandals." She's teamed with Ned Sparks and the cast includes Alice Faye and Jimmy Dunn.

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20, first prize; $10, second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

speak for yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Misleading Titles

Misleading titles! Again I almost missed a swell picture. I supposed "The Gilded Lily" would be a languid, exotic vamp, and along with the rest of the common herd, I've been fed up with them. I was almost dragged to the theatre.

Shades of my ancestors! "The Gilded Lily" turned out to be Lizzie Glutz eating popcorn. And WHAT a Lizzie Glutz! The picture was a grand, down-to-earth performance, with a homely, wiggle-his-toes, newspaper reporter as leading man. Why, the entire audience applauded when Lizzie Glutz finally came back to her "old mug." And, to think I almost missed it.

Can't something be done about those misleading titles?

Mrs. Violet Kinne,
Rock Island, Illinois.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Real, Human and Inspiring

Mr. Paul Muni in "The World Changes" I shall never forget.

I am a struggling denizen of the forest of New York City, and know what heart-aches, disappointments and hardships mean. I perhaps would not, but I am blessed, or cursed, with talents that have to be constantly denied. I go to a certain distance, only to stop and suffer the torments of a crying need within, because of the lack of real help financially.

I go to the cinema when I have a dime, and the title of a story takes my fancy. I saw Paul Muni in the said picture and I wish to say that his is a deep and thorough understanding of life, and its many disappointments and harrowing experiences. He puts such reality in his portrayal that one cannot help feeling, "Well, here's another struggling human being, if he finally gets to the top, so shall I."

Almira Potter,
New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Hoosier Favorite

In the March issue of Movie Mirror, you have a very interesting article about dear Will Rogers. You're right, each picture of Will Rogers gets better, or shall I say, "Will Rogers gets better in each picture."

"The County Chairman" had drawn capacity houses every day the Grand ever had, due to Will Rogers being there. He draws the crowds, yes sir! As long as he remains natural, he'll be popular. You talk of Walthall and Fetchit stealing Rogers' pictures, but though I admit they're good, too, it's Evelyn Venable that came near stealing that picture, more than anyone else. I'm anxiously waiting for Rogers' next picture and hope to see Miss Evelyn Venable with him.

Otto N. Kadel,
Terre Haute, Ind.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Fred MacMurray Gets a Rave

No one could accuse him of being particularly handsome. But he has a devastating smile, and a forceful, disturbing personality. And if you don't believe it, just go see him as "Pete Dawes" in "The Gilded Lily." And if you are of the feminine sex, you'll adore him and go into raptures. And if you are of the male sex, you'll probably admire him and envy him his inches and personality. For although he is rather lazy, he looks as though he were the possessor of unlimited strength.

Oh, I can't say enough! He combines the rough Gable charm, the quietness of Herbert Marshall, and the acting ability of a Paul Muni. His name? Fred MacMurray, of course.

Barbara Jones,
Ames, Iowa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Here's to the Producers

Here's to the producers for their splendid work in bringing the classics of literature to life on the screen! Such gems as "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "The Little Minister," "Treasure Island," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "What Every Woman Knows," and others, have succeeded in pleasing all ages and personalities. There are those who condemn Hollywood's brave efforts in this direction—I think they're simply

(*Continued on page* 72)

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TINTS AS YOU RINSE
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This Gray Box Tints or Dyes
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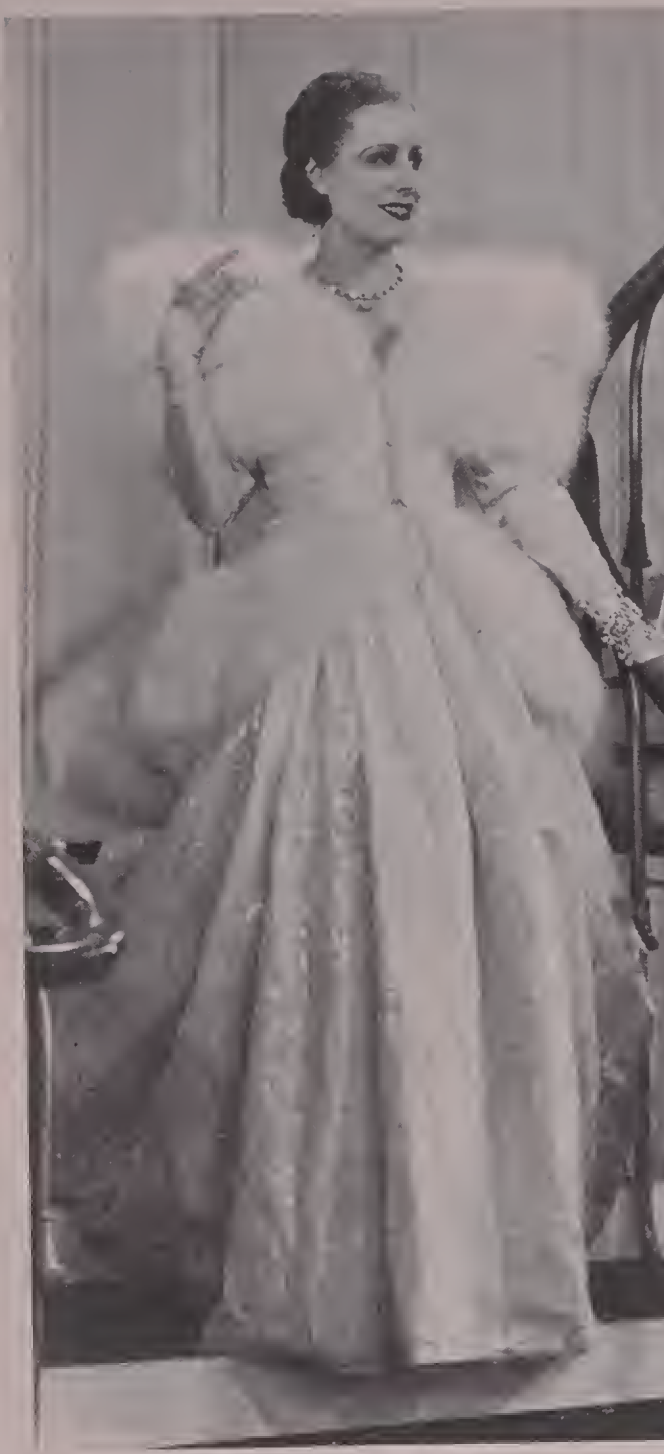


Bernard Newman (above), who designed Irene Dunne's lovely "Roberta" gown, (left) says: "The elimination of the train will be a move toward shorter evening gowns."

HOW much will Hollywood influence your early summer wardrobe?

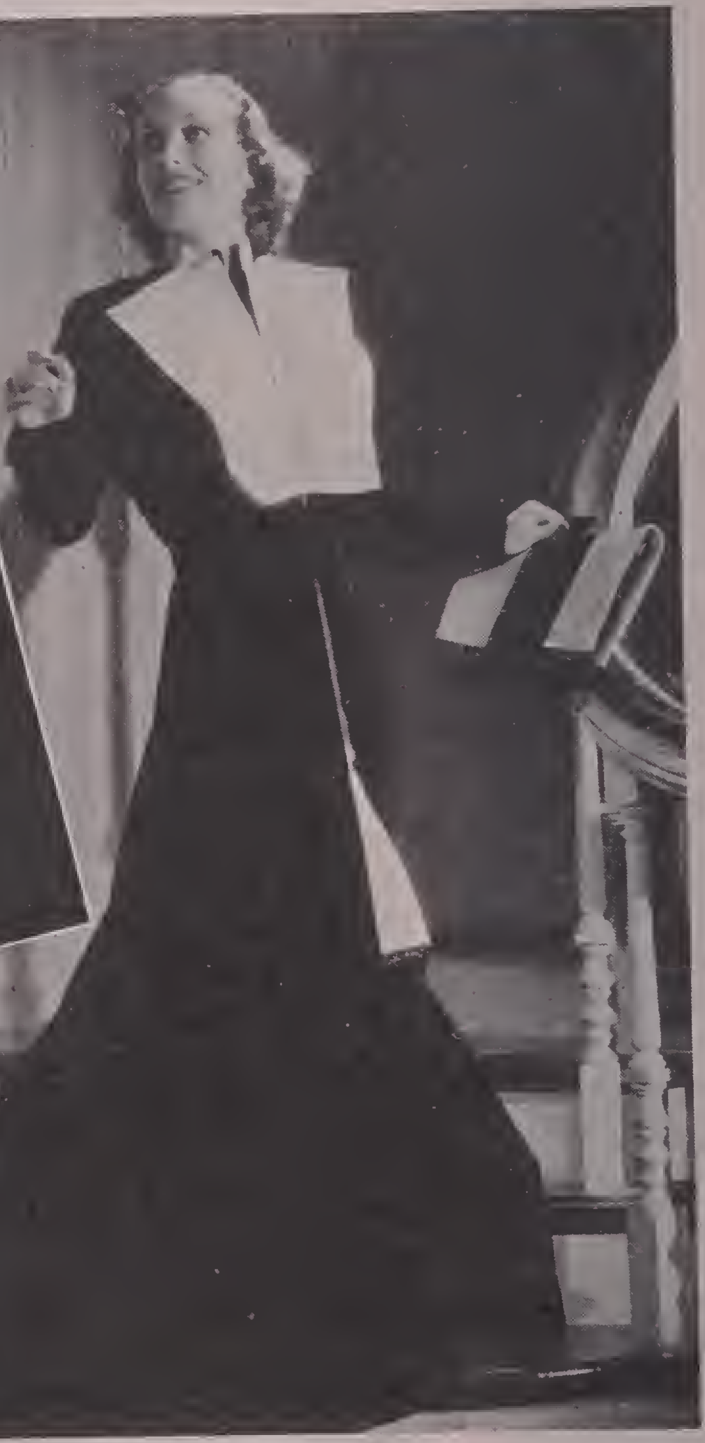
Not only is that question vitally interesting to you, but it remains one of the super worries of New York, Paris and London! And for good reason: Hollywood has gathered within her gates a group of fashion designers that are startling the dress-makers and tailors of the world.

You have but to look back to Garbo's most recent picture to find the original of the now-famous "pill box" hat; to the very latest Dietrich film for the *raison d'etre* of the present rush for carnations

By SHEILA WORTH

Even if we can't buy expensive clothes for spring and summer, these advance "inside" tips from Hollywood's greatest dress designers will help us on our shopping tours

Adrian (above), famous M-G-M creator of styles (see Joan Crawford's black velvet outfit, right), says: "There will be little demand for shorter skirts in evening wear."



HOLLYWOOD WILL *dress* YOU

(especially red ones) for use as accessories—and who can forget the gasp that went up from all the style centers of the world when Hepburn came on the screen in "Little Women!" I mean about the hat!

Just this week, Hollywood producers refused to allow fashion artists the right to photograph the hats from forthcoming productions. Said the producers: "This will be impossible because our new hats, designed in Hollywood, will be copied so extensively from the photographs that the style would no longer be fresh when the pictures are finally released!" Yes, Hollywood is beginning to protect its fashion scoops—which makes this authoritative forecast of movie modes of paramount interest to you. It is the first-and-only exclusive style trend consensus from Hollywood—where style secrets are now guarded like precious gems in order to safeguard against unscrupulous style imitators.

WHAT about the trend toward wearing shorter skirts?

Says Travis Banton, ace designer of Paramount: "Skirts for daytime wear will be shorter, possibly twelve to fourteen inches off the ground. But, with the exception of dispensing with trains, I do not think this vogue will be carried over into the more formal gowns. For the coming mode, trains will not (and should not) be worn except for visits to Buckingham Palace!"

Orry-Kelly, top designer at Warner Brothers, says: "It is quite evident that shorter skirts are coming back—but they should be shortened slowly and cautiously. After months of long skirts, the shortening process can't be accomplished suddenly. Street dresses will see the change first, with evening gowns coming later. For my present evening gowns, I am using a shorter hem in front and a slight train at the back. I believe also that the use of wrap-over skirts and circular flounces will be used on the formal gowns to give the impression of shortness. There is a strong chance that daytime wear will remain almost its present length,—merely using flared hems to give the effect of shortness to the skirt."

Bernard Newman, famous designer for New York's *elite,* who has created a sensation with his fashions for RKO's "Roberta," says: "Sports wear will show the change to shorter skirts more quickly than formal wear. The elimination of the train will be the first move toward shortening the evening gown. The change was indicated by the length of the previous mode for longer skirts,—but the new vogue should be approached slowly."

Réné Hubert, fashion expert at Fox Studio, says: "There is a definite trend toward shorter skirts—about fourteen inches from the ground for daytime wear, with plenty of fullness at the hem. For afternoon dresses, about ten inches; and evening gowns about eight inches, with over-skirts reaching to the ground."

Howard Greer, independent Hollywood dressmaker who is most popular with stars for their "private life" clothes, says: "Street dresses will have skirts about fourteen inches from the floor but I feel there will be little if any change in the evening gown. Extra material will be used for dresses of most types. The severely tailored suit will be most important.

Omar Kiam, famous designer of 20th Century productions says: *"The dance dress is definitely coming back*—that is, a full-skirted gown without a train. That is the only present indication for evening wear. Sports wear will be shorter, skirts raised perhaps fourteen inches. Other daytime wear and suits will have skirts about twelve inches from the ground. Slashing and other means will be (*Continued on page* 101)

Look to Marlene Dietrich's latest film "The Devil is a Woman" for the *raison d'etre* of the present rush for carnations as accessories—and the coming vogue for "hoop-rolling" hats, prophesied by Paramount's designer, Travis Banton (seen below).

What Hollywood

The movie world's famous males confess what points in feminine perfection first catch their eyes

Bill Powell: "A beautiful figure!"

Gary Cooper: "First the eyes, then the mouth."

John Boles: "Old-fashioned long hair."

Dick Powell: "White, beautiful teeth."

"I *WONDER what he sees in me . . . particularly?*

That seems to be the paramount question in the mind of every woman regardless of age or weight. After all, it does very little good to spend a solid hour on the contour of the eye-lashes, if the object of your affections dotes on nothing but the tips of shell-like ears!

Supposing, just for the moment, that you knew exactly what attracted every handsome man in a crowded drawing room——what a field-day you would have! Or let's pretend you knew just what would stir the biggest wave of interest as you walked through a hotel lobby or danced by the stag-line at the season's grandest ball!

Have you ever had the catch-of-the-town tell you that you had "gorgeous eyes"? What a day! You probably spent the next four hours in front of a mirror wondering just *what* it was he saw. But at least you'd know what "gets him" and you wouldn't have to worry any longer.

Then what of Hollywood's famous males?

Have you got what it takes? Of course you wouldn't know——that is, until you know what attracts them most. And since that question has been the undercurrent of at least five hundred letters received in the past few months, we have decided to make the boys break down and give us the answer. We asked them just one question:

"What is it that first attracts you in a woman?"

SOME of the boys were a bit scared to "open up"——either because they don't want to commit themselves on such a subject, or, more important, because they are married. We promised the married ones that we would explain it to their wives . . . and we hereby do so by saying that the boys are all talking from past experience . . . rather than for the future!

We hope we have included everyone's favorite. We got around to as many as we could. See if *you* would be attractive to a star in Hollywood. Maybe your favorite. Well, here we go . . . hang on to your hats, gals! This is some dope for the books!

BILL POWELL—actor—man-about-town: "I'd like to be able to tell you that a certain color of nail polish throws me into romantic convulsions—but I can't. The first thing I notice is a beautiful figure. In fact, to be honest, a woman is never interesting to me *unless* she has a beautiful figure. Sooner or later, I suppose, I get around to the other points on the feminine compass but it's always after I've made a mental note on the perfection of the figure.

JIMMIE DUNN—actor—cigar smoker: "You'll probably say I am attracted by a girl's eyes, first . . . but it isn't exactly her eyes, it's the way she uses them. I like to have a girl look me straight in the eye—otherwise I have no interest. If she does, I then look to see whether or not her eyes are *companionable* which I look upon as the most desirable quality a girl can possess.

FREDDIE MARCH—actor—pipe smoker: "It's a woman's carriage . . . the way she holds herself both when she walks

Men See In Women

By

JOHN CHATTERTON

and when she is standing still . . . that gets me. I can't stand a sloppy carriage . . . and that goes for the beautiful ones, the curvatious ones and the clever ones. I have spoken!"

CLARK GABLE—actor—huntsman and polo player: "I always wake up later to realize that I was attracted by the one thing the lady wanted me to see! In other words, women make up my mind for me. I presume each woman knows (or thinks she knows) her own best feature . . . dresses it up . . . and that's what I see. Sometimes, upon longer acquaintance, I've found that the woman has other and better features than the one she has emphasized . . . but so few women make that mistake that it is almost negligible. If they have beautiful eyes, they spend hours making them look more beautiful . . . if it is their hair, they take time with that. Thus, by added pains, the average woman places her best feature in the beauty show window . . . and I never fail to see it."

TULLIO CARMINATI — actor — cosmopolite: "Femininity. . . ." (We asked Mr. Carminati to explain just what he meant by "Femininity" and he said: "What do *you* think?" Which is what we thought.

JOHN BOLES—singer and actor: "It seems that I am continually looking for a woman with old-fashioned long hair——that is the thing that really hits me just right. I actually *hate* bobbed hair . . . and no girl with a bob would ever attract me." (Wife and fan clubs please disregard.)

FRED KEATING—magician, actor: "It's the *curves* that make me look a second time." (You honest fellow, you.)

RONALD COLMAN—actor and world-traveler: "Her eyes. Even when a woman smiles, I watch her eyes . . . they have a way of telling the truth about the smile."

NELSON EDDY—musical comedy star, movie actor, singer: "A woman is attractive in my eyes, if she has *vitality*. A woman either has it . . . or she hasn't. If she lacks that spark of the zest for living, nothing else she might have would interest me."

MAURICE CHEVALIER—foreign actor and singer: "Just the sound of her voice is all I need to tell me whether or not a woman will be attractive. And a beautiful voice becomes a beautiful personality to me almost immediately, obscuring, in some cases, a very homely woman, physically. I could send flowers to a gorgeous voice without having ever seen the voice's face . . . and frequently have."

DICK ARLEN—golf-addict, father and actor: "I'll never get over the habit of looking at a woman's lips. Sometimes it is only to discover whether she has followed the natural lines with her make-up. Generally though, it is to appraise her completely. The lips tell the story." (*Cont'd on page* 73)

Maurice Chevalier: "The sound of her voice."

Clark Gable: "What she wants me to see."

Freddie March: "The way she walks."

Jimmie Cagney: "A chic *tout ensemble.*"

Beginning an engrossing new series about off-the-trail places and people

Just Off Hollywood Boulevard

By WALTER RAMSEY

Mike Devoren, shown above with the author, is more than a handy man and sweeper-upper. At the left is Walter Ramsey.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Starting with this issue of* MOVIE MIRROR, *Editor Ruth Waterbury has asked me to begin a new column—in which I am to give you "the other side of Hollywood." It's one of my dreams come true. For years, I've been writing about stars. I've done perhaps twenty stories on Joan Crawford, fifteen on Gable, twelve or more on Harding, Shearer, Montgomery and all the rest. But all this time, all the little stories about Hollywood, studio carpenters, newsboys and such have gone untold. Now, I am to have the grand opportunity of telling them to you each month. Let me have a letter telling me how you like the stories. Thanks, and many happy returns—to the stands for your* MOVIE MIRROR. *—Walter Ramsey.*

HE is the oldest handy man and sweeper-upper at M-G-M Studio—I've often seen him doing his various chores. But today, standing there with broom in hand, his hat a little to the back of his greying head, he seemed about to burst a vest button with enthusiastic pride. As I walked towards him, he spoke to the head producer, L. M. Mayer, but he lost none of his chestiness in so doing. Why should he? He has good reason to be proud. Mike Devoren is a producer, too!

All week long, he sweeps and does carpenter work for the movie company, but on Sunday he becomes Producer Devoren! For years, Mike has made friends with members of Italian, Greek, Polish and Swedish lodges. When their annual picnic comes off, Mike is there with his antique movie camera to "shoot." On the following Sunday, Mike brings his film to the lodge hall and shows the excited members what they look like on the screen. 10¢ a seat—and no competition.

The bursting vest button, second from the top, was for the Polish Brotherhood, two hundred members, and Mike sold them the film after the first showing! Business is picking up for Mike.

DOWN on Alvera Street, No. 35, stands the oldest house in Los Angeles. If you go down the stone steps into the wine cellar, you come into Hollywood's favorite Mexican restaurant, *La Golondrina,* where most of the stars come now and then to eat *tostados* and hear glorious Mexican singing.

On the wall, just inside the cellar door, hangs a copper plaque upon which are inscribed the patrons of the little café who were present the day the priest sprinkled holy water on the stone walls and checkered table cloths. At the top of the list are two names: Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro.

Outside, as you leave, little Mexican boys offer to polish your shoes for two cents, or "Rub 'em off for 1¢." Next door, two former Yale students run a puppet show. Under the puppet show, is a perfumed-candle maker who, when not busy with candles, sells Mexican jumping beans near the door. You'd like the restaurant, the foreign atmosphere and these tenants of the old house.

MRS. DELANEY is a studio seamstress. Her sixty years, white hair, sympathetic face and ever-present blue apron, have caused most of the folks on the lot to call her "Mother Delaney."

Yesterday, I called around to say hello. It was early in the morning and Mother Delaney was tired and worried. She'd been working most of the night on a beaded gown for one of the stars, thousands of little gold and silver beads were all in place. Her eyes were bloodshot. She said: "That dress cost $1,500." I couldn't help looking at her eyes again. Mother Delaney only gets $22.50 a week and her eyes may not last long enough to see the finished picture with the star in the beaded gown. The one that cost so much!

NO one in Hollywood has a nodding acquaintance with more movie stars than *The Dummy*. For years, he sold papers in front of Henry's café (owned by Henry Bergman, the fat man in all the Chaplin pictures), but now that Henry's is no more, *The Dummy* seems lost.

One day I saw him standing in front of the *Brown Derby*. He no longer sells papers, but he was stopping every star who went in for lunch. His cap in hand, he handed them a note upon which was written a plea for help. *The Dummy* had run afoul the law but, being innocent, he wanted money for a lawyer.

The last arrival was Lowell Sherman. He dug deep for $20. *The Dummy* tried to thank him with his mute smile. Sherman died before the trial but I'm sure he must know that he helped gain the acquittal. That twenty-dollar-bill helped hire the best lawyer in Hollywood.

I'VE OFTEN wondered about Tony Benito. Each time a peanut vendor is needed out at Universal Studio, there is Tony, velvet jacket, battered hat and huge smile. How did he get his little cart all the way out there from his regular post at Seventh and Broadway? Why did he always get the job at Universal? I asked.

Mr. Benito, his gold tooth flashing in the noonday sun, told me about the *Peanut Vendors' Trust!* They all work out of a central office and the oldest vendors get the studio jobs. Tony always works at Universal. He likes it, because he gets $7.50 a day and he can still sell peanuts to the actors. He notices a lot of things, Tony does. Men always put the peanut bag in their pocket and take the peanuts out one at a time. Women keep everything (including the peanut bag) aboveboard. I like Tony Benito, he's a darn good peanut man.

MARY was about 18, looked like *Anne* (of Green Gables) and seemed sweet and shy. Alice was older, more hardened and not so shy. I first met them when they came into the real estate office and asked the manager if they could live in his house at the top of the hill. For free rent, they would show the house to prospects until it was rented. The manager said "Okay." I forgot them for about a month, then I decided to go up and see how they were making out. They had said they worked "extra" in pictures—slow pay, that.

An ambulance was driving away from the house when I got there and a big mob

(*Continued on page* 100)

Yes sir...
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
5¢
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
MADE IN U.S.A.
TEETH

dividends in every Dentyne package

You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . . and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM — You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

IT'S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have outdazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh s" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.

A frolicking foursome bubbling with the goiety of the Gay Nineties number

with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti	Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge	Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin	Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . *well* . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!

Watch the sparks fly!

Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

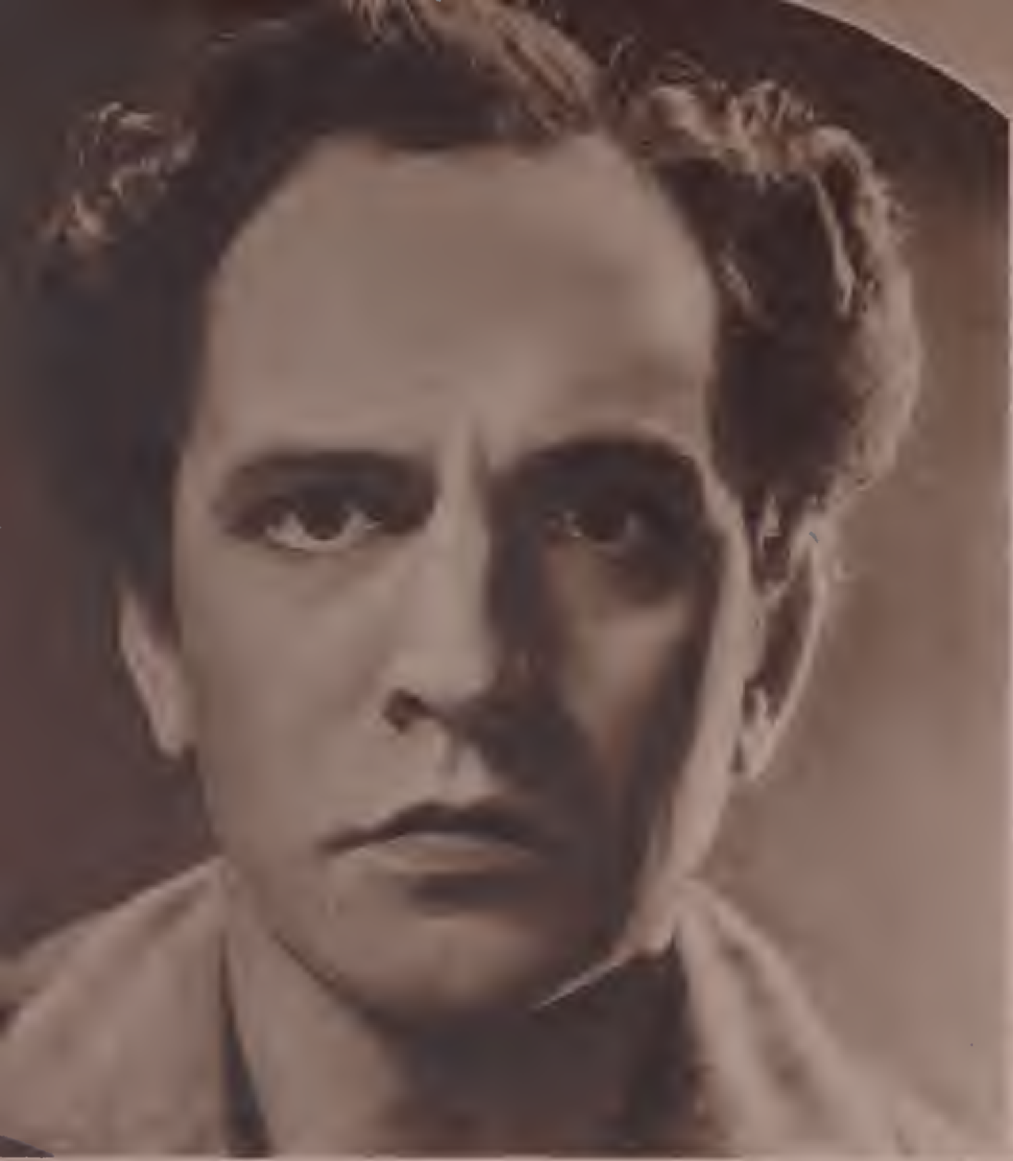
Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

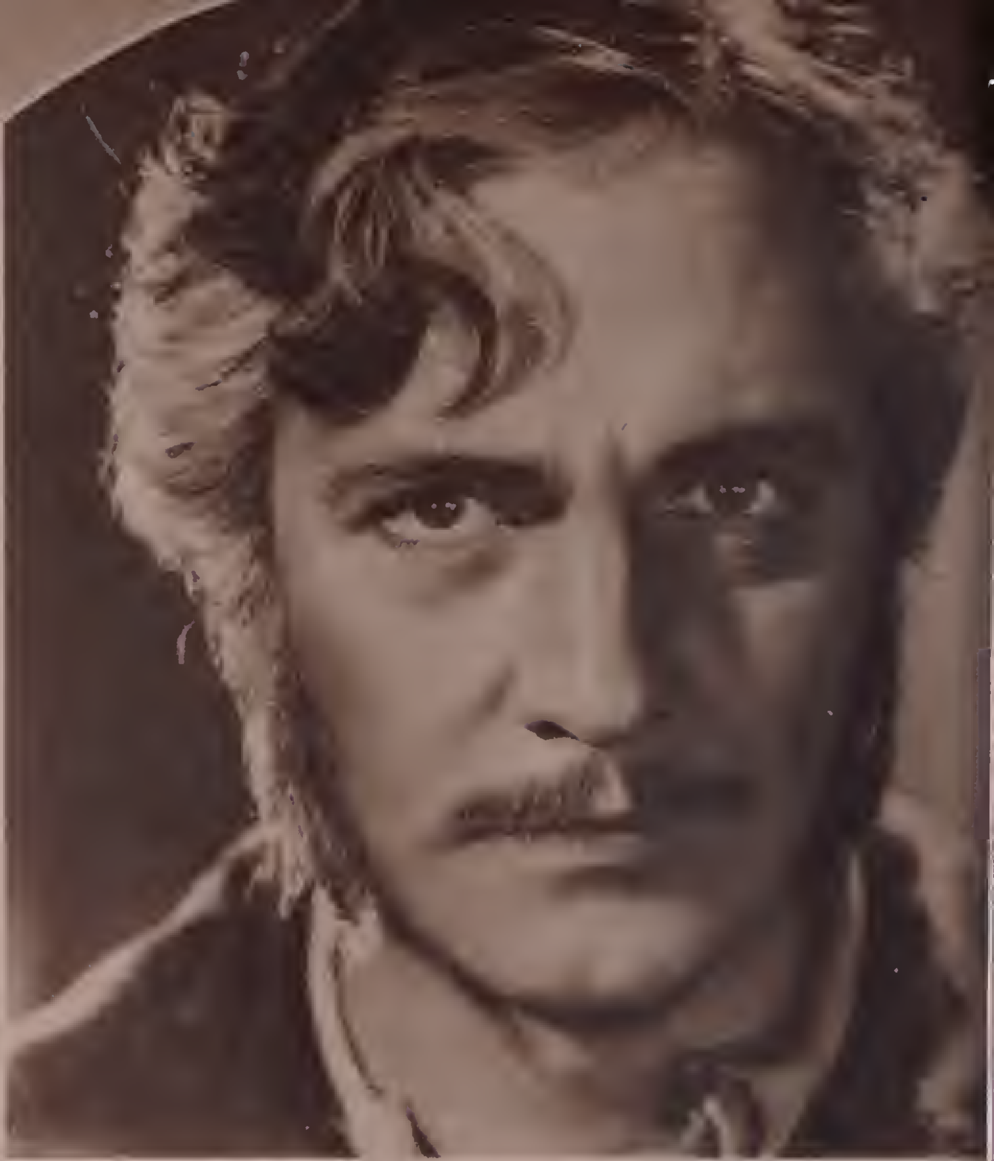
HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moonlight"
"It's on Old Southern Custom"
"Hunkodolo"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoesies"

WARNER BAXTER

He's played in more than forty talkies since "In Old Arizona," but the public still clamors for their Cisco Kid—so now he's to have a very similar rôle in Fox's "Under the Pampa Moon," with Ketti Gallian co-starred.

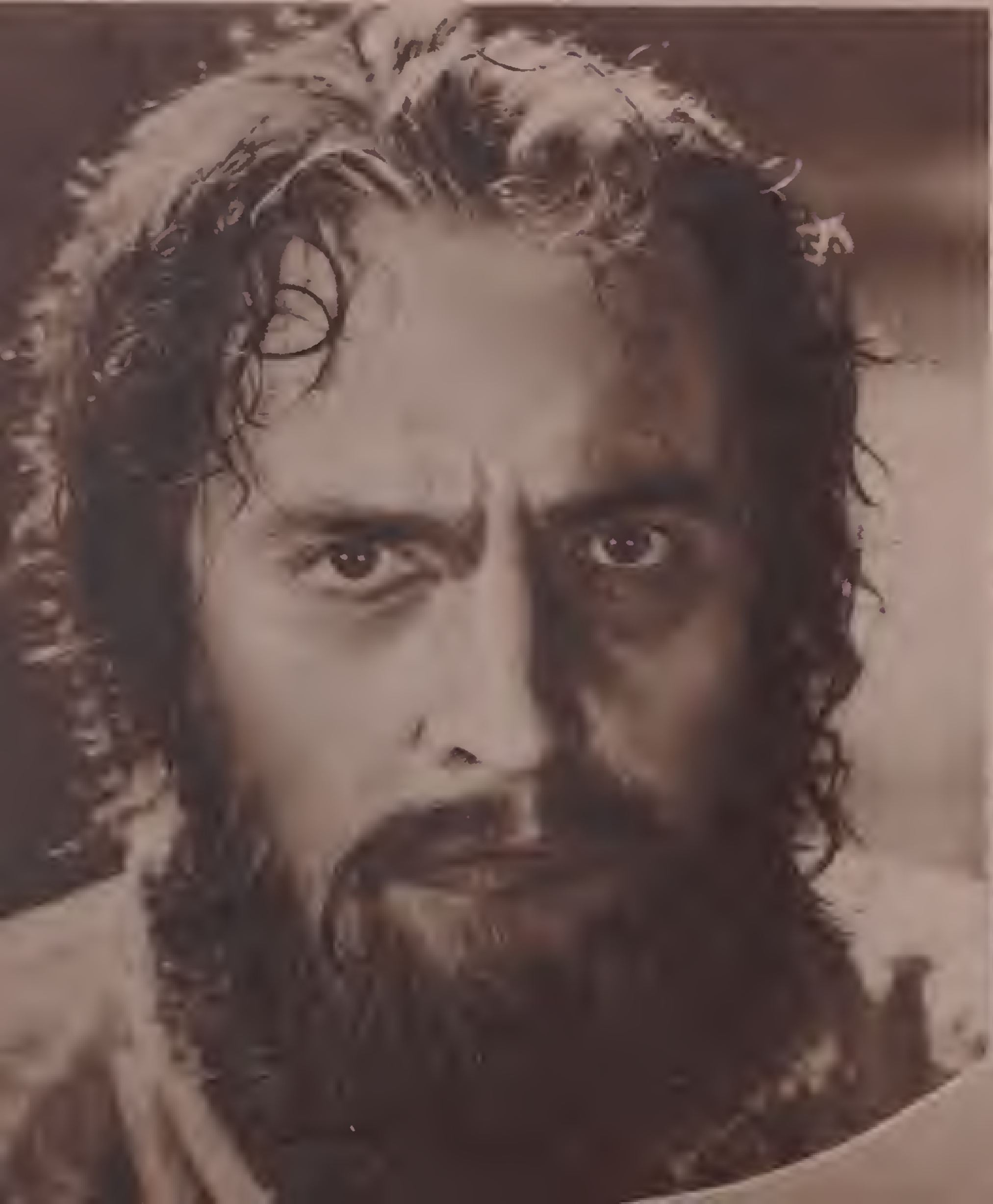


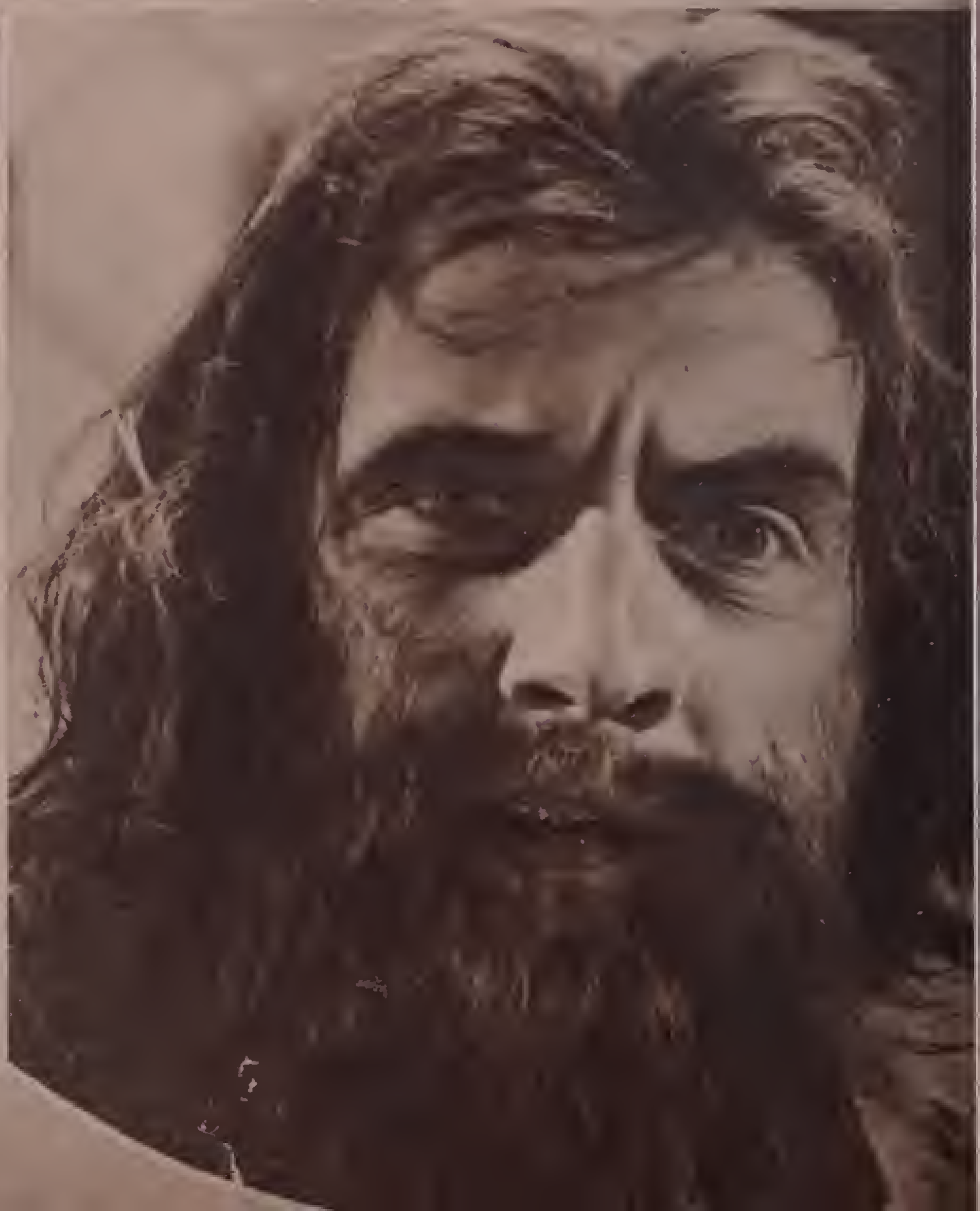


An Immortal Character of Fiction Appears in the Flesh—Jean Valjean, as portrayed by Fredric March in "Les Miserables"

A Masterpiece of Make-up!

Once again Victor Hugo's tragic hero walks the earth, still hounded by the unrelenting Detective Javert, as Twentieth Century unrolls the world-famous panorama of crime and punishment before our eyes. In these remarkable camera studies we see four grim stages in a fugitive's life.



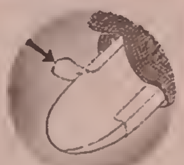


"A young woman writes me . . . I am thankful for its satisfying comfort . . . its greater security"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

How 3 improvements in Kotex solve 3 of women's most annoying problems



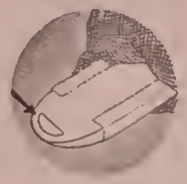
CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to completely end chafing—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all around it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually 5 *times* as absorbent as cotton!

CAN'T FAIL

If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is "channeled?" That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.

CAN'T SHOW



You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as confidante to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

In the new Kotex, "chafing" is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it the Wondersoft Kotex.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown, however tight, can reveal it.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

Super Kotex for extra protection

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

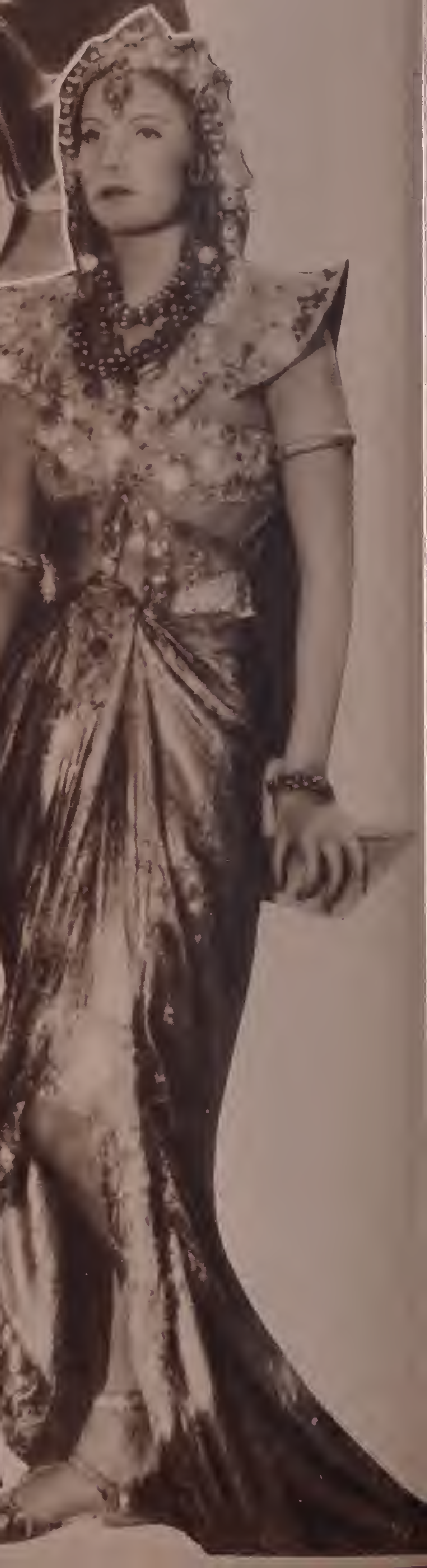
Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.

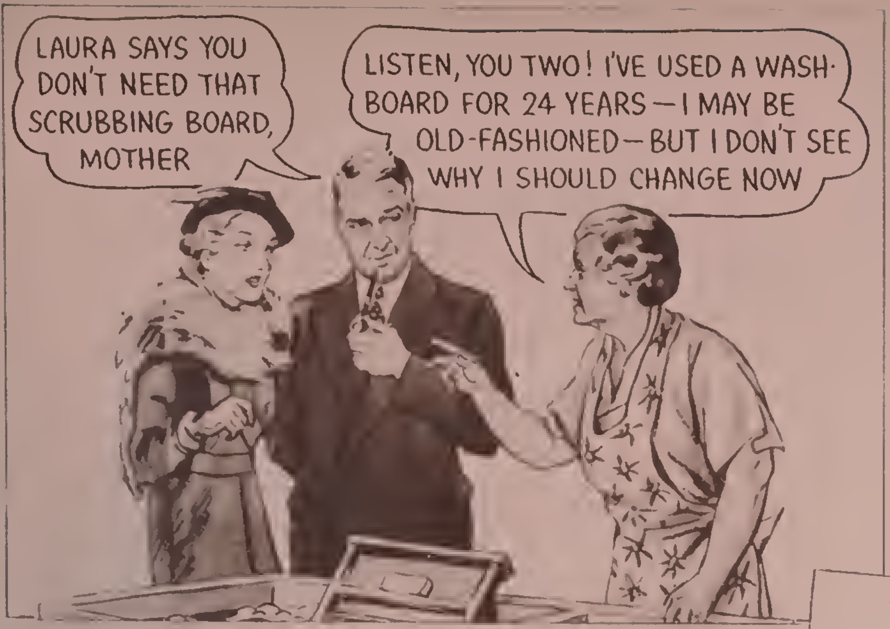
NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

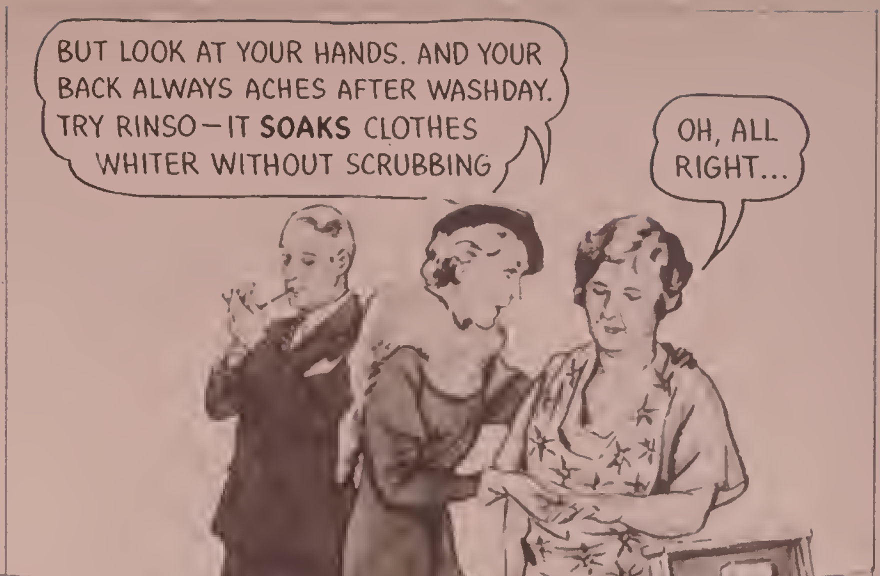
No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

IT'S NO SNAP TO SNAP GARBO

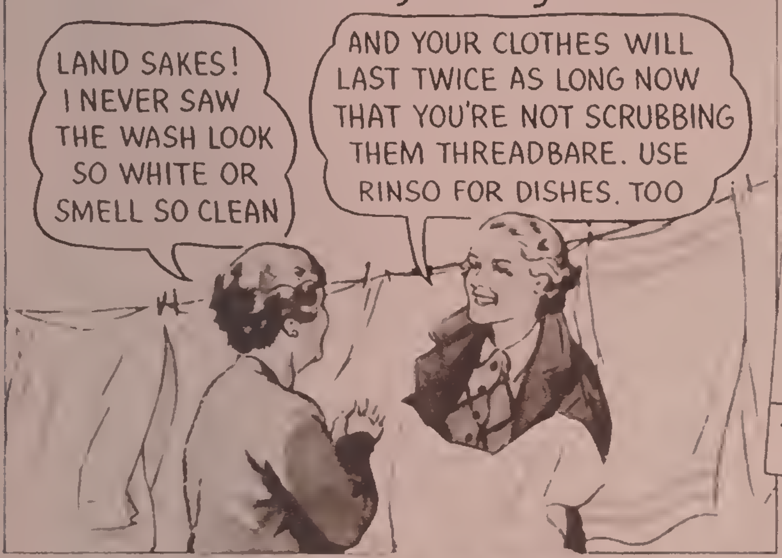
Upper left, corduroy slacks, jersey sweater, and oxfords—Greta returns from a long walk with Mercedes de Acosta. Upper right, the hand was quicker than the eye and the Garbo profile was caught before she could duck. She's at the Trocadero. Lower left, now she's leaving, a white glove against her face. And don't miss those legs and feet! Below, the camera snaps as she makes for the car, Mercedes right behind. Right, proof that when Garbo expects the camera she can be as glamorous as any of them.




LAURA SAYS YOU DON'T NEED THAT SCRUBBING BOARD, MOTHER
LISTEN, YOU TWO! I'VE USED A WASH-BOARD FOR 24 YEARS — I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED — BUT I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD CHANGE NOW


BUT LOOK AT YOUR HANDS. AND YOUR BACK ALWAYS ACHES AFTER WASHDAY. TRY RINSO — IT **SOAKS** CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING
OH, ALL RIGHT...

NEXT WASHDAY ... *after using Rinso*


LAND SAKES! I NEVER SAW THE WASH LOOK SO WHITE OR SMELL SO CLEAN
AND YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST TWICE AS LONG NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT SCRUBBING THEM THREADBARE. USE RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO

These lively suds make dishwashing easier . . . Kind to hands, too

For *every* household cleaning task that calls for creamy, lively suds—*use Rinso!* Even in hardest water you need only a little Rinso for the thickest suds you ever saw. It's glorious to see how those suds *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling.

Marvelous for dishwashing

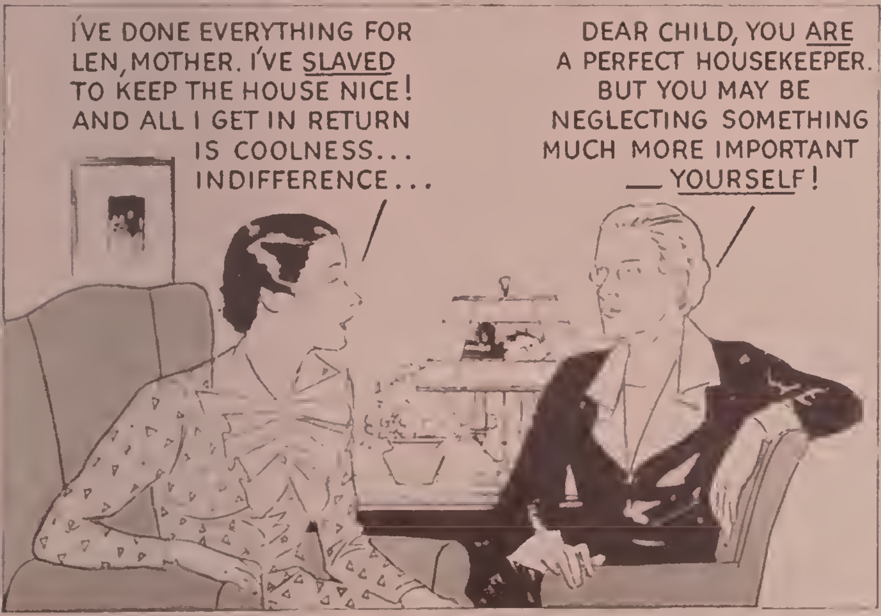
You'll say it's magic the way Rinso speeds up dishwashing. Grease goes in a twinkle; dishes come sparkling clean. And your hands are safe with Rinso. They never get that red, rough look. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

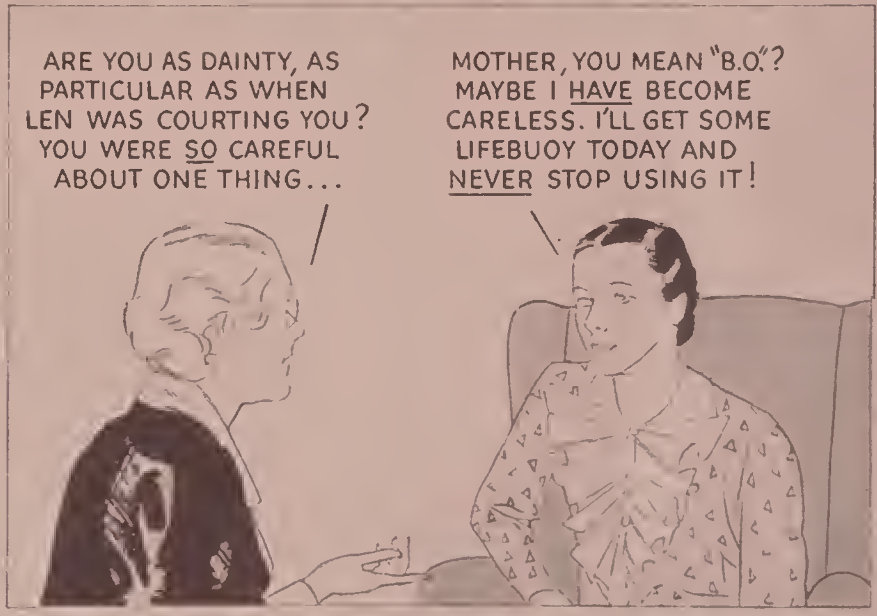
A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

NRA CODE

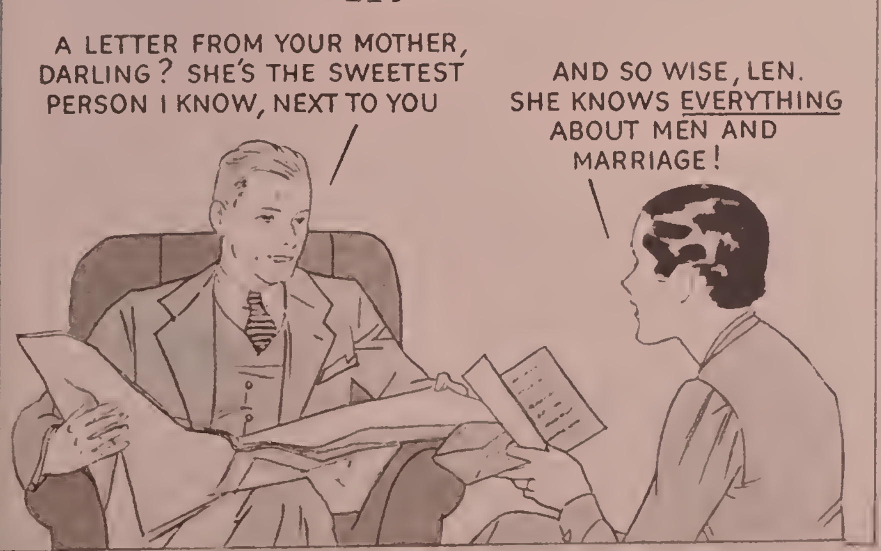
The biggest-selling package soap in America

WHAT YOUNG WIVES OFTEN FORGET


I'VE DONE EVERYTHING FOR LEN, MOTHER. I'VE SLAVED TO KEEP THE HOUSE NICE! AND ALL I GET IN RETURN IS COOLNESS... INDIFFERENCE...
DEAR CHILD, YOU ARE A PERFECT HOUSEKEEPER. BUT YOU MAY BE NEGLECTING SOMETHING MUCH MORE IMPORTANT — YOURSELF!


ARE YOU AS DAINTY, AS PARTICULAR AS WHEN LEN WAS COURTING YOU? YOU WERE SO CAREFUL ABOUT ONE THING...
MOTHER, YOU MEAN "B.O."? MAYBE I HAVE BECOME CARELESS. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY AND NEVER STOP USING IT!

"B.O." GONE — *happy once more!*

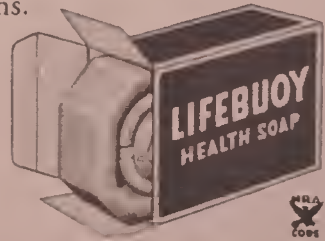

A LETTER FROM YOUR MOTHER, DARLING? SHE'S THE SWEETEST PERSON I KNOW, NEXT TO YOU
AND SO WISE, LEN. SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT MEN AND MARRIAGE!

WHAT MAKES YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH AND KISSABLE?
WHY, LEN, SURELY YOU KNOW MY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBUOY

"Lifebuoy agrees with my skin," say millions. And here's the reason. Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps," as scientific tests on the skins of hundreds of women show. Its rich deep-cleansing lather removes impurities—clears complexions.

Regardless of weather, we perspire a *quart* daily. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It gives abundant lather in hardest water, *purifies* pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

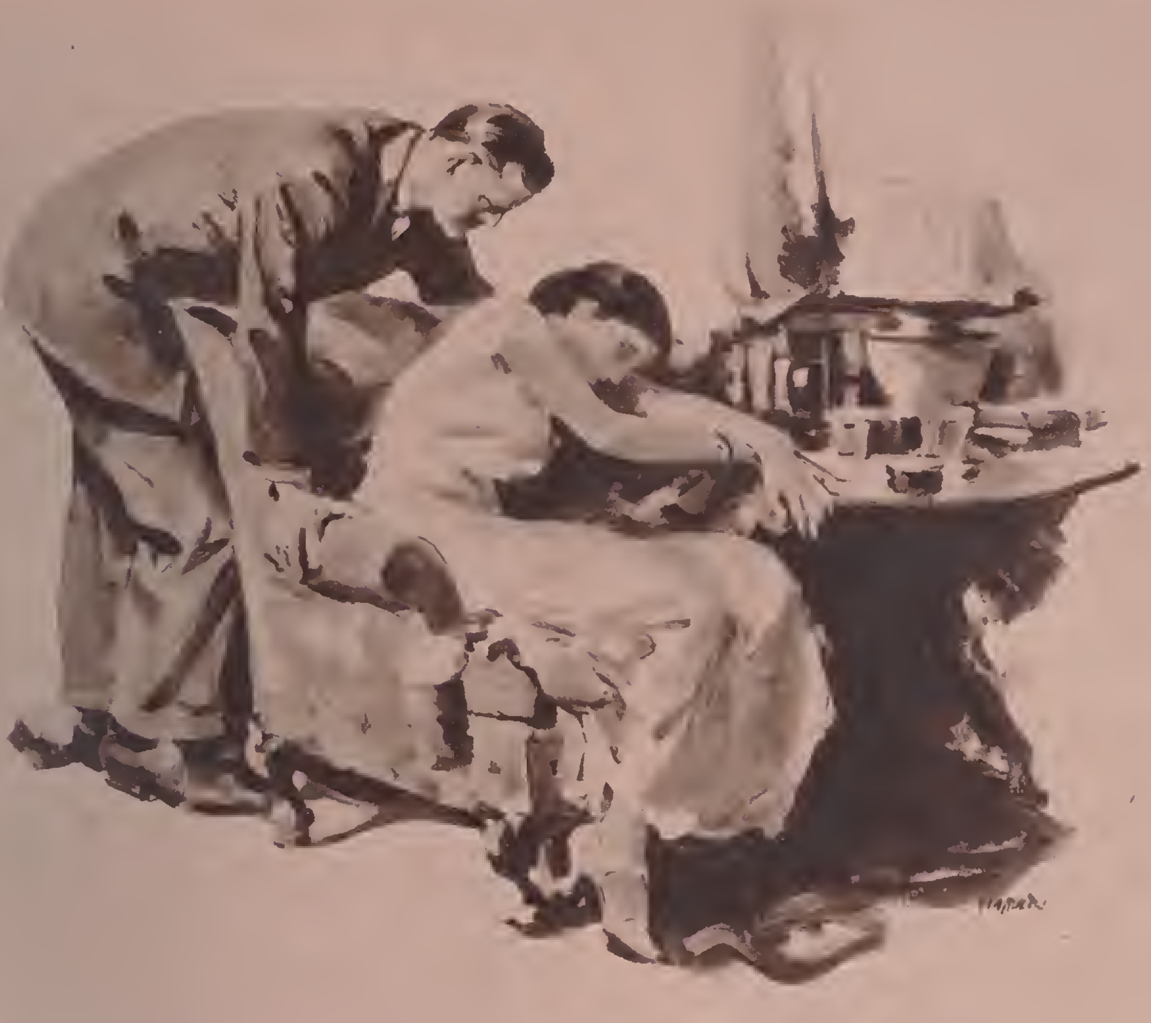
NRA CODE

MARTA EGGERTH and JAN KIEPURA

Maybe they're just engaged, and maybe they're already married, but there's no doubt at all that these two glamorous European stars are in love! The young Polish tenor, who has been called "the voice of the century" in opera and concert, and the vivacious Marta, who was a prima donna in Budapest before she was sixteen, are appearing in Gaumont-British's "My Heart Is Calling."

"She was afraid to be Happy"

A TRAGEDY OF MARRIED LIFE SO EASY TO AVOID



"Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy.'

BY DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA

Leading Gynecologist of Barcelona

"As a girl", writes Dr. Tuca, "she was so vibrant, so lovely, so alive. Then the right man came along and brought her romance, courtship and marriage. A few brief months of utter bliss followed, then . . . tragedy.

"She seemed to lose her loveliness overnight. Her face became worn and almost haggard. She was nervous, irritable, depressed. Her young husband, poor chap, was completely bewildered, worried and unhappy. And, though they were truly in love with each other, the stage was all set for one of those tragic and utterly needless marriage smash-ups.

"But, happily, she came to me for advice . . . came and told me all the old familiar symptoms. Her tortured nerves. Her worries. Her fears. And finally, as I knew she would, she confessed that she was 'afraid to be happy'.

"Her trouble, I told her, was so simple that it could be remedied with just two words . . . use "*Lysol*". I explained to her how her fears were poisoning her health and happiness. And how quickly those fears could be removed, if only she would regularly employ "Lysol" for marriage hygiene.

"I explained that "Lysol" is so reliable and *gentle* that it is used in that most delicate of all operations . . . childbirth. I explained that "Lysol" for feminine hygiene has had the confidence of millions of women for generations, as well as the approval of leading doctors and hospitals throughout the world.

"She took my advice, and, today it would warm your heart to see the happiness of this young couple.

"If I could only give the same sound advice to every young married woman, I am convinced most marriages would be happier and more successful."

(Signed)

DR. ENCARNACIÓN TUCA

Correct marriage hygiene is vital to your own happiness. That is why we suggest that you consider with thoughtfulness the 6 Features of "Lysol", listed below. They are the reasons why many modern hospitals and clinics, competent nurses and leading doctors recommend, as they have for almost 50 years, "Lysol". . . for feminine hygiene.

The 6 "Lysol" Features

1. Safety . . ."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.
2. Effectiveness . . ."Lysol" is a *true* germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.
3. Penetration . . ."Lysol", because of its low surface tension, spreads into hidden folds of the skin, *actually searches out* germs.
4. Economy. . ."Lysol", because it is a concentrated antiseptic, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor . . .The odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.
6. Stability. . ."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

Throughout your home . . . fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" to disinfect handkerchiefs, towels, telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, and bath room.

. . .

Lysol Hygienic Soap . . . Use this new hygienic toilet soap for hands, complexion, bath. A fine firm white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol".

Lysol
Disinfectant

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. ☐"Preparation for Motherhood." ☐"Keeping a Healthy Home."

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. LY-49*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

© 1935, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

“Why I’m a LUCKY HUSBAND’

Pat O’Brien says that the greatest break of his life was when Eloise Taylor said "Yes", and here’s the interesting reason—

ONE of our time-honored axioms is that behind every man’s success there is a woman, who is his inspiration. Now this applies in Hollywood, too. And very particularly to Pat O’Brien, the star who says that he is, above all else, a *lucky husband*.

To understand his current vogue you have to learn of this woman behind it.

She is a beautiful, dark-eyed, brainy brunette, Eloise Taylor, by name. She had an acting career of her own until she finally decided to concentrate on Pat. Ever since, he’s been doing better and better.

He has been married to her for four years. And he has been in Hollywood, picture-acting, just that long. Free-lancing until a year ago, when he was signed by Warners, he has been handed a series of meaty roles which have boomed him to the top. There is every reason why he should be cocky about this pleasant new fame.

Yet he isn’t, though it does thrill him. Pat adores being an actor. Not at all conceited, he is not one of those who are snooty about stardom. He frankly revels in being recognized. He carefully saves up his fan mail, and then takes an evening off to delightedly pore over a two-weeks’ collection.

Still, he is even *more* excited at being the husband of his wife!

That’s the kind of a guy this Pat O’Brien is. There’s a sentimental streak a yard wide through him.

A stocky, genial, emotional fellow of thirty-four, Pat has all the earmarks of the typical Irishman. He is from Dublin, by descent, being born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

“Of poor but proud parents!” he exclaims with a wink. Money didn’t overflow in the O’Brien household, but there was plenty of innate gumption. Pat’s fiery spirits had no equal in the neighborhood in which he was raised. He would never have believed then that any mere woman would have a share in his life, would be more important to him than achievement or wealth.

“At ten I used to go to Irish picnics, dolled up with a wide green sash across my chest. I liked to jig, and I danced until I was dizzy!” The actor urge came out that early.

At seventeen he was wildly patriotic. The country went to war and Pat enrolled in the navy. He was sent to a signal school on the Great Lakes and was stuck there for the fourteen months until the Armistice. He laughs. “I never got onto a battleship until this last year, when I was cast in ‘Here Comes the Navy!’ ”

When peace was announced, Marquette University seemed the next good idea to him. His family, like (*Continued on page* 98)

He just couldn't save enough to get married. Yet it would take an expert accountant to count his proposals to Eloise Taylor

By BEN MADDOX

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson isn't spoofing when she says she owes her lovely complexion to Ivory Soap.

WHEN SALLY WAS A BABY she had daily baths with pure Ivory—on Doctor MacCrea's advice. And Ivory kept her sensitive skin soft and comfortable as a baby's should be.

LATER ON, in the 'teens—when Sally's friends were falling all over themselves trying out "beauty" and "complexion" soaps—Sally still clung to her pure Ivory treatments. "I *like* Ivory," she protested. "It's white and clean-smelling—and it leaves my skin feeling so fresh!"

AND NOW, when Sally looks into her mirror she sees a flawless Ivory complexion.

It's never too late! Start cleansing *your* face with Ivory—"the soap that is safe for a baby's skin"—

IVORY SOAP · · 99 44/100 % PURE

"AND SO—the heroine washed her face with Ivory Soap," relates Sally, entertaining two visiting Sunday School pupils. *"Then*—the hero saw she was simply *beautiful*—"

"Do you use this same Ivory, Miss Gibson?" asks adoring Rosika.

"Yes, since I was a tiny baby," says Sally, "because my doctor said I must have a pure gentle soap."

"You see!" nods Rosika to Anna. "Let's use Ivory—so's our skins'll look like Miss Sally's!"

PURE IVORY DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN

"THIS PARTY DRESS will make a hit at the style show!" happily sighs the buyer of "misses' dresses."

"Don't forget, Miss Marsh, to tell customers how beautifully this organdie washes with Ivory Flakes. We're advising Ivory exclusively in this Washable Summer-Fashions Show!"

"Count on me!" says Dot. "After all the teddies and stockings and silk dresses I've kept going for months by using Ivory, I'll be a grand little Ivory talker."

FINE STORES SAY, "USE PURE IVORY FLAKES"

IVORY SOAP
IVORY FLAKES

"GEE, I THOUGHT this was a kitchen shower," says Bobby Gibson. "Whatcha giving Miss Peters all of that Ivory for?"

"Son!" answers Mrs. Gibson, "you are not old enough to realize how a girl feels about her hands. This little bride isn't going to cry her eyes out because dish-washing gets her hands red and rough—because I'm starting her out on Ivory—and Ivory tells its own story!"

GENTLE PURE IVORY KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH

LITTLE MINK, *What Now?*

Alice Faye posed in that very important fur coat, exclusively for MOVIEMIRROR, as she came to work at the Fox Studio where she's being starred in the 1935 version of "George White's Scandals."

The Cinderella-story of Alice Faye and that mink coat which started as a symbol of everything worthwhile and ended as a dream-come-true!

By REGINALD TAVINER

THIS is the story of a mink coat. More particularly, it is the story of the girl who wears the mink coat—now. As all such stories should do, this story begins in a chimney-corner. The chimney-corner happened to be the stage of a New York show, and Cinderella happened to be a little chorus girl, but that's just by way of bringing the story up to date. After all, the guy who wrote the story first wrote it best, and this isn't supposed to be any improvement on it.

This version has to leave out the mean step-mother and the mean step-sister because there aren't any. And so far there isn't any Prince or any glass slipper, either. But there is Alice Faye, and that more than makes up for the lack of them.

If you don't think there's going to be a grand ball, however, you should see Alice as leading lady in her latest movie, "George White's Scandals," as filmed by Fox. It's glittering, gorgeous, you know. Much better than the original Cinderella had for grand balls and everything else.

But to get back to Alice's start.

Funny as it sounds, that was George White's "Scandals," too, but not in the movies yet. Back on Broadway, with a troupe of tired girls in rehearsal shorts, a piano in one corner of the bare stage, and men in hats, cigarettes, and shirtsleeves. You know the scene perfectly—you've seen it in backstage pictures often enough. Alice was just one of those tired girls, then, back somewhere about the third row.

Alice was born and raised in a house in the Bronx, a distinctly inexpensive sector of New York City. All the time she was going to New York's public schools, getting the equivalent of an education, she never even dreamed of a mink coat; neither did she while she took dancing lessons and toured the small time with one of those thirty-minute prologue shows. She hadn't even begun to be Cinderella yet.

Then she got her job in the chorus of the Scandals, after various other jobs as chorine in night club floor shows and such. Bear in mind that Alice began life not at forty but at about fourteen—and she's just a kid still.

ANYHOW, it was as a chorus girl in the "Scandals" that she first began dreaming about the mink coat. What started it all was that the leading lady in that New York show had on a mink coat one day when she came to rehearsal. It was a beautiful mink coat, but to that leading lady it was only a coat; something to look well in and keep warm. But to Alice that same mink coat was the ultimate of everything. It symbolized *everything*. As far as Alice was concerned, when you had a mink coat you had the world wrapped up in it.

When that leading lady first walked out upon that bare rehearsal stage in that mink coat, that really created the chimney-corner in Alice's mind, you might say.

"I knew I'd have a coat like that some day," says Alice now.

She didn't know anything of the kind, of course. Nobody knows things like that except Fate, and Fate isn't telling. You have to wait and see—to take the breaks as they come. Alice knows that, all right. At heart she's a fatalist; she believes everything is planned out ahead for all of us, and that what is to be will be. She believes implicitly that the cards are stacked for everybody, including herself, and that they have to be played as they are dealt. But she believes, too, in making the best of her hand by doing all she can to learn the game.

That leading lady back there in the New York Scandals never knew what she started—or, rather, what her coat started. She never knew that when she used to take off the coat for rehearsal and throw it carelessly upon the lidless old piano or over the back of a battered old chair that she unconsciously gave an unknown little chorine a breathless thrill of the future; she never happened to see Alice, whenever her routine steps took her over close to the piano or the chair, reach out surreptitiously with her fingers and just touch that coat with her fingertips. It could only be the barest touch, the most fleeting sort of touch, Alice would have died rather than let anyone know what she was doing. But those swift, yet lingeringly caressing touches of that coat were to Alice—well, just what inspiration is to a poet.

THERE are, of course, ways and means by which many girls in New York, probably not half as good-looking in them as is Alice in hers, get mink coats if they want them that badly. Alice didn't want it that badly.

She kept on working. Nothing much happened while she was in the chorus of the Scandals on the stage; she just kept on being in the chorus and kept on wishing for that coat. No important prince appeared. Of course, there was Rudy Vallee in the Scandals, too, with his orchestra. But at that time he didn't even know Alice was alive. To him, she was just two of sixty feet dancing in the shadows behind him while he held the spotlight.

A New York attorney, one Hyman Bushel and a friend of the Faye family, really had much more to do with it in the beginning than Rudy.

It was Bushel who got Alice to make one of those two-bits size phonograph records that you make for yourself for fun; Bushel thought that Alice was quite a blues-singer, although she didn't then and doesn't now know a note of music. By that queer irony of Fate that quirks so often, it was to Vallee that Bushel took the record made by the girl who Rudy didn't even know was in his own show. To make the subsequent story short and straighten the twists, Rudy liked Alice's recorded voice and she became a featured vocalist on his radio broadcasts. Even when Rudy came to Hollywood with his band to make the first movie "Scandals" in 1933, Alice had no thought in the world of facing a camera instead of a microphone. She just came along to do her part on the radio programs that Rudy had to release from Hollywood while the picture was being made.

IT was along about then that the good fairy came into the story. She was disguised as Lilian Harvey, and, as far as the studio at least was concerned, she wasn't being a good fairy at all but just a bad girl.

Lilian was to have played in the picture opposite Rudy, but she simply walked out. The studio, up against it, frantically tested girls to take her place, and among those given tests was Alice. The studio liked the way she put over her songs, and Alice got the job. How, after she had worked only one day, she was signed to a long term contract and so forth, is history; so are the straight program movies in which she has appeared since. Or, if not exactly screen history, they (*Continued on page 87*)

Is your hair ALLURING in a "CLOSE-UP"?

Don't let *dry, wispy hair* or *oily, stringy hair* offend him. For your hair's beauty, choose the right shampoo

FOR *DRY* HAIR

Don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive and other fine oils. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

FOR *OILY* HAIR

If your hair is too oily, use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—*made especially for oily hair.* It is gently astringent and tends to tighten up your scalp's relaxed, over-active oil glands.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

OLIVE OIL for DRY *hair*

PINE TAR for OILY *hair*

PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO

Only the chap at the right in the picture above is really at home in a broadcasting studio—he's Ben Bernie, the good old maestro, and with him are Gary Cooper and Sir Guy Standing, his confreres at Paramount. The picture at the right is a rare grab shot of Ronnie (Specs) Colman with Warner Baxter at the Santa Anita track.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

With Photographs by HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **George Brent** is dating **Loretta Young** once more—but so is **Ronald Colman.**

Ronnie Simon, the big hat man from New York, sends a daily wire and a twice-weekly letter to **Glenda Farrell.** Sounds like love to us, but Glenda says "no marriage."

Irene Dunne and her husband have gone on a long vacation to Mexico City.

Fay Wray is going to play for—and her husband, John Monk Saunders, is going to write for—Alexander Korda, which means they are staying in London for months more.

Jimmy Cagney has suddenly become a social butterfly and is seen dining and dancing everywhere.

Lyle Talbot and **Peggy Walters** are back together again after a temporary tiff.

After a brief chill recently, **Kay Francis** and **Chevalier** were very palsy at Kay's big "bon voyage" party this month.

Charlie Chaplin turned down fifteen thousand a broadcast for twenty-six broadcasts recently—and wouldn't let **Paulette Goddard** go on, either (though for less).

Francis Lederer is causing RKO plenty of headaches these days, but they still insist they will make "The Three Musketeers," just the same.

Junior Laemmle is going every where now with **Irene Denkins,** a society bud. Another romance in the bud?

It's **"Pinky" Tomlin** who is taking **Virginia Bruce** out these evenings.

Richard Arlen, with **Joby** and the baby, leaves tonight for England to make one picture for Gaumont-British. And here's a laugh—when Dick comes back, he will sign either with Radio or Paramount on a long-time contract, but probably it will be Paramount!

* * *

IT looks as though Jean Harlow and Bill Powell have had their first honest-to-goodness battle—even if it didn't last very long. Next to the absurd Garbo-Dietrich climax at the *Trocadero*, Jean and Bill have occupied the gossipy spotlight with what really happened at the same café two nights later.

All the village commoners were sitting around the main dining room wondering what was going on in the private lounge where a big party was in progress. Suddenly Jean, her face flushed with pique (and Max Factor), came rushing from the private party room with an unknown member of the guest list and proceeded to dance the rest of the evening with him.

Finally, Master William got cold in there alone and came out, too. He took a quiet table in the corner and sulked and pouted something grand. He pretended not to watch Jean, but we'd wager he could give you a play-by-play account of the game.

Carole Lombard, who was in the same private party, danced most of the evening with Bob Riskin—a dainty smile playing on her face the while. We began wondering if she's been the object of too *many* affections! But no—we're just imagining things. Jean probably got in a pet with Willie for an entirely different reason. Anyway, it was fun for the cash customers while it lasted.

* * *

ALL Hollywood is amusedly watching the triangle within a triangle that is created by the presence of Jed Harris, ex-Broadway producer becoming a resident of the movie village.

Mr. Harris, not so long ago, was the persistent escort of Ruth Gordon, the stage star, the persistent escort, that is, until a little unknown actress named Margaret Sullavan came along. Little Miss Sullavan, having recently separated from her young husband, Henry Fonda, proceeded to star in a Harris production and to go about places with the producer himself.

So now what happens? Mr. Harris is in Hollywood. So, too, is Ruth Gordon, about to start a movie career. And so is Henry Fonda, who will play opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." And Margaret Sullavan is due back almost any day with

(*Continued on page* 30)

THE LAST WORD FROM HOLLYWOOD

No *orphan sachets* STEAMED HER HAIR!

INSIDE this young lady's curly head is a lot of good, sound shopping sense. When she needed a wave, did she drop into any shop and say, "Give me a Permanent"? Yes, she did; but she added, "A Eugene Permanent, with *Eugene Sachets!*"

Many of her friends fell for "bargain waves," given with home-made or twice-used dabs of sachets, filled with Heaven-knows-what harsh chemicals . . . and all *they* got was a mop of dull frizz. But look at *her* hair. You can see its healthy lustre. You can almost feel its softness.

If your own hair is to receive similar protection, see that no nameless, *orphan* sachets steam it . . . look for the trade-mark-of-safety . . . Eugene.

Each Eugene sachet contains the exact, scientific amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. This gentle lotion, Eugeneol, is a secret formula, used *only* in Eugene Sachets throughout the world. Be as shrewd about buying a wave as you are in buying fashions or food . . . don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets" . . . then read your favorite magazine while you wait for your headful of lovely, lustrous Eugene curls!

A Eugène Wave

eugène SACHETS
eugène
STEAM SACHET
eugene
THE HEART OF A GENUINE EUGENE WAVE

ONE EUGENE SACHET SENT YOU FREE. Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!", a booklet of new hair styles, with information for keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MORE CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS

At the very smart night club Trocadero, Dick Barthelmess had a yen for backgammon and was joined by Edith Wilkerson, Mrs. B., Charlie Feldman and Herman Mankiewicz.

A gentleman seldom photographed informally, Lewis Stone chats with Bob Montgomery at the Santa Anita track.

(*Continued from page* 28)

her new bridegroom, William Wyler.

Hollywood simply can't wait to see what happens when they all bump into each other, as they inevitably will.

* * *

SPEAKING of Ruth Gordon gives a chance to tell a nice story on Franchot Tone. Franchot, who has earned the quite undeserved reputation of being snooty and high-hat, proved himself a swell sport, as well as a true friend, where Ruth was concerned.

They wanted to make a test of Miss Gordon at Metro, but there was no one about to play opposite her. Franchot volunteered, but Miss Gordon, being new to the camera and not too easy to photograph anyway, had to spend several hours on the test. Four, in fact. Franchot never grumbled once. He coached Miss Gordon, helped her with lights and make-up and undoubtedly, through this good deed, influenced M-G-M into signing her to a contract.

* * *

"HOW AM I DOING?" asks Mae West's new picture title—and that's just what we'd like to know, Mae. Somehow it seems you are doing things up in a very elegant, refined manner lately, ever since Paul Cavanaugh came on the set. Or was it the *scene?*

Beginning with the day it was first rumored that Mae's interest in her British leading man was not exactly confined to the way he read his "lines," there's been a noticeable toning-down on the typical West smart cracks. Her hail-fellow-well-met attitude toward her co-workers and a very brand-new practice of serving afternoon tea at precisely four o'clock are typical. Yes, it's all very British on the "How Am I Doing?" set.

RACE TRACK DOPE:

THEY'RE going to have to run a *Movie Handicap* at Santa Anita Track if many more stars buy horses. Clark Gable owns "Beverly Hills." Connie Bennett just bought "Rattlebrain," and now Bing Crosby picks up a little nag named "Zambi."

According to the fashion experts in the Turf Club, Mrs. Clark Gable beats out Connie Bennett for the title of "Best Dressed Woman;" in fact, Mrs. Zeppo Marx beats Connie, too. Connie has the prettiest stable-colors, though—rose-and-grey.

Jobyna Arlen and Dixie Crosby are just about the smartest bettors of the gang. While they are cleaning up twenty or thirty dollars, however, Bing and Dick manage to outsmart themselves to the tune of enough more to put them in the red as families. Dixie is beginning to complain though that just as she and Bing build a new ranch home outside San Diego, Bing refuses to go down there, on account of it's too far from Santa Anita!

Mr. Oliver Hardy (without Mr. Laurel) sat quietly sipping beer while his picks romped home with about twelve hundred lettuce leaves hanging on their noses. Mr. Hardy took his good fortune with nonchalance.

Which is more than Bing did on the day his extra-best choice came down the stretch a winning nose ahead—only to have the judges allow a foul against his horse and Mr. Crosby lost exactly $800. He broke the nearest chair in half before he stomped home in a huff.

* * *

EDDIE LOWE is planning to build a new home. Most of us were surprised, for the one he has now is such a grand place. Eddie says:

"I can't go into a single room of that place without seeing Lilyan. I can't stand the strain any longer."

* * *

ROSEMARY AMES has just had her fondest wish granted—she is to play the role of mother to Shirley Temple. And we're happy for Rosemary because we know why she wanted the part.

It seems that she has a little tike of her own (just about the Little Colonel's age) who is living with "Daddy" in Chicago. Rosemary misses her baby so much that she wants to play Mamma again.

Ah, here he is, finally—Dr. Griffin, with his lovely wife, Irene Dunne. Hyman caught 'em together (the rogues!) at the Trocadero Night Club.

BRIEFLY SPEAKING:

ADRIENNE AMES and Bruce Cabot arrived in Hollywood and spent one night at a hotel. Leased a house at eleven the next morning. Cabot took a test at M-G-M at twelve and signed a contract at four and the following morning he was told to report for work!

Toby Wing has a new Packard, or didn't you know she was making dates with Kelly Anthony, the son of the California distributor of that brand of cars?

Do you think you're going to like your old heart-throbber, Dick Barthelmess in the role of an Italian murderer? That's what Dick plays in "Small Miracle," which sounds like rather a *large* miracle after all the nice boys he has portrayed in his other vehicles.

Billie Burke was fifteen minutes late to the opening of "Ziegfeld Follies" in Los Angeles. The studio where she emotes wouldn't let her off any sooner, so she was forced to remain, much as she desired to appear on time for this show that her famous husband, Florenz, originated.

Just got word that the favorite moom picture stars in France are Wally Beery, Jimmie Cagney, Dick Powell and Kay Francis.

Herr Hitler has cancelled the ban on Pola Negri and says she can act in Germany—two weeks before he said she couldn't act. What's he trying to do, start an argument?

HE NEWS HERE!

OUR "HOPE CHEST"

-it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go . . . while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year . . . simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative . . . but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The *way* it is made . . . the satisfaction it gives . . . these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND . . . THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has.* But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is . . . at our expense . . . just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
F 55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ____________
Address ____________
____

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

It's no gag that Ralph Forbes and George Brent are pals; above, they're with Charles Boyer and Kay Francis at the Vendome. And to the right, a significant shot of Mr. Boyer, "Pat" Paterson, Ruth Chatterton and Philip Reed. Philip, who beaus all the belles, is the new gent in La Chatterton's life.

GAIL PATRICK was playing the *nurse* in a very tense scene for "Big Broadcast of 1935." A little boy was being "given" a blood transfusion. After the camera had taken the scene, Gail turned to Guy Standing and said: "All through that scene I was thinking of my little brother. I've got him up at school in San Francisco. Some day I want to send him to Annapolis. I was thinking—suppose this was Dick . . . !"

Within one hour, Gail was called to the phone to hear a famous doctor tell her that Dick had suffered a sudden attack of appendicitis—and been rushed to the hospital for an operation.

"We might have to have a blood transfusion," said the doctor. "But everything will be all right!" Gail fainted in Sir Guy Standing's arms.

P. S.: Dick played his role well. He's fine.

* * *

IS La Dietrich going to quit pictures? That is a question that has Hollywood wondering its best wonder. No sooner had Marlene left Von Sternberg and decided that Lubitsch was the only man to direct her, than Mr. Lubitsch was made head of all Paramount production and the rumor is out that he may not direct any more pictures.

There is also a report that Marlene may sign with M-G-M. There may be some truth to that when one looks at the box-office figures on Garbo's last few flickers, but we have a strong hunch that if Dietrich takes her promised vacation that she will be away from Hollywood for a long time.

* * *

SYLVIA SIDNEY and writer Norman Krasna are all ablaze. Maybe he's the one who gave Sylvia that Spaniel puppy.

June Collyer is going to have another bundle-of-happiness in the spring—which is making Stu Erwin smile even more than usual.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are going to have their honeymoon at last. Their studios have given them a month off. They are borrowing a yacht.

Shirley Temple can write but three words (instead of her usual printing job), but she takes a French lesson every day.

A famous critic said of her last picture: "'Enter Madame' *and exit Elissa Landi.*" And Miss Landi hasn't made a picture since.

W. C. Fields' favorite dish is chop suey—which we chose to think is very, very funny. We don't know just why.

That chap who walked up behind Garbo (out on her first public appearance), slapped her on the back and yelled, "Hello, Toots," may have made an honest mistake . . . but we think he's been training under W. S. Van Dyke's direction.

Pinkie Tomlin, the farmer-boy-with-voice-attached who wrote your favorite dittie, "The Object of My Affections," has just dashed off another called "I've Loved You, I Think" . . . which is supposed (Pinkie hopes) to do as well. Pinkie, unknown a year ago, will get $4,000 a week on his personal appearance tour. How to cure the depression—write a song.

Dixie Howell, that Alabama footballer, may play *Frank Merriwell* in a movie serial if baseball games will permit.

With hundreds of actresses in Hollywood, RKO has just signed a gal from South Africa, Molly Lamont.

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Joel McCrea sneaked into the projection room where Producer Walter Wanger was running off the "rushes" of the day's work on "Private Worlds." By some hook-or-crook, they got in without being seen by a soul. Certainly they weren't seen by Mr. Wanger, who was surrounded by the director of "Private Worlds," his assistant, the cameraman and technicians.

Every time a scene showing Claudette, Joel or Joan Bennett would flash on the screen, the projection room maintained its morgue-like silence. But with each close-up of Charles Boyer, the entire clan would break out with: "Look at the strength in that face . . . what charm . . . *what* personality! Colossal! Sensational!"

Claudette and Joel might have had their feelings hurt if they hadn't reminded themselves that Mr. Boyer is the only player in the cast under personal contract to Wanger.

* * *

IDA LUPINO did too good a job when she picked out her stand-in. The gal looks so much like Ida that trouble has been brewing ever since she stepped foot on the set. Many of the young male members of the film colony who were afraid to ask Ida for a date are now paying court to her stand-in, which wouldn't be so bad if the gossip columnists didn't tell the world it was *Ida* every time her double steps out. Two of her boy friends have already walked out and the rest are watching the papers with tears in their eyes.

Ida may be sweet as apple cider—but her double's doin' okay, too.

IF YOU WANT THE LAST WORD FROM HOLLYWOOD YOU'

WHILE Wally Beery was in New York, he called Mrs. Beery every night on the telephone. He also talked with Carol Ann. One night, Carol Ann tried to tell him what she wanted him to bring her from the Big City. Wally couldn't understand her but he tried hard because it was his last night there. At last he got it—Carol Ann wanted ". . . a wash board for my baby tub . . ."

The telephone charge for the wash board cost Wally $48.00!

* * *

GUESS WHO DEPT.:

WHAT beautiful actress decided to follow some home-made instructions as to shampooing her hair with egg? She rubbed the yolk into her tresses and then, following the rules to the letter, decided to let it dry in the sun. It was a very hot day. The eggs FRIED—and she had to rush to a beauty parlor and have it shampooed correctly.

And the tonneau of her limousine still smells as though a short-order cook had spent considerable time therein!

* * *

DOTS RIGHT . . . DASH IT:

THEY have two very good leading ladies out at Warners with their arms in a sling; Jean Muir's horse ran into a tree and Genevieve Tobin's car did the same . . . When Clark Gable got snowed-in while on location for "Call of the Wild," Mrs. G. sent a box of goodies by plane . . . Carole Lombard attended so many parties while in New York that she forgot to buy any new clothes until she got to Palm Beach, now she's knocking Hollywood for a fashion loop . . . George Brent had just installed a

(*Continued on page* 100)

IND IT HERE!

That hideous feeling of panic —now ended by the new

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

. . . more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable.

. . . more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing "accidents!"

It is the new "Certain-Safe" Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with Modess.* It is the combination of *all three* features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection! Just do this. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't risk a penny . . . see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See* and *feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!

Modess
Modess
This is the New Modess "CERTAIN-SAFE"
The Modess Corporation

Here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

SPENCER TRACY *tells* "Why My Wife and I Are Together Again"

The real truth about this reunion will wring your heart with its pathos

By GLADYS HALL

For six months, Louise Tracy, Spencer's courageous wife, kept the secret that their son was deaf!

At the breakfast table one morning a little boy said, "Girls belong with mothers, *boys belong with fathers*"—and a man went home again. A man who had strayed from the home-ways.

The little boy's name is Johnny. The man's name is Spencer Tracy. And they are father and son. And between that father and son—between the little, ten-year-old boy who doesn't hear and the stalwart star who juggles tremendous abilities in his strong hands—there exists a love as powerful and as beautiful as the love of *Sorrell and Son*—the love forever poignant and enduring of the father for the only son.

I talked with Spencer yesterday.

I said, "What, exactly, was it that made you decide to go home again? Did any one thing decide it for you—for you and Mrs. Tracy?"

And Spencer looked very much as he had looked that time, over a year ago, when he gave me—for MOVIE MIRROR—the exclusive story of his romantic friendship with Loretta Young. He looked awkward and wretchedly uncomfortable and red behind the ears then. He looked awkward and red behind the ears yesterday—but quieter this time, and somehow *comfortable*. And he told me his story of going home again much in the same spirit with which he told me that other story—that other story which made clear the fact that Loretta had had nothing whatever to do with his separation from his wife. He told me that story with the hope of ending all other stories. He told me this story yesterday because of the other—so much was written in magazines and

(*Continued on page* 83)

COMEBACK

By DALE EUNSON

The fascinating story of a girl who was a star at 17—and forgotten at 23—but who had beauty and courage

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY

JOYCE WELLS

TO be young and beautiful and filled with high hopes—and to know that you were "through" in your profession at the age of twenty-three was a paradox which had never seemed a possibility to Joyce Wells. But it had happened—to her. She had been so happy on her expensive European holiday. It had been heavenly to relax and forget the restless drive of Hollywood. And there was Tad.

Odd, that the happiest moments of her trip had been at the close, in those last days on shipboard, coming home. Thaddeus Rutledge—a ridiculous name for a handsome lad with crinkly eyes and a ready wit. Only a pick-up, perhaps, but how eager she had been to help him! She had even lent him the money (but five hundred dollars hadn't seemed like anything then) to get to Hollywood. Ironically enough, she got him his chance for a screen test in the same hour, at the same office, when she herself heard that her contract was not to be renewed.

It was cruel, too, that the one person in all Hollywood (aside from her mother) for whom she cared, had met the same fate. Dear old Corey! What would she have done without him, those many times that things had gone wrong when he was directing the pictures in which she starred? Who was it that had babied her as gently as a child when she had returned from the despair and agony of poor Theresa's deathbed? It would be many years before she could forget the death of that gallant old trouper, who had never in all her life had the things that Joyce had held so lightly up till now—success and fame, the admiring stares of crowds; was this lifelong oblivion of Theresa's to be Joyce's existence from now on?

It had been Corey Preston who had soothed her when the blow came; she could still feel the comforting warmth of his arms. It was Corey who seemed to feel the hurt of her dismissal even more than the pain of his own.

JOYCE had never earned what Hollywood calls "big money." During the last year of her contract with Goldman she had received a thousand a week, a preposterous salary for a girl of twenty-two, but a paltry one for a motion picture star whose expenses (plus income tax) must, of necessity, run close to that mark.

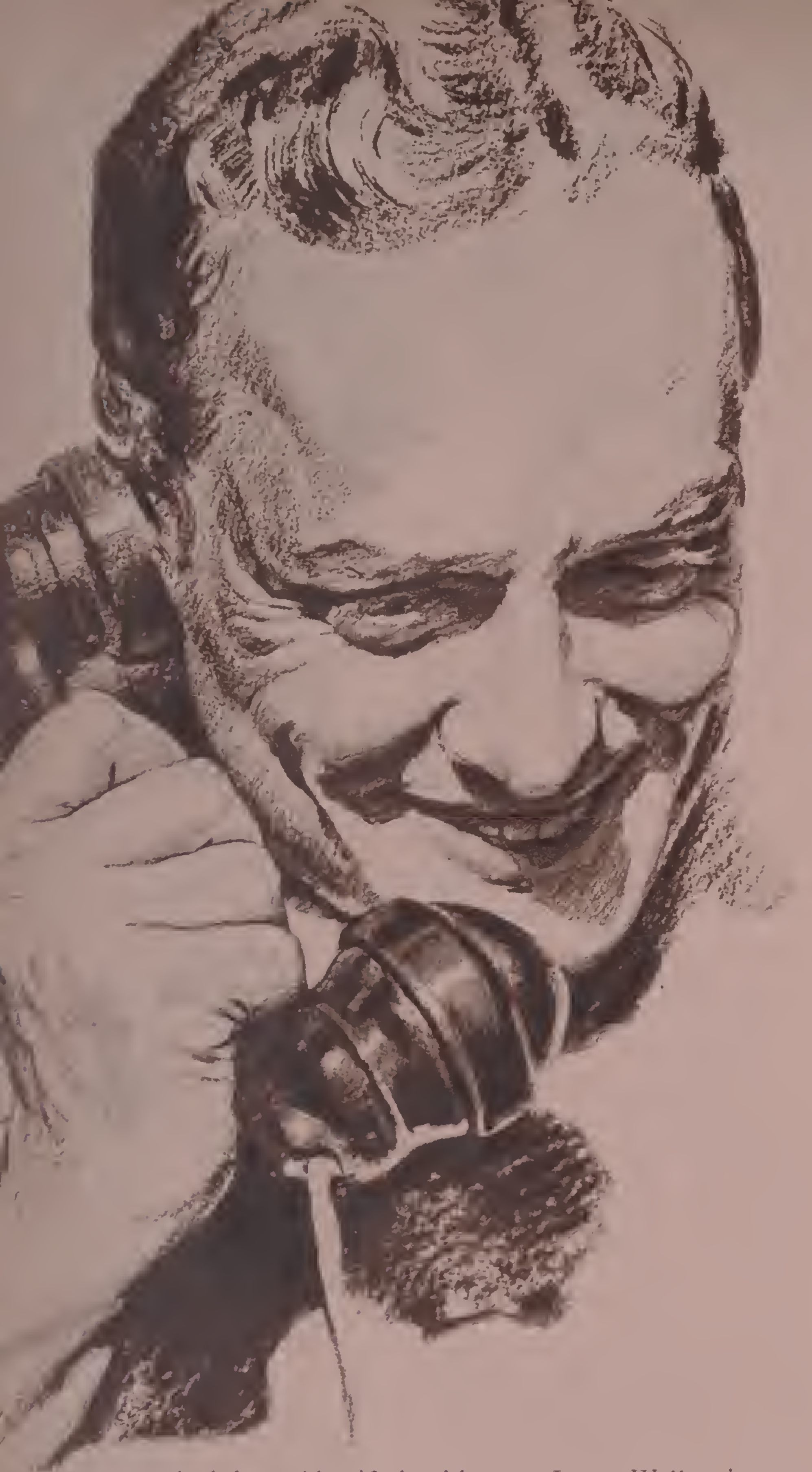
As she drove home alone (she did not feel that she could talk with Tad just yet and, besides, he was still making his test and she did not want to worry him—doubtless he was nervous enough as it was) Joyce realized that it behooved her to have an accounting with Midge, her mother, into the exact state of their finances.

She was still dazed and found it difficult of a sudden to adjust herself to the blow so recently dealt her. For three years she had driven this same road almost daily, ever since she had bought the house in Beverly Hills. Everything on the road was the same—familiar signposts greeted her, display windows with their brightly-lacquered automobiles, even the sway of the car was the same as it rolled swiftly around familiar turns and over revelatory bumps in the road.

Yet it was different, too, as if in another, younger age she had been here. She opened her purse and looked at her face in its mirror, expecting somehow, the face that looked back at her to be different. It was a shock, almost, to find that it was not. She looked no older, only a little more beautiful, than she had five years ago. She must know that she was beautiful—her beauty was her stock in trade, the show window which she dressed to sell her wares. Critics had said that her face might have been chiselled from some warm, as yet undiscovered, marble with hidden lights in its shallows. Her large, grey eyes were rimmed with red from weeping. But even that was not unusual—so many times had she ridden home evenings with eyes smarting from tears she had shed before the camera.

She felt almost more sorry for Corey Preston than she did for herself. Odd that the two of them, who had really risen to prominence together, should learn on the same day that they were no longer necessary to the success of Goldman Features. It should be easier for Corey to get work elsewhere than it would for her: directors often went from one studio to another. But a star, once cast out by one of the major companies was immediately branded as Hollywood jetsam.

YET she could see that Corey had been deeply hurt by his dismissal after ten years of loyalty to Goldman, often directing scabrous pictures which they could get no one else to do, wasting what she knew to be a superb talent on trash, yet giving always the best that was in him to the material at hand. And the reward, because of late his



name had been identified with two Joyce Wells pictures which had flopped, was dismissal.

Many years ago he had read an obscure novel by an obscure author—"Allistair's Folly" by Gordon Hill—which had impressed him as having great dramatic possibilities. It was the study of a boy's emergence from adolescence into manhood, and his unreasoning infatuation for a woman older than himself, a woman he realized was not even pretty. She was all the things his simple, gentle breeding taught him to abhor, yet he was not free of her until an automobile accident, for which he blamed himself, killed her. And then after her death he was bound to her and could never quite give himself to any other woman, not even the girl who had loved and waited for him during his madness.

Corey had begged Goldman to let him film it, but Goldman laughed at him, and when the producer had started suggesting changes in the story Corey had balked. "I'm going to do it as it is, or not at all," he had said. He had even talked with other producers about it, but they were all of Goldman's opinion. "No audience," they said, "is going to feel sympathy for a man who falls for a woman like that. Now if you dress her up, make her a vamp . . ." But Corey would not make her a vamp—that had been in the days when sirens were "vamps" and "glamour" had not yet become the password.

After endless disappointments Corey had bought the rights to the novel at an insignificant figure, and for years he had dreamed of saving enough money to produce the piece himself. But that dream had retreated today as a star before an evening shower which brings up immediate problems of its own. Joyce knew there would be no more thought of "Allistair's Folly" until Corey was at work once more.

Outsiders, like Tad, thought that there was no vision in Hollywood but the vision of money and what money could buy, but Joyce knew in her own acquaintance dozens of others, like Corey and herself, who harbored ambitions which seemed always to elude them in the exigencies of the moment.

Only two hours ago she herself had been expounding to Goldman, even demanding (she felt that secure in her right to demand) the realization of her own dream. For the first time since then she laughed, not in amusement, but at herself for being such a blind fool. Why, they had let her go away eight months ago without signing a contract because it was an easy way out for them. For eight months she had lived in sublime ignorance of what everyone else on the Goldman lot already knew.

Midge, for a wonder, was at home, recovering from a bout with her masseuse by making deep inroads into a box of sweet chocolate creams which Latour, the designer, had sent her. Latour himself had come a long way from the rugged scene of his childhood, a Minnesota farm, but Midge resembled the mother he had worshipped, and he took her wherever it was necessary for him to appear with a member of her sex, and showered her with flowers and candy which were quite beyond her powers to resist.

"Joyce, this is Corey—I've got some news for you," he said. His voice sounded tight and eager, as if he were trying to control some emotion. "And I'd rather tell it to you than anybody in the world, because you mean more to me than—oh, well, be your age, Preston . . . "

JOYCE wasted no time in coming to the subject. Tossing her hat onto a chair she sat down on the chaise longue at her mother's feet and told her, as briefly as possible, what had happened in Goldman's office. When she had finished Midge said with evident self-satisfaction:

"Well, I always did say Goldman was a louse. He'd steal his grandmother's upper plate if she went to sleep with her mouth open."

"But it doesn't help any what you think of Goldman, Midge. His hands are tied—the bankers—"

"The bankers, my foot! Don't you believe it. There's something personal there—you don't suppose you've said anything to offend him, do you?"

"How could I? I've been gone for months. Besides, you can't offend anybody when you're making money for him. No. We've got to face it, Midge. My pictures just weren't making money, and until I can get another chance we've got to draw in our belts and save what money we've got."

Midge did not comment at once. She wiped her perspiring face with a handkerchief, reached for another chocolate cream, ate half of it and dropped the rest into a waste basket beside her.

"It's too bad, of course," she said lightly, "but as soon as the other studios hear you haven't re-signed they'll besiege you with offers . . . And meantime, Joyce, I think it would be a good idea if you would sign over to my account a few thousand out of your private account at the State Bank. Just for running expenses, you know."

"Why, of course, Midge. But there's only about five thousand in that account. I thought you had ten times that in yours."

"Well," said Midge, "I'm afraid it's pretty badly tied up just at present. While you were gone . . ."

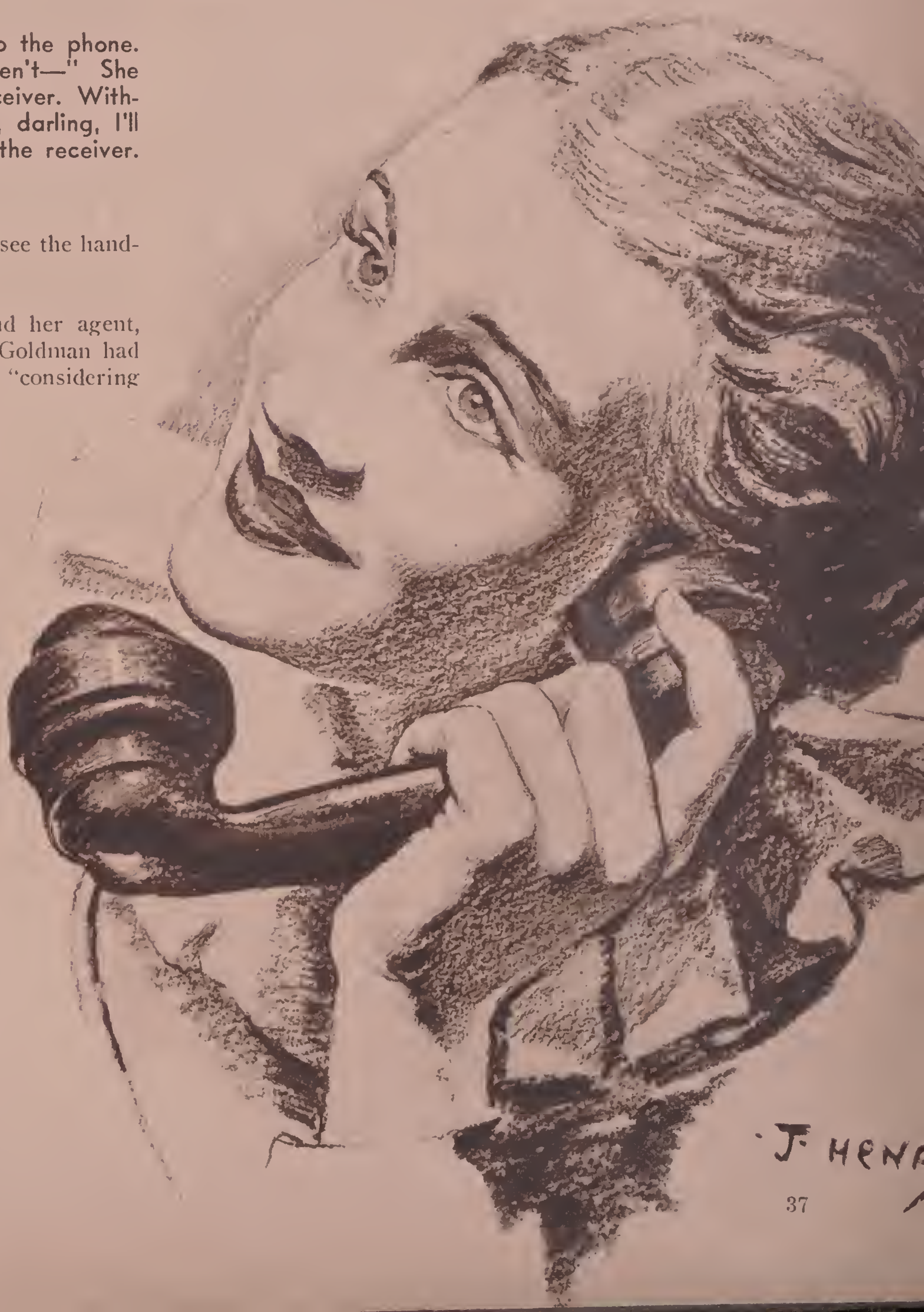
Gradually it came out. While Joyce had been gone one of Latour's friends, a French tailor from Pennsylvania, had wanted to open a men's shop, and Latour had, of course, come straight to Midge to let her in on "an opportunity of a lifetime." "My dear," he had said, "you'll make millions, absolutely millions. You can take my word for it, Henri is a sensation. All he needs is thirty thousand to start with—if I had it myself I wouldn't let you in on it, because you'll be independently rich."

But Midge had not given him thirty thousand. No, she was not a plunger in anything, no matter how absolutely certain it might be. Caution was her watchword. So she had only given him twenty-five thousand.

Joyce felt for a moment as if she would faint. "You gave him twenty-five thousand dollars?" she whispered incredulously.

"Why, yes. Why not? It's a sure thing—Latour said it was. But just for the time being it makes me—makes us, a little short."

Joyce knew that there was no further need of talk. The damage had been done, and at a time when the assurance of a sizeable sum of money in the bank would have bolstered her courage. Now even the little money she had been able to save during her short career was swept away leaving her jobless and, from Hollywood standards, penniless. People could—and would—say that she was just another harebrained girl who had made a fortune and hadn't had the sense to put any of it aside. She had failed to see the handwriting on the wall.



Joyce was laughing and crying at once, into the phone. "Oh, Corey, they didn't—they haven't—I haven't—" She was shaking so that she could not hold the receiver. Without waiting for his reply, she said, "Corey, darling, I'll call you back. I can't talk," and hung up the receiver.

THE story Joyce told everyone but Tad and her agent, Martin (Moe) Castleman, was that Larry Goldman had failed to meet her demands, and she was now "considering offers" from several other studios.

She went everywhere, accepting invitations to parties which a year ago she would have politely turned down. Her agent told her that the more she was seen about, the better-dressed she was, the more likely he would be to land something big. "Your story is," he said, "that you're not in any hurry to sign up until you get what you want. Meanwhile you're not thinking about work at all. Just having a good time. And for God's sake," he whispered confidentially, "don't look as if you're trying to save money. This isn't the time for that."

So she was seen at all the popular places where all the other picture people went to be seen, the Trocadero, the Vendome, the Cocoanut Grove, the Brown Derby, the Colony Club. Joyce, who had always dressed in quiet good taste heretofore, now strove amongst the fiercest competition in the world to outdo her competitors in chic and daring. Her dressmaker worked overtime on new clothes and the remodelling of Joyce's old things.

Tad became her devoted slave and accompanied her everywhere. When he had learned that she had not been re-signed by Goldman he had threatened to tell Goldman that he himself would not sign the $50-a-week contract which had been offered him. Such devotion was touching, but Joyce persuaded him to refrain from useless gestures.

Their names were romantically linked in all the gossip columns from Winchell to Parsons to Skolsky. Joyce's press agent—she had never hired a personal press agent before—pleaded with Joyce to let him announce her engagement to young Rutledge, "the Carolina society man recently signed by Goldman to a long-term contract," but Joyce refused to allow her public life to encroach this far into her personal one. There were others in Hollywood who permitted this sort of publicity, but there was too much of her father in Joyce's makeup to stomach such tactics. Falling in love for the sake of newspaper space for the sake of a new contract seemed to be tempting providence.

When Joyce felt herself honestly falling in love with Tad, she was so afraid of having people suspect her honesty that she questioned it herself. Was she, she wondered, merely frightened and trying now to fall back upon the protection of some male—any male? Did she, like many others of her sex, need a man to bolster her courage and assure her of things she already knew about herself? As a result, the night Tad told her that, as soon as he succeeded in his first rôle he had something important to say to her, she lapsed into an introspective silence and they parted an hour later in the throes of their first quarrel, Joyce having told him that he was only a boy and had no right (*Continued on page 79*)

MERLE Puts Holly

The magnificent oriental features of Merle Oberon have excited the interest of thousands of fans. Above, as she's seen in a moment of uncertainty, with Maurice Chevalier, in "Folies Bergere de Paris."

On the other page, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Leslie Howard. And further right, in the stunning white satin negligee, which is one of the many fascinating costumes she wears in "Folies," her newest picture.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MERLE OBERON

REAL NAME: Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. She took her name, O'Brien, and spelled it the way it sounds when a Frenchman says it,—thus "Oberon."

BORN: February 19th, 1911, on the Island of Tasmania, but moved to Bombay when she was seven—thence to Calcutta.

FIRST BREAK: In a play put on by the CATS (Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society), and at sixteen, went to London where she finally broke into pictures after being "discovered" by Maria Korda, wife of Director Alexander Korda.

FIRST SUCCESS: Small role of "Anne Boleyn" in Korda's great picture "Private Life of Henry VIII," then opposite Doug Fairbanks in "Private Life of Don Juan."

NOW PLAYING: With Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere" for Twentieth Century Studios in Hollywood.

CREATED: The now-famous "gold make-up,"—makes it herself and won't tell her secret. Cameramen call it "marvelous."

LOOKS LIKE: No other star in Hollywood . . . green eyes . . . five feet, two . . . slight figure . . . brunette . . . and is suspicioned by most every famous woman of Hollywood because of her reputation for being overly-attractive to men.

"WITH all their glamor, fame and sex appeal, Hollywood women are the most *frightened* women in the world! Their lives are a series of bugaboos: afraid they will lose their men, horrified over the possibility of losing their youth and beauty, apprehensive of losing their fleeting bit of fame. But above all other things, they fear competition!

"Heaven help the woman stranger within Hollywood's gates. The other women won't.

"They might forgive an interloper for getting a good role on the screen but they will never forgive her for having an off-screen reputation for being attractive to men!

"Hollywood's famous women are truly amazing. They have attained the heights of their profession and should be secure in their success, yet they are the most *unsure* group of women with whom I've ever come in contact!"

THE woman who uttered these indictments sat behind a very modern desk in the sitting room of her dressing-suite on the United Artists lot. In spite of her words, there was not the least bit of anger or pique in her voice. S'matter

Listen to Hollywood's newest importation give the lowdown on Hollywood women—for the first time, uncensored—an exciting, frank opinion

OBERON

wood Women on the Pan

of fact, she was making these startling observations between casual telephone calls to London where she was trying to locate her friend and director, Alexander Korda. She seemed far more peeved with the bad connection than with the Hollywood movie gals.

Meet Merle Oberon: pride of the London studios, ex-fiancée of producer Joseph Schenck, the girl who made an American hit in the small role of *Anne Boleyn* in the English picture "Henry VIII" and who is the most completely exciting, uncensored personality to hit Hollywood since Lupe Velez. Technically, she is on the local scene to support Mons. Maurice Chevalier in "The Folies Bergere" but she must have been sent by a kindly providence to lend a splash of color to the rapidly dulling Hollywood picture.

YOU'LL forgive me if I rave a little. I haven't met a movie lady like Oberon in a long, long time. Until you talk with her a while, you don't realize how thoroughly Hollywood has been censoring her personalities, molding them into Discretion and Tact with a whip of Unbreakable Don'ts: don't think much, don't talk

(*Continued on page* 85)

By WALTER RAMSEY

The People Who CREATED *Clark Gable*

By GAIL ROGERS

BEFORE I begin this story properly I must tell you something that happened when Clark Gable and I were together the other day.

I had lunch with him in the M-G-M commissary. A great many of the big stars in the studios have their luncheons served in their dressing rooms. Not Clark. He eats with the others and sometimes at the counter if he's in a hurry. He was talking, at luncheon, mostly about the good old days when he was in the oil fields and the lumber camp. Clark *never* talks about women or fame or parties unless he is questioned and then he always looks sheepish and uncomfortably embarrassed. I never noticed before what huge *hands* Clark has, heavy wrists, totally unmanicured and masculine nails, hands that would be infinitely more at home at logging than at lovemaking.

I mentioned the matter to Clark. He let out a loud laugh and invited the gods to witness the fact that he would be a sorry spectacle at a manicure table!

After lunch we climbed into Clark's black roadster and drove to location, the tiny station of Palms a few blocks from the studio, where Clark and Connie Bennett were doing some scenes for "After Working Hours."

Connie was there, seated in the depths of her black Rolls, between secretary and maid, every silken inch the Movie Star. Clark seemed to regard her out of one corner of his eye, with some awe.

Clark had a scene to do in which he races across a field, across the railroad tracks, bangs open the door of the station and disappears within. He ripped. He raced, with huge lunging strides across the field, across the tracks and, with a bang of the door, into the station. When he emerged not more than a minute later, his face wore a funny grin. It seems that as he hurtled into the station an irate housewife arose, frying-pan in hand and demanded shrilly, "What do you mean by breaking in here like this? *Who are you?*"

The station master and his family make their home in the station. I asked Clark if he had enlightened the indignant lady as to his identity and he said he hadn't. Which seems a pity—it would have given her so much to tell the folks about of a Saturday night.

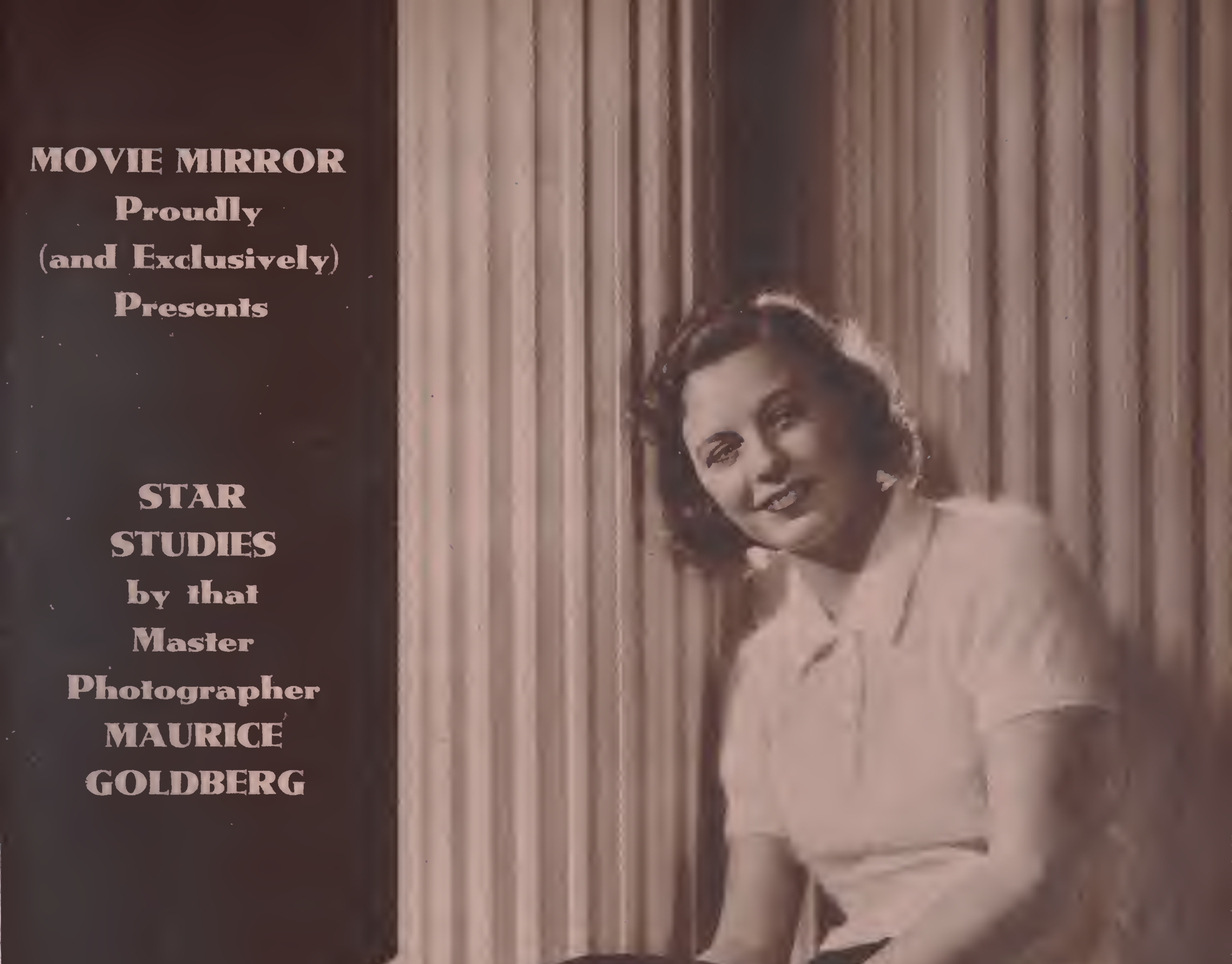
But that is like Clark. It would never occur to him that his identity might matter enormously to anyone.

He said "You want to know what I have taken from people and experiences in my life? Well, this is a good example right here and now. I take from this woman and this experience the stark fact that three blocks away from my own studio *I am unknown!* She (*Continued on page* 90)

To know him truly, learn about the people who molded his character—those lumber-camp boys, a tired woman in the woods, a ruined Russian prince, a girl whose pride was stronger than death—

MOVIE MIRROR
Proudly
(and Exclusively)
Presents

STAR STUDIES
by that
Master
Photographer
MAURICE
GOLDBERG



MARGARET SULLAVAN

This fine portrait was taken on the Universal lot; the artist found her easy to pose because of her grand light-hearted manner—he thought her playful as a child! Visiting New York with her husband Willie Wyler, to see the opening of "The Good Fairy," she hoped to be heard in "Peg o' My Heart on the radio, became sick—and Helen Hayes played her role at the last minute.

In the garden of her home, photographer Goldberg recalls his early portraits of Bette, taken during her first stage-career days in New York. Her "Money Mad" with Edward G. Robinson follows "Bordertown" with Paul Muni. Week-ends she visits her independent, band-leading husband, Harmon Nelson, in San Francisco. She was nominated for the Academy Award this year.

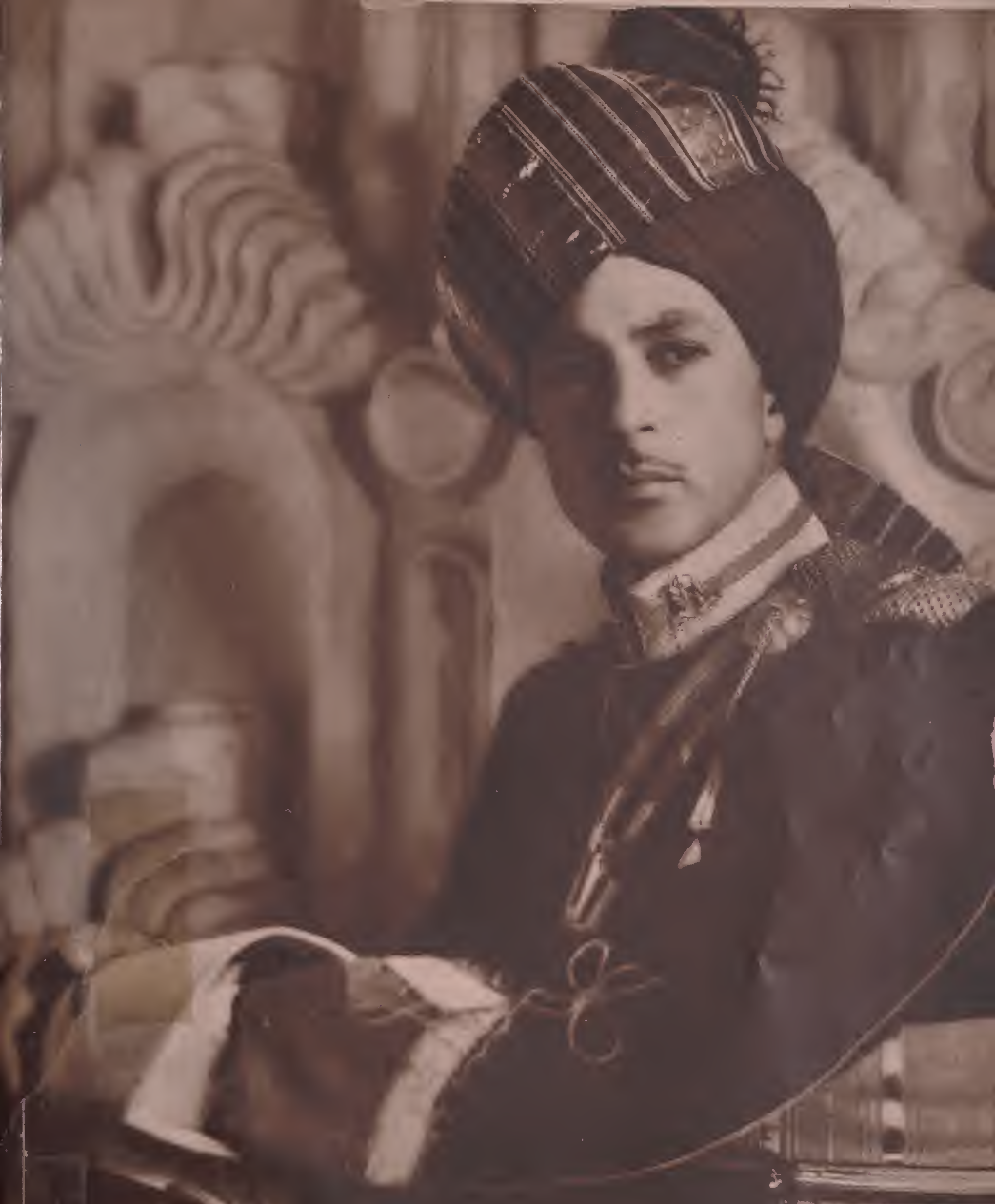
BETTE DAVIS

RUBY KEELER

Our photographing artist chooses for this grand portrait a moment after Ruby has had a refreshing plunge in the Jolson pool. And Mrs. Jolson chooses pajamas, her favorite at-home costume, and the fireplace, her favorite cozy corner. You have seen her in "Flirtation Walk" and will see her next with her husband Al in "Go Into Your Dance" for Warner Brothers.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

Despite her light rôle in "Happiness Ahead," Warners see her as another Helen Hayes and will present her as such in "Oil for the Lamps of China." Maurice Goldberg finds her younger and easier to photograph today than when she posed for him in New York years ago, acting in the Eva Le Gallienne Company. She's happily married to Jimmy Townsend, who is her manager.



Although busy with "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" at the time, Gary was gracious and patient when Mr. Goldberg came to the Paramount studio to photograph him, told the artist to take his time! For once without a uniform, Gary is starred opposite La Sten in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Wedding Night." Now he's vacationing in New York with his socialite wife Sandra Shaw

GARY COOPER

Why Sylvia Sidney

thinks Popularity can be a HANDICAP

By JULIE LANG HUNT

A LOT of people are going to misunderstand this story. When they reach the final sentence, nine out of ten readers will be shaking their heads in firm disagreement, with Sylvia Sidney's amazing personal code.

For this twenty-three-year-old star, with the face of a five-year-old pixie, has the temerity to say:

"Popularity is an OBSTACLE to success. The importance to our modern 'go-getter' theory that being a well-liked person gets you places, is so much blah.

"And what's more, I stand a better chance of being liked as an actress on the screen if I refuse to go in for the highly esteemed business of currying favor from every person who comes within speaking distance.

"There are only five people in the world whose opinions of me, as a person, really matter. Frankly, I don't care what anyone else thinks of me off the screen or stage."

And just in case there are those who might think "sour grapes" when they scan this philosophy, let me list the following well-known facts: that Sylvia is a star of four years' standing at Paramount, that her bank balance would comfort even a Wall Street broker, and that she intends deserting Hollywood next year and returning permanently to the stage, where already a long and impressive queue of producers is waiting for her with their bids.

For in spite of all the Garbos, Dietrichs, Hepburns and Sullavans in Hollywood who also preach the "I don't care" doctrine, Sylvia Sidney is the only actress out here practising what she preaches and who doesn't give an authentic tinker's dam (whatever that is) whether people like her or not.

"I once worked at being popular, so I know what I am talking about," Sylvia told me one day when I tried to tear to shreds her brittle philosophy. "Popularity is a very pretty plant, but to keep it blooming requires constant attention and large doses of physical energy, and in the end it takes its toll from any sort of a career or work. It did from mine, but luckily, I learned young."

In fact Sylvia learned about the futility of stirring up applause from the sidelines long before she arrived in Hollywood, which was five years ago.

I shall never forget my astonishing, first meeting with her in a barren little dressing-room where Paramount had rushed her to prepare to fill Clara Bow's shoes for "City Streets."

As a member of the studio's publicity squad, I was accustomed to my quota of gush and rapt attention from every new player on the lot. It's considered smart business among the newcomers to be popular right from the start with the boys and girls who "dish it out to the press."

That is why my initial contact with Sylvia's frosty formula left me puzzled and later fascinated. She was courteous in a cool, distant fashion, but thoroughly business-like, and when I had finished asking, and, she answering, a sheaf of questions we were abruptly through, with no tapering off of small talk or even one of the favored platitudes that usually include, "do drop in any time," "such nice people at this studio," or "you're the first intelligent person I've met here." Before I had reached the door, she was completely absorbed in the study of her lines.

She made it clear enough that she didn't give two whoops or a lap dissolve whether I liked her or not, and in spite of the strangeness of her attitude, I didn't mind after the first shock had worn off.

It required a right smart length of time for the studio to really know Miss Sidney. We didn't start calling her by her first name within the usual twenty-four hours, which is some sort of a record around Hollywood.

HOWEVER, by the time she had finished her second year with Paramount, we were getting along famously, and one day during a luncheon *pour deux,* I told her about my first impressions.

"You know," I recalled, "at first, I actually thought you didn't mind if we disliked you."

"And I didn't," was Sylvia's prompt reply. "My first picture didn't leave any time to go into a Lorelei act for you or anybody else in Hollywood.

"If you liked me, good; if you didn't, too bad, but what of it? If I made good on the screen you would automatically publicize me, and if I didn't, no amount of liking on your part would help me keep my contract.

"It just boils down to this. I don't think popularity, the sort that causes all acquaintances to pat you on the back and tell you you're too, too divine, is worth the effort."

And then, while a fluffy pair of mushroom omelets went cold and flat, Sylvia retraced for me her early jousts with the grand stand that cheers, when you work hard enough to please it.

"My first tears over popularity were shed at fifteen, when I was a student in the Theater Guild School. I was systematically left out of every part the other students planned, and seldom asked to join them at lunch.

"I worried more about (*Continued on page* 89)

"There are only five people whose opinions of me as a person really matter. Frankly, I don't care what anyone else thinks!"

"WHERE ARE YOU,

VICTOR JORY has roamed the romance roads of the world. From his birthplace in Dawson, Alaska, to the Eastern Seaboard, in large cities and in small hamlets, in the theatre and on the screen, in every walk of life this dark-skinned, black-haired, brown-eyed man has seen the world's most beautiful women. Blonde, ash-blonde, Titian, brunette. He has made stage love to them all. . . .

He has played in stock, in "tab" shows and "rep" shows, one night stands, operettas, musical comedies and Broadway productions. He has been light heavyweight champion of British Columbia with the muscular magnetism that drew to him bevies of the Bettys, Susies, Sallys and Joans.

An omniverous reader, with 5,000 volumes, all of which he's read, in the library of his home in Pasadena he has walked in imagination with the Faustines, the Dolores', the Lucretias, the Juliets.

He is married to Jean Innes, herself a professional, and has a small daughter of three. And loves them both devotedly and entirely.

But—there are three days in Victor Jory's life which he will never forget so long as memory persists and poets write and life goes on.

There is One Woman in Victor Jory's life whom he can never forget so long as the images of lovely women hang, fadelessly, in the minds of men.

Her name is Joan.

He said to me "Her hair was blue-black. It was like the night when the night is deepest and full of shadows. I had read about blue-black hair. I had heard it talked about and described on the stage. I had never seen it before until I saw Joan. Her skin was like white velvet, to the sight and touch. Her eyes were a sultry midnight blue. I have never seen eyes like them, before or since. Fay Wray's are somewhat like them in shape and in size. There is something of the same haunting look of mystery and fatalism, haunting is the exact word. I am haunted, today, by that blue-black memory. Her mouth was like an hibiscus flower which seemed to bloom extravagantly in the milk whiteness of her face. But only a poet could give you a face like that in words.

"And it is because I would like to know whether my imagination was fevered and

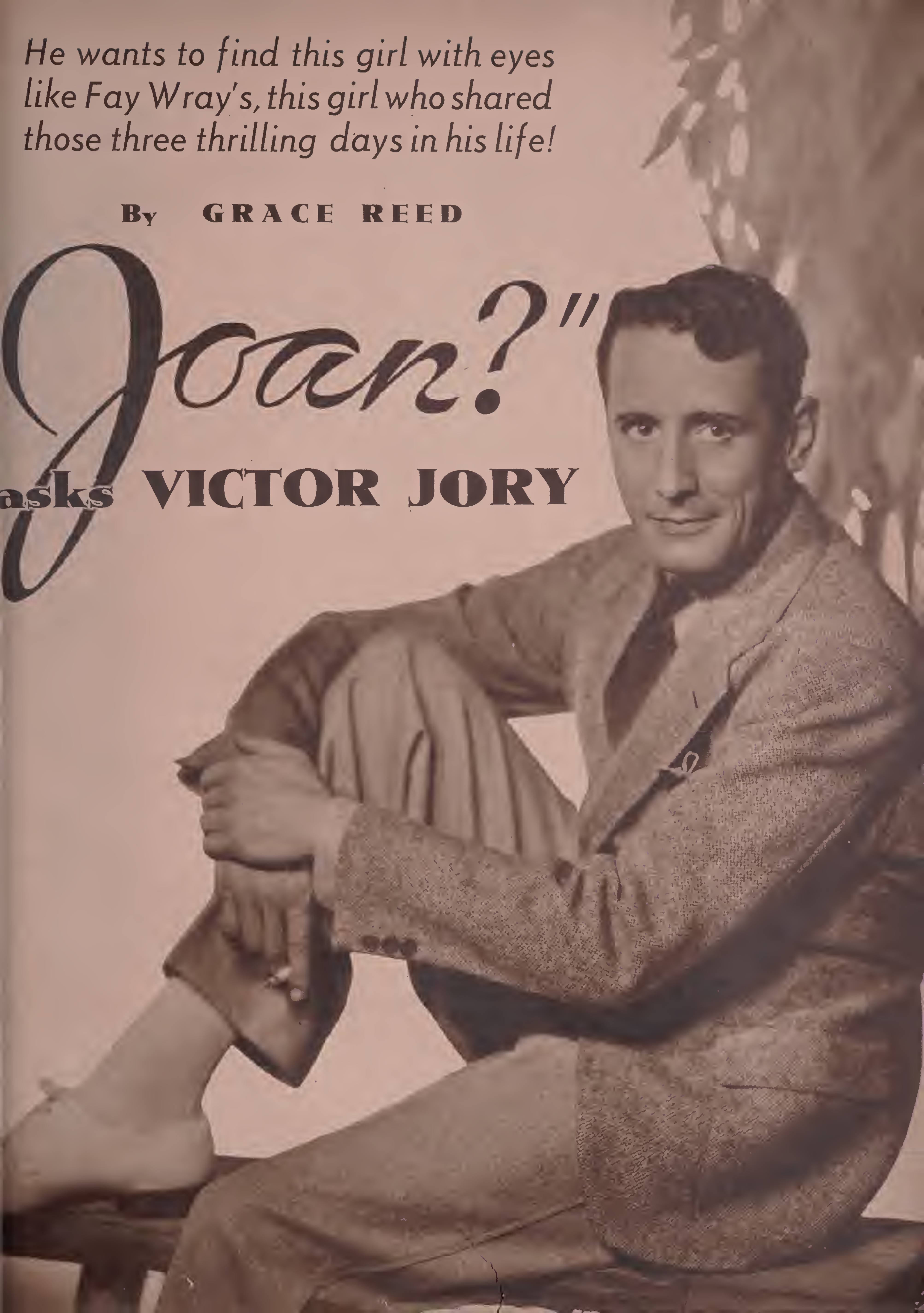
(*Continued on page* 94)

Joan's eyes and Fay's hold the same haunting look of mystery, according to Victor Jory, who is shown here with Fay Wray in Columbia's "Mills of the Gods."

He wants to find this girl with eyes like Fay Wray's, this girl who shared those three thrilling days in his life!

By GRACE REED

Joan?" asks VICTOR JORY



Hollywood, as usual, is busy scouring the world for new talent—for boys and girls who have that spark that makes them worthy of expensive training. Here's the latest crop—

Will They Be The STARS of TOMORROW

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ARE the movie producers leaving the next group of stars who will bring millions into box-offices all over the world to chance?

They are not!

Today in every studio there are experts working with dozens of boys and girls hoping to develop them into the stars of 1936.

The first problem, of course, is to find personalities promising enough to warrant expensive training. All of the studios have scouts out everywhere. At the big Broadway openings these scouts keep discerning eyes focused on the bit players. They attend stock company performances in all cities. They know when amateur dramatic societies give plays. They watch the productions staged at colleges and boarding-schools. They consider the entrants of all popularity and beauty contests.

It is, I know, a common complaint that it is almost impossible for an outsider to break into the movies. And true enough. Until a scout recommends someone. Whereupon the problem is reversed and they are dragged to Hollywood by figurative golden chains. If they have been in school or college the continuation of their education is assured. Their salary begins at approximately seventy-five dollars a week and moves upward automatically every six months as options are exercised.

Maurice Revnes, a young Metro executive, who is responsible for the training and opportunities now given young men and girls at that studio was horrified to learn one day that a girl who was making a sensational success at another studio had been with Metro and had been let out.

That started things happening.

"It was through no one's inefficiency that this happened," Mr. Revnes explains. "That girl simply had been lost in the shuffle. But it worried me nevertheless. Talent is too rare to be overlooked. And I felt that since everybody here on the lot was busy with other affairs we undoubtedly were overlooking other personalities.

"I puzzled on how a show case for our potential star material could be arranged until I hit upon the idea of our present school or young stock company or experimental laboratory, or any other name you may wish to call it.

"Experts naturally had to be put in charge. And the expense this entailed wasn't warranted unless we rounded up most promising material. So I suggested we send out scouts.

"Once a month our young players appear in a play which is presented in a down-town theater. These performances our executives, directors and supervisors are obliged to attend.

"The plays given are those to which we hold the motion picture rights and this permits our directors to become familiar with the stories they may later direct.

OLIVER HINSDELL was put in charge as dramatic coach. Mr. Hinsdell was on the stage for years. More recently he was in charge of the Little Theater movement in Dallas. Three years in succession the group of players he brought to New York to compete in the Belasco tournament carried off the prize. Whereupon the city of Dallas built a beautiful theater for him.

The voice instruction was supervised by Samuel Kayzer. It is to Samuel Kayzer that the biggest Hollywood stars look when they need help with their voices. Ann Harding went to him when she wished to change her voice from the husky cigarette tones with which she used to speak to the feminine quality she has today.

"We can give our boys and girls technique," Oliver Hinsdell told me. "'Technique is a bag of tricks, more or less. But real art begins where the technique ends."

Thirty-two girls and boys report to Mr. Hinsdell in his big work room every day, to read different scenes in standard dramatic works. They discuss certain characters and analyze their reactions and emotions, walk about with heavy books on their heads for the sake of poise, sing and dance. They jot down an outline of the daily two hours study they must do at home.

I asked Mr. Hinsdell if he believed that an actor or actress does well to live very fully, to plunge into life seeking all manner of experiences. I remembered such men as Cecil B. DeMille and David Belasco saying this was helpful.

"I positively do not think it is necessary for a player to

Follow us around the question mark! Here are some of the brightest hopes, with the studios sponsoring them: June Lang (Fox), George Murphy (Columbia), Julian Madison (Paramount), Agnes Anderson (M-G-M), Billie Seward (Columbia), Eric Rhodes (RKO), Eole Galli (Universal), Diana Lewis (Paramount) and Mary Russell (Warners). Turn the page for more stellar prospects for the screen.

experience an emotion in order to portray it," he answered. "Just as long as an actor or an actress has that prime requisite of all artistry, an overwhelming love of mankind, he'll be all right.

"With an overwhelming love of mankind there comes an appreciation of why men and women are as they are and why they do what they do.

"Such a love fosters an interest in people. It makes you wonder about people constantly. It makes you curious to know where they have come from and where they are going.

"This was the thing Marie Dressler had. Consequently the characters she portrayed were real and warm. And her audiences sensing her capacity for love and understanding loved her."

Deliver Oliver Hinsdell from misunderstood people, from those who have no true love of life, from those given to hysteria and self pity!

"Nothing worth while ever comes from people like that," he says, bending across his desk which stands in a corner of his work-room. "Yet invariably it is such people, suffering from maladjustment, unable to manage a simple pattern of living, who believe themselves potential actors and actresses.

"It's ridiculous, of course. The one thing every player must have he could not possibly have. I refer to vitality. Without vitality you can neither gain nor hold the interest of others, irrespective of what you do.

"Furthermore without vitality you cannot have radiance. And in a player I count radiance of first importance. Glamor can be a matter of trappings and posturings. But radiance is that quality which comes from within.

"It is," he went on "a radiant quality our scouts are always seeking. Even if it's slight. It can be fanned into flame. But the spark must be there."

THEN I asked Mr. Hinsdell which of the girls and boys among his players showed most promise of becoming the new stars of 1936.

"There's Martha Sleeper," he said. "Martha's been around here for a long time without doing anything outstanding. But she is very talented. She's the nearest thing to Ina Claire I've seen in a long time, a marvellous light comedienne.

"She was too plump. But by using will power and good sense she got down to the proper weight.

"She has spunk. She designs her own clothes, and always looks grand. Besides, she has had the courage to make her own way even though her family, the Murdocks, have lots of money.

"During one of our productions," he explained, "a character didn't come on the stage when his cue was given. 'I think I'll have another drink,' said Martha, to cover the wait. And when he still didn't appear she still kept her head. 'I'm hungry,' she announced, 'I'm going

Above, Fred MacMurray, Paramount's potential star, and John Beal, RKO-Radio's. Below, Colin Tapley, for whom Paramount is cheering, Robert Taylor, who's M-G-M's star of the future, and William Henry, another M-G-M discovery. Which of these boys will be in the star class next year?

down to the kitchen for some sandwiches.' Whereupon she left the stage, found the missing actor, and returned with him and a plate covered with a napkin on which there were, presumably, sandwiches. The fact she didn't 'blow-up' in her lines shows the real quality that girl has.

"Betty Furness is very promising. She previously was under contract to another studio. They didn't use her and she planned to return East. However, before she left she appeared in a production in one of Los Angeles' Little Theaters. A Metro scout saw her. She had that quality I call radiance. And we got her name on the dotted line."

A scout saw Bob Taylor when he was playing in "Journey's End" at Pomona College. Recently he got the lead in a Metro quickie "Society Doctor" and scored a terrific hit in it.

"Bob Taylor's greatest handicap," according to Oliver Hinsdell "is that he was the toast of his college. We had to get him to forget that, put it behind him. I'm counting on Bob to go far. He has a splendid voice and a great personality. And although he comes from a little town in Nebraska where his father was a country doctor, he gives a sense of sophistication."

CURIOUSLY enough Mr. Hinsdell finds the boys more clever than the girls.

"In all my experience this has been the case," he says. "The girls are more eager but usually the boys have more talent."

Maurice Revnes had talked of George Wolcott with great enthusiasm. I asked about him.

"George belongs in the promising line-up without a doubt," Mr. Hinsdell agreed. "We discovered him playing juvenile parts on the stage in New York. Light comedy for the most part. But he shows a flair for serious, emotional work. He's like the Glenn Hunter we used to know. And, best of all, an indefatigable worker."

Last summer when Max Reinhardt's assistant was looking for actors for the Hollywood Bowl production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," George Wolcott was asked to read the part of one of the characters. He hadn't seen this play since he was in school. But immediately he began to read, the Reinhardt assistant was intent.

"I wouldn't think of having anyone else," he interrupted when George had read only four or five lines. "I've never heard anyone read Shakespeare so beautifully."

There's Agnes Anderson. Mr. Hinsdell is banking upon her, too.

"Agnes," he explained, "is the only beauty contest winner so far to make the grade. She was voted Miss Detroit. Her expenses to Hollywood were paid and she was brought here to the studio for the screen test that was promised.

"However, immediately I started to prepare her for this test I knew she had something. And when she did a scene from 'Hotel Universe' in which she meets a boyhood sweetheart she still loves although she hasn't seen him since he drifted away years before I knew she was star stuff."

I asked Mr. Hinsdell why beauty contest winners make such persistently poor showing in the studios.

"Because of their beauty," he told me. "They depend upon it. And beauty in itself is not enough. To get anywhere at all on the screen today you must have a certain amount of background and a certain degree of education."

Bill Henry was put in the 1936 star line-up next. Bill also used to be under contract to another studio. But for some reason he didn't show up to very good advantage and they didn't use him. Metro, however, felt confidence in him. He's the virile, athletic type. And under the careful assistance he has received lately he is progressing and developing with a brilliance that fulfills all the hope that was placed in him.

Another bright hope is Irene Hervey.

"Irene," says Oliver Hinsdell, "came to the studio herself. No scout brought her in. She waited outside day after day and one day when I was rehearsing, by some hook or crook, she got to me. I explained that I was very busy, that I couldn't possibly see her.

"'All right, I'll wait.' she said. 'I've heard about you and all I want is that you see me do two scenes.'

"She did a scene from 'Berkeley Square' and a scene from 'Private Lives.' She was alone on a dark stage. She talked to a chair. But she did it so beautifully that she held me spellbound."

Irene is a Santa Monica high school girl. Her only previous experience before she entered in Metro's training school was in high-school plays.

"And," says Mr. Hinsdell, "she has the concentration which must be granted the first big stone in the foundation of a motion picture career."

OVER on the Paramount lot they call their young men and girls their Junior Players. And here a young girl twenty-six years of age is in charge as coach.

However, in the case of Phyllis Loughton, youth infers neither lack of ability nor experience. She was playing children's parts with the famous Jessie Bonstelle stock company in Detroit when she was nine years old. When she was eleven, unbelievably enough, she was the stage manager. She always adored to help the stage manager dress the stage and he always enjoyed her interest and her help and gave her pointers. Therefore, when he fell ill she did his job (*Continued on page* 111)

"Anything I've Wanted I'VE GOT!"

—Anne Shirley

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

"MOTHER is a great worrier," Anne Shirley told me. "She worries about everything. The rent—for instance. Oh, dozens of times mother and I haven't had any idea where the rent money was coming from. But I didn't worry. I guess I just haven't sense enough. You see, I knew we'd get the money somehow. Anything I've wanted, I've got!

"Once I saw a little dress on the boulevard. I thought it was cute and I asked mother if I could have it. Poor mother. She said no, that there wasn't enough money. So I stopped thinking about the dress. But the very next day a friend of ours gave me the dress. She said she had seen it in the window and it looked like me so she bought it.

"And then there was the diamond ring. Ever since I could remember I had wanted a diamond ring. I didn't tell anybody about it because I knew I couldn't have one. And then I worked in a picture with Marie Dressler. At Easter she gave all the kids in the picture a present. My present was a duck with an Easter egg on his back. I thought it was cute. She said, 'Look inside the egg.' I did and there was an adorable diamond ring.

"And then there was the dog. I was crazy for a dog. I think I wanted the dog more than the dress or the diamond ring or anything. And just a few months ago Mr. Nichols, my director, gave me a Scotty pup. So why should I worry? You see, I always get everything I want.

"Being a picture actress? Oh, I don't care much about that. Well, you see pictures to me are just like bread and butter to other kids. I've been around studios and in pictures ever since I was three. I don't understand what people mean when they say, 'Aren't you thrilled?' How could I be thrilled over something that's been happening to me all my life?"

Does this give you a picture of Anne Shirley? Does this verbatim monologue make you see that amazing girl—not yet seventeen years old—whose dewy sincerity in "Anne of Green Gables" touched your heart so deeply?

When she paused for breath I managed to say, "But isn't there a thrill in knowing the responsibility you have? The responsibility that any actress has of making people happy?"

SHE didn't answer my question in words. Responsibility? She was probably thinking of the rent. Suddenly the bright, enthusiastic girl vanished before me and in her place I saw a woman who has learned too much, too young. In spite of the fact that, a few moments before, she had bounded up the steps, agile as a kitten, in spite of the fact that she had sprawled awkwardly in a chair, as any kid would, there was about her that curious tragic thing which one sees inevitably written upon the face of every sensitive "child actress."

As Dawn O'Day, a little girl, she had taken pictures like "bread and butter to other kids." But pictures can never be bread and butter to anybody. Not really. The work is too highly emotional. It is touched too deeply by the human equation.

Anne Shirley is sensitive. Her mouth tells you that even before she begins to speak. And into her heart, into her soul have grown a thousand emotions, gleaned from a thousand dramas. You know that she is not yet seventeen. If it weren't true her press agent

(*Continued on page* 105)

Spurred on by her fine mother, Dawn O'Day never allowed herself to say "No" to her dreams, and so found success as Anne Shirley

How to be *Beautiful* Though Busy

By GLORIA MACK

THE girl who works outside of her home has a special beauty problem. Like every other girl, she wants to be as pretty, as well-groomed as possible. The girl in her own home frequently has time to herself during the day when she can "let down," but the business girl, while she is on the job, can never let-down. It is definitely part of her equipment for work to be as well turned out, at all times, as she knows how.

The days when "business woman" meant only tailored clothes, flat heels, cotton stockings and a shiny nose are no more. But I know, and I'm sure you know, girls who seem to reserve every bit of effort to make themselves attractive after office hours only. It is as though they sent a pallid, drab little understudy of themselves to work; an efficient, able understudy perhaps, but one which is certainly not expressive of their real personality.

And that's such a mistake! Let us be our real selves at all times. You've heard me say this before, I know. I've written it in many letters, but I'm saying it again. Every one of you, you *know* that within your hearts is a picture of the girl you want to be. And because our dreams of ourselves are our *true* selves (did you ever know that?) we should bend every effort to make that dream come true for the world to see, and know, and love. Refuse to let it fade, or be forgotten because it takes time and it takes work to make your dream-self appear.

Your working hours are a large part of your life, numerically a very large part. They don't leave you much time to devote to health and grooming; so all the more power to you when you present a smart, attractive appearance at your work day after day. Besides, the well-groomed, neat girl has a much better chance at promotion than the tacky-looking girl. Bosses are almost always men and very human in their response to this type of feminine appeal.

I'M not going to talk about working clothes right now. We'll leave that for another time. But I do want to give you some important hints about dressing for the office. Lay out what you're going to wear the next day, before you go to bed at night! See that your dress is not wrinkled, buttons and snaps in place, that the shields (if you wear them) are fresh. Make sure you have a fresh pair of stockings on hand. Be sure your shoes are shined.

Doing all this the night before, starts you off in the morning free from those last minute domestic chores, and insures your being well-groomed for the day. And don't forget that well-groomed also means that your nails are manicured, so do that the night before, too.

Walk to work if you possibly can. So few of us get all the fresh air we really need, and working girls least of all. Make it a real exercise for yourself too, swinging along at a good pace. If you prefer to wear high heels while at the office, why not keep a pair there, and wear good low-heeled shoes for that morning and afternoon walk? Walking in high-heels is practically no good at all for anyone.

And while we're on the subjects of fresh air and exercise, make it a point, if you possibly can manage it, to get a little of both during the day. Surely there is time to go to an open window and practice a few moments of that special breathing exercise so many of you have written in for. You'll be surprised how it will pick you up. Try and get a walk in at noon too, even if only just around the block.

The office worker should watch her figure, and religiously do her special exercises every night. Sitting still at a desk, or being on your feet behind a counter all day long is "agin" nature, and we've got to compensate for it by taking extra precautions. Do you know how to fight that "desk-chair spread," or the danger of flattening arches? When you write me, if this is part of your beauty problem, mention it and I'll be very glad to tell you the best preventative measures.

NOW what about make-up? Has the office worker a particular problem in that? She certainly has. She can never afford to put on a careless make-up. In the first place, no girl should ever be careless about this, at any time; and secondly, while you are on

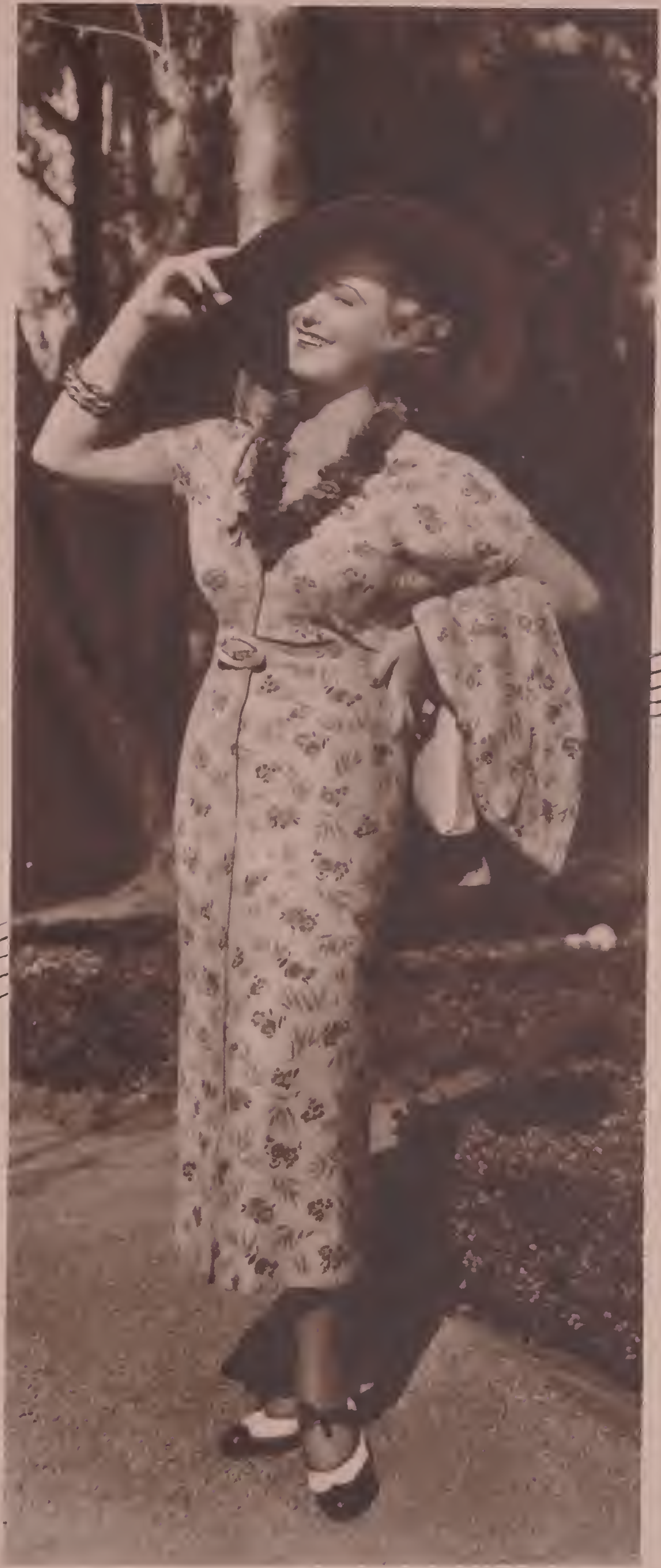
(*Continued on page* 97)

Let me help you with your determination to look your prettiest! If you feel you need the exercises mentioned in the article, or you want the name of the new hand cream, write me, and I will send you a private, confidential reply. You will be glad to know, that if you missed the self-analysis beauty chart of last month, I have had some extra ones printed, which I will be glad to send you. Or, of course, I am always glad to answer questions on skin care, good treatment of your hair, blackhead cures, or any of the usual troublesome beauty problems. So do write me, Gloria Mack, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. It doesn't cost anything, but don't forget to enclose that stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply!

Dorothy Wilson is a girl who worked in offices and yet was never too much the "business woman" to be herself, as well.

star fashions • • by • • gwenn walters

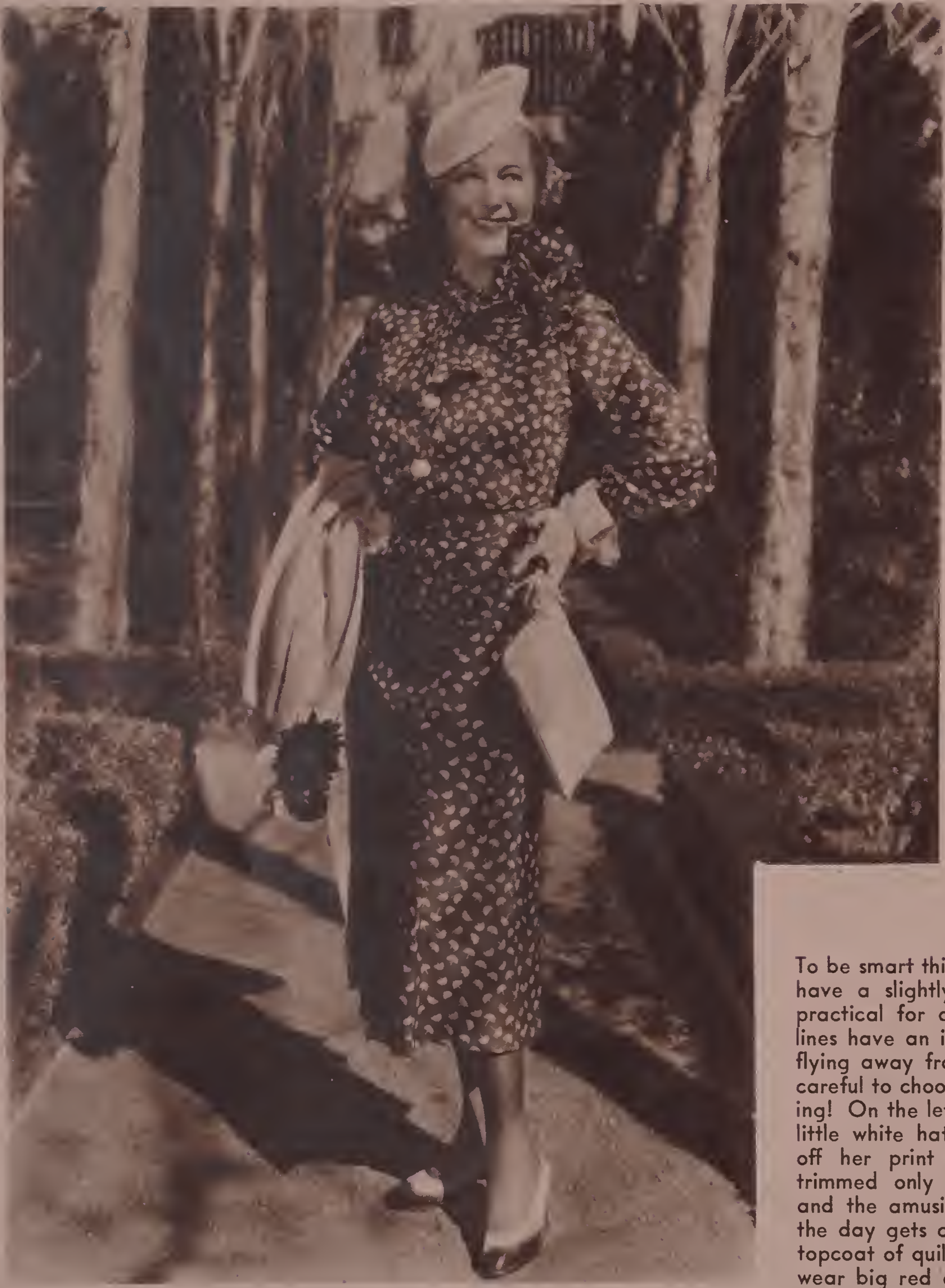
Grace Moore's Spring Clothe



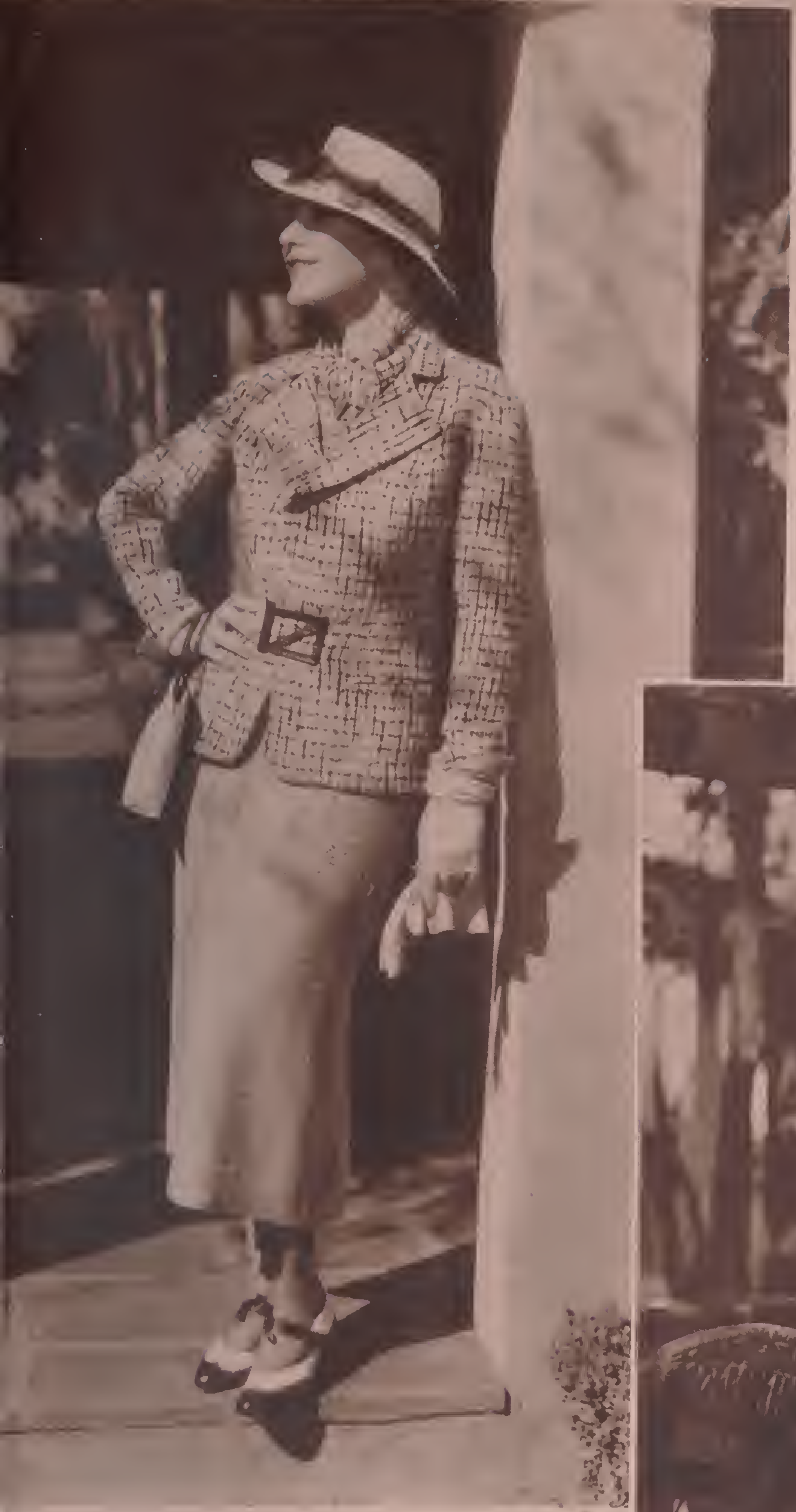
Grace Moore, the sensational singing discovery of "One Night of Love," brings you a preview of her wardrobe for spring. They are lovely, lightsome clothes, but eminently practical and particularly adaptable to the well-rounded figure. Like all smart women at this season of the year, Miss Moore breaks into print—but a very different print, this one, since it's not on silk but on natural linen. The colors are blue and red, and the neckline goes dramatic with a lei of matching flowers. Miss Moore's hat is a big pancake of red, red straw—and if you, too, want to be gaily dramatic, and reach a high note in fashion and color, you'll do well to copy it.

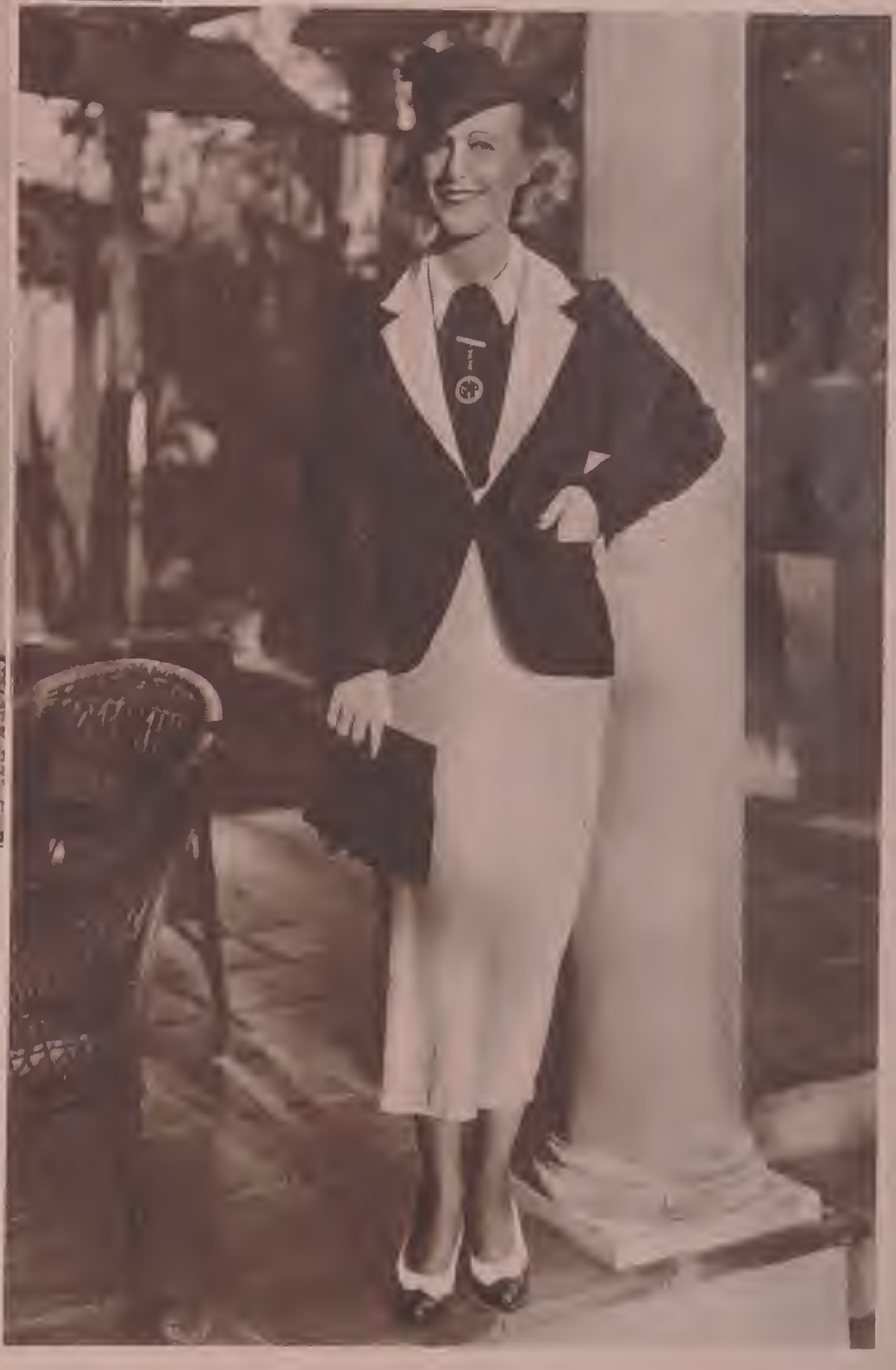
GOWNS AND HATS—BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE—LOS ANGELES

Moore Clothes



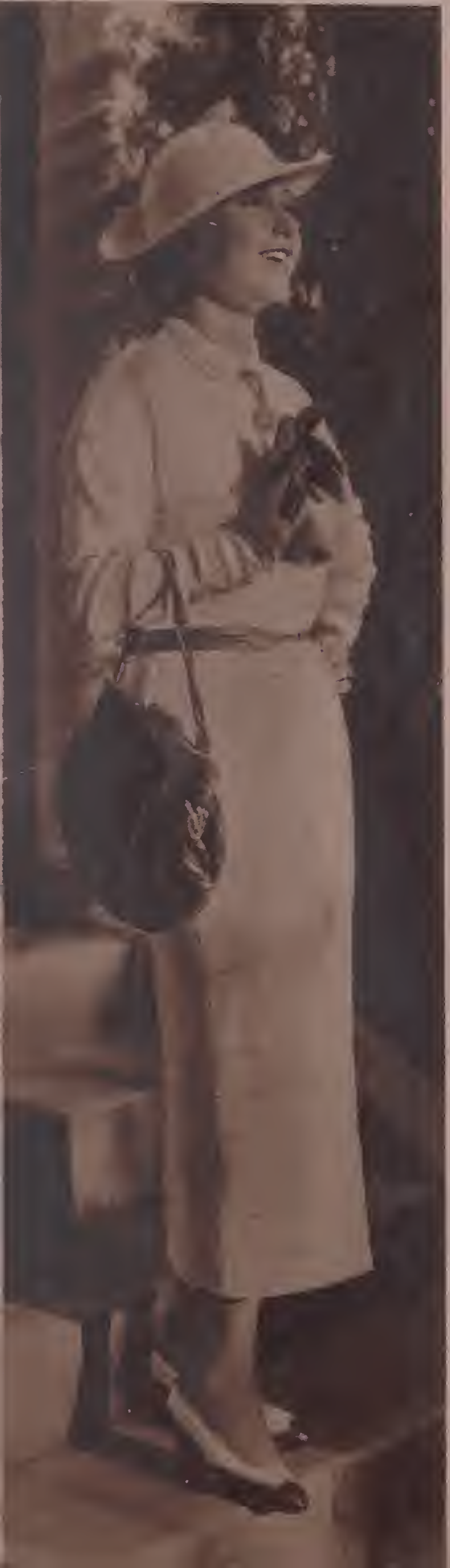
To be smart this spring your clothes must have a slightly mad air, and yet be practical for dashing about. All hatlines have an irresponsible look and go flying away from the face—but do be careful to choose those that are becoming! On the left, Grace Moore's foolish little white hat is exactly right to top off her print dress of red-and-white, trimmed only with white ball buttons and the amusing frou at the neck. If the day gets chilly, it's smart to don a topcoat of quilted white linen crash and wear big red and white velvet flowers.



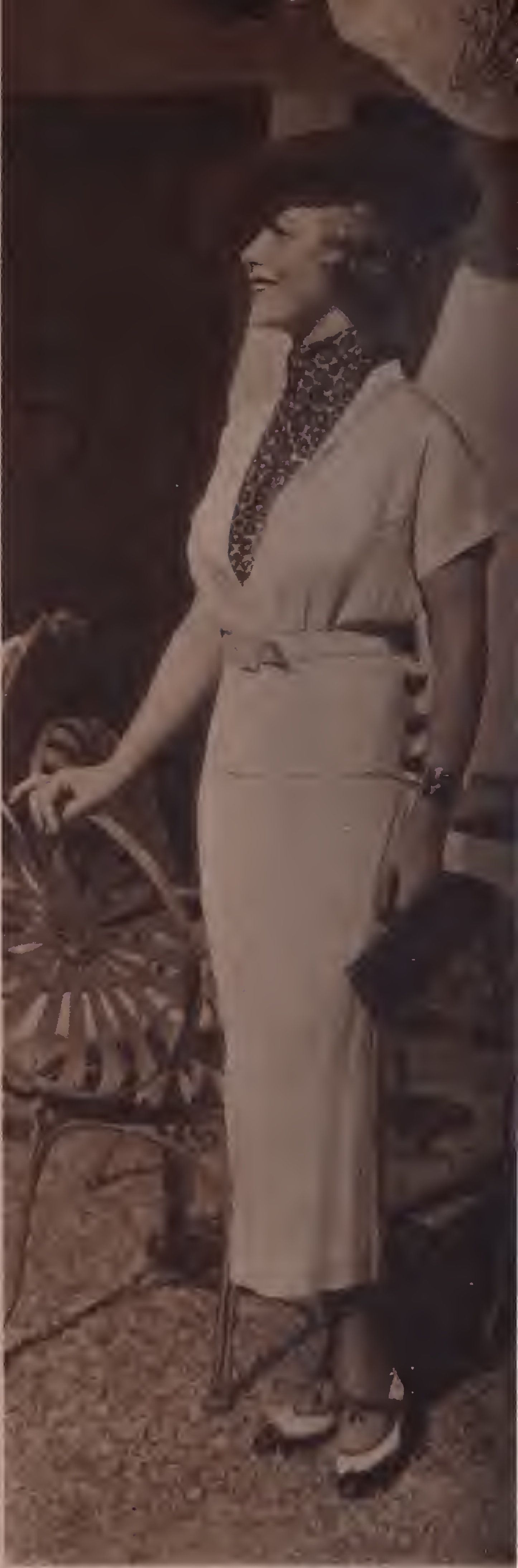


This spring, jackets are the thing. If you are going to the mountains on vacation, or any place that is cool, nothing could be more chic than Grace's two-piece suit (above) with the coat of powder blue-and-grey angora, with a nipped-in waistline and matching ascot at the throat. The shirt is of powder blue basket-weave wool. Our very clever young prima donna chooses brown and pink for her second outfit (right). Over a pink cotton mesh frock with a big brown bow at the neck, Miss Moore wears a tailored coat of brown velveteen with a wide pink rever.

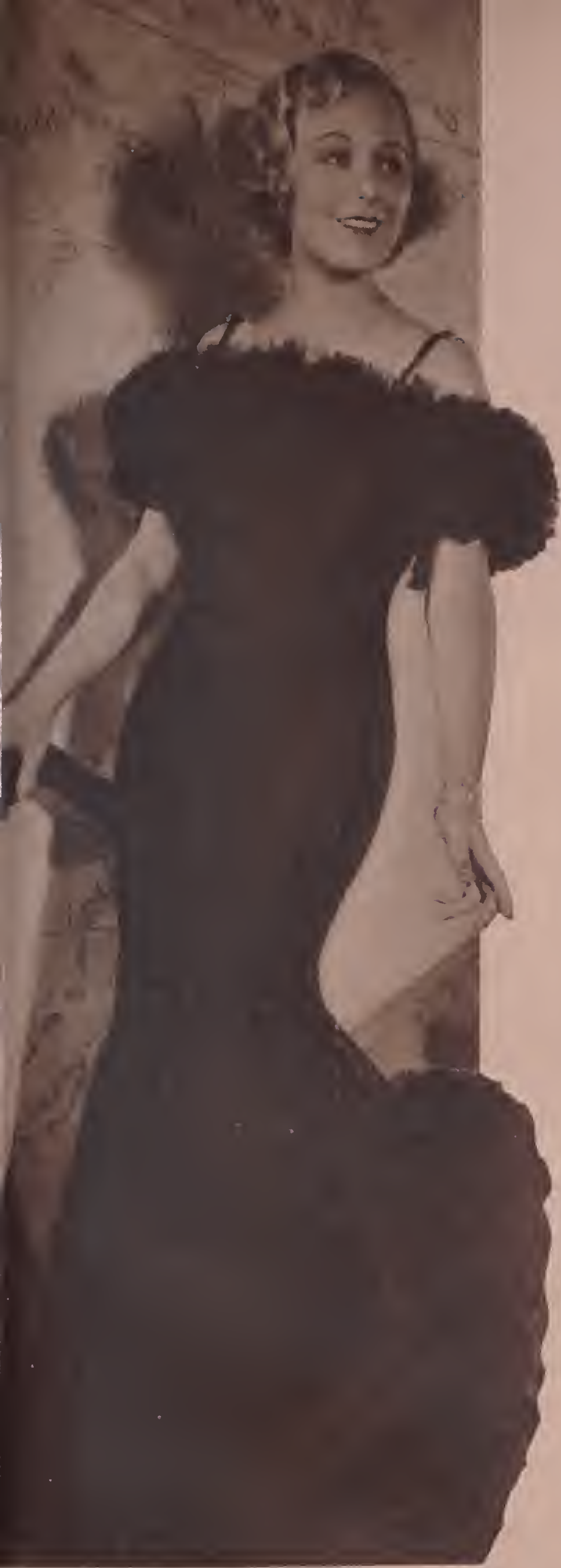
Simplicity for Daytime



For luncheon in town, for all-summer wear, this white bouclé dress (left) in a self-checked design is ideal. You can wear accessories of any color. If you really can't afford many dresses, choose one like this on the right. It's very smart. The bandana scarf at the neck is detachable, so that you may use any number of scarves. And the material —white ribbed silk — may be tubbed many times without ever showing it.

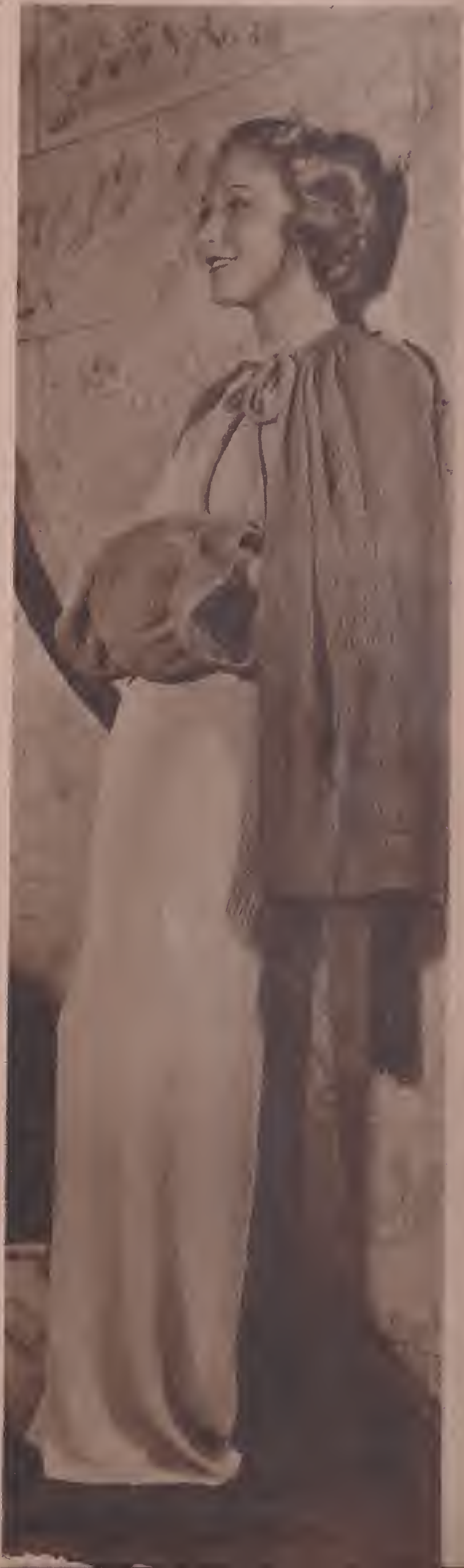


ALL PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIE MIRROR BY WILLIAM A. FRAKER OF COLUMBIA STUDIOS AND TAKEN IN MISS MOORE'S HOME AND THE GARDENS OF HER BEAUTIFUL BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE WHICH OFFERED A LOVELY BACKGROUND.



Simplicity for Evening

Comes evening—and, with it, two frocks for dining and dancing, not a bit practical, but what every girl would like to have to complete her summer conquests. The dinner frock is of softest pink crêpe with a deeper pink cape and—new note! — a pink crêpe muff. The dancing dress is of black tucked net, form-fitting, with a big ruff of the net around the dropped shoulder line and another ruff around the hem.



Would you like to be as well-dressed as Grace Moore, or Claudette Colbert, or Joan Crawford, or any other of Hollywood's fashion leaders? Would you like advice from Hollywood on how to do it? Do you want to know about colors and fabrics? Do you know just how to dress for a dinner party, or a summer afternoon, or for lunch with the one man in your life? Gwenn Walters will be glad to help you with any fashion problem. Write her in care of Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Right, the two most persistent twosomes in town—at Colleen Moore's tea party. They're James Blakely and Mary Carlisle with Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow.

At left, a grab shot of Helen Mack and her "always-companion," Charles Erwin. Guess they've just been in to see a movie for a little relaxation.

That's husband Arthur Sheekman dancing with Gloria Stuart at the Trocadero (right). There's no doubt about their good time!

In the cozy corner, below, are Marlene Dietrich with her new leading man, Cesar Romero, at the Trocadero. (On the other hand, he's often seen tangoing with Sally Blane—and how those two can dance!)

While our star writers are dashing about to get you the latest news our crack photographer, Hyman Fink, is snapsnooping for Cupid's capers

KEEPING UP-TO-DATE with Romance

The picture below is one of the last shots of Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy taken before their recent bust-up. If they felt *that* way about each other, won't they reconcile—or are we sentimental?

At the left, love in bloom—at the Philharmonic Auditorium, where you're apt to find Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone at any concert—but rarely will they let you see them in as swell a moment of rapture as this.

Edward G. Robinson and his lovely wife never miss a musical event at the Philharmonic Auditorium. That's they, below, left.

He'd gamble again, and win.
a hundred to one chance on
shown him, a sketchy map.
n, was a huge roulette table
lives for gold, and that im-
ed supreme.
breaking trail. Jack saw
ne he heard, close at hand,
nting call of wolves who

kit! They've got some-

d was speeding toward
e the pack. The men
ad what at first looked
ne just in time. Jack

The CALL of the WILD

Fictionized By
DOROTHY EMERSON

The story of a soul-searing search for gold and happiness in the Yukon wilderness, from the exciting movie starring Clark Gable and Loretta Young

Produced by 20th Century Pictures from the novel by Jack London

Jack Thornton	CLARK GABLE
Claire Blake	LORETTA YOUNG
Shorty	Jack Oakie
Smith	Reginald Owen
John Blake	Frank Conroy
Buck, the Dog	King

knelt beside the prone figure and raised the head gently. The hood of the parka fell back and a cascade of glorious hair shimmered across his hands. A woman . . . on the Yukon trail! Her face was lovely, and young. She was gently bred, Jack didn't need to hear her speak to know that. What in the name of——!

Shorty whispered hoarsely: "It's Mrs. Blake! I seen her with Blake in Skagway. But where's he?"

Jack was asking her this as he helped the girl to her feet. Her story wasn't an unusual one for that country. New to the gruelling hard work and the dreadful winter weather, she and her husband had started out for Dawson City. They had lost most of their provisions and dogs crossing a river, but tried to struggle on. Finally the husband had gone to hunt for food. That was two days ago. He had not come back. Did they think . . .

Their faces told her what they thought of the situation.

"But you'll find him now, won't you?" she said, trying to keep the real question out of her voice and looking hopefully at Jack who evaded her eyes. This was no pleasure trip on which the arrival of a woman was a welcome interlude. Women had no place up here anyway, not women like this one. Besides, big Jack Thornton had seen too many pretty women in his day, to be influenced by one now, when he was on business.

He told her briefly: "There's nothing we can do. We're a thousand miles from nowhere. Either the cold, or the wolves got him."

Jack caught her arm and urged her toward the sled: "Hop on. We're taking you to Dawson where we're going."

Claire struggled from him: "You've got to help find John. He isn't dead. I don't believe it!"

Jack was arranging the blankets on the sled: "Listen, lady, in this country when a man's been gone for two days, he's *gone*."

She glared at him defiantly: "Then I'm staying here. I won't budge. John must be found before I leave here!"

Jack squinted at the sun. They were losing precious daylight. He sighed. He took his hands out of his pockets and moved toward her saying: "I've tried common sense on you, but it didn't seem to take. Well, this is going to hurt you more than it does me." In a flash, he had struck her on the jaw, a perfect knock-out. Lifting her slim form quickly in his big arms, he strapped her to the sled, and they were back on the trail making up for lost time.

They were a strange trio, the two men and the angry, heartsick girl. Jack was thoughtful of her physical comfort but made fun of her.

SHORTY asked: "What you goin' to do with her?"

Jack snorted with disgust: "What can we do but leave her in Dawson. A female to pack all that way! It sure is jolly."

"Yeah, but Jack, like I said, this is Blake's wife. John Blake, the nephew of the old gink who found the mine we're lookin' for now. I ain't forgot a word o' that letter I opened. It said his nephew, John Blake, was to be his sole heir, and the nephew come up here to collect his mine. That's plain."

"Wish your memory had been as good for the map that was in the letter, telling how to *find* the mine, or that you'd destroyed the letter right then, and kept the original map."

Shorty's brow wrinkled earnestly as he tried to justify himself: "Say, Jack. How wuz I to know they suspected I'd been reading the mail I was supposed to be bringing into Skagway? I just had this envelope opened all nice. I opined there might be somethin' of interest in it, because it said on the outside it was to be forwarded if anything happened to the writer. And I knew about that old man being found dead on the trail. I read it, but all I got was a squint at the map afore the Mountie tapped me on the shoulder and says, says he: "Six months in the hoosegow for tampering with the mail. You're caught with the goods."

"Well, and so you were," Jack chuckled.

"Yeah? Well, you thought that copy of the map I made from memory was good enough to stake a prospectin' trip on, didn't you? 'N now look. We got Mrs. Blake and it's a darned good chance *she's* got the original map. She and her husband was certainly on their way to the mine."

Jack was thoughtful: "First we got to get to Dawson City and then we got to raise cash for a full outfit. Us and our passenger!" He bent a vindictive glance at the figure on the sled. "Then we'll make us some plans."

THEY were a strange trio, pushing through the lonely country, the two men and the angry, heart-sick girl. As the days passed, Claire began to like Shorty. His whimsical humor and his kindness were what she needed. Jack was as thoughtful of her physical comfort as Shorty but he made fun of her, bitter remarks that hurt her. They fought constantly. He made her feel like extra baggage till even Shorty was moved to protest. But Jack shut him up with a snarl: "We're taking her into Dawson, aren't we? That's enough."

The truth of it was that big Jack was disturbed. A whole flood of unfamiliar emotions were surging up in his heart, and he mistrusted himself. It wasn't till he saw Claire making a conquest of the hitherto exclusive affections of the big lead-dog Buck, that he relaxed his surliness.

"Funny how I got that dog," he said. "He's a tenderfoot, too. This is his first trip, and yet half way out of Skagway, he ups and licks the stuffings out of the old leader and takes his place. Some dog, that Buck."

Buck, who had been sitting between them beside the fire, whined, and catching Jack's wrist in his powerful jaws, worried it playfully, making stifled growlings in his throat. Jack tousled his rough coat. The dog and the man seemed to understand each other.

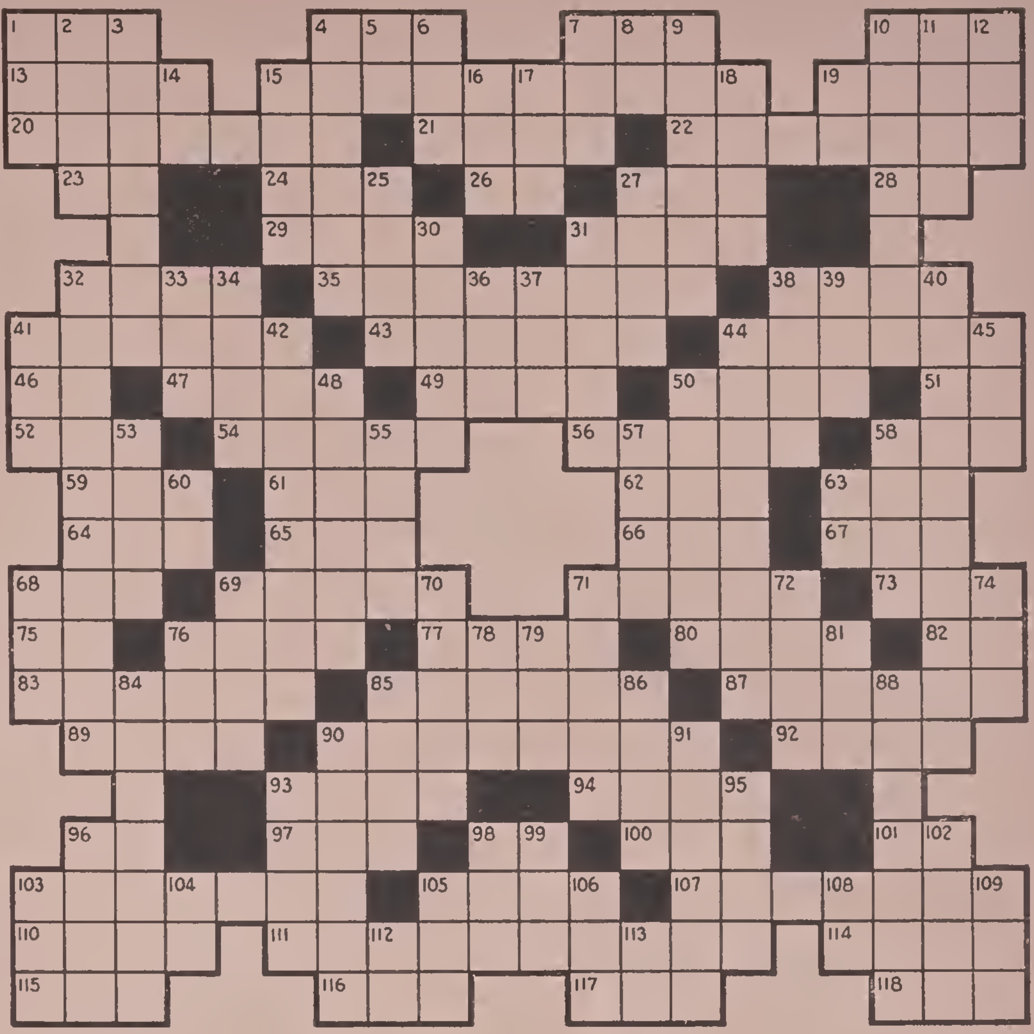
"Yep, some dog," Jack went on. "I rescued him right out from under the gun of a mean cuss who calls himself Smith. Smith! Huh. He'd been abusing Buck, and Buck, he took it upon himself to just naturally tear Mr. Smith to pieces. Woulda' too, but Smith's men, devils as mean as their master, beat him off. Smith then wanted to put a bullet through him and when I stopped it, he offered to buy Buck just for the pleasure of shooting him. Mean customer, Smith."

It was the first softness Claire had seen Jack show, and she was surprised and puzzled at the pleasure the discovery gave her. (*Continued on page* 74)

Much of their time was spent by the water, while the birds, tame from never having seen man, fluttered over their heads and sang.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of February, to Emma Moosman, Kennedy, Nebraska. Why not try your luck? You, too, may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Address Puzzle Editor, MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

▨	▨	H	A	Y	E	S	▨	L	O	Y	▨	S	H	E	A	R	E	R
▨	P	O	W	E	L	L	▨	A	V	E	▨	M	A	R	L	E	N	E
P	A	N	E	S	▨	A	N	N	A	▨	D	U	N	N	E	▨	S	I
A	R	E	S	▨	A	G	U	E	▨	M	A	D	G	E	▨	M	U	G
S	K	Y	▨	S	I	G	N	▨	▨	E	R	G	S	▨	B	E	E	N
H	E	▨	M	A	R	Y	▨	P	R	A	T	E	▨	A	L	A	▨	▨
A	R	L	I	S	S	▨	R	E	E	L	S	▨	G	L	E	N	D	A
▨	▨	A	S	H	▨	H	E	A	T	S	▨	F	R	A	N	T	I	C
B	A	Y	S	▨	C	O	B	R	A	▨	O	L	A	N	D	▨	A	R
O	N	E	▨	▨	O	S	U	L	L	I	V	A	N	▨	▨	A	N	I
L	O	▨	P	A	R	T	S	▨	I	N	E	R	T	▨	D	U	A	D
E	D	W	A	R	D	S	▨	P	A	D	R	E	▨	F	A	R	▨	▨
S	E	R	I	E	S	▨	M	O	T	E	T	▨	H	O	W	A	R	D
▨	▨	I	N	A	▨	S	I	L	E	X	▨	T	O	R	N	▨	O	R
B	E	S	T	▨	B	E	T	A	▨	▨	H	A	L	E	▨	M	A	E
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A	S	▨	S	U	I	T	S	▨	C	U	R	B	▨	D	O	T	E	D
V	E	N	A	B	L	E	▨	S	U	N	▨	O	L	I	V	E	R	▨
E	D	U	C	A	T	E	▨	O	B	I	▨	T	A	P	E	R	▨	▨

ACROSS

1. Noun suffix denoting one who
4. A Tibetan gazelle
7. A pronoun (poss.)
10. Husband of Bette Davis (initials)
13. A pigeon
15. In "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
19. Star in "As the Earth Turns"
20. Recently married to Verree Teasdale
21. Fay ——
22. To howl
23. He played in "Charlie Chan in London" (initials)
24. A winglike part
26. Preposition
27. To bleat
28. Thorium (abbr)
29. Near
31. A cryptogamic plant
32. To shed tears
35. Crudest
38. A character in musical notation to determine pitch
41. A jackstay
43. To bear witness
44. A light boat
46. A conjunction
47. Epochs
49. A nestling
50. A Chinese money of account
51. Pseudonym of an Irish poet
52. Printers' measures
54. A swelling
56. English noblemen
58. She played in "One Night of Love"
59. To consume
61. To obtain
62. Vocative (abbr.)
63. A chest or coffer
64. Studio which produced "Age of Innocence"
65. A covering for the head
66. The self
67. A resinous substance
68. A Japanese sash
69. Strap for sharpening a razor
71. Authority to act for another
73. To move slowly
75. Ancient Chaldean city
76. To satiate
77. To look obliquely
80. Denials
82. Dad
83. An alarm bell
85. Situated on the Baltic Sea
87. Table linen
89. Counterfeit
90. Tallulah ———
92. An incarnation of Vishnu
93. Mrs. Al Hall
94. —— Leyton
96. Three-toed sloth
97. A unit
98. To exist
100. A limb
101. In case that
103. —— Wong
105. A large cupola
107. Native
110. Star in "We Live Again"
111. Featured in "Down to Their Last Yacht"
114. Mud
115. A suffix meaning footed
116. Born
117. —— Claire
118. A domesticated animal

DOWN

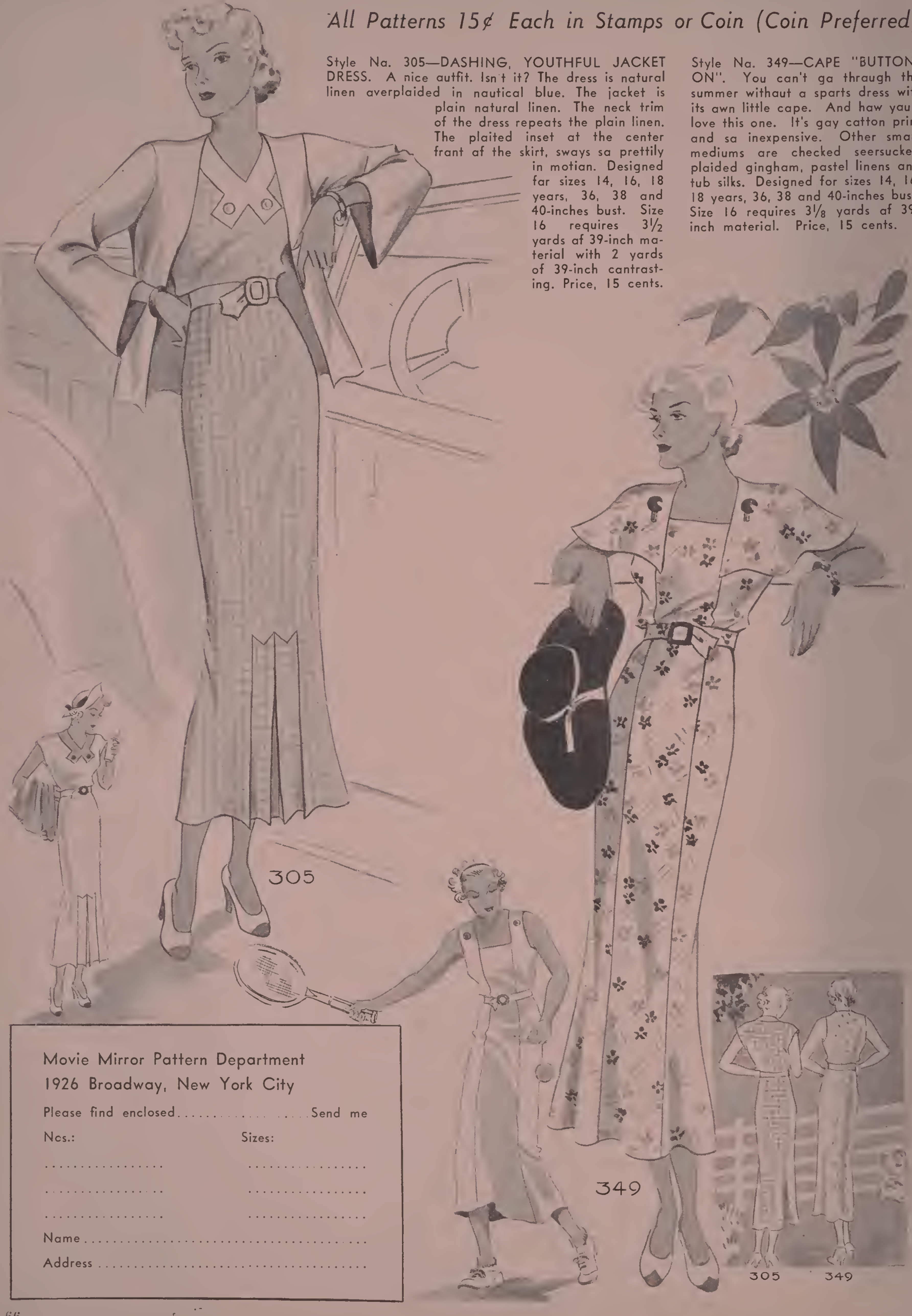
1. Featured in "Ready For Love"
2. Thelma ——
3. One who evolves
4. Pertaining to the Gaels
5. Gold color (in heraldry)
6. A Chinese actress (init.)
7. Frigid
8. A syllable in music
9. She played in "Gift of Gab"
10. —— Angel
11. A solemn affirmation
12. North-northeast (abbr.)
14. He played in "Gift of Gab" (initials)
15. Role played by Warner Oland
16. An age
17. Actor who plays gangster roles
18. He played in "Baby Take a Bow"
19. Formerly June Vlasek (initials)
25. A city in India
27. English actress who married Herbert Marshall
30. One who hates
31. Horizontal band across middle of escutcheon
32. Studio which produced "Gentlemen Are Born"
33. Before
34. —— Kelton
36. A pen for swine
37. A large body of water
38. An old silent star making a comeback
39. A northern constellation.
40 Director of "Broadway Bill"
41. American writer of weird tales
42. Shearer's father in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
44. "Antony" in "Cleopatra"
45. Yes
48. Greasy
50. A tropical bird
53. An animal
55. Joan's husband in "Chained"
57. To affirm
58. River in Russia
60. Toward
63. Ruby Keeler's husband
68. From the interior
69. Often teamed with ZaSu Pitts
70. A flat surface
71. Moved with a lever
72. Twelve months
74. "The —— Divorcee"
76. Confederate States of America (abbr.)
78. A large deer
79. An Anglo-Saxon letter
81. A mineral spring
84. Recent Gable-Crawford movie
85. A pest
86. Star in "All the King's Horses"
88. Pertaining to experience
90. An East Indian tree
91. An elderly woman who watches over a young woman
93. A kind of soil
95. An interjection
96. Meaning "before" in Latin
98. Robert Montgomery's nickname
99. "Augusta" in "The Last Gentleman" (initials)
102. A gambling game
103. A poisonous snake
104. Indefinite article
105. To color
106. Priest who trained Samuel
108. In "The Merry Widow" (initials)
109. He's Ginger Roger's husband
112. She is featured in "Gift of Gab" (initials)
113. Indefinite article

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ Each in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

Style No. 305—DASHING, YOUTHFUL JACKET DRESS. A nice outfit. Isn't it? The dress is natural linen overplaided in nautical blue. The jacket is plain natural linen. The neck trim of the dress repeats the plain linen. The plaited inset at the center front of the skirt, sways so prettily in motion. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 349—CAPE "BUTTONS ON". You can't go through this summer without a sports dress with its own little cape. And how you'll love this one. It's gay cotton print and so inexpensive. Other smart mediums are checked seersucker, plaided gingham, pastel linens and tub silks. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.......................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:
....
....
....

Name..

Address..

Chapped busy hands made thrillingly smooth with HINDS

Smooth hands can say so much. But chapping, roughness, are ugly, unfeminine. Keep your hands nice with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds *does more* for your hands because Hinds is a rich cream—in liquid form. When you smooth in Hinds, it soaks dry abused skin deeply with healing oils. It quickly restores a thrilling smoothness.

Busy hands needn't chap or roughen. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soaks the skin with rich oils—to replace those "dried out" by hot suds or wind.

So easy. Rub in a little Hinds *after* soap tasks . . . and *before* bedtime. Just 1½ minutes' care a day gives lasting smoothness.

Soothe chapped little hands and knees with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It's easier to "wash clean" when Hinds keeps skin smooth.

Housecleaning today—yet her hands will look smooth and white when she goes to a party tonight. Hinds after housework is her secret!

IT is too bad to lose the endearing *smoothness of your hands when you can keep it so easily*—in spite of housework. It takes only about a minute and a half a day—it costs only a mere fraction of a cent a day—with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream . . . And your hands *keep* that lovable smoothness.

So many women have decided that Hinds does *more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *liquid cream.* When you rub *in* Hinds, it soaks the skin deeply with healing soothing oils—it replaces oils stolen from the skin by soap suds, housework and wind! Use Hinds after soap tasks—and always at night, to restore thrilling smoothness quickly. 50¢ and 25¢ in drug stores, a 10¢ size in the dime store.

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

HINDS

Honey and Almond

CREAM

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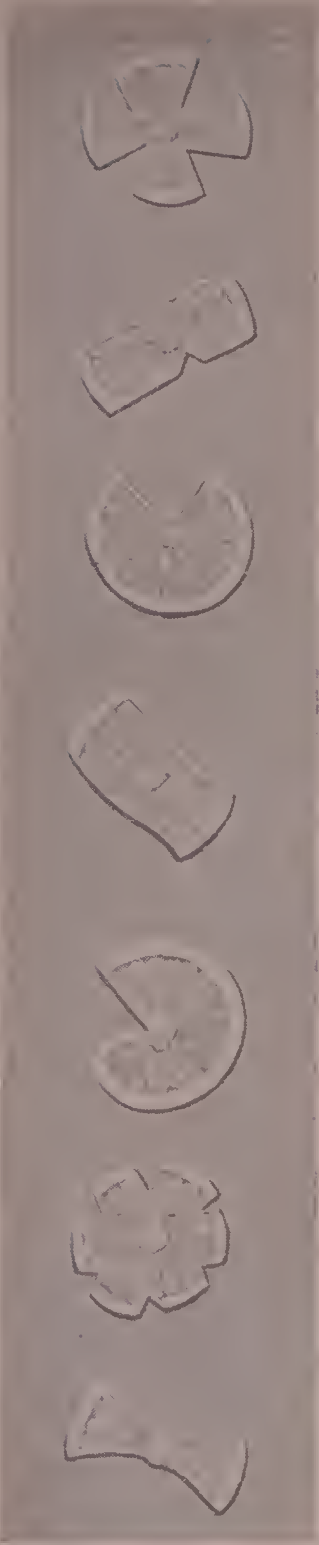
Cooking

Tea-Time Is Time To Serve These Tidbits

By Pauline Nelson



A coming all-color picture casts its shadow before! This is Frances Dee at the tea-urn in "Becky Sharp." At left, a few effective designs for your tea-lemon.

AFTERNOON tea is a time of pleasant chatter, good food, and, may I add, *good* tea. Making tea properly is a simple business, but it's amazing how many people don't know how, or do not see the necessity of being careful about it. But at that, nobody *eats* their tea, as poor Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends once did in old England.

Way back in 1657, Mrs. Hutchinson had sent to her some of that new, strange, exotic stuff—tea. Very excited, she invited her neighbors in and they examined the queer, dry leaves. Not having the least idea what to do with them, they boiled them till tender, drained off the liquid, dressed the nice, tender leaves with salt, pepper and butter and ate it that way!

This is what Mrs. Hutchinson should have done: First, you must use freshly boiled water, water that is boiling at a gallop, not just perking a little. Pour some of this into your empty pot and let it stand long enough to heat the pot thoroughly. These may seem little things, but I assure you they make all the difference in your tea.

When the pot is warm, pour out the water and measure in your tea. A teaspoon to a cup of water is the average measure, but it depends on the kind of tea you are using and how strong you wish it to be. Now pour your boiling water over it, and let it stand from three to five minutes—longer, of course, for stronger tea. Some people put the tea leaves into a tea-ball, but if the infusion is carefully made, you will have no trouble with the leaves coming out at the spout when you pour.

You may use any kind of a pot—china, silver—teapots are of all sorts. The Chinese themselves invariably use an earthenware pot, which they say improves the flavor. But whatever you have, make sure you serve your guests hot tea.

SINCE tea-time frequently means a period of two hours or more, several different ways have been evolved to make sure the guests do not get cold tea. In England, they use gaily colored and embroidered quilted tea-cosies, little bonnets which fit down snugly over the pot. You may use one of the tea-urns which have a spirit-lamp or an electrical attachment to keep the contents hot, but remember never to let it boil again, which ruins the taste. Or you may make fresh tea at intervals during the late afternoon.

The correct tea-table always has these things on it: There is the tea-pot; another pot of hot water for those who prefer very weak tea; a pitcher of milk, as many people drink their tea English fashion, with milk; a bowl of lump sugar; and another small bowl into which you pour the dregs of the tea, used pieces of lemon and so on, when you are serving a guest a second cup. Besides this you need small napkins, plates, cups and saucers, spoons, and some sort of bread or cake.

These are the essentials, but part of the fun of tea-time lies in all the little additions you can make. Most Americans like lemon or orange with tea. You may cut your fruit slices in all sorts of amusing shapes, a few of which are shown here, or, if you are in a (*Continued on page 96*)

MONTHLY REDUCING HINT: Drink all the tea you want, but use lemon in it and no sugar. Go slow on the cookies and sandwiches, using Melba toast, or if you prefer, a rye crisp instead.

THINGS THAT TASTE GOOD AT TEA TIME!

Silly, delicious little sandwiches, flavored butters, superb frosted cakes for the big occasion, and a grand buttermilk scone, to say nothing of the quick-bread which is really QUICK. Tell me which of these you are interested in, or if you want them all, and I'll be glad to send them. I'll help too, on party menus, and other cooking problems. Address me: Pauline Nelson, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., and please don't forget to include that stamped, self-addressed envelope.

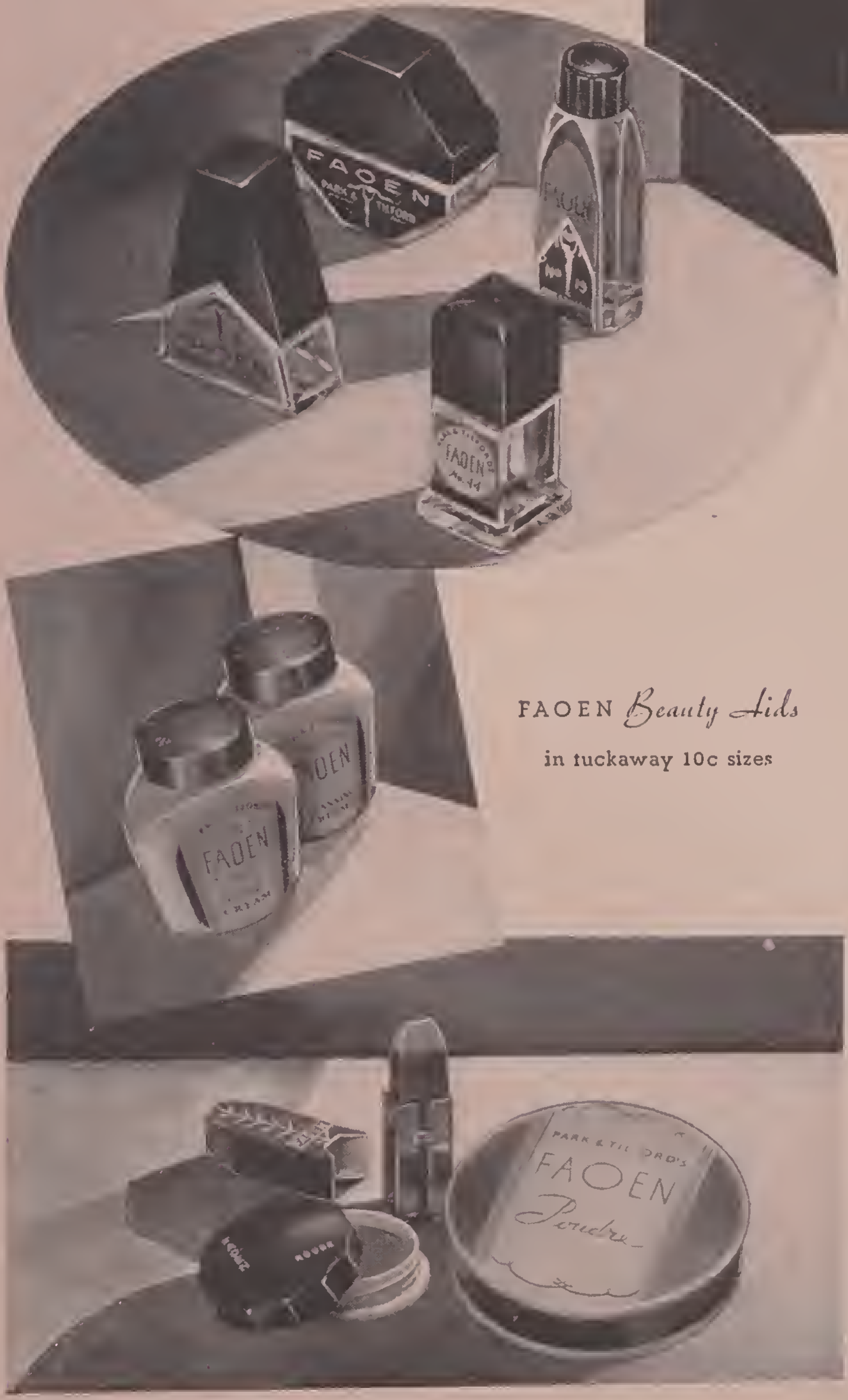
Some call it glamour
I call it FAOEN

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".

says FRANCES WILLIAMS

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume .... glamourous . appealing . compelling ... call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!



FAOEN *Beauty Aids*
in tuckaway 10c sizes

FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids
PARK & TILFORD

Homemaking

DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY HAROLD GRIEVE

Hollywood's popular decorator tells how to renovate your home with minimum expense and maximum effect

NOW for the article I promised you on cutting costs in room decoration! Since there were many other important points to be discussed I have rather purposely delayed this material. There have been inquiries coming in constantly which I believed were of enough general interest to wait and collect for discussion in an issue just before the annual spring renovation that every home experiences.

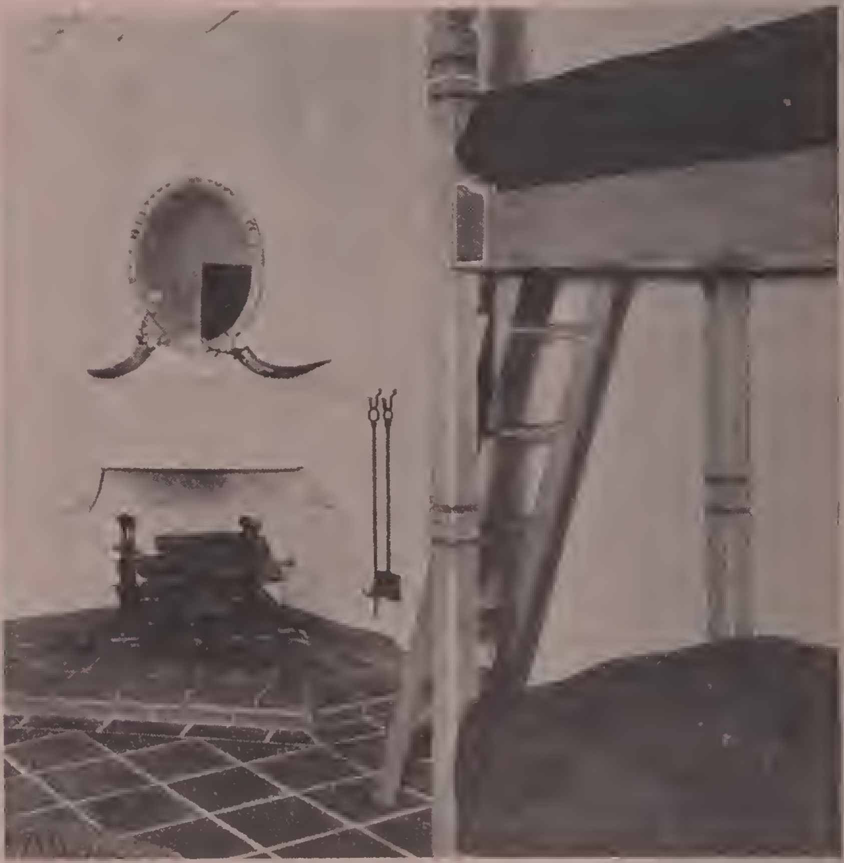
We shall begin with the background of a room in which one may be considering changes. Let's suppose you want to change your rug. Rugs may be either dyed or bleached. The average rug-cleaner can do either one successfully. A bleached rug comes out a neutral light shade and looks very new. In answer to inquiries about dyeing rugs which are showing wear at the seams I would say, "Dyeing will help, but remember this: on almost all rugs the pile is wool and the back of the rug is either cotton or cotton and linen. When a rug shows wear at the seams, it means that the pile is gone, leaving the cotton background. So when such a rug is dyed you will still have some contrast, as the wool threads and the cotton will not dye exactly alike. However, the contrast will not be so pronounced as the worn spots were. A taupe rug may be dyed blue, rose-red, or plum very successfully. If you have an oriental rug of good texture, but one which is too vivid to use with desirable color schemes, it may be dyed so that the pattern will either be faint or entirely lost.

If you do not wish to go to the expense of repapering a room you may calcimine or paint over the wall paper if the paper is adhering well to the wall.

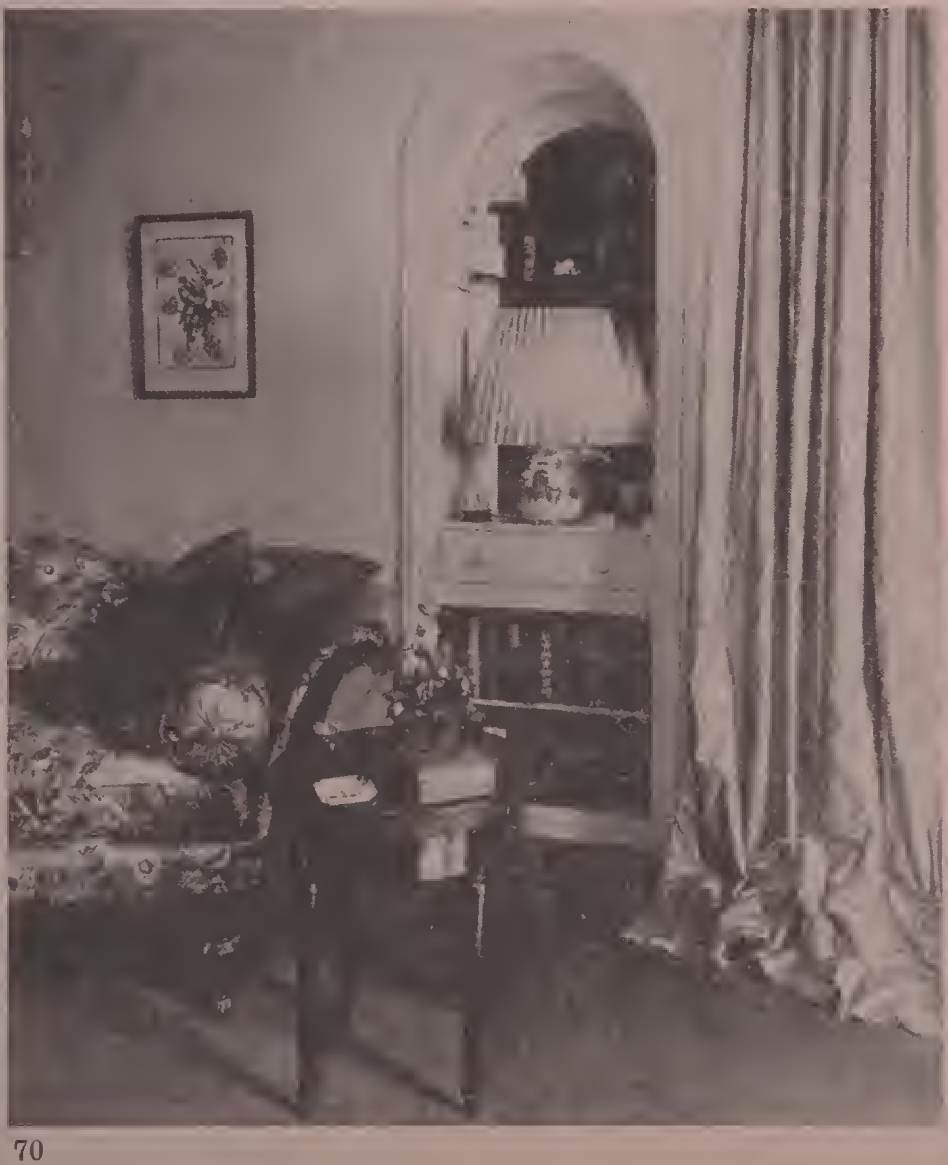
If lighting fixtures are old and not worth replating they may be painted the color of the walls, which will make them less conspicuous.

Nearing the springtime period of redecoration I should warn you not to be too carried away with the attractive white painted furniture one sees displayed in shops. That is, I advise anyone owning good mahogany or maple pieces to go on using them. Painted furniture lends itself to very

Next month I am going to digress from our simple home decorating problems to tell you about the most remarkable house in Hollywood. It has been nine years in construction and is just now completed. The chandelier in the living room is hung with real diamonds . . . it is truly amazing. Don't miss this interesting article.



Above is an interesting example of the use of bunks in the guest room of Robert Armstrong's ranch-house. These are of paint-stained pine in shades to match the blue-and-yellow color scheme.



Have you a doorway no longer in general use? Perhaps you could use this space for books and *objets d'art*—this was done most attractively in the apartment of Howard Greer, designer (left).

interesting and charming color schemes, but the darker woods have permanence and dignity. Painted furniture and mahogany may be combined, however, in a refreshing manner. If your mahogany has had a bad finish, have the finish taken off and redone or leave the wood natural with the wax finish. An antique piece with a high sheen which is kept well polished makes a nice contrast in a room furnished with painted furniture. In a room with pale green furniture, trimmed with narrow ivory stripe, one or two highly polished pieces of old mahogany gives character.

In speaking of painted furniture, if the room is small—paint your furniture the same color as the walls and relieve it with a trim line of color. This goes for floor lamps, also, which are old or of bad design. You minimize their importance in the room by painting them flat colors.

In regard to cutting down and remodeling old furniture, take the big tufted leather chair of thirty years ago about which the head of the family says, "We can't part with it." You can make it less of a white elephant by re-upholstering it in a plain, smooth surface and cutting down the back, making it more comfortable.

THE comfort of an upholstered piece of furniture is not commensurate with its thickness. A heavy piece is often not as restful as a lighter one. Besides, heavy upholstered chairs are awkward to move about when cleaning and many times are so ponderous as to be out of balance in the room. Your decorator will be able to suggest a new line for cutting down any big davenport. The back may be lowered and the arms made thinner very easily, without sacrificing any of the comfort. Then, with new slip-covers, your upholstered chairs and davenport will put on a new face.

Another thing, you will be surprised what a difference a couple of inches taken off the height of living-room tables will make. Think how often one sits down in a room where you see through the legs of the tables. Two inches taken off each leg will invariably improve the proportion as well as make a table a much more usable height. Sometimes the opposite is true. We find end-tables too low, especially if they accommodate a reading lamp. This fault may be improved by adding metal glides, which will raise the table more than you may believe.

In answer to inquiries for an inexpensive coffee table to use in front of the davenport, I should suggest placing a large painted tray on a simple stand, such as a suitcase rack. You may have a large, gaily-painted tray which rarely sees service. If so, I should try it. If not, a painted tray is inexpensive to buy.

One illustration on opposite page shows a book case in the apartment of Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's fashion dictators. This book case space was formerly an arched doorway which was not necessary to the room. By closing this space we gained room for books, a drawer to accommodate bridge accessories, and a niche for a lamp. Glass shelves above, backed by mirror, gave an opportunity to keep a collection of quartz and jade chinese figures together. Incidentally, the color scheme of this room has interest. Four blending shades of green were used. The carpet is dark green, the

Sally is a little gossip...*and I'm glad she is!*

"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."

"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."

"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if . . ."

Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips *are* cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white!*

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—*good golden soap!* And there's *lots of naptha* in it. When these two cleaners get busy, dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is *so gentle*, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE

"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"
. . . and then she revealed her secret!
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS **3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS** OR

. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Do you want to make your home more livable? Have you a decorating problem? Would you like advice on exactly the right curtains to hang in your living room? Are you bothered as to the choice of colors for your dining room? Do you know how to create more space in your small rooms? Do you know where and how to place your lamps? Harold Grieve, Hollywood's finest interior decorator—we think he is the best decorator in America as far as that goes—will be glad to help you with the answers to any of these questions. Merely write him, in care of MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to be sure of his prompt reply.

walls pale green. The glazed-chintz curtains are darker than the wall and trimmed with a shade still stronger but lighter than the carpet. The Louis XVI sofa is covered in egg-plant flowered chintz. The lamp base is Chinese porcelain with a green leaf design enlivened by pink butterflies. The shade is pink tracing-linen.

In remodeling a bedroom, an old wooden bed with a high headboard and a solid footboard may become quite modern by discarding the headboard and using the footboard for the head. The bed should be painted according to your room color-scheme and a foot rail added which will be level with the side rails.

An old bureau with the mirror attached may be painted to match the bed and the mirror hung above. Commonplace metal handles on the bureau drawers should be replaced with wooden or brass knobs.

The iron or brass bed, which always seems difficult to handle, may be treated as the wooden bed and a slip cover made for the head board with a bed spread to match. This will mask even the ugliest bed beautifully. The slip cover is boxed and tied on at the bottom. This treatment is most successful when made of quilted material, but that is more costly.

Several inquiries have been received about bunks for boys' rooms. The second illustration shows bunks in the guest room of Robert Armstrong's early California ranch-house. Bunks similar to these are now on the market but, too, they may be made and fitted with a standard single-bed spring and mattress. If there are two boys in the family, each with a room of his own, it is advisable to use bunks in one for a sleeping room and furnish the other for a study. The study should have a desk with an excellent reading lamp, a comfortable chair, perhaps a couch and, if possible, a table for games. The bunks in Robert Armstrong's house are paint-stained pine, trimmed in colors from the old rocker, which is in its original yellow and decorated with gay floral designs. The curtains are yellow and blue plaid. The bed spreads are blue rough-textured material and blue-and-yellow braided rugs are used on the tile floor.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 8)

pessimists. After all, didn't such pictures as those listed above stand out among 1934's best offerings?

Orchids to the producers! Let's have more of this brand of films.

Lois Green,
Williamson, W. Va.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
See Gable and Keep Young

Most folks seem inclined to believe that for us older ladies life is a continuous round of knitting needles, flower beds and potato soup. But I'm here to tell you that we have other interests, too. I count that week lost in which I do not see at least one good movie.

My favorite actor? Guess who! It's Clark Gable. Beneath his melting gaze, my years seem to drop away and I'm young again to thrill as of yore to love-laden glances and tender words. Don't smile. A thrill by proxy is better than no thrill at all—and it gives zest to a life that has passed its quota of three score years and ten. But sh! That's a secret. Movie stars have had a bad influence over me. I've been 69 now for four years!

Mrs. Zenia White,
Fairfield, Wash.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
"Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

Please! Let us have more pictures like the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." A triumph for the industry is this wonderful production. It is indeed gratifying that one can spend a few hours in the theatre and have one's burden of care and worry completely forgotten in viewing the inspiring courage, loyalty and faith of the young British officers, MacGregor and Forsyth, against a stirring and colorful background. What a thrill was the last scene—His Majesty's 41st Bengal Lancers mounted, pennants streaming and lances gleaming in the sun, above the dark tunics.

A very large orchid to Mr. Franchot Tone for his splendid performance as the delightfully humorous Lieutenant Forsyth.

(Miss) Line Macatee,
Washington, D. C.

ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES

by Hollywood's Happiest Wives

An inspiring, instructive feature

in the June MOVIE MIRROR, out April 26

What Hollywood Men See in Women

(*Continued from page* 13)

GARY COOPER—ranch owner, cowboy and actor: "I think my first glance goes to the eyes. After all, they are a woman's most expressive feature. Immediately I have looked at the eyes, I begin watching the mouth which, to me, is a most important feature. The mouth gives you the first quick appraisal of a woman's character. If it is made up badly, she is careless; if made up too heavily, she is coquettish; and I can almost tell whether she is a good or bad coquette by the set form of the mouth. So, while I look instinctively at the eyes, I think I pay most attention to the mouth—it tells more."

JIMMIE CAGNEY—hoofer and actor: "I never try to break a woman down into features . . . doesn't come natural. I find I always take in features at the first glance. I catch the eyes . . . the lips . . . the figure and the poise, but never as separate items—always in a sort of panoramic view. The thing that makes a woman interesting to me is the net result of that first glance. It tells me whether or not the woman is *smart*. It's the *tout ensemble* that stops yours truly."

BOB MONTGOMERY—country gentleman and actor: "I can't tell you what I *see* but I can tell you what I'm looking for when I look: a *regular!* The reason I have to be a bit vague is because this quality is not limited to girls with beautiful eyes, gorgeous figures, or smart clothes. Sometimes, a *regular* has none of these qualities. Once in blue moon, she has all of them and still is regular. And when I find a *regular* with dainty ankles and long graceful hands, I've found what I'm looking for . . . when I look. P. S.: I rarely look."

DICK POWELL—radio riot and movie actor-singer: "I think I look first at a girl's teeth. I like them (in the order of importance): white, beautiful, even and straight. Nothing is so inexcusable in my estimation as the teeth without a brilliant white luster and all the beauty and figure in the world won't change that first impression, either. Then come the eyes. With sparkling teeth and sparkling eyes, a girl just about takes me in tow."

SIR GUY STANDING — soldier, Knight of the King, and actor *de luxe*: "I always look at a woman's eyes and hair. I seldom remember anything but the eyes. Even looking at a gorgeous painting of a woman, I find my only impression is her eyes. I believe I could reproduce the eyes of *Mona Lisa* from memory—but I can't recall the shape of her lips!"

There you have it, my lady friends. You have been given the ultimate last-word lowdown on what the famous males of Hollywood look for (and see) in the women they meet.

We have a strong hunch that if any one of them found a woman with a sense of humor, a swell personality and a lot of charm, he would want another opportunity to answer the above question . . . . which gives you all a chance, what?

Next month we give you the movie girl's answer on what they see in men.

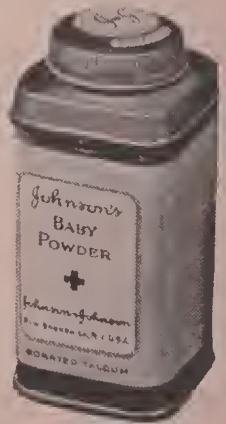
"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah . . . that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today.) . . . And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that! . . . Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"

"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder . . . but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie . . . and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why . . . I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either . . . Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



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Call of the Wild

(*Continued from page* 64)

The next day, which they had hoped would bring them near Dawson, they had to cross a river and catastrophe overtook them. They lost the sled and most of the provisions. They had to finish the journey on foot and Claire confessed to Jack that maybe a woman *was* out of place up here. They were on real speaking terms now. The common danger through which they had passed seemed to bring them together, by the time they mushed into Dawson.

Jack was amused at Claire's reaction to Dawson City. It was all an old story to him. He had forgotten what a fabulous place it must seem to a stranger, for Dawson City was the jumping off place. It was from here that the dog-teams with their heavily laden sleds and determined, eager men plunged into the wilderness of ice and snow, of seemingly pathless trails beset with every menace of the unknown.

It was back to Dawson that these teams returned, sometimes. They came worn and dispirited, to restock their provisions and start out again. Or they came jubilant with pokes of heavy gold dust and nuggets that were just so much dead weight on the trail, but which were translated into drink and women in Dawson.

Dawson was ready for such adventurers. The Main Street was crowded with a motley mob recruited from all over the world. Gold knows no frontiers. The occasional restaurant and rooming house took as heavy toll of the miners' pokes as the saloons and dance-halls, for the prices were fantastic.

As the two men and Claire pushed their way through the crowds, Claire read some of the signs.

"Steak, five dollars; coffee with milk, one dollar!"

"They just naturally give things away up here," Jack said. "We got to find a room for you. This'll do."

They were shown into a small room in one of the houses, and Jack removed his cap awkwardly: "Well, Mrs. Blake, I guess this is goodbye. There's an officer of the Mounted Police here who'll see you get back to the States. We'd stake you ourselves if we had the money. I suppose you've got relatives or friends you can go to?"

"No." Claire shook her head and the tears glistened for a moment when she said: "My husband—was all I had."

Jack found it wasn't easy to confess what he and Shorty had planned to do, but he managed to get it out. He winced under her disdain when she heard they had intended to try and jump the claim for the mine which belonged to her husband and herself. But she heard him out:

"Now be reasonable. Sell out the information to us. Your husband's gone. You can't go out after that mine yourself even if you had the money for an outfit, and you do a lot worse for partners than Shorty and me. We need the information you've got, though we could probably find the place ourselves in time."

Claire thought long before she said: "Show me the map you have." When Jack produced it she pointed out inaccuracies.

"And now you can tell me to go jump in the lake, can't you?" she asked bitterly. "You've learned all you needed to know."

A slow grin covered Jack's hard face. He could appreciate a gesture like hers, no foolish protestations of trust, just throwing in her hand and taking a long chance she'd guessed right on them.

"Well," he said briskly. "That's that. Now we got to do a bit of jumping ourselves for that seven or eight hundred dollars we need for a new outfit. You stay here till we get back."

NEITHER Jack nor Shorty had any idea where they would get the necessary money, but this was the Yukon where anything might happen and they started out. They were just turning into the first saloon when Buck dashed in ahead of them, and they heard pandemonium turned loose.

Buck had scented an old enemy, or rather three of them, and Jack and Shorty when they got inside, found the man Smith and his two unsavory servants dancing on a table, while Buck made desperate lunges to reach them and the miners and honky-tonk girls stood by howling with laughter and refused to help.

After enjoying the fun for a bit, Jack called the dog off and Smith descended, shaking with rage: "That's the second time that dog's attacked me. I'll give you a thousand dollars for him right now, for the exquisite pleasure of putting a bullet through his head."

A thousand dollars! It was the price of an outfit, but Jack shook his head. "Sorry, mister, we can't contribute to your innocent fun."

And they moved on to another saloon, meeting old friends and sharing drinks. Later Jack shuddered to think of the risk that drinking had made him run. He'd been drunk, or he never would have let himself be drawn into an insane wager.

Ole, the Swede, had a big load of flour he wanted to get out and two of his six dogs had died. Four dogs weren't enough to move the load, he needed two more. There was a lot of discussion about dogs good and bad, and their pulling power. Ole noticed Buck and offered to buy him. Another miner told the story of Jack's refusing a thousand dollars for him.

"Thousand dollars! What the dog do, spit gold dust?" Ole wanted to know.

Jack said boastfully that Buck was a damn fine dog, that Buck could probably pull the Swede's load all by himself. There were derisive doubts expressed and Jack repeated his assertion, and before he knew it, his boasts were being taken seriously. He tried to get out of it by saying he was too broke to bet, which was true. He hoped this would end the matter, though an offered bet was pretty seriously regarded in the gold country.

One man said: "I heard of a dog in Skagway who pulled nine hundred pounds but he dropped dead doing it."

A smooth voice broke in, and Buck snarled and Jack stiffened. It was the man Smith and he was saying: "From what I overhear, I understand the argument is whether this dog can pull a thousand pounds of flour. I won't bet with you, Thornton, because I don't want any money from you even if you had it, but I'll *give* you a thousand dollars if the dog can do it, and if he can't, you give me the dog."

The whole crowd was in on it now. Jack had no chance to back out. The mob would have its fun or there would be trouble. Buck was taken out and harnessed to the heavily piled sled. And then took place the thing which became a legend in the gold country. One dog, by himself, broke out and mushed for many yards a thousand pound load.

So Jack rejoined Claire with the money and the triumphant Buck. Now that he had adequate funds, Jack tried to persuade Claire to wait in Dawson City and not to attempt to make the hazardous trip with them. He was afraid for her. But he expressed his feelings badly and she flared up with the old resentment and he left in a rage, determined to get under way without her knowledge. He had to call at the General Hospital to replenish their medicine kit, and it was there he heard the news, not so uncommon in that country, but momentous to Jack. A stranger had been found, almost dead, on the Skagway trail. He had been brought in and was recovering. His name was John Blake.

Jack bought what he needed for the kit and went back to Claire, his mind in a tumult of indecision. If he told her, if he left her here? It meant he would loose her, and the knowledge showed him with blinding clarity what had been happening to him on that trip into Dawson. He had been loving Claire, loving her as he had never dreamed it was in him to love. He could not return her to her husband. He would not, but he gave Fate one more chance. He said to her:

"You still want to go along?"

"Not only do I want to go—I'm going."

"*Nothing* I could tell you would change your mind?"

"Nothing, and don't try."

"All right then, come along."

They passed the hospital on their way out of the town, and Jack kept his eyes on the trail ahead. This was the Yukon trail, where the strongest won out, where the strongest took what he wanted.

SPRING had come, and the beginning of summer before they reached the end of their long journey. They had been wonderfully lucky on the way, everything working on schedule. They reached the river just as the last snow went, and stopped to build their boat. There they cached the sled, and continued by water, with the dogs making pace with them on the river banks, Buck leading the way as always. It was his rare bark that warned them of something unusual ahead, and when they rounded the point in the river, they saw the cabin which marked their goal. They pulled out their boat and were examining the crude building when Shorty's excited shout drew them back to the stream. He was pointing, and making inarticulate noises. They followed his stare and Shorty finally found his voice:

"Lookit! Lookit!—Tell me if I'm seeing things. It's gold, more gold than I thought I'd ever see in my whole life. Oh

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it ain't gonna rain no more, no more!" He chanted most unmusically while Jack pulled Claire almost off her feet in a dance of triumph and Buck circled around barking with pleasure that his little world was so happy.

THEY managed to sober down sufficiently to unload the boat and to stock the cabin. They panned a little gold, too, because Shorty was to start back immediately across country with the dogs and would need money.

"Gosh," he said wistfully, "wisht I could hang around a little. I been dreaming of this moment all my life."

"Sorry, pal," Jack answered. "You've got to file claim. As long as the trails are open, some prospector's apt to stumble on to this creek. And you know the first one to register gets discovery rights."

He was just starting out, when Claire saw something on the bench where they had been sitting. "Here, Shorty, you forgot your dice!" Claire had seen Shorty playing with those dice as long as she had known him. She threw them after him and Shorty bent to pick them up. He stared down. They had turned up "snake's eyes." He groaned, and made signs of comic distress, but their cries of "Good luck!" and "Get back before we're snowed in" cheered him on down the trail.

THE weeks that followed for Claire and Jack were busy ones. There was the whole cabin to be overhauled and renovated and only the two of them to do all the work. Then, too, they set up a primitive apparatus for taking the gold from the creek bed and much of their time was spent by the water, while the bold summer flowers of the brief Yukon respite from snow, flaunted their blooms, and the birds tame from never having seen a man, fluttered over their heads and sang their mating songs.

Jack had kept Buck with them, and even the great shaggy dog put off his austere lead-dog manner and joined in the good fellowship. One night, they heard a wolf howl, and to their amazement, Buck streaked out the door.

"That's funny," Jack said as he got his gun. "Wolves don't usually come so near a camp. Hey, Buck!" He hallooed after the dog, who did not pause. "Buck! Hey, come back here! The fool. If it's a pack they'll kill him!"

They peered into the dusk. Jack wrinkled his brow; his eyes were anxious: "I don't get it—unless—it's a female."

"*Wolf!*" Claire exclaimed.

"Yeah, if that's what it is, we've lost him. Haven't you noticed? He's been moody lately."

They stood at the door for some time, while Jack called and called. Finally when they gave it up and returned to the fire, both silent, Buck stuck his long head around the corner of the door, and to Claire's unspoken surprise, Jack welcomed the dog very quietly. He relaxed on the bear rug before the open hearth, his big body sprawled at ease, and took Buck's massive head on his knees. They were a pair, Claire thought.

Outside, the female wolf howled again, the eerie mating cry searing the silence of the timberland. Buck stirred uneasily and whined, and Claire's eyes brooded on the two of them at her feet.

Jack had to admit that Claire was proving herself an able member of the corporation. She lent her young, lithe strength to the jobs where an extra hand was needed and did so well that Jack was moved to express his approval merely by a slap on the back, as one chap to another. And then one day, quite suddenly, all this was changed. She found herself in his arms, his lips on hers. The tenuous fabrication of their palship was gone and they faced each other as they were, man and woman.

"I wish you hadn't," she whispered, and he cried hoarsely: "Why not?"

She put her two hands together: "I've fought you, I haven't let myself think about us. I didn't dare."

Again he asked, "Why?"

She couldn't make it clear. There was no logical reason. "I've had a strange premonition. I can't explain."

"This isn't a land of explanations," he said. "Explanations belong five thousand miles away, among steam-heated comforts for softies who have to ask each other a thousand questions a day just to prove they're alive. Well, I've only got one question. And I only want one answer."

"You know the answer."

"I don't want to know the answer. I want the answer."

AS the weeks went by, their store of gold-dust increased and Claire had to make new poke bags from heavy canvas to hold it. They were moved one day to count their wealth and it was a notable occasion. They piled it into three heaps: Claire, Shorty, Jack, and made glorious plans for the spending of it.

A shadow fell across the loaded table and they looked up, caught unawares and unarmed, to see the man Smith smiling disagreeably down at them.

"My, my," he said. "A comfortable cabin, golden evidence of more comforts to come, and a beautiful lady. Mr. Thornton, in this most unlikely spot, we meet again!"

His two partners had sidled in after him, and the oily voice continued: "You'll oblige me greatly if you will assist in making this incident as quick and as painless as possible."

"Well, come on, get it over with. What do you intend to do?" Jack said evenly.

"Do? We have shot our burros, because we are going back by boat, your boat. We are going to destroy any means you might find of providing transportation for yourselves, and then we are going to Dawson, in your boat, as I said, and leave you here while we file claim to this property."

Smith turned to confer with his partners and Jack looked at Claire to smile encouragingly. He wanted to remind her that there was still considerable hope of their winning out. Shorty was surely in Dawson by now.

Smith turned sharply and caught the smile.

"I must commend you," he said, "on your sense of humor. I remember watching a magician once. He produced a rabbit from an apparently empty hat and he smiled, as you are now. Perhaps you have something up your sleeve, too?"

Jack grinned openly: "Perhaps," he said.

"You think, maybe, that all we will get from this is the gold on the table, eh? Because your friend left some time ago to file claim in Dawson?" His voice changed and an ugly enjoyment came into it. "Roll up your sleeves, Mr. Thornton, there's no rabbit there. And now men, we'll cache this gold securely about us and be moving on."

"Shorty!" Jack gritted, a world of pain in the one word. He started for Smith, who whirled on him with a gun, and backed out through the door. There was nothing Jack could do. Together he and Claire must watch Shorty's murderers carry off their gold, their weapons and fill their precious boat with them. Everything stowed away they shoved off from the shore into midstream, the heavy gold in their laps. The boat careened madly. One of the stacks of gold tilted, and a man made a sudden motion to secure it. The boat went over at an angle, hit a cross-current at that second and capsized.

Jack and Claire rushed to the stream. The empty boat rose to the surface of the water. Claire shuddered and asked feebly: "Why don't they come up?"

Jack waded into shore, towing the boat: "The gold sunk them. They came for the gold. They took it, they've still got it with them."

BUCK met them at the house, barking furiously. Jack swore playfully at him: "It's about time you came back, stranger. The only time we really wanted you, you were out calling."

The dog continued to bark loudly.

Claire said suddenly: "He's trying to tell you something."

Thornton grinned: "Maybe he wants to introduce us to his fiancée." But nevertheless he strode off after Buck. Claire went on up to the cabin.

Buck led Jack beyond the house, past the spot where Smith's dead burros lay, to nuzzle a figure stretched on the ground.

Jack yelled back to Claire: "Quick, a man's hurt! Get out the medicine kit and some hot water."

He picked up the man and carried him to the house, and thought, as he laid him on one of the bunks that he was a nice-looking chap.

"Is he badly hurt?" asked Claire, busily heating the water.

Jack made a rapid examination: "Nasty crack on the skull. Knocked him out. No wonder they thought they'd killed him. He'll be all right, though."

Claire came over, bringing alcohol and cotton. She bent over the bunk, staring at the unconscious face. Then she said, very quietly: "It is John, my husband."

THROUGH the night, they nursed John Blake with all the skill they knew, and in the morning he was weak, but conscious and able to tell Claire what had happened. He had accepted Smith's seemingly honest proposition to stake him in return for a share in the mine. Claire cried a little when he told of the capture of Shorty, of his heroic defence of their secret, unaware that Smith already knew of the gold, of

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Shorty's cold-blooded murder at Smith's hands.

John Blake could do nothing to prevent that murder, and was almost sure that Smith would kill him too, the moment they reached the stake but as Smith threatened to kill him if they didn't reach the cabin within a certain time, anyway, he was forced to continue the trek.

Having gasped out his story, Claire's husband lapsed back into the sleep of exhaustion and Claire joined Jack outside.

"He's much better," she said. "In the morning he'll want to see you, to thank you. What are you going to say to him?"

Thornton swung around and faced her: "I knew he was alive. I discovered that in Dawson." He went on, disregarding the look on her face. "But I wanted you and I took you. Well, I'm *keeping* you!"

Claire asked: "You know that I love you?"

He did not reply and she added: "You couldn't doubt *that?*"

"No."

"Well, he needs me, Jack, and I can't let him down. You have your law, and I have mine."

He started to answer hotly, but she brushed by him and went down to the water. Carrying a heavy bucket, she made the return trip to the cabin, steeling herself not to cry and to ignore Jack's further pleas. But her strength was needless as he was not there. She dropped the pail and ran to the cabin. At the door she heard Jack's voice:

". . . And the best thing you can do, Blake, is to get out of here."

Her hands went to her throat.

Jack continued: ". . . You need medical attention. Winter is coming on. You take the boat. It's easy going, but it won't be when the first snow falls."

"Will you come with us?" her husband asked.

Claire knew, from the intonation, that mention of her had not come into this conversation between the two men. Jack, loving her, was letting her go. Loving her, loving her always, as she would love him, and making finally glorious their love by his acceptance of her decision.

Seeing her in the door, Jack concluded: "I'll stick here and work the mine. When you come back in the spring, we'll divide what I've found."

IN time, Blake was able to begin the long journey back to civilization. Jack helped them to prepare the boat and her husband said to Claire: "He's all man, isn't he?"

Claire replied: "I'm glad you like him." There were no overtones in either remark, and Claire began to know that this doing what she felt was right was to be made easy for her.

Just before they were to shove off, she made a little tour around the cabin, to the place outside under the trees where she and Jack had so often eaten their mid-day meal, in the drowsy haze of the noon time heat, talking a little, being silent, laughing together, trying to teach Buck to beg for scraps, which he never would do. He wasn't that kind of dog, he had no more parlor-tricks than his master. She came down to the stream, not to where the boat was moored, but further upstream where they had panned their gold, like partners.

Jack was there, with Buck, and Claire said:

"I came to say goodbye to Buck." Try as she might, the tears slid down her cheeks. She tried to smile and Jack said:

"You could have skipped that. You're only making it a lot tougher on everybody."

"Put your arms around me, Jack," she begged, and they stood close together and their lips clung as they had in that first embrace, now so far back in the past.

He let her go, made a boyish swipe at his eyes and said:

"Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Yes, you will be seeing me, Jack. And I'll be seeing you every day, every night, every minute."

They stood for a long moment, their eyes meeting. The blood surged at his temples and his fists clenched, but he made no move toward her. Her eyes searched his face, noting every feature, lingering at the straight line of the grim mouth and the curve of the well-modeled jaw, but she raised no hand to touch his cheek, as she had so often done while they worked together in the sun. Then they turned, and joined John Blake.

"Stick to the middle of the stream," Jack said. "Watch the current and you won't have a thing to worry about."

Blake extended his hand: "Goodbye, Thornton. God bless you."

"Goodbye, Jack," Claire said.

"Goodbye—Claire," Jack said.

He never wanted to hear the word gain. He knew now what it could mean. When the boat was out of sight, he moved off toward the cabin. Buck was following, but Jack, watching him, saw the dog stop short and a moment later they heard the she-wolf cry at the edge of the clearing. Buck whined and looked up at Jack.

"It's hard to say no to that call, isn't it, Buck?" Jack said, and the dog whined again.

Suddenly Jack cried out: "Go ahead, boy, she's yours."

Buck left his side with a rush, paused, and came loping back. He caught Jack's wrist in his teeth, making his funny little growl. He dropped the wrist and jumping up, put his huge paws on the man's shoulders. So standing, they were almost of a height. Jack fondled the shaggy mane for a moment, and then Buck was down and off like a gray streak as the wolf called again.

It was the call of the wild, of mate to mate. Buck could answer that. But Jack Thornton could only stand alone and attempt to overcome his loneliness by thinking of the beauty of the night.

He stood facing downstream for a while, till the gathering dusk reminded him there were chores to be done around the place before it got dark. He set about the work, and gradually the tense look faded from his face. The grimness went out of it. He remembered only that he had loved her.

Comeback

(*Continued from page 37*)

to think of marriage for many years. Later he would doubtless find some young girl who had not been through the mill, and Joyce tortured herself by adding, "I'm practically an old woman. I've lived my life, and have no right to burden your young career with such a handicap."

"When you've recovered your sense of humor," he said, "call me up."

But she did not call him, and within a week he came back to her in contrition, and begged her to forgive him. And she begged him to forgive her her stupidities, and cried. They drove out beyond Redondo into the Palos Verde hills by the sea, and Tad stopped the car and told her he loved her, and that no one else could ever mean anything in his life. And she relaxed in the strength of his arms.

When Tad came to her with news of his first assignment she was as thrilled as he. At first. Then he explained what it was—the part of a young wastrel, the brother of the heroine, who drinks and forges a check in his sister's name.

Joyce said: "It's a far cry, Tad, from what you want to do, isn't it?"

For a moment she thought she saw a look of annoyance in his face. If it was there it passed immediately. He rushed on: "But I can't expect to do anything until I get to be somebody. And this is a start, a good start. I think I'm lucky, don't you? You wouldn't want me to turn it down, would you?"

No, she wouldn't want him to turn it down. Only . . . Only she thought she watched the smothering of an ideal beneath the comfortable blanket of success. It couldn't be helped—there seemed no other way. But it gave her heart a wrench and she had to turn her head quickly so that he would not see her face. At last she spoke again: "I'm glad for you, Tad, so glad. But you won't forget the other, will you?" He swept her roughly into his arms, kissed the tip of her ear, and laughed:

"Of course not, you cute bunny."

THREE months had passed since that day in Goldman's office, and the offers which Midge had known would come pouring in had failed to materialize. Castleman had approached all the producers, had gone with Joyce to see many of them. They were all polite, seemed delighted to know that she was open to offers, and all said that, while of course they would be honored to have Joyce Wells on their list, there were certain details which would have to be considered, and they would get in touch with her as soon as they had anything to offer.

They did not "get in touch."

Joyce did her best to keep the panic out of her eyes. She had, at last, taken charge of affairs at home, and that had meant a scene with Midge. She let all the servants go but a maid of all work and the chauffeur.

Whenever they were alone, Joyce or Midge prepared their own meals, yet on Thursday night, generally accepted as "cook's night out" they never failed to put in an appearance at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby and make the usual jests

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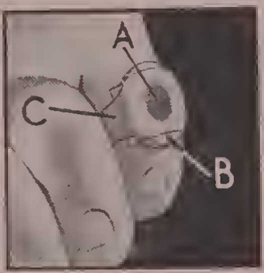

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with their neighbors. "My dear," some sleek, four-figure-a-week darling would laugh, "isn't it a treat to get away from your cook once a week and order what you really want?" And Midge would counter with: "Ours once heard that picture people ate nothing but lamb chops and pineapple, and we have to battle with her for so much as a string bean."

Midge entered into the game Joyce was playing like the trouper she would like to have been. She still pretended to Joyce that they were in no real difficulty, and that the money she had invested was as safe as a government bond, but she must have been a little worried, especially when Henri came to her for more. "Things are a bit slower than I expected," he said, "and it will probably take another six months before the shop really gets going."

At the end of four months Joyce went to Castleman and begged him to accept anything. "Don't insist on a contract, just get me a part. If I don't get before the public pretty soon they'll have completely forgotten me."

He had, he said, three deals on that were "hot," and Joyce would be a fool to lower her demands just when he had the producers about where he wanted them.

"Look," Joyce said, for this was no new story. "I've got to get in front of a camera. Get the producers wherever you want them, but get me a job."

It was Castleman who, through some devious methods, secured her an invitation to the San Pablo ranch of Greenbaum, the producer who had a reputation since talking pictures, of never having produced a flop. "It's a party that'll last a week," he said enthusiastically, "and you go up there and do your stuff. If you don't come back here with a contract—listen, he's all ready to offer it to you, all you've got to do is convince him—you're not the girl I think you are."

The ranch, on which Greenbaum had spent all the money he could earn and borrow in order to compete (or so he hoped) with the magnificence of William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon establishment, was a hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles, and Joyce started with misgivings which need never have troubled her, for she saw Greenbaum, a pompous, pouter-pigeon sort of man, only at mealtime with a hundred other people, when he would make a dramatic appearance after his guests were seated, and sit at the head of the table beneath a spotlight (the only direct light in the room) focused directly upon him.

At other times the guests were regimented about like Olympic contestants. Games were the order of the day—all day, every day—and everyone was expected to compete and have a good time.

The trip had been expensive, for Joyce knew she must have clothes befitting every occasion. There was too, her railroad fare—Greenbaum's largesse, unlike the man he attempted to imitate, commenced only when one reached the ranch—and as the week wore on Joyce realized that as a business venture this was going to be a total loss. Yet on Thursday evening, Mrs. Greenbaum came to her. "Saturday night is my Sammie's birthday," she said. "We're going to have a big birthday party for him. What shall I put you down for? Just any little thing, or would you rather have me select it?"

"You must know much better than I," said Joyce, "what he would like."

"All right, I'll tell you. He needs a new dressing gown—how would you like to give him that?" Joyce nodded. It seemed little enough, would not be too expensive, and would obviate the necessity of a bread-and-butter gift.

"Fine!" Mrs. Greenbaum said, writing Joyce's name beside an item on the list she had already prepared. "We're sending the plane to Los Angeles tomorrow to pick up the things."

Greenbaum thanked each guest effusively. The dressing gown was, he exclaimed, exactly what he needed, and it certainly was thoughtful of Joyce. It was, indeed. Joyce tried not to blush, and accepted the thanks as graciously as did the other guests who, she knew, had spent about as much time in the selection of their gifts.

Next day, as she prepared to leave, she spoke to Mrs. Greenbaum privately: "You'll send me the bill, won't you? I haven't my check book with me."

Mrs. Greenbaum laughed merrily. "What an idea!" she exclaimed. "He pays for all these things himself. Besides, it cost a hundred dollars."

But when Joyce reached home she made out a check for that amount and mailed it to Mrs. Greenbaum.

Joyce discovered that, unless a person is working in Hollywood, it can be the dullest place in the world. The days were the worst, for then everyone else was at the studios. Joyce's advent into pictures had been so simply achieved that she did not know this side of life in the picture colony.

The days stretched ahead of her in bleak procession—days of sitting near the telephone waiting for it to ring, jumping to reach it, hoping that this time would be the time when someone would be calling her to the work she knew she was so well fitted to do. But it was always a friend, often Corey Preston, who was now directing a picture for Greenbaum, or a loyal or inquisitive fan from out of town who had in some roundabout manner secured her unlisted number. Once she was called to Metro to make a test for a picture. A year ago she would have laughed at such a request. Didn't everyone know what she looked like, what sort of work she could do? But this time she went with high hopes, was as nervous as a novice before the camera, and left with the conviction that she had failed. Another week passed, and no one from the Culver City plant called her back.

There was one day, too, when she wept for no reason. The grocer arrived personally with the order for the day to collect a bill which she had overlooked the week before, and at the sight of it she broke into hysterical weeping, though she knew that she still had enough money to pay the grocer, at least, for many weeks to come. Midge discovered her and suggested the only remedy she knew of—a party. Midge did not see why Joyce should worry when she herself was carrying her head so high. "Call up Tad," she suggested. "He hasn't been around lately. Get him to take you somewhere."

Joyce tried to smile and did call Tad. But she could not reach him, and though she left messages at the studio and his apartment, he did not call until next day, when he told her he was working every night. "I've got a swell part," he said. "Goldman's a peach—he's crazy about my work! I'm dying to see you, but you know how it is."

Joyce was afraid she did. Or was she just being difficult and neurotic? She had no real reason to disbelieve him, and certainly no cause to resent his success. Still, it was a cheap irony that he, to whom she had extended the helping hand so recently, should be shooting skyward, and she struggling in the slowly enveloping fog of oblivion. She had seen it happen enough times, of course, but when it happened to *you* . . .

SHE had heard the old saw a thousand times—you can't really act until you've lived. Well, she had lived now. She had known poverty, ambition, success, high life, quick disappointment, despair, love, and disillusionment. And what had it all got her? Not even a chance to prove that after she had lived she could act. No one would give her a chance. Oh, there must be something, *something* she could do to break through that fog.

And then the first light did break through. Corey Preston telephoned late one night. "Did I get you up?" he said.

"No, Corey. I wasn't asleep, but it wouldn't have mattered. I've been wanting to talk to you."

He said: "Listen, Joyce, have you got anything lined up?"

She laughed: "Castleman tells me they're fighting in the Common over me, but I haven't seen any dotted lines on any contracts. Why?"

"Well, I just wanted to be sure you weren't tied up, and that you'd be interested in this."

"Hurry, Corey, I'm fainting."

"Don't get excited—it isn't much of anything and nothing may come of it and you might not want it, but would you consider a part in an All-Star cast?"

That was like Corey—always thinking of what she might consider. "Why, you sweet lamb, I'd consider jumping into the Grand Canyon if they had lights and a camera on me. Hurry, tell me about it."

"Well," said Corey's voice, "Greenbaum is doing an All-Star production of 'The Forsyte Saga,' throwing in 'A Modern Comedy' for good measure and calling it 'The Passionate Procession.' As you might guess, somebody told Greenbaum it was another 'Cavalcade' only much more colossal. They haven't found anybody yet to play *Fleur*, and I wanted to ask you if you'd be interested before I talked to Greenbaum about you."

"Corey. Hang right up. Don't waste time asking me questions. Please get right back and see him, and tell him I'll pay him $500 a week to play it and hold script on the picture."

Joyce told herself not to get excited, not to mention it to anybody, even Midge, but she could not contain the emotion which bubbled over within her, and she not only told Midge, but tried to reach Tad at hourly intervals for two days. "Let me know the minute you hear anything," he said when she finally got in

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touch with him, "and we'll go out and celebrate. I'd come out tonight, but I was up till six this morning at a party down at Milton Beasley's—say, is he a riot!—and I'm dead on my feet."

Joyce knew what a riot Milton Beasely was, and what a riot most of his beach parties turned into, but even the thought of Tad's association with Beasely's crowd could not dampen her spirits which soared higher and higher. To be at work again—Oh, to be at work once more! And with such a part! Why, it was just the sort of thing she would have picked herself if she had had all the world's literature to choose from.

COREY called her daily. He had seen Greenbaum, he had talked with the director, the assistant director, the producer, the doorman and the office boy, and a hundred secretaries. What did they think? Well, they were a bit undecided, but just give him time.

There was nothing to do but wait.

She wondered if Greenbaum knew that she had actually paid for his birthday gift, and loathed herself for thinking of such a paltry consideration as a wedge in her favor. Still, there always seemed new methods for getting jobs in Hollywood.

And then one afternoon when she could wait no longer she lifted the receiver to call Corey, and found it ringing in her ear. She was bewildered for a moment, then realized someone was trying to call in, and said "Hello."

"Joyce, this is Corey," she heard.

"Why, isn't that funny, I was just going to call you."

"I've got some news for you," he said. His voice sounded tight and eager, as if he were trying to control some emotion. "And I'd rather tell it to you than anybody in the world, because you mean more to me than, oh well, for the Lord's sake, Preston, be your age."

Joyce was laughing and crying at once, into the phone. "Oh, Corey, they didn't—they haven't—I haven't—"

"But you have," he broke in. "You have the part. I just heard Greenbaum telling his secretary, 'Well, I guess Joyce gets the part.'"

She was shaking so that she could not hold the receiver. Without waiting for his reply she said, "Corey, darling, I'll call you back. I can't—I can't talk," and hung up the receiver.

SHE wanted to shout, to fling her hands in the air and dance, but there was no strength in her, and she collapsed over the telephone stand, crying the tears which she had held back so many months, months of frustration, hopelessness, loneliness and dread. She was herself again, fulfilled and complete, and if she wanted to cry she could afford to cry. What mattered whether she were alone or a thousand people watching her, she was Joyce Wells, and there was a place for her, something for her to do.

And as she sat there, her head buried in her arms, the telephone rang again. She picked up the receiver, and whispered a tearful "Hello."

"Hello," said the voice. It was Corey again. His voice was still tight, but it was different, too, and it alarmed her, stilled the sobs which had shaken her.

"Joyce," he said. "I've done the most awful thing a man ever did. I'd rather kill myself than say this to you. But I was in such a hurry, Joyce, such a hurry to tell you good news. And Greenbaum did say 'I guess Joyce gets the part.' But it wasn't you he was talking about. It was Joyce Elder—Greenbaum's borrowing her from Goldman for this one picture. Forgive me, Joyce, forgive me. I'll be right out to see you."

What would you do if you were face to face with such an overwhelming disappointment just when your hopes were high and your troubles seemed at an end? Don't miss the next issue of MOVIE MIRROR and find out how one courageous woman tried to solve the problem of making a comeback in Hollywood.

Even little Shirley Temple, star of "Bright Eyes," has a stand-in. They were guests, too, at a grown-ups luncheon, and paid a call on lovely Thelma Todd.

Spencer Tracy Tells "Why My Wife and I Are Together Again"

(*Continued from page* 34)

newspapers, a great deal false, a little bit true about Loretta—about him—that he wants, now, to make his home-going clear to all who have read.

HE said, "It was the other morning, at the breakfast table. My going back had been a slow process in a way. I've been unhappy for a long while, lonely, unsatisfied. Life has seemed thin and reasonless. But it sometimes takes an apparently little thing, a word, to help one make the decision. I was having breakfast last week with Mrs. Tracy and the children. I've never been out of touch with them, as you know. There's never been any legal separation or anything like that.

"Well, the other day, at the breakfast table, Johnnie was ready for school. He wanted me to take him. I was due at the studio and couldn't. His mother said that she would take him. And then he looked at me with a look that seemed to cut clean through all the painful business of the past months and said, 'No. Girls belong with mothers—*boys belong with fathers.*'

"And I knew, then, that I must go home—to stay.

"I knew right then and there that nothing else mattered, not really. Not by comparison with—with this. He was right. Boys do belong with their fathers and, even more, fathers belong with their sons. And fathers have no rights that do not include their sons. I'd been thinking that I had 'rights'—that I could lead my own life and all that sort of thing—but actually I foreswore that right the day that Johnny was born. I was responsible for this young life. He has a great many years ahead of him. And they are likely to be difficult years because of his handicap of not hearing. It is up to me to live those years to come with him. His place is with me. Mine is with him."

And I thought back, then, to the time, almost two years ago when Spencer first told the story of his son to me. I could hear him saying, "He has been the greatest influence in my life. It is of him I think when I work, when I make plans, when I am most ambitious. It is he whom I consider when I want to do this or that, want to go away on trips, run risks flying, playing polo. I can only say that *I couldn't let him down.* He believes that he lives in a world of peace and dignity, of gentleness and kindliness. Well, he is going to continue to believe that so far as it is in my power . . ."

Spencer was saying, as if reading my own thoughts, "I've found that I can't let him down. He is so happy now that it hurts me to watch him. The kind of hurt that's good for me. The hurt of having to feel that I've deprived him of this happiness even for a brief time. It's a deeper hurt than any I could ever know.

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"He can't talk of anything else but 'Father is coming home!' He doesn't think of anything else. He doesn't quite believe it, doesn't quite understand, I *hope.* You see, he's been told that I've been away because I've been working. He associates the idea of my being away with my work. And he says to his mother now, 'But when he is working, will Dad be home then?' And his mother says yes, I'll be home all of the child's love for him, it is one of he'll sleep here and have breakfast here and come home from the studio to dinner just like, just like other boys' dads?' And his mother tells him yes, that is the way it is going to be. And I tell you there is a look in his eyes that would save a man's soul alive."

And right then there was a look in Spencer's own eyes that would *stir* any soul alive. When a strong and vital and wilful man who has lived dangerously, tells you of his love for the child who is his son, of the child's love for him, it is one of the hushed moments.

I said to Spencer, looking at him as he was looking at me, through a mist . . . "How will it be for you? How *does* it work out when a man and a wife come together again. Can it ever be the same?"

Spencer shook his powerful head. "No," he said, "not the same. Better, we both believe. You know the old Biblical saying, 'These are they who have come out of great tribulation . . .' Well, nothing can hurt us anymore. We have been hurt. Nothing can happen now that has not happened before. We know all of the pitfalls and pains and disasters, what matters and what only seems to matter. A marriage that has been salvaged by our own two hands and hearts seems pretty safe."

"HERE in Hollywood we live highly charged, emotional lives. And out of such a charged atmosphere emotional explosions are bound to come. It would be denying the very stuff of life to be blind to these contingencies.

"I ran amuck, that's all. I did all kinds of crazy things. That I have not had to pay a sterner penalty is due to the kindness of Winfield Sheehan, the head of Fox, who forgave me for not showing up on the set, and to the kindness, the extraordinary kindness of my wife who took these blows like a thoroughbred and a sportswoman and did the thing only a superwoman can do—*nothing.*

"Louise is an extraordinary woman. That is why it is possible for me—for me to go home again. She has never upbraided me nor berated me. *She never will.* She never used the things most women would use as baits to a man who needed to be reminded—she never pleaded the children nor our years together nor the 'rights' that legitimately grow out of such sharing. She asked me to come home, of course. But that was all.

"And I have learned—my son has taught me—that there are those things in life which are stronger even than memories, than personal desires or lovely idylls.

"There are the years Louise and I lived together. So many things went into these years. Struggles and privations gallantly borne and shared. Sacrifices made. Work done, children born, sickness and terrors and vigils kept together. It ceases, after a while to be a question of personal love.

"There was the time when, for six long months, Louise kept from me the fact that Johnny was deaf. She kept silent for my sake and had to watch my unsuspicious joy in my son. I was working hard. She didn't want to add to my worries. Finally there was the day when she told me. I had made her tell me. I'd watched her losing weight, eating nothing. I'd seen a look, a listening look in her eyes. The day when she said, 'Spencer, John is deaf'—and we stood facing one another, sharing that grim knowledge.

"There was the night of that same day when Louise and I went to a cheap vaudeville because we had to have distraction and when we came out of the show tears were running down our faces and we laughed through those tears. There was the time of learning together that John's 'handicap' might prove to be his greatest asset and the plans we made together to make this be so. And back of that there were the first days of his birth when we spent long hours talking together of his conquering future, when we said 'my son' and felt our hearts swell with mutual pride and a fierce joy."

SPENCER paused for a long moment while I looked at the floor to avoid looking at his eyes and then he said slowly, "*You can't kick things like these in the face.* These are the things that rise up to haunt you, to make you know, at last where you belong, and why. The sooner that other men learn this primary lesson the safer the world will be for marriage, for children, for women and for men.

"After such things as these, lived right down at the very roots of living, adventuring and chasing around, romance even of the loveliest sort seems pretty thin stuff. Not enough to nourish a man used to bread and meat.

"I've found myself thinking recently, 'I'm not getting any younger—and what have I got?'

"And the answer was: 'Boys belong with fathers.'

"I suppose there comes a time in the life of almost every man when he wants to go hunting, big-game hunting, love-hunting, crazy adventure-hunting, some such nostalgia.

"I have had such a trip. And now I've come home again.

"We've leased the Gary Cooper ranch in the San Fernando Valley. For a year. We're going to find out how we like ranch life, how we like the Valley and if we do, we'll buy a place of our own there and settle down to some real homesteading.

"For the children are going to have a real home now. We'll have horses and dogs. I've already bought a horse for Johnny and a pony for small Susy. I'll ride with Johnny. I'll take him to school whenever I can. I'll be there when he wants me. I'll be able to share with him the problems and perplexities that will, of course, be his."

Spencer laughed a little, now, and stretched his arms above his head and said, "Yep, boys belong with fathers and fathers with sons and both belong in a home of their own, with a mother to guide them and their own land under their feet and horses to ride and dogs to call to heel. These are the strong things. These are the sure things. I've gone home again."

Merle Oberon Puts Hollywood Women On the Pan

(*Continued from page* 39)

much, just DON'T do *anything* too much!

Oberon *does*—and lets the chips fall where they may.

Physically, she's a green-eyed brunette with a French-Irish background, an English accent and an American sense of humor. Her reputation for being a charmer de luxe preceded her; but if she is Public Enemy No. 1 to feminine Hollywood's peace of mind, she's a disarming one. She neither looks nor behaves as one conscious of being attractive.

After a short, conversational skirmish (in which Merle lauded the California climate, rain and all, put her stamp of approval on local cafés, particularly the *Trocadero* and gave a hearty cheer for the Hollywood habit of informal dress) I asked her about her ready-made, Hollywood reputation for being a Dangerous Woman. To what did she attribute it?

"Just that," she grinned, "the *reputation.* Coupled with the type of role I've played on the screen—my short, yet rather hectic front-page engagement to Joseph Schenck and the fact that I'm an interloper, anyway, were quite enough to turn the trick. Give any girl the reputation for being a heartbreaker and she has all that is necessary. All men immediately proceed to flirt with her—as a matter of duty, and all the women take immediate dislike to her, also as a matter of duty."

I HAD a hunch the frank Miss Oberon and I were thinking of the same gossip stories. For instance, the story of the very cold shoulder she got at the recent Mayfair party from two famous actresses (one blonde and one brunette). When the news cameramen asked the women at the large table to pose for pictures, the famous blonde and brunette each chose a few in the group to pose with them, ultimately leaving poor Oberon sitting there alone. Then there was the story of the "cold cut" she got from another famous gal with raven locks who refused to acknowledge an introduction because, well, because she didn't like the way Oberon's eyebrows grew or something. It was right after I had recalled these rumors, that she made the aforementioned observations on the local femmes. I asked her if she thought the women disliked her.

"I don't know that *dislike* is exactly the word," she said, temporarily postponing her call to London and moving around in an easy chair like a little girl trying to get comfortable. "To dislike a person you must know her—and so few people know me in Hollywood. I think *suspicious* is a better word.

"So far, I'm an unknown quantity. They don't know whether or not I am going to be sufficiently successful on the screen to rate being catered to, nor do they know how I stand on the subject of men.

"At first this state of affairs surprised me. Now that I have been here a little while, I realize it couldn't be otherwise.

"Hollywood is such a clannish little

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town. Full of various cliques and sets. The social life is all inter-professional; one might almost say there is the M-G-M crowd, the Paramount set and the Fox group. Yes, it's almost that bad. The members of each set are rated according to their box-office standing and, oddly enough, what one does and says off the screen is quite as important as what one does on it.

"Life in Hollywood is sort of a Noel Coward version of a sewing circle.

The only women in Hollywood who can afford to be human, normal and kindly in their relations with a *new woman* are those few who are either so firmly entrenched in their careers or so capable of holding their husbands and sweethearts that they need not strain constantly at the usual bugaboos! Such marvelous women as Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mrs. Nick Schenck, Mrs. David Selznick, Constance Collier, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Fred Astaire, Jean Harlow and one or two others have so little to worry about from interlopers that they have been grand to me.

"MOST of them take their work home with them! They refuse the newcomer the benefit of the doubt until she has proven herself professionally important enough to be fawned over or romantically dangerous enough to be ostracized by the Sewing Circle. In dealing with other women, they forget a very necessary sense of humor! But," she continued, "I think the chief difficulty with Hollywood women is Hollywood!

"In London, when we picture people leave Elstree (about one hour's drive from town), we are like workers coming home from a job. Over there, picture making has a distinctly factory-like atmosphere. We return to our homes and our non-professional friends to enjoy an evening totally removed from our work. There is no such thing as a particular set for movie people. But here—good heavens—people behave in picture plots twenty-four hours a day! Especially the women. They're story-book heroines both on and off the screen. A perfect example of what I mean is that amazing trap door, secreted in the bedroom of a certain star through which her absolutely legal spouse comes by stealth to visit her! I heard that story in London, but I didn't believe it until I came to Hollywood.

"Even the homes look like movie sets. I understand one of Hollywood's most popular interior decorators is a former actor. No wonder Hollywood marriages break down under this constant strain of play acting. After watching it for even so short a time, it seems to me that the chosen gentleman of every actress is, for the moment, the *Hero*—and every other feminine attraction is *The Other Woman.* The triangle is the eternal symbol of Hollywood, both on the screen and off!

"I'm glad," said Merle, suddenly, "that I did not have to begin my career in Hollywood's charged-with-competition atmosphere. I'm beginning to have the greatest admiration for a girl like Joan Crawford who has made her way to the top against all odds, the greatest being Hollywood, itself. It is difficult enough when you come here on a contracted start, with so many obstacles already conquered!"

And Merle Oberon has conquered plenty of obstacles. Imagine wanting to be an English movie star while living ten thousand miles away in Calcutta, India! No father to plead with (he died before she was born) and a mother who disliked the whole notion of her daughter's thinking of becoming an actress. But she managed to impress her army-officer uncle with her talent in amateur theatricals and he took her to England when he was given leave. When leave was up she refused to return to India and her uncle finally staked her to $100 to have a try at a career. She had to cash her return-ticket for $80 so she could eat.

At last, after failing completely to impress the movie casting directors, she took a job dancing in the chorus of the *Café de Paris.* When her mother heard about her dancing job, she took the next boat from Calcutta. Merle talked her into staying in London so that she could *eat* while she was waiting for her movie opportunity. She began getting small parts; her career was beginning. Then the miracle happened. At least, it will sound like a miracle to the gals in Hollywood: *Merle Oberon was discovered by a woman!*

Generally Alexander Korda is given credit for picking her out of the mob of lunchers at the studio restaurant—Actually it was the beautiful Maria Korda whom you may remember from silent picture days as "Helen of Troy." Upon seeing Merle for the first time across the large dining room, Mrs. Korda said to her director husband: "There sits one of the most interestingly beautiful girls I've ever seen—You had better give her a chance—My intuition says you'll never regret it."

Nor has he. Korda gave her a chance in a small part at the Wembly Studios. From this, she was placed in an important role opposite Roland Young in "Wedding Rehearsal" and then "Men of Tomorrow." But it was a Korda picture that gave Merle Oberon a reputation even in far-off Hollywood, the famous "Henry VIII." Then it was but necessary to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Private Life of Don Juan" to make her engagement to Joseph Schenck a matter of international front pages. Then Hollywood!

I ASKED her about the short engagement. "We both realized it would be a mistake. Better to realize before marriage, isn't it?" I tried to laugh about the fact that she had returned his huge ring after breaking the engagement. She turned suddenly serious: "It is the right thing to do, isn't it?" I had to admit that it was, although I finally made her smile by explaining that it was the first time such a thing had ever been done in Hollywood. But she had more to say of Mr. Schenck:

"I haven't a better friend in the world than Joe. He is the kindest, most understanding man I have ever known. But marriage would not be fair to either one of us. Joe wants a home, to be settled. I want a career. The two don't mix."

As I turned to leave, I asked this new Hollywood sensation if it were merely the *women* of Hollywood who were a bit difficult to understand. Oberon's green eyes twinkled with good-humored relish as she said:

"Oh, you mean the MEN—Why, I think they're simply grand!"

Little Mink, What Now?

(*Continued from page 27*)

were considered good screen training for her, anyhow. They included, most recently, "She Learned About Sailors," with Lew Ayres, and "365 Nights in Hollywood," with James Dunn.

Now, you might think that after a break like that there was nothing to it. So, you say, Alice became a leading lady and got the mink coat she had set her heart on. But it didn't work just that way; Alice still had a long way to go.

She first had to make good; given the break, she still had to fight her way up step by step. Nothing is a cinch in Hollywood, and after that first picture the studio big shots had to get together and make up their minds whether she should go on. Alice held her breath. After every succeeding picture it was the same, because any so-called long-term contract has to be renewed every six months.

During that first six months, therefore, Alice was on tenterhooks. For now she had to make the grade, not only with her dancing feet, but with acting ability, too.

When the first six months rolled around the studio smiled broadly and said she was coming along very nicely.

That did make the mink coat seem lots nearer, and Alice actually began saving up for it. Previously she had been saving up, too, but that was more in case things went wrong. And now she got to the point where she could actually go around the stores picking out *her* coat—the one she'd always wanted. But there still were other things to be done before she could really have it.

Now she was more or less settled in Hollywood there was her mother and brother to be brought out. After they got here there was the house for them and a lot of other expenses to be kept going, and every pay day, when Alice balanced her bills against her checks, she found that there wasn't any too much left.

Alice had almost saved up the full amount, and the coat was still in the store waiting, when another six months rolled around. That meant another option to be exercised by the studio. You can imagine her gasp of relief when the executives told her they were going to give her a big picture now.

Alice just tore to the bank and got her "coat fund." Then she just tore to the store and got her coat.

"You can't imagine the satisfaction it was to know that that coat was *mine* at last!" said Alice, and as she said it she breathed a deep, contented sigh.

"She's just a sweet, natural kid," said George White, who came to Hollywood to work on the picture, "she's just as ready to go into her dance now as she was back in the theatre."

And so it seemed from the brief interview that led to this story, stolen piecemeal between numbers as the "Scandals" company rehearsed. All of it was in a single flash of her smile—a smile that was turned on as spontaneously as sunlight after eighteen hours, that single day, accompanying another battered old piano with her feet.

Little mink, what now? Well, stardom is coming for Alice soon, they say.

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Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

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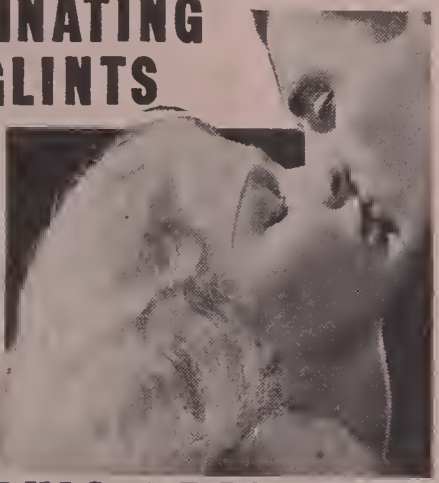

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Those Academy Awards - -

COLUMBIA swept the field in the seventh annual awards of the National Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences this year. There had been much discussion because both Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in Columbia's "It Happened One Night" were nominated for awards as the best actress and best actor of the year—so much so that the voting was thrown open after first, second and third choices had been nominated. This was largely to permit of voting on Bette Davis for her performance in "Of Human Bondage," but when the votes were counted it was found that Claudette won by a large margin not only over Bette, who ran fourth, but over Norma Shearer, second, and Grace Moore, third.

There never was any question of Gable's not winning the first place for actors. Far behind Clark ran Frank Morgan, second, for his performance in "The Affairs of Cellini," and Bill Powell, third, for "The Thin Man." Columbia's Frank Capra won as the best director of the year with "It Happened One Night," and Bob Riskin, the adaptor of that story, got the award for the best adaptation. Not content with all this, Columbia had to win for the best sound—in "One Night of Love."

When the awards were given, Claudette Colbert was snatched off the train, where she was about to embark for a New York vacation, and rushed back with a motorcycle escort (the girl is so modest it never entered her pretty head she actually would win). She entered the formally-dressed assembly clad in a little travelling suit, and when they told her the good news she couldn't do a thing but cry, grab her statuette of gold, and rush back to the train once more.

THE most heart-warming event of the evening was when Shirley Temple was given a special prize for her fine work this year. Shirley trotted up to the podium where big Irvin S. Cobb was presenting the statuettes, and gave her little grin when Mr. Cobb presented her with a gold figure just like the 'grown ups', only scaled down to Shirley's size.

By this time, it was almost one o'clock in the morning. Ben Bernie's band played the "Continental," which had been declared the best movie tune of the year. Mr. Walt Disney took home another prize to put up by Mickey Mouse's and the Three Little Pigs' (only this time it was for "The Tortoise and the Hare"), and Claudette went eastward, sleeping probably with her statuette tucked in beside her—content, too, in the knowledge that her Paramount cameraman who is to photograph her from now on, Victor Milner, had been announced the best in his line. What could be sweeter for an eager young actress than to be first-prize winner, taking a vacation, and know that you are going to photograph like an angel forever after?

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Dietrich's contract is up in the air at Paramount, and after seeing "The Devil Is a Woman" Hollywood thinks it may stay there. Marlene herself is in New York.

Eddie Lowe is seeing much of Marian Marsh right now. Say one thing for Eddie—they're all blondes he takes out; Virginia Bruce was the last one.

Mae Clarke's first picture after her long illness will be "Man Proposes," for Fox.

A surprising combine at the Mayfair was Louis B. Mayer and Carrinne Griffith; everybody else went with just whom you would expect—Madge Evans with Tom Gallery, Ann Sathern with Roger Pryor, etc.

Paramount has let newly-wed Helen Mack's contract lapse.

It is Norman Foster with Mary Brian these days, and Dick Powell with Olivia de Haviland.

Why Sylvia Sidney Thinks Popularity Is a Handicap

(*Continued from page 47*)

becoming a member of that clique than I did my work, with the usual dire results. The gang thought I was too young for their parties. Other students were in their senile twenties and felt that I would be a 'wet umbrella' at their gatherings. I decided to show up that gang in classes and in school plays and I worked with fanatical zeal to accomplish my revenge.

"When I was sixteen and playing small parts on the stage and actually receiving money for it, I still longed to be rushed off my feet with invitations.

"But nothing happened until I achieved what the dramatic critics called a success in 'Crime.' When my name went up in lights, and into some of those sacred columns, I suddenly found myself deluged with the long-awaited invitations. The drawing-room attention thrilled me more than the applause at the theater.

"Burton Davis, a well-known writer and a close friend, took me aside one day. He told me that the social racket had affected my stage work noticeably and that the moment I was connected with a theatrical flop my popularity would cease.

"The flops came as flops will. My very next play 'Mirrors' did a box-office collapse and my invitations followed suit with a fifty-percent cut. And when the next one 'Don't Count Your Chickens' hit a new low, the last of my hostesses folded up their tents and silently stole away.

"And it wasn't long before some of the former back-slappers were saying that I was the usual flash-in-the-pan, due for a double-quick fadeout."

When "Bad Girl" proved a sell-out for the year, and her dressing-room was packed once more with gardenias and messages, she put the former tenderly in water and the latter in the waste-basket.

"To be perennially popular," Sylvia continued, "is a career in itself. First you must accept eighty percent of all invitations and return every one of them in kind. You must dress well, and varyingly.

"Then the most important thing is never to give in to your moods, whether they are black or blue. Well, I like the luxury of my moods too well, and I loathe witticisms, even my own, unless they fall in a spontaneous moment. I like going to bed early five nights a week, and my literary leanings aren't in the direction of joke magazines; when I feel crabby, I don't want to hide it behind a fixed grin."

Those who really know her, such as the crew that has worked with her on seven pictures, the boys and girls in the publicity offices, her directors and her hairdressers rally around her with a fierce loyalty. Those who meet her only occasionally are often puzzled because she displays no effort to make a pleasing impression, nor has she ever been known to turn on an automatic stream of charm indigenous to all actresses. Among the puzzled, there are many who like Sylvia without understanding her, and then there are those who will never like anything or anybody they fail to understand.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston
announce the marriage
of their daughter
Doris
And there almost was no wedding to announce

NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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Wrap strip of paper around middle joint of finger and trim so ends meet. Measure paper from tip of arrow down this chart. Number at end is your size

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Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

The People Who Created Clark Gable

(*Continued from page 40*)

hadn't the foggiest notion who I was and wouldn't have cared a rip if she had known.

"This little sermon on the railroad tracks is one of the basic lessons I have learned all through life—that a large majority of people not only don't know who I am but wouldn't care a hoot if they did. Especially plain, honest working folks *and they are the ones who matter most.*"

Bob Leonard, directing, ambled over to the car. He addressed Clark as "Pappy," saying, "You have about half an hour before we'll want you again. Talk on and let your conscience be your guide."

Clark said "Okay," hunched himself comfortably on the seat of the car, lit a pair of companionable cigarettes, one for me and one for himself.

HE said, "I just read a book the other night about the 'leit motifs,' the patterns in a man's life. Well, I think I stole the plan for my life from the oil fields and lumber camps of my early days. From a *man's world.* In those oil fields, in the lumber camps you mixed with men and stood on your own dogs and if you didn't you got your block knocked off. It didn't matter what you looked like, nor where you came from nor where you were going. The only thing that mattered was how much muscle you had and how you could use it. If you were in difficulties, pretty words didn't get you out of 'em—two fists did. I was pretty much of a kid in those days but I learned to take a vigorous pride in my own strength and I'd rather have a broken nose and a bloody eye today than lose these." Clark rolled up a brown shirt sleeve and flexed bulging biceps. I felt sorry for any man who invited a blow from those arms.

"People always say, and always with surprise," Clark went on, "that I am a 'man's man.' Well I started life in an environment where only men and the affairs of men matter. Most of the boys didn't even have their wives with them so that the feminine element didn't enter into it at all.

"I took from those days a respect for hard work which has always made me a little scornful of the 'work' I am supposed to be doing in pictures. Wonder whether those boys would call lolling about in motor cars making love to Connie and Joan and Norma, even getting gently bashed on the bean with a frying pan 'hard work'? I *really* worked then. Until the sweat poured off me and my muscles groaned and sleep lay on my eyes as heavy as a camp blanket.

"And I learned a second important thing from a woman in that lumber camp—*respect for good women.* She was one of the few women who had followed her man into the forest. They lived in a little cabin too cold in winter and too hot in summer. She cooked heavy food; she washed dirty, heavy, lumberjacks' clothing, she had a baby up there one day and got up the next and kept on with what she'd been doing. She never complained. She never had any amusement or pretty clothes. She never had anything but drudgery. An aunt of hers died and the uncle wrote that if she would come home she and the baby might live with him in his comfortable home; he would give her an allowance, she could have a car and pretty clothes and some fun. That woman refused. Neither clothes, nor money, nor comfort, could take her away from her man. I hope he appreciated it. I guess he did. I know that I stole it—that remembrance.

"Perhaps that's why I still feel and always will feel, I guess, extreme embarrassment in the presence of flattering, pretty ladies. I don't 'get' it. I don't know what to do about it. I was at home with that woman in the lumber camp. She was a man's woman, not because she wore dainty things and used make-up and so on, but because she had the courage and the hardihood of a man.

"Women—most women—seem to me to be creatures of another world. Fragile. Fantastic. Not quite real. . ." Clark laughed and said: "I was scared to death when I first played with Joan and Norma and Claudette, scared when I began this picture with Connie. I thought 'They'll find me out. They'll discover that I am not the dark lover but just a rough chap with horny hands and a heavy tread, handier with the gun than I am with the glove—and I'll get the horse-laugh and be out of the picture!' My lucky star must be in the ascendant or I must be a better actor than I think I am. I got by but I know that back in that camp I would have died—or been killed—if I'd ever been known as a 'ladies' man.' I'm not. I never can be. My camp training has not exactly been an education along this line.

"I ALSO acquired there in that very real world the belief that fame, prestige, even money, are fleeting values. There was a Russian chap there. He had been one of the old nobility. He'd had everything, an exalted name, all kinds of service, he'd been everywhere, spent money as freely as Niagara spills water. One black night—and it was all gone. His star had fallen. *So may mine—any day or night.*

"I got from the oil fields gang my belief that it doesn't very much matter—the external thing. There was a chap there, rascal son of an enormously wealthy father. He'd been miserable living at home, driving smart cars, living aboard yachts and de luxe ocean liners, his pockets lined with spending money, his days and nights lined with spending ladies. He came out to the oil fields and worked like a slave among Mexicans and Chinese and the motliest kind of a crew. And he was *happy to work hard for a salary.*

"Then came the stage and my engagement in 'Romeo and Juliet' with Jane Cowl. Someone asked me, not long ago, whether I'd played Romeo. That was a good one—I carried a spear or something of the sort and Jane Cowl never so much as knew that I was a member of the company.

"But I did take something from that experience and from the man who played Friar Lawrence in the company. He was an old-time actor with a beautiful use of the English language. He took me in hand and tutored me on off-matinee days and after the play at nights. He taught me all that he knew of the theatre and he made me realize that the theatre can be hard work and sweat, too, and that any job worth doing is a job worth working for. I took from him a new respect for the English language—I was talking, then, with a western accent as broad as the prairies—and a new respect for the theatre.

"You know," Clark said lighting a fresh cigarette, "I have a belief that life is a class-room. You learn from certain teachers and from certain experiences. If you get your lessons by heart you are promoted. If you do not get them, you are left behind. It's a form of reincarnation, really. This life is just one grade, one class-room in the vast University of Life and according to the progress you make here is determined what you are and where you are in the next incarnation.

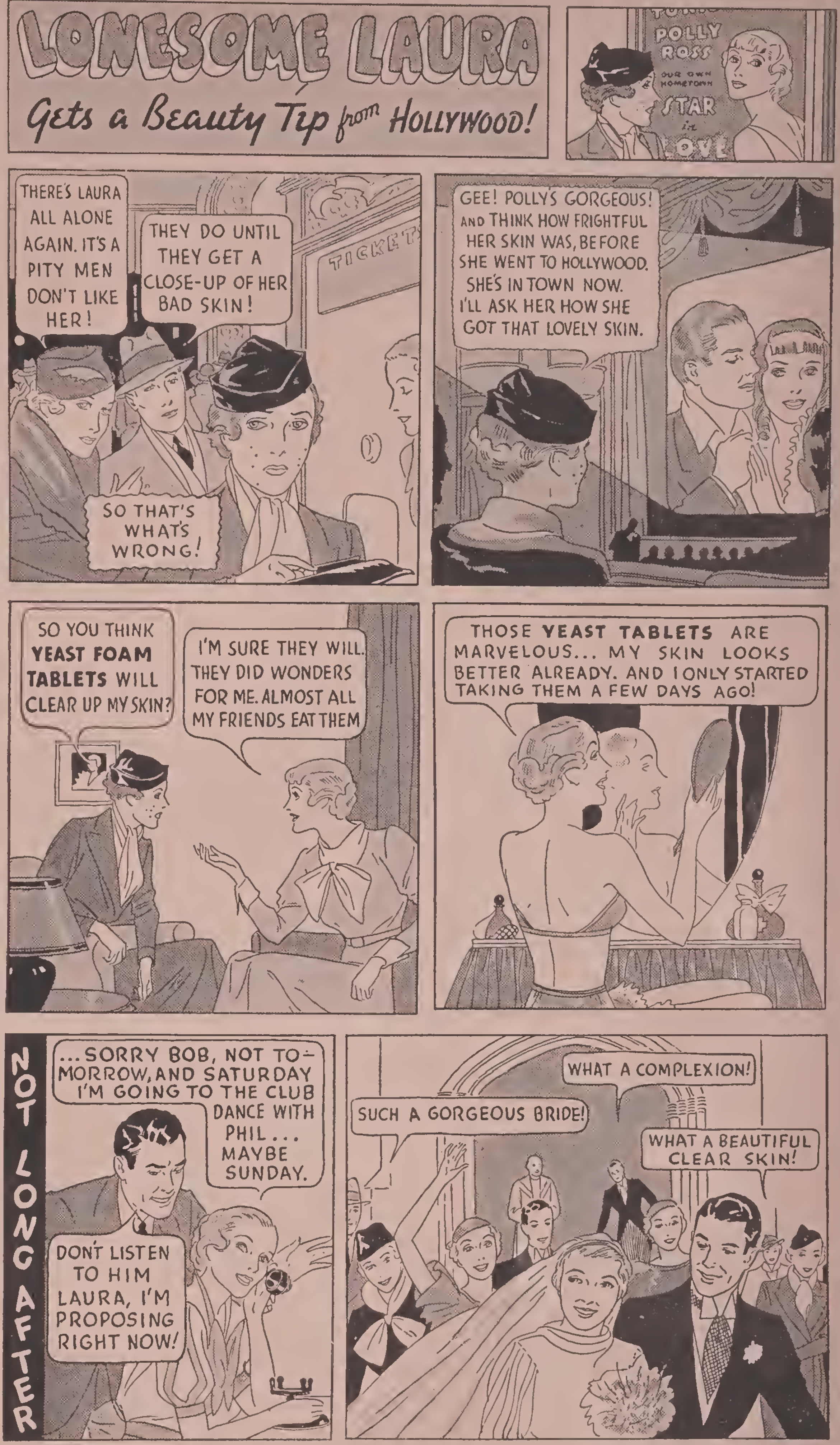
"I don't mean imitativeness, either. I tried that once, too. I tried to mimic someone's English accent and a few fancy mannerisms. I was rotten. I learned from that if you can't be yourself and get along in that rôle you'd better give up.

THEN there's my young stepson. I've taken a great deal from him. Sensitiveness, for one thing. We're apt to be pretty callous after we've knocked about for a bit. We get careless about what we say to people; we tell a bit of a lie here or there if it comes in handy; we pretend that we know more than we really do. But I've taken a different set of values from Alan. Youngsters are easily hurt, whether they show it or not. You can't lie to a young fellow—he'll find you out every time. Kids are so blamed honest themselves that you would rather admit your own ignorance, if necessary, than get in wrong with them. You've got to be pretty good to measure up to a regular boy.

"And then there was, one time, a girl in New York. I used to see quite a bit of her. We'd have lunch together, dinner. I was pretty broke at the time. She always insisted on going fifty-fifty. Said she had a swell secretarial job and was independent. Two weeks after I left New York I heard she had died. *Starvation.*"

Bob Leonard called "Ready for you, Pappy—"

Clark unwrapped himself and began to climb out of the car. He said "I haven't learned much from the people in Hollywood. After all, I had reached thirty before I reached stardom and by thirty any man's character is set. But if I haven't 'gone Hollywood,' as people tell me I haven't, it is really due to the genuine quality of those people I met in my formative years, the hard working boys in the oil fields and lumber camps, a defunct Russian prince, a tired woman in the woods, an old-time actor, a girl whose pride and maybe something more was stronger than death. All that I know and everything I am I took from them."


LONESOME LAURA
Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!
POLLY ROSS OUR OWN HOMETOWN STAR in LOVE
THERE'S LAURA ALL ALONE AGAIN. IT'S A PITY MEN DON'T LIKE HER!
THEY DO UNTIL THEY GET A CLOSE-UP OF HER BAD SKIN!
SO THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG!
TICKETS
GEE! POLLY'S GORGEOUS! AND THINK HOW FRIGHTFUL HER SKIN WAS, BEFORE SHE WENT TO HOLLYWOOD. SHE'S IN TOWN NOW. I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE GOT THAT LOVELY SKIN.
SO YOU THINK YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL CLEAR UP MY SKIN?
I'M SURE THEY WILL. THEY DID WONDERS FOR ME. ALMOST ALL MY FRIENDS EAT THEM
THOSE YEAST TABLETS ARE MARVELOUS... MY SKIN LOOKS BETTER ALREADY. AND I ONLY STARTED TAKING THEM A FEW DAYS AGO!
NOT LONG AFTER
...SORRY BOB, NOT TOMORROW, AND SATURDAY I'M GOING TO THE CLUB DANCE WITH PHIL... MAYBE SUNDAY.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM LAURA, I'M PROPOSING RIGHT NOW!
WHAT A COMPLEXION!
SUCH A GORGEOUS BRIDE!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CLEAR SKIN!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh For Months

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

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Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name ....
Address ....

Movie Mirror, Jr.

(Continued from page 6)

TOM glanced fondly over to where Tony, Jr. was standing and said, "Just treat a horse as you would a human being and he'll respond. If you treat him with kindness and never double-cross him, he will always obey your commands."

And just then Tony, Jr. gave a long happy neigh, shaking his head up and down as though to say, "You're right, Tom. We understand each other."

Tom Mix is an understanding man. He's interested in everything around him, and especially interested in little boys and girls. He adores all of them just as much as they adore him. It's because he likes to make girls and boys happy that he consented to make this serial when Mascot Studios asked him to do it. He knew that you'd be delighted to see him flashed on the screen each and every week for fifteen weeks in the film "The Miracle Rider."

And to show you what he thinks about little children I'll tell you this story I heard about Tom recently.

Tom had some friends visiting him at his home in Beverly Hills. That's where he lives, you know, when he's not out on his ranch in Arizona or when he's not travelling around the country with his Circus. It was a lovely day and they were out on the lawn, and as usual, Tom was laughing and making merry, busy entertaining his guests. But he wasn't too busy to see a little boy coming up his walk. Even though Tom didn't know the youngster, he invited him in.

The little boy told Tom how much he admired him, and Tom took the child inside the house to show him his trophy room. The little fellow was having a grand time. But he realized he was keeping Tom from his guests, and so he said that he thought he'd better be going.

"Just a minute," Tom said, as he reached into a drawer, and pulled out a gorgeous shiny badge. This, he pinned on the little fellow's lapel and made him a member of the Tom Mix club. The boy was speechless with joy, and could only soberly shake hands with Tom and depart.

He started to run down the pathway as fast as his chubby little legs could carry him, when he suddenly found his tongue and shouted to Tom, "Gee, you're *swell!*", which was an echo of all little boys' opinion about another boy who has never grown up.

CUT-OUT CONTEST

Have you tried to put together the cut-out puzzle above? It's fun, isn't it? And besides having fun, you have a chance to win one of the fine prizes listed below.

We'll give you a hint that we know will help you to assemble the picture easily. Tom Mix is in it, and so is Joan Gale.

So get busy right away, and put the puzzle together. Neatness and accuracy count, so do it carefully! Send along the puzzle and a short letter telling us who is your favorite movie star and why. Please tell us your age, too. Sorry, but no puzzles can be returned.

First prize, $10.00; second, $5.00, and the ten third prizes are $1.00 each. And for the next 20 best cut-outs, we shall give each child an autographed picture of Tom Mix on his horse, Tony, Jr. Address your cut-out:

MOVIE MIRROR, JUNIOR
6715 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California

PRIZE WINNERS

MOVIE MIRROR $500.00 SCRAMBLED MOVIE CONTEST

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Theodore L. Miller
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SECOND PRIZE—$100.00

Mrs. Laurence Benson
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FIVE $10.00 PRIZES

Fred Fogwell, Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Emanuel Marder
Plainfield, N. J.

Elna E. Petersen
Albert Lea, Minn.

Virginia Vordon,
Ida, Michigan

Lucie M. Wiltshire
Washington, D. C.

TEN $5.00 PRIZES

Mrs. B. H. Bowe, Portland, Ore.; Yvonne M. Brennan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Lucile Danrow, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. J. T. Hale, Mayfield, Ky.; C. A. Jacoby, West Orange, N. J.; Pauline Kesky, Cleveland, Ohio; C. C. McMillan, Oakdale, Calif.; Walter M. Muller, Yonkers, N. Y.; Maud Petithory, Jacksonville, Fla.; A. Robert Shaw, New York, N Y.

FIFTY $2.00 PRIZES

Eleanor Aldrich, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Norman Andersen, Superior, Wisc.; Mrs. J. P. Barbosa, Dallas, Tex.; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; Ruth Broeker, Chicago, Ill.; Fay C. Burke, Denver, Colo.; Mary Ann Chiavario, Centralia, Ill.; Mrs. Marian L. Chilton, Buffalo, N. Y.; Luella Comm, Racine, Wisc.; Julia M. Embry, Augusta, Ga.; Elaine F. Flint, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Hazel Fessum, Torrance, Calif.; Therall E. Fourt, Springdale, Wash.; Sophia F. Gray, Gloucester City, N. J.; Mary Grey, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Ralph I. Groning, Minneapolis, Minn.; Thora E. Hansen, Manistee, Mich.; Georgina Haston, Winnipeg, Man.; Mary Jane Hausman, St. Louis, Mo.; Kathryn Hilgers, Racine, Wisc.; Annapearle H. Holt, Harrison, Ark.; Edgar A. Hooghkerk, Albany, N. Y.; Helen Hulsbrink, Sacramento, Calif.; Alice M. Jewell, Buffalo, N. Y.; Anna E. Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio; Mildred Kistner, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa; Mrs. Arthur J. Krause, Cleveland, Ohio: Carl F. Laubach, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss B. M. Maree, Elgin, Ill.; Helen McDonald, San Francisco, Calif.; Kathleen McKnight, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Gladys Meister, New York, N. Y.; Charles L. Mersich, San Francisco, Calif.; Hildegard H. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Cathryn Metz, Wadesville, Ind.; Mrs. William L Purdy, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mary I. Rankin, Conneaut Lake, Pa.; Stanley Rayon, Beaumont, Texas; Mrs. Vera Richason, Turners Falls, Mass.; Marjorie F. Rodd, Moncton, N. B.; Mrs. Irene Sanchez, St. Augustine, Fla.; Mrs. Margaret H. Sankey, Wheeling, W. Va.; Alice R. Schultz, Rochester, N. Y.; Helen Skogerson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Louise Taylor, St. Joseph, Mo.; Eleanor Thompson, Everett, Mass.; N. Phillip Watterson, Newport, R. I.; Sadie S. Workman, Atlanta, Ga.; Georgie Young, San Antonio, Texas.

"I HEARD HER SAY--"
"MY COUSIN OUT WEST--"
"YOU NEVER KNOW--"

Pay no attention to them
..get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic.*

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breathtaking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite?* This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.*

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like Zonite could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous Zonite now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, Zonite is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called Zonite Suppositories and your druggist has these for sale, at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.

FACTS for WOMEN

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
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Pure
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Beautifies The Skin

Keeps Skin Young
Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.
Powdered Saxolite
is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

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BY EAR*
NO NOTES-NO SCALES-NO EXERCISES/
If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent postpaid for $1.00 or pay postman $1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.
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Where Are You, Joan?

(*Continued from page 48*)

transcended the normal boundaries and snatched a Blessed Damozel right out of Heaven—it is because I should like, beyond anything else I can think of, to see this girl again that I am giving you this story. I am giving it *because I hope that she will read it and get in touch with me. I am hoping that she will remember a man who has never forgotten three days.*

"It happened like this: Fletcher, a pal of mine—who is now, by the way, my secretary—and I had been spending some time at Balboa. We had committed the silly indiscretion of falling in love with the same girl. At least, I *thought* I was in love. Then I discovered that she was playing us, one against the other, and we had a conference and decided that friendship between men is more sacred than flirtation—and we both lit out and left her.

"We decided to hitch-hike back East. We started in the general direction of Texas, Arizona and points East. For the first part of the trip we had fairly good luck, a little money and a lot of hope. But by the time we reached Arizona—and the desert—we were pretty well played out. We had about forty cents between us at the last outpost of the desert. We expended that on a can of sardines and a loaf of bread. And as we had omitted to buy a can opener we were in a bad way—and soon so were the sardines. By night-fall we had battered the can to a thin wafer of tin with the sardines still wedged between! We jumped on it, we hit it with rocks. It would not open. We finally gave up and ate the loaf of bread.

"The few cars that passed us at this point would have none of two unshaven, dusty, ruffian-looking fellows. There had recently been a horrid murder done in those parts by a hitch-hiker and that was the answer.

"Thus began the trek of the desert. It was blazing hot, we were parched with the heat, hollow with hunger and arid with thirst. Hope was ebbing from us. But we had read the best books and seen the best plays and we managed to talk in the Best Tradition. When Fletch would collapse and lay his length upon the burning sands I would stand over him and declaim, 'Where is your manhood, sir?' And when, a few paces on, I would lay me down to die Fletch would boot me exclaiming, 'Have you no character?'

"I am telling you all of this to show you what a sorry plight we were in when, some miles out on the desert, we blearily noticed a red Studebaker sedan coming our way. It passed us, as we had expected it to—but not so rapidly that I failed to perceive that the girl at the wheel was most radiantly beautiful.

"The car must have gone on for two or three miles and then, suddenly, we heard it coming back again, in our direction. It stopped and the girl leaned out and asked us where we were going. I must have looked like an idiot as well as a ruffian and a hobo because I rubbed my eyes to be sure I had not gone mad and was seeing a false mirage of beauty.

"We told her that we were heading for Yuma. At that moment a man, seated in the tonneau of the car, leaned forward and said, 'Oh, no, you're not. I'm the Sheriff of Yuma County and you're going back to Holtsville with us.'

"We protested that we *were* going on to Yuma when the girl leaned toward us and said, 'If you will come with us one of you may sit in front with me.'

"It *was*, then, precisely as if the Blessed Damozel had leaned out from the gold bars of Heaven.

"I remember," Victor laughed, "I remember that I was again the gallant, making the beau-geste. For I allowed Fletch to sit up front while I climbed in with the Sheriff. I sat there in the back, more dead than alive and thought that I would never forget the way her black hair coiled around her beautiful head. And I was right, for I never have forgotten.

"We arrived in Holtsville and Joan took us to a small hotel in the town. I suppose that we bathed and shaved and made ourselves presentable, somehow. I don't remember. I have a hazy dream of a place that seemed to be shot with rainbow colors.

"For by this time, brief though it was, I was in love as I had never been in love in the course of my life before. And perhaps because I was so dead tired, so hungry, thirsty and reduced to elemental needs the dream invaded my being as it did.

"JOAN took us to dinner that night to a small café in town. And after dinner we went to a motion picture. We were both so completely exhausted that we took turns dropping off to sleep. Just before I went off I'd nudge Fletch awake and before he went off he would nudge me, so that one of us was always awake.

"And all the while, between my eyes and whatever may have been on the screen, the beautiful face of Joan floated, a mirage, before my vision.

"That night Joan took us to her home. She was stopping with an elderly aunt who appeared to be not at all surprised at the sight of us. Did her wise old eyes know, that love may bloom on the desert, as suddenly as a desert plant?

"We sat about and drank hot coffee and talked a while. But facts did not seem to detach themselves from the body of fiction, somehow. I do remember, though I never heard her surname, only that Joan was a Vassar girl. I remember thinking that her graciousness was very sophisticated, that she seemed somehow out of place in a small western town, that she was smooth and lovely and completely mistress of a most curious situation. She seemed to me to be Every Man's Dream of a woman whose every gesture is gracious, quiet and infused with mystery.

"That night, when we went to our room to sleep, I felt that she loved me, too. I felt that those burning midnight eyes of hers had penetrated to the man I liked to think I was.

"The next morning, Joan and I took a walk through the town. Fletch went with us. I am giving you the exact order of what happened, without any exaggeration so that Joan may *know* if she reads this.

"And again the place seemed to be infused with some unearthly beauty so that the pavements I walked on were not real, or any of the houses or trees, or men or women things of this earth.

"And then, in the afternoon, Joan and I walked together—alone. We walked into a dark canyon, with the hills rising to either side of us, mysterious and dark; with birds wheeling over our heads and the aromatic scents of mountain shrubs and flowers in the air.

"And there, in the Canyon, my tongue was loosened and I told her all that I hoped to be—a Mansfield, a Booth, an Irving. I told her that I would walk the theatre boards of the world, a conqueror.

"Man-like, I fear I only talked about myself. If I had not I might have known—later—what her full name was, where she had come from, where to find her. But I knew nothing, in that desolate afterwards, save that her hair was blue-black and her name was Joan and that she had responded to me as beautifully and as naturally as though all that took place had been predestined from birth.

"Maybe it had. Perhaps Joan and I had met and loved in some other life and, in this, were vouchsafed those few and fleeting hours in which to say hail and farewell.

"I know that I spoke of my future as *our* future. I know that I spoke as though this moment, in that blue-shadowed Canyon, would go on forever and forever."

VICTOR JORY gave a slightly embarrassed laugh. He said, "It was, perhaps more nearly the love of which the poets write than I have ever been close to before. It took no stock of names, places or time.

"We must have walked home together because I do recall sitting at table again and eating delicious fried chicken and waffles—and then I remember sitting, Joan and I, under a giant eucalyptus tree and I think, that night, we did not talk at all. There was no need of words.

"And the next day we started forth again. Fletch and I told her that we were returning to Pasadena. But we didn't. We made a detour and went on to Yuma as we had planned. When we reached Yuma we changed our minds again and did go back to Pasadena. Two days after my return I was given an engagement in stock and did not come back until I returned to California six years ago.

"You may well ask me why—*why* I never got in touch with Joan again. I tried. I tried by putting ads in the personal columns of the paper. I even wrote letters addressed to 'Joan—Holtsville' in the random *hope* that they would reach her. I didn't know her name, you see, nor the name of her aunt. Then, when I had gone on tour, I kept planning to get back to the West, to go back to Holtsville.

"Just yesterday, in looking over some old mementoes and treasures I came across the little ring she gave me—an Indian ring of twisted silver. It made them come alive again, those three most superbly beautiful days of my life. It made me wonder—*what of Joan?* Where is she? How is she? Does she, too, remember those three days, the vagrant lover she found on the desert and took to her home and heart?

"That is why I have told this story. I hope that Joan will read it. And I hope that wherever she is she will get in touch with me that I may thank her for her great kindness to me, for the dream of beauty and tender love she once gave me to carry with me forever to the end of my days.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY!
Posed by professional models

Thousands are quickly gaining 5 to 15 lbs. this new easy way

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 good solid pounds, attractive curves they never could gain before—*in just a few weeks*!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast for health. But this new yeast discovery in pleasant tablets gives far greater tonic results—builds health and also adds solid new flesh—*and in a far shorter time*!

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Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—*or money refunded.* All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., **Inc.**, Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

Cooking

(*Continued from page 68*)

hurry, simply score the fruit rinds deeply with a fork from top to bottom all around, and when you slice them, the edges are nicely pinked. Arrange the slices in round swirls on a plate, and pile in the center a mound of cloves, with candied cherries on the outside, or perhaps a little candied ginger, for all of these are good in tea. The Russians drink theirs with cherry jam for sweetening, so if you want to experiment with this, go ahead!

Remember when you are planning food for tea, that it should be mostly flavor and appearance. It is really not hospitable to serve thick slices of bread in sandwiches, nor a too-heavy, gooey cake, because it spoils the appetite for dinner. Tea should be only a "pick-up," not a meal.

MAKE your sandwiches very thin, very dainty, very tasty . . . watercress rolls, checkerboard sandwiches, that sort of thing. By the way, do you know how to make watercress rolls? They look like something extra-special but are simple to do.

Watercress Rolls

Wash and shake very dry the watercress. Take out the heavier stems, and chop the rest very fine, practically mincing it. Mix it with soft cream cheese, just enough to hold it together, season with salt and a dash of paprika. Now butter very thin slices of fresh bread and cut off the crusts. Spread the mixture fairly thick and roll the bread. Secure it with a toothpick, or tie it with a piece of baby-ribbon. Dip both ends in powdered hard-boiled egg yolk, and put in the ice-box for a short time. If you use toothpicks, take them out before you serve the rolls.

Your cakes should also be small, largely of the kind the French call *petits fours*. Ice-box cookies, for which I gave you a recipe last month, are very nice for tea. And then there is the vast range of little cakes which come in wax-paper-covered boxes and are both time-saving and inexpensive.

If you would like to try a simple *petits fours*, here's a good standard recipe:

Petits Fours

Cut one and one-third packages of cream cheese and ¼ lb. butter into 1 lb. bread flour. When thoroughly mixed, put on ice for 24 hours. Roll very thin, use your fanciest small cookie cutters on the dough, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) till they are faintly brown, about 10 minutes.

Of course, there is the whole range of hot breads for tea-time—English muffins, scones, biscuits—and don't skimp on the butter! I have a simply elegant recipe for a quick hot-bread, really *quick*, that I have seen men devour by the dozen (but literally) at teatime. Men don't seem to go for little cakes, but they love these. If you'd like this recipe, just mention it when you write.

There is an English tea-time custom which one seldom sees done over here, and I wonder why, because it is so good. You use as fresh bread as you can and yet slice it very thin with a sharp knife, leaving the crusts on. Soften butter, and spread each slice thoroughly, not very thickly, but all over, clear to the crusts. Arrange these on a big plate, but do not pile them any more than a small overlap. Place beside the plate several kinds of jams and conserves, and small butter knives, and let your guests help themselves! Everybody has his own idea of how much jam he wants on bread and butter and this is the ideal way of seeing that everyone is pleased.

Of course, if you are making a festive occasion of your tea, serve a big, frosted layer-cake, and be sure to include forks. Little candies, such as varied mints, are pretty placed about the table, and salted nuts are also served at tea sometimes.

IF you are entertaining a gathering which has just come in from winter sports or a long, cold drive, it is thoughtful to offer a little rum, which is delicious in hot tea . . . but remember, just a little in each cup. Some hostesses serve the little sugar pellets which have rum on the inside and which melt and sweeten the tea as well as give it a rum flavoring.

Afternoon tea may mean anything from five hundred people to sharing a cup with your neighbor who drops in to return a book, but it is always a friendly, gracious time. Many a girl keeps one afternoon open and her friends know that each week on that day, she will be serving tea to all who drop in. It's a charming idea. Why not try it?

If some of the things I have mentioned are new to you, write in to me for the recipes. So many of you *are* writing me about all sorts of cooking problems, from how to make pie-crust, to how to give a stag dinner! It's fun passing on recipes that I know are good, and suggesting menus for special affairs. This last always makes me feel as if I'd had an invitation to attend a party, and I try to give you really good suggestions for refreshments.

Next month I'm talking about a June bride's wedding breakfast, and I hope lots and lots of you will be wanting to know about this, when the month of weddings comes round.

At last! The first complete story, with all details fully described, about COLLEEN MOORE'S DOLL HOUSE, told by Harold Grieve, who decorated this miniature masterpiece. In the June Movie Mirror, on sale everywhere, April 26.

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How To Be Beautiful Though Busy

(*Continued from page* 54)

a job, you are judged by how you look, and too much lip-stick, or carelessly applied rouge is very apt to give people a decidedly wrong impression of you. *They* won't know you really "aren't like that."

Because of girls' lack of attention to this, I have known whole business firms to issue an edict. "No make-up at all in our offices." Take the time to put on a proper make-up before you leave your home in the morning. Many girls use a cream rouge under their powder, and then touch it up during the day with a powder rouge, as this gives a very lasting effect. I would suggest a lip-stick that stays on too, and some of the new indelible ones do.

It is an excellent idea to keep a make-up kit in your desk drawer, or in your locker. I'm sure you have seen too many office drawers cluttered up with dirty powder-puffs, broken boxes of rouge and odd hair-pins, to let yourself be careless. Keep a small box stocked with what you need. You might shop around for one of the splendid kits made by the big cosmetic firms. These come in all sizes and equipped for everything from a dash of powder on the nose, to a real cleansing and refurbishing. They will adorn any desk drawer, and are sold at a price-scale which begins very inexpensively.

BE sure you keep at your office a bottle or jar of hand lotion to use every single time you wash your hands. If you would like the name of a new cream that seems especially made for the business woman, I will send it to you. It is *not* messy, protects the hands, and isn't expensive.

Girls who type will find it a great relief to stop from time to time to "shake out" and massage their hands, as pianists do. And if you are bothered with broken fingernails from constant typing, use the rubber pads for the keys. These also minimize fatigue.

I am sure I don't need to add that no make-up is ever done except in the privacy of the ladies' room. For one thing, it's bad manners, and for another, office managers don't like it, and do you blame them? If you cannot freshen your make-up at your place of business, you can do it in the ladies' room of the restaurant where you have lunch. The point is that you really should not go from eight to four, or nine to five without retouching your make-up and combing your hair, not if you want to appear well-groomed.

The business girl takes care of her hair, of course, but she should shampoo it a little more frequently than the home girl and choose her coiffure with great care. She should not go in for elaborate wavings and swirls which are perfectly lovely on the day they are put in but look straggly and lank all the rest of the time. Nightly brushing tends to keep the hair in order the next day.

If you are just beginning a job, plan your time to include going over your clothes and attending to your hair and nails the night before each working day. Either buy a make-up kit, or assemble what you need and have a fresh, pretty box in which to keep it at your office.

Decide what special exercises you are going to do, and have a regular schedule for them. Resolve right at the beginning that you are going to watch your health, so that you have that energy which keeps you on your toes at your work, and which is the basis of beauty.

Oh it *is* so worth while to try to look our best at *all* times, whether we are working or playing. It increases our chances of success in our chosen line of endeavor, and our hopes of happiness. If it did none of these things, it always keeps up our spirits, and a cheerful attitude toward life is something worth working for.

At the beginning of this article there's a picture of Dorothy Wilson, and I chose it to use here because she is a girl who worked in offices and yet was never too much the "business woman" to be herself too. It was the *real* Dorothy Wilson, even if she was running a typewriter, whom a director saw in the Stenographic Department of the RKO Studios, and made into a motion picture actress. Every girl may not want to be an actress, but no girl wants to be caught off guard when Opportunity knocks. And Opportunity is a funny old guy. He may come into your office, or your shop, or your factory one of these days and you want to be looking your very best when he does.

If your job seems to present a special beauty problem that is puzzling you, and with which you think I might be able to help, do write me all about it, and I shall do my very best to help you.

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½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1¼ cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it *good!*
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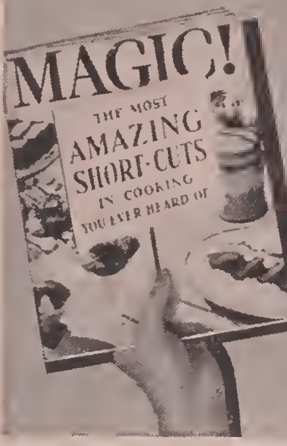

Why I'm a Lucky Husband

(*Continued from page 24*)

all upper-class Irish folk, was keen on education. Pat had to work his way. But he didn't mind. He was used to maneuvering for himself.

His two brothers died when very young, so he is, actually, an only child. When he began studying law at college his mother and father beamed with joy. The student O'Brien didn't exactly beam, however. Not, at least, until the day's classes were finished and he had escaped to the football field. He made the varsity with no trouble at all. But he quit after two-and-a-half years.

"I'd always wanted to be an actor. Of course, it was a blow to my parents when I threw up the university and departed for New York!" It was more of a blow to Pat when he couldn't procure any rôles. And had to survive by accepting a job as a chorus boy.

Two years in the chorus and Pat began to do some hectic figuring. It was a world in itself and there was little chance of being discovered and thrust into speaking parts. He heard that the State of Wisconsin was being noble to its ex-service men. They were granting a certain monthly sum for educational purposes.

PAT rushed home to Milwaukee with a grand proposal. He needed definite training to click at his craft. It would be swell of the State to send him to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. The law provided that they might pursue their education outside the state if Wisconsin didn't offer what they wished.

A lot of red tape had to be unwound, but finally Pat received word that he'd get a monthly allowance. By working, too, it was sufficient for his expenses. He persuaded his boyhood chum, Spencer Tracy, to quit college and attend the academy with him. Kay Johnson, Monroe Owsley, and Sterling Holloway were in their class.

Pat and Spence didn't finish the course. They were eager to try their skill as soon as they'd had some preparation. Both found jobs in stock. Soon both landed on Broadway, in the same play. It was "R. U. R." and they were robots in the mob scenes. Pat remembers that he drew down $10 a week and Spence was paid a mighty $60. "Because the lucky devil had one line to deliver nightly!"

Years of stock followed. There was a forty-eight week run in a New Jersey city, for instance. A new production every seven days, and four matinées weekly. "I was doing four things simultaneously. Rehearsing the play for the next show, learning the lines for the subsequent week, performing the current drama, and forgetting last week's!"

Then along came love and pop went his heart.

He had been enacting a lead in the Southern road company of "Broadway." The man filling the same rôle in the Chicago company left and Pat, then in Atlanta, was rushed into the void. Eloise Taylor was in the Chicago cast.

"The minute I saw her I said to myself, 'There's the girl for me!'" He had believed he was interested in a miss in New York City, but he instantly realized she hadn't truly mattered. "I asked Eloise for a date. When I, er—got a bit forward. I got a good punch on the nose. Then I *knew* that she was the girl for me."

The wooing was a lengthy and difficult task for Pat. The company went on the road. Milwaukee hailed him as the home town boy who had become a stage name. Pat told his parents to bring a few friends and relatives to the opening performance.

"They led in what looked like the whole town! I had no salary for the following ten weeks—it was regularly garnered to pay for all the seats occupied on that memorable occasion!"

Eloise Taylor thought Pat O'Brien was a nice enough fellow, but she wasn't at all sure she wished to marry him. She had many admirers. She had a promising career. Eventually each had to go different ways, working in separate shows. But the ardent Pat kept in touch with her. The very thought of her inspired him constantly, landing him on Broadway in the big time.

His only drawback was that he couldn't seem to save any money. And Eloise couldn't approve of a man who wouldn't accept responsibilities and make the most of his opportunities. However, she finally said yes—and then they had to wait until Pat accumulated something to support a wife on. "It would take an adding machine to compute the times I proposed to her!" Pat confesses.

Hollywood was only heaven to them, a goal they didn't anticipate reaching. They were content when Pat was engaged by Gilbert Miller for a play in which Herbert Marshall was also participating. Rehearsals were well under way when Pat got a long-distance phone call from Howard Hughes in Hollywood.

"I'D never heard of him. But he asked me if I wanted to come out and do the lead in 'The Front Page.' My answer was the natural one. Then he remarked that I'd played the rôle on the road, hadn't I? At three thousand miles' distance it is easy to story. So I answered, 'Certainly!' Fact is, I'd appeared in the play in stock and had but the secondary part.

"It was luck that is responsible for my getting to Hollywood. Afterwards I learned that Lewis Milestone had dropped into a New York theatre six months previously, and had been impressed by my performance in the show I was doing then. He didn't come backstage; so I knew nothing of his approval.

"I'd made one talkie short. It was a fright. In those days in the East they murdered with lighting the actors in the shorts. I photographed like a mad Russian. I think they lit the sets with matches. I was sure it was the beginning and the end of my participation in films. Nevertheless, Hughes had run that short and, in spite of it, had succumbed to Milestone's enthusiasm about me.

"To get me out of the play I was rehearsing, Hughes had to pay Gilbert Miller $10,000. I had to stay on until Osgood

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Perkins stepped in to substitute for me.

"When I headed for Hollywood I was flat broke. On the way I wired Hughes, 'What do I use for food?' He wired money. Milestone put me to work as soon as I arrived. He planned a regular three-week rehearsal on 'The Front Page,' before he started the cameras grinding. One day, puzzled at a piece of business, he said, 'How did you do this?' I confessed I'd never played that part at all. 'But it's too late to kick now,' I cried. 'I've got a six-months' contract!'"

This revelation fortunately didn't result in Pat's losing out. He was versatile enough to fit into the new part perfectly. And the boy had been thinking when he signed with Hughes, too. His film contract provided that Eloise Taylor's fare to the coast be paid within two weeks after he himself set foot in Hollywood. So she came West on schedule and they were married—at last.

"I was worried for fear she was just coming for the train ride," Pat confesses.

But Eloise was positive Pat had settled down. She accepted a few picture offers herself. It was fun performing with Ann Harding and others in the new medium. However, she determined to retire.

"I COULDN'T ask her to quit her career," Pat declares. "When once you've been in the game you learn to love it. But I hoped she wouldn't go on, and I left it entirely up to her. Personally, I don't favor two movie careers in one family. You have so much in common that you end up with a divorce—because of too much in common!

"Eloise has been responsible for my being comfortably situated today. Money doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm not interested in it; I don't know how to hang onto it. Thanks to her good judgment, we now own our home in Brentwood, have annuities, insurance policies, investments,"

The O'Brien establishment is a low, rambling Spanish structure. Pat being a sport fiend, there is a swimming pool, and handball and badminton courts. Each room reflects the warm good nature of the owners. And not the least important room is the nursery. Last summer the O'Briens adopted a baby daughter. They hadn't been blessed with a child. They still hope to be, but in the meantime couldn't do without one. Pat doesn't want to emphasize the fact that she was adopted. The O'Briens got her because they loved her.

The only cloud on Pat's horizon is the danger of being typed on the screen as a "mug." In the theatre he essayed every sort of character; he doesn't want to bore the fans by harping on the same key.

"I hate to be always barking at people," he states, referring to his recent run of hard-boiled assignments. "Not that I've a hankering to go swell and have a butler push a chair under me every time I sit down. But I don't want to be just a mug. The public will conclude I drive the truck up to the studio, clamber off, and breeze onto the set!"

Whatever breaks Hollywood has in store for him, none of them will equal in Pat's estimation the break he had when Eloise Taylor said yes. His years with her as his ideal have flown like magic. They must have, when he insists that he is a lucky husband *first,* and a movie star second!

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Just Off the Boulevard

(*Continued from page* 15)

of people were hanging around in front. I walked in. A policeman was talking to Alice. Alice was crying. In one corner was an old mattress, no blankets. On a rickety table was a can of milk and some stale crackers. I asked the policeman about Mary. He said:

"Who? the other girl? We just sent her to the morgue. She died of . . . of starvation, I guess."

JOE has a little lunchroom, just off Hollywood Boulevard, and every order is five cents, so he gets lots of actors. His wife does the cooking and it's very good, but Joe just talks; his beefy, bartender figure shaking with indignation at most everything, and politics in particular. Studio politics.

On the walls, around the ten-stool counter, are pictures of almost every big actor who ever starred in Hollywood. The end-wall is reserved. It's called the *death wall.* "Pretty soon, now, only standing room left," smiles Joe as he points to the *death wall* which is nearly covered with portraits of deceased actors and actresses. "To my friend, Joe," "Best wishes to Joe," each one of them is signed.

Three days before Lilyan Tashman answered the last curtain call, Joe decided to change her picture to another frame. "I'll never do *that* again—bad luck! says Joe as he twirls his handlebar mustachios. "Bad luck to change frames."

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 33)

swell new motor in his plane when the studio "grounded him" . . . 'tis rumored that Paramount will not re-sign Helen Mack, which gives RKO the opportunity they've been waiting for . . . Allan Jones and Betty Furness are ordering salad-bowl-for-two these days. . . .

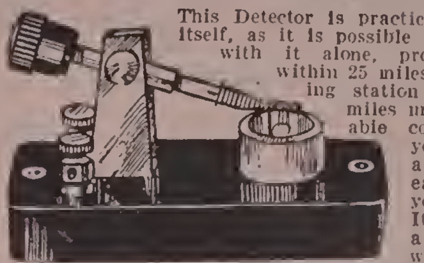
* * *

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK: The next BIG star at M-G-M is probably going to be Mrs. Knight's little girl, June. Not much luck while at Universal—but she now knows her way around and will hit. She has not only learned to smile prettily for all future directors, supervisors and production heads—but she has grabbed off one of the richest young men in town for her escort, Mr. Tommy Lee, the heir to the automobile fortune.

* * *

"WE absolutely denounce the title of *best dressed couple* and never want to hear it again!" Thus spake Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale. From time to time, both of them have been called the best dressed—and they have reached the end of their fashionable endurance.

Could this strain have caused the marked difference in Miss Teasdale? She's changed so much during the first year of marriage. Folks on all sides have commented on "The New Miss Teasdale." She used to be so gay; full of smiles and pep. Now she seems very subdued.



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How Hollywood Will Dress You

(Continued from page 11)

found to make the dresses look even shorter."

Adrian, M-G-M creator of styles for Garbo, Shearer and Crawford, says: "I don't think the designers have a thing to do with the trend toward shorter skirts! They are coming back, yes, but only because women are tired of the longer skirt and demand a change. I would judge that about fourteen inches from the ground will be enough to satisfy them for a while—but there will be little if any demand for shorter skirts in evening wear. The new shorter skirt will be almost entirely for sports and daytime."

HOW *about those new hats?*

Bernard Newman: "I must warn you that the hats will be a bit difficult. Off-the-face brims, some of them dating back to your childhood, will be the vogue. Shallow crowns will set the pace."

Adrian: "Hats are going to go back as far as 1875 for their inspiration. The hit of the season will no doubt be the *roller-coaster* brim and the crowns are going to be particularly shallow. This season will find us using a lot of trimming on hats, too. You will be surprised to find so much lace, ribbon and flowers. It's been quite some years since women will have appeared with such abundance of trimming."

Orry-Kelly: "Since Regency fashions are indicated, I presume the poke bonnet type of hat will set the trend. However, there will be a large variety of off-the-face brims to contend with and a strong possibility that trimming and shallow crowns will come in for plenty of attention."

Rene Hubert: "Hollywood has been severely criticized for one or two of its most recent hat creations—which I look upon as a good omen. It means that Hollywood is setting the styles. For early summer, the period-type hats will be the vogue, off-the-face with a number of rather difficult brims to contend with. Watch carefully the use of the new hats. There are enough different designs to go around so don't follow your neighbor to your own disadvantage."

Howard Greer: "Hats will be smaller than last year, tilting back instead of so much to the side and while the Regency bonnet will be popular with young people, the small hat with the small brim will also be good. I am also featuring the return of the hatpin to be used with the severe sailor hat."

Travis Banton: "The hat you used to wear when you went hoop-rolling will be just about right for the coming season. Ribbon and flowers will predominate for trimming and brims will be of all sizes and shapes, mostly off-the-face."

Omar Kiam: "Quaint, old-fashioned type hats are the newest thing for early summer. Poke bonnets and rolling brims will set the vogue."

WHICH *materials will be most in demand?*

Adrian: "I believe Garbo's new picture 'Anna Karenina' will start a rush for old-fashioned materials—alpaca and taffeta.

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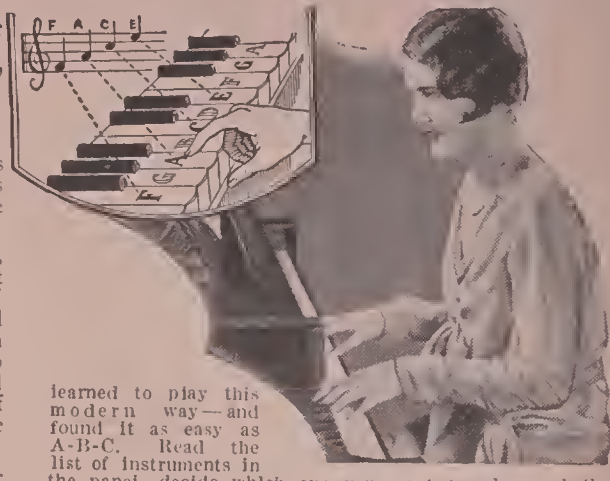

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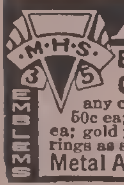

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Of course, organza will be one of the leading materials for the season—mostly printed—and silk prints will also be in vogue."

Howard Greer: "I distinctly favor the lighter, more flowing type of material for the new mode, and favor particularly plain crepes in contrast to the pebbly ones used last season. Some designers will tell you that taffeta will get quite a play, but I think it is out of date already for the real smart woman!"

Bernard Newman: "Taffeta and chiffon will get most of the attention. For evening, soft fabrics, showing new treatments of chiffon and net. Linen is going to be excellent for sports, perhaps best. Many new varieties and patterns are appearing on the market which will make this a best seller. They are even going to show *tailored evening gowns of linen!*"

Omar Kiam: "Most of the new gowns will be inspired by costume pictures, so I look for a re-discovery of some of the once-favored materials, alpaca and the various cottons. Taffeta and chiffon should cover the subject for evening. Printed silks will hold sway for daytime wear."

Réné Hubert: "At first, taffeta will be in great demand. Not only for gowns but shoes, gloves and suits as well. Everywhere you will find taffeta. But this vogue will be short-lived. Soon the softer and more luscious materials will come in. Such fabrics as chiffon, soft silk and other clinging materials will be the second half of the mode."

Travis Banton: "The mode will call for soft, feminine silks and chiffons for evening, with printed silks and organza for daytime."

Orry-Kelly: "Chiffon. It is being much used for all sorts of things, either plain or in some of the beautiful new prints. It lends itself to flowing, feminine evening things; it can be starched and made into more tailored clothes for the afternoon, using net jackets for cocktail parties. In navy blue, it can be adapted for the street, not for business wear, but for the matinee or in your car."

WILL the new mode suit the average woman?

Bernard Newman: "Shorter skirts will be more comfortable to wear but, of course, will be less charming and graceful than the longer, draped lines. The main thing that makes the coming mode easier to wear is the *variety* of styles. A clever woman can find exactly the style and type to be completely becoming to her personality. Hats will be sensational, thus trying for the average figure, on the whole."

Omar Kiam: "The new hats are going to demand caution. The poke bonnet and the rolling brim are sure to be difficult for some woman. Full skirts will make the dresses easier to wear, though."

Adrian: "Much easier for the average woman. The only thing we must watch is the trend toward *fussy* things that have long been considered bad taste. These will call for lots of ribbon, fur and lace used in combination. This calls for discretion on the part of the average woman."

Orry-Kelly: "If the Empire and Regency styles come in, they will be very difficult to wear—so, while this fashion will no doubt be started by some of the forthcoming picture productions, I look for it to

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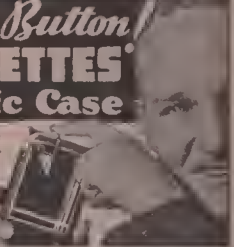

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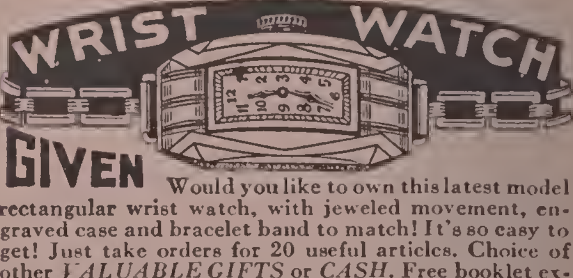

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last but a short while because of this very lack of adaptability. The masses no longer take up a style that is obviously becoming to a very few chic women."

René Hubert: "The coming mode, with its simplicity and clean cut lines, is absolutely an asset to any woman. The average woman, with a little clothes sense, will find smartness easier to obtain now than ever before. Care must be taken in the choice of hats . . . this one item will cause the most trouble for the average woman."

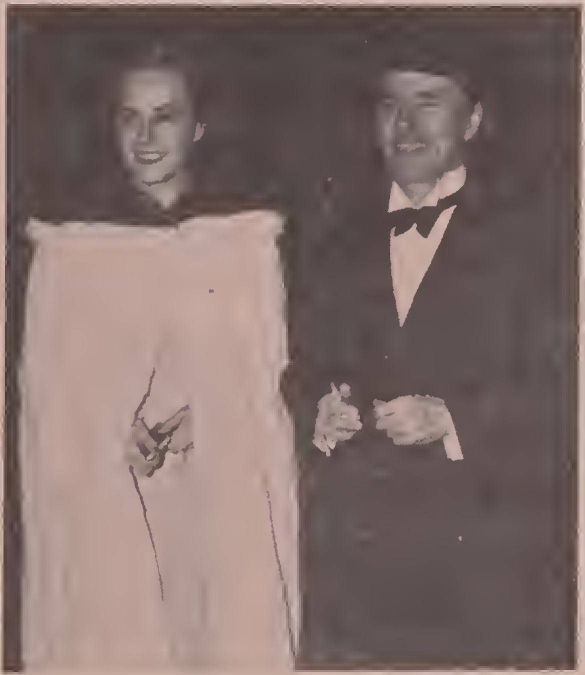
Howard Greer: "The flowing lines of the formal gowns; the full hem of the new dress mode will combine to make them easier for the average woman to wear."

Travis Banton: "If one is careful to choose what becomes the personality, the wide variety of the new mode should give every woman a good opportunity for easier dressing. The problems are mostly confined to hats, accessories, and the tendency to overdo a mode such as the forthcoming one."

And now that we have that settled, let's outline some of the special tips offered us by the famous designers of Hollywood.

"Huge sleeves will be just as important, but wide shoulders have gone out . . . for jewelry, *sets* will be in vogue: ring, clasp and bracelet to match . . . navy blue, lavender and purple will be the outstanding colors; with blue-and-yellow, red-blue-and-grey the best color combinations . . . lots of material in all dresses . . . suits are very important and Travis Banton advises that you go to a man's tailor for this item of the wardrobe . . . you may use satin as a trim or accent with prints of silk, crepe or organza . . . stick closely to the feminine touch and forget sophistication for the moment . . ."

And by all means, watch the new pictures for the last word in fashion tips! All the designers agree that Hollywood is either leading the world in fashion creation . . . or that she is, at least, setting before you in the best and quickest manner the newest from both Paris and Hollywood.



Here's the mystery pair of Hollywood—Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. They've taken time off from work on the new picture to hear Heifetz play at the Philharmonic. Paulette goes Hollywood with a full-length, flowing ermine cape and they both look as happy as a Prince and his Princess. Is she?

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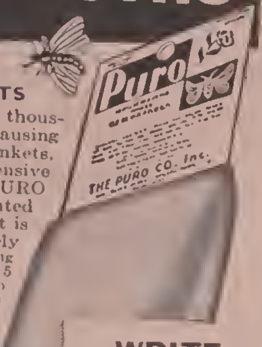

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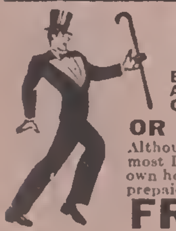

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Makes you feel like yourself again

Who Are The Real
HOLLYWOOD HEART-BREAKERS?

WHILE the millions of girl movie fans are dreaming of romance with Clark Gable, Franchot Tone or any one of a dozen other screen heart-breakers, who is it that engages the hearts and minds of Hollywood's female stars, those gorgeous, glamorous girls who can have their pick of all available and eligible men? Do they thrill at the idea of associating with the male stars, or do they prefer somebody else?

In a word, if you were a popular Hollywood star would you care to go places and do things, fall in love with and perhaps marry a popular male star or would some man following an entirely different calling prove more attractive?

In PHOTOPLAY for April is a feature article by Dorothy Spensley on the men friends of popular female stars that will prove absorbingly interesting and surprisingly enlightening to everyone who reads it. Do not miss it—page 72, PHOTOPLAY for April, now on sale.

A CHARLIE CHAPLIN PICTURE SCOOP

Another outstanding feature in the April PHOTOPLAY is an exclusive display of pictures of Charlie Chaplin on location as he produces his first picture in four years. Every Chaplin fan will revel in the great picture scoop.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Still another feature that will delight you is the Real Story of Ruby Keeler by Adela Rogers St. Johns, probably best informed of all writers regarding motion picture personages.

PARTIAL CONTENTS OF THE APRIL ISSUE

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG-SHOTS by Kathryn Dougherty—ZIEGFELD WOULD HAVE SAID: "THROW HER OUT!" by Frederick L. Collins—DON'T LOVE ME—THERE'S GOLD IN THOSE FRILLS by Ruth Rankin—PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS—MEANDERING MITZI by Mitzi Cummings—HOLLYWOOD, MY HOLLYWOOD by Scoop Conlon—THE REAL HEART-BREAKERS OF HOLLYWOOD by Dorothy Spensley—WHERE IS MY WANDERING PLAYWRIGHT? by Patterson McNutt—PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP—SYLVIA SETS THE STANDARD FOR FACIAL BEAUTY—BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES—THE SHADOW STAGE—THAT LITTLE HALL HOME IN THE WEST—THEY GAVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND by Adela Rogers St. Johns—ON LOCATION WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN—MY COMPANION SAID: "I WOULD JUST LOVE TO DANCE WITH FRED ASTAIRE" by Kirtley Baskette—HE'S A SIMON-PURE COUNT—NOT A HOLLYWOOD REBUILT by William F. French—HOLLYWOOD MENUS—ADDRESSES OF THE STARS—CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS—FAN CLUBS

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PHOTOPLAY

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MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINES

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"Anything I've Wanted, I've Got"

(*Continued from page 53*)

might easily tell you it were. But the press agent could not give Anne that radiant ardor of youth, he could not instil into her personality that vital naivete, that young charm she possesses.

Yet way, way back, in the inner recesses of her being she is old. She has worked with adults—emotional adults. When other children were playing with dolls, she was playing with life. She has seen the ecstasy, the sorrow, the joy, the trials—both real and assumed—of actors and actresses, when she was a very little girl. Such an experience could not help but make a deep mark upon Anne Shirley. These things have made their mark.

I have known hundreds of film stars. I have talked to dozens of young players who stood upon the luminous threshold of success. I have never seen one who impressed me so tremendously as Anne.

She bristles with enthusiasms. But she isn't "ga-ga"—Anne has already learned far too much for that. Her eyes tell you at once that she is completely and utterly frank and without guile.

Anne is different from other girls her own age. She has much more poise, more assurance, more vitality. Where did she acquire all of these things?

PERHAPS I can tell you by going far back in her life and telling you of her mother and Anne's relationship to that mother. It is the story of two lonely women creatures struggling against the world.

Anne's mother is English and her upbringing demanded that she conform to the very British rules of young ladies' conduct. One of the rules emphatically stated that dancing was no career for a lady. But Anne's mother could not conform so when she was eighteen she ran away from home to be a dancer. One night she was sitting in her dressing room when her father and two policemen appeared before her. "They told my mother," Anne said, her eyes wide with wonder, "that if she didn't come home at once they would shoot off her legs."

She traveled all over England. She traveled with theatrical troupes in Italy and Spain and she has been in every state in the Union. Now when Anne looks at her mother and says, "I want to travel. Oh, I want to go to New York. I've never seen a musical show. I've never seen anything but California and studios and movies. I want to see every place in the whole world"—her mother looks at her in amazement and asks "Why?" Anne's mother whose life has been so crowded with action and emotion cannot understand why Anne should be restless, when it is so good to rest, at last.

Anne was born in New York. Her father was an American and if dancing were not enough to cut her mother off from her family, marrying an American certainly would have done the trick anyhow. When Anne was eighteen months old her mother and father separated. Later her father died and that left just the two of them—Anne and her mother.

She hasn't a relative that she knows of except her mother and since she was three years old she has been the breadwinner of the tiny family. The mother had to give up her own career to take care of Anne when she was a baby. She saw a chance to make a little money by letting Anne—before she was two years old—pose for commercial photographers. At three she was a picture actress in New York. They came to Hollywood a few years later and Anne has worked ever since, so you can understand what she means when she says that the studios are as commonplace to her as bread and butter to other children.

"Oh, we've had some bad times—Mother and I. People only hear about you when you're working and doing well," Anne said. "When you don't get jobs nobody knows about you. But I tell you that I could never worry. It's Mother who does.

"Mother is wonderful, really. She has had such an exciting life. And all I do is go to the studio every day and go to school. Mother has been everywhere. I think maybe that's why she is so grand. She always meets you half way. I love going to see pictures. Mother wants me to get plenty of sleep, but when I'm not working we compromise. She lets me go and then sleep late in the morning and go to my school in the afternoon. You can always explain everything to my mother.

"THERE are a lot of things I can't understand. I don't understand those people—those 'fans' who ask you for your autograph. I think they're nutty. What I like best about pictures is pay-day. No, I don't have an allowance. The money goes to Mother and she gives me what I need. It's always been like that. We've worked together—we've worked out everything together.

"The only thing we disagree on is clothes. I kick terribly when she wants to put me in fussy things. I like sweaters and skirts but that's because when I was a kid I was always dressed up in fancy little dresses to make a cute impression when I was being taken around to the studios for interviews with casting directors. Now I like to put on old clothes and go hiking and slide down hills. We had a house in Laurel Canyon and I used to slide down the hill back of the house. Sometimes Mother and I didn't go near Hollywood for weeks. That was fun. But we lost the house. No money. Mother worried. But I didn't. I tell you I haven't got sense enough to worry. I always get what I want. And everything is just luck anyhow."

It's something more than luck. It's Anne herself, because nobody could be in her presence for half an hour without feeling a deep quality of sincerity and more than that—some almost mystic quality as if she had lived a long, long time.

Pictures, as she has told you, hold no excitement for her. She got just one big thrill from "Anne of Green Gables." It was at the preview. Afterwards she met a boy she used to know at school. "Why, Anne," he said, "why didn't you tell me you could act?"

She liked that. That gave her a thrill!

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

In Perfect Health Now

About nine years ago I purchased one of your famous J. B. L. Cascade sets in an attempt to rid myself of suffering from intestinal troubles since it was recommended to me. Ever since the purchase I have used it constantly, until now I am in perfect health and the stomach trouble forgotten. From then on I have been recommending it to every one who suffers from constipation.

I wish to take this opportunity now in thanking you for the wonderful device in restoring health, and the complete understandable instructions included in each set.

June 9, 1934.

Seth Terao,
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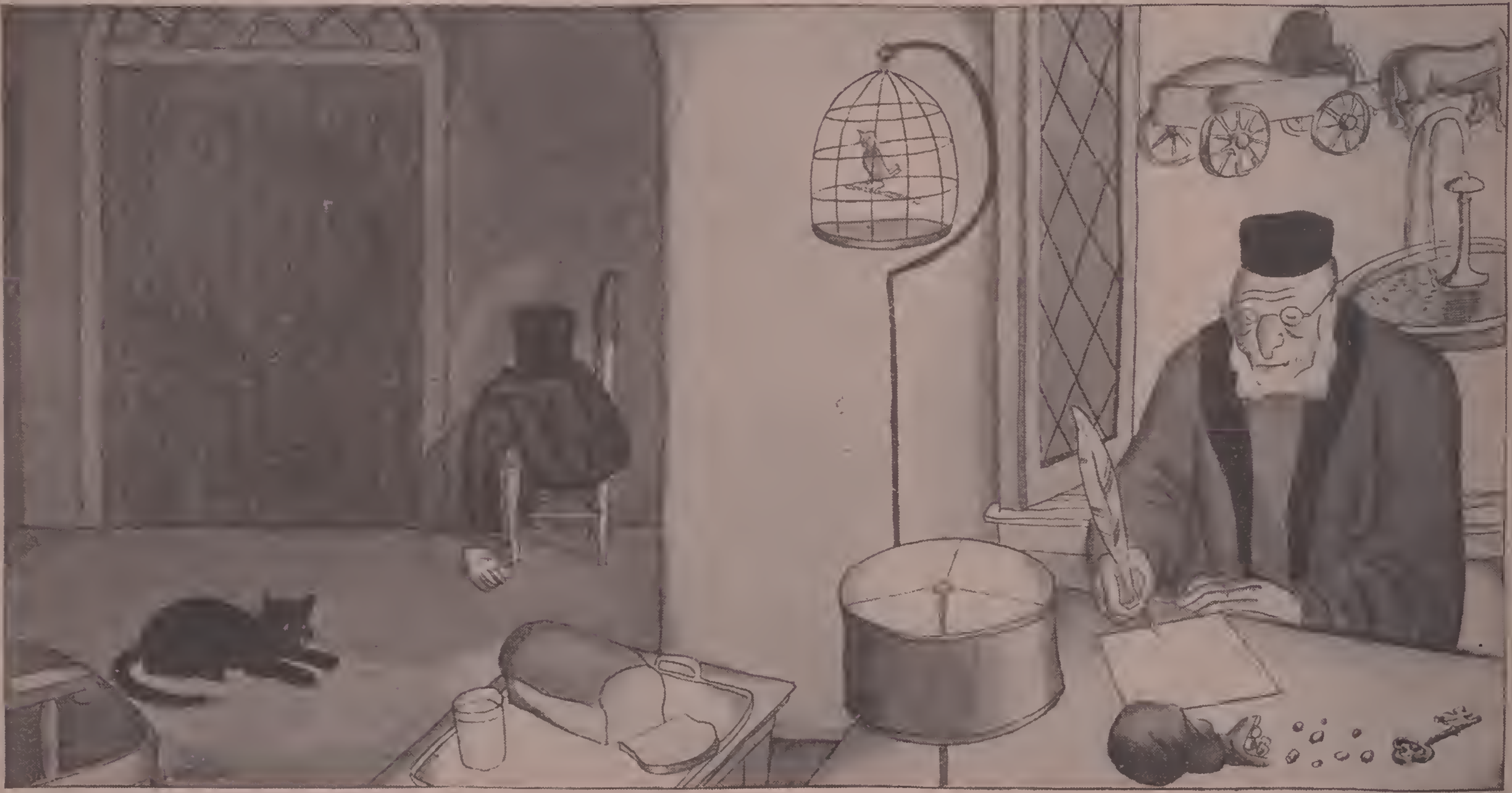

THIS IS DRAWING NUMBER ONE

IF YOU KNOW SCREEN PLAY TITLES YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

HERE is a great opportunity for screen play followers to convert their knowledge of picture titles into cash prizes. The drawing above contains items and objects which indicate the names of ten screen plays which have been widely exhibited during the last year. Can you pick them out? Do not guess. There is an object or item clearly placed in the drawing for each title. Guessing is unnecessary and will lead you astray as opposite each title you must write the name of the thing in the drawing that suggested it to you.

MOVIE MIRROR will pay sixty-seven cash prizes, a total sum of $500.00 in cash, for the best entries submitted in accordance with the brief, simple rules at the right.

Get into this fascinating game right now. Study the drawing carefully. Probably you can pick out quite a few titles without much study. Write them down. Then seek out enough more titles to bring your list up to ten.

When you have finished with this month's drawing to the best of your ability place your work in a convenient place pending the publication of Drawing No. 2 in the June issue, on sale the last week in April.

FIRST PRIZE..............	**$200.00**
SECOND PRIZE............	**100.00**
FIVE PRIZES, Each $10.00...	**50.00**
TEN PRIZES, Each $5.00....	**50.00**
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $2.00...	**100.00**
TOTAL 67 PRIZES..........	**$500.00**

THE RULES

1. Each month for three months MOVIE MIRROR will publish a drawing which will contain items or objects representing the names of ten screen plays widely exhibited during the past year.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and under it list the titles of the ten screen plays it reveals to you. Next to the title write the object or item that suggested it to you. When you have a complete set of three drawings analyzed with the resulting total of thirty screen play titles write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining "The picture among those I have listed that I enjoyed the most and why."
3. The entry with the greatest number of correct titles accompanied by the best statement judged on the basis of interest, clarity and convincingness will be awarded a first prize of $200.00. The next best on this busis will be awarded a $100.00 second prize and so on through the list of sixty-seven prizes listed elsewhere on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 10, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned nor can any correspondence be entered into regarding any entry. Anyone, anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, and members of their families.
5. Submit all entries by first class mail to HIDDEN TITLES EDITOR, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

NEXT MONTH DRAWING NUMBER TWO!

BABES IN HOLLYWOOD—Where it's always sunshine and parties! Little Wesley Ruggles, Jr., prominent social leader of the youngest set, entertained recently at a large garden party on the family estate. Among the guests were Gary Crosby and Sue Gilbert, who are shown above with their host (he's in clown costume). In the corner of the page is Wally's girl—Carol Ann Beery—as a balloon-keeper. The cowboy is Chester Morris's son, Brooks.

PRINCESSES MUST EAT—Her Royal Daintiness, Diana Fox, is the daughter of Queen Joan Bennett. At left, lucky Harry Joe, Jr., nestles in the arms of mama Sally Eilers Brown. Edward G.'s son, Manny Robinson, astride a spirited Shetland pony, was the very figure of a dashing caballero. Below, three little Crosbys all in a row—and Wes, Jr., like a well-bred gentleman, wasn't a bit jealous of the twins as they sat on the lap of his mother, Arline Judge.

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Photo by Winemiller & Miller

By Charles Atlas
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No other Physical Instructor has ever DARED make such an offer.

My **Dynamic-Tension** system does it. That's how I built myself from a 97-pound weakling to "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Let me prove that you can get a big, balanced muscular development in the same easy way.

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 5*)

with the sheer beauty of it when Freddie goes into his dance.

We won't go into the plot for you'll never notice it, but the songs are swell, the dancing superb and the acting flawless. Everyone from babies to grandparents can have a perfect evening at "Roberta."

Your Reviewer Says: 100%!

✓"The Wedding Night" (Samuel Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Anna Sten, Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson.*

It's About: *A married novelist who finds heartbreak and regeneration through a romance with a Polish girl in the tobacco lands of Connecticut.*

Here is a strangely compelling "mood" picture entirely different from the usual run of film fare. Producer Goldwyn has shelved his usual exotic backgrounds for the simple story of three very human people, a dissipated novelist, his wife, and a girl of the soil who find themselves in a tragic domestic triangle.

Gary Cooper, as the young writer seeking to retrieve himself and his work in a new background, and Anna Sten as Manya, the beautiful peasant with whom he falls in love, will tug at your heartstrings with the sincerity of their performances. But Helen Vinson as the giddy young wife who comes to realize the folly of her ways, is nothing short of a revelation. Her scene with Gary in which she pleads for their marriage is the most powerful in the picture. Ralph Bellamy as Manya's surly suitor is another surprise in a rôle far removed from his usual characterization.

Your Reviewer Says: An unusual and important picture with no sugar-coating.

✓✓"All the King's Horses" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carl Brisson, Mary Ellis, Edw. Everett Horton, Eugene Pallette, Katherine DeMille, others.*

It's About: *A king who persuades his "doubled," a famous movie star, to take his place while he travels in search of romantic experience to hold his wife. The "double" is left alone with the Queen!*

A very entertaining version of the old mythical kingdom-double identity story—studded with some grand singing, clever dancing, good music and competent acting.

When the movie star takes over the King's horses, he finds he has also taken over the King's wife, and very beautiful, too. The romantic complications are entertaining—but the singing and dancing of Mr. Brisson and the gorgeous voice of Queen Mary Ellis overshadow the story.

Carl Brisson, playing the dual rôle, gives more than a creditable performance. He is really quite surprising as the King—and his dancing is almost equal to his singing. Opera Star Mary Ellis gives an excellent first performance and not only sings until the customers applaud but photographs very well, too. Eugene Pallette does some of his best work.

Your Reviewer Says: If your movie interest runs to singing and grand music.

✓✓"West Point of the Air" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Wallace Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Russell Hardie, Henry Wadsworth, Lewis Stone, James Gleason, Robert Taylor, Robert Livingston, Jack Conroy, Rosalind Russell.*

It's About: *Two flyers, father and son, with the boy learning about life from the old man and a Park Avenue siren, and about flying from the Army and Randolph Field.*

Wally Beery, flying sergeant, has only one dream for his motherless son, and that is for the boy to be an aviation ace. So when the boy graduates from West Point, falls in love with a deb, gets in wrong at Randolph Field (the Army's training school for young flyers), won't love the General's daughter and plans to leave the service, you can imagine for yourself the state the old man gets in. He saves his son finally, even though he faces court-martial for it, and all ends happily in a nicely unexpected manner.

The flying scenes are just as thrilling as air movies have led you to expect. The entire cast is slick, with Wallace Beery, Bob Young and Rosalind Russell giving the outstanding performances.

Your Reviewer Says: A flying thriller that gets away from the usual triangle plot.

✓✓"Sweet Music" (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Rudy Vallee, Ann Dvorak, Ned Sparks, Helen Morgan, Robert Armstrong, Allen Jenkins, Alice White, the Connecticut Yankees, the Frank and Milt Britton Band, and many, many more.*

It's About: *People in show-business, especially an orchestra leader and a dancer who learn to love each other by hating each other.*

Hats off to Rudy Vallee for overcoming his movie bugaboo and emerging from "Sweet Music" as a definitely attractive screen personality. Warners give him a chance to clown, to sing, to mimic, and thank heavens—to act natural! His scraps with Ann Dvorak are cutely handled and in his serious moments—when he's being misunderstood by the gal he loves—he's surprisingly competent in performing his rôle. Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks and Bob Armstrong handle the comedy and Alice White gets some laughs as a bird-brained blonde cutie. The antics of the destructive Britton Band are hilarious. And the musical numbers are consistently entertaining. Helen Morgan takes part in one of them without much effect.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand, hilarious time for all, as long as nobody worries too much about plots.

✓"The Little Colonel" (Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Lionel Barrymore, Evelyn Venable, John Lodge, Sidney Blackmer, Bill Robinson, others.*

It's About: *A little girl, back in Civil War days, who saves the homestead from the villains—while the colored butler dances to the tune of "Dixie."*

When Evelyn Venable marries a Northerner, her grandpa Barrymore—his Southern blood boiling—casts her out to drift. When she drifts back some years later, she brings a child: Shirley Temple.

The balance of the picture shows Shirley, who was made an honorary Colonel in the Northern army, working on her cantankerous old grandfather with the idea of bringing him back to mama's fold once more. Little Miss Temple has grown . . . but she fits the yesteryear background to perfection and looks cuter than anything in the little crinoline dresses.

The highlight of the picture comes when Shirley appears with the butler (famous colored dancer, Bill Robinson) and dances up and down the stairs with him. Marse Robinson suttinly adds plenty to the show.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Shirley Temple, better see it. But don't close your eyes when the dancing starts.

✓✓"Mississippi" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett, Queenie Smith, Gail Patrick, Claude Gillingwater, John Miljan, Fred Kohler, Sr., the Cabin Kids, Molasses and January.*

It's About: *The old show-boat days and a boy who gets a false reputation as a desperado and thereby wins the girl.*

Why they worry about stories for Bing Crosby we'll never know—all Bing really needs is new backgrounds for his singing. Here Bing plays a Northerner in love with a Southern girl (no, there's no Civil War), but when he refuses to fight a duel over her touchy honor he's branded as a coward, and the girl breaks up the engagement. Bing then becomes a singer on the river boats and gets an undeserved reputation for being a Big Bad Man. It's the usual Crosby production and our only objection to it is that they don't give Bing as much comedy as usual. W. C. Fields gets his share, though, and is very amusing with it all. Joan Bennett takes care of the beauty and charm department magnificently.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a treat to the eye and ear and you can forget the creaky old plot.

✓✓"Naughty Marietta" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Frank Morgan, Elsa Lanchester, Douglas Dumbrille, others.*

It's About: *Victor Herbert's undying musical comedy of the French Princess who runs away to the Colonies and becomes the "naughty Marietta" of old New Orleans.*

If you had to sit blindfolded through such lilting melodies as "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and other beautiful numbers of this musical, you'd still get your money's worth, but just thank your lucky stars you don't have to. You'd miss ravishing Jeanette M Donald, a brand new singing hero you are going to like, Nelson Eddy, and all the swell directorial touches of never-miss-W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke. It has everything, a story abounding in romance that doesn't need to be censored, beautiful backgrounds, adventure, and above all, the lovely familiar musical score.

Only in the comedy moments involving Frank Morgan and Elsa Lanchester does the story seem to hit a snag. Morgan's "flutterings" were swell in "Cellini." Here they are overdone and slightly irritating. It is just as well that Jeanette and Nelson Eddy with their glorious voices are never long off the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: See it. But above all . . . HEAR IT.

✓"Folies Bergere" (Twentieth Century)

You'll See: *Maurice Chevalier, Ann Sothern, Merle Oberon, Eric Blore, Walter Byron, others.*

It's About: *A musical comedy star from the Follies who so cleverly impersonates a Parisian nobleman that he saves his wife and his bank for him.*

If you like Maurice Chevalier singing and cutting bedroom capers; hotcha songs and chorus girls in bird's eye-views from the ceiling; Ann Sothern in shrieking tantrums and Merle Oberon in *anything*—you'll agree with the critics who rave about this as Chevalier's best picture in years. It aims to be as naughty as the censors will allow and the fast tempo is maintained throughout. "Rhythm in the Rain" and "You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth" are bound to catch on as song hits.

Chevalier is gayer than he has been in a long time and why not, with two such exotic ladies as blonde Ann Sothern and brunette Oberon to inspire his songs and his love-making? As for Eric Blore—well, even those preview critics who did not like the picture liked Mr. Blore's performance as the bewildered butler.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for those who like screen whoopee even if it is censored.

"Transient Lady" (Universal)

You'll See: *Gene Raymond, Henry Hull, Frances Drake, June Clayworth, Helen Lowell and others.*

It's About: *A "big town" girl who gets mixed up in a murder and "small town" Southern politics before love comes along!*

A pleasing enough program picture in which everything has been thrown in including the kitchen sink. That little Southern town "way down yonder" is all peaceful and quiet until the arrival of city gal Frances Drake on the scene and then all sorts of melodrama starts popping. The brother of the town's leading politician is murdered, an innocent man is accused, lynching is threatened, and in the midst of all the excitement lawyer Gene Raymond has a hard time falling in love with Frances. Somehow you remember Henry Hull as the vindictive politician a little longer than any of the other characters. But you're in for a real comedy treat with the antics of two very funny colored players, Clifford Jones and Alan Bridge.

Your Re wer Says: A prog

"Let's Live Tonight" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Tullio Carminati, Lilian Harvey, Tala Birrell, others.*

It's About: *An oh-so-wealthy man who breaks every woman's heart till little Miss Right Comes Along.*

This is so rich, and so sad! Monte Carlo, yachts, champagne in magnums, jewels, laughter, but in back of it all, an empty heart. The empty heart belongs to Tullio Carminati. Despite all his worldly gifts, plus Tala Birrell in love with him, Tullio is heart hungry. Then one night he meets a little girl in the Casino at Monte Carlo. He doesn't know her. She doesn't know him. But love comes. But how! Then comes misunderstanding. As usual. If you can't guess the ending, you're no moviegoer.

The players do all they can, but it isn't much. Tala Birrell is very charming. The picture is supposed to be a "comeback" picture for Lilian Harvey but unfortunately Lilian looks thin and tired and a production like this couldn't bring back Garbo herself.

Your Reviewer Says: No great shakes.

✓"Ruggles of Red Gap" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Roland Young, Leila Hyams, others.*

It's About: *An English butler who was won in a poker game by an American rancher's wife and what happened to him when he got to America.*

When the English Lord got through with the poker game, he found he had lost his most prized possession: Ruggles . . . lost him to a couple of American tourists! And the longer his new master called him "Pal" and slapped him on the back, the less Ruggles thought of being in service. He finally decides after a few weeks in an American ranch-town, that he will no longer bow and scrape. He will become a gentleman!

The entire show concerns the comical elements surrounding the generation of a gentleman from what had, for generations of blood been a gentleman's gentleman. Very funny, Mr. Laughton is, at times. Especially in the scene where he is drinking beer with his new master, Charlie Ruggles. Mary Boland is a bit verbose . . . which, combined with a tendency to overplay, doesn't help any. Mr. Ruggles is up to his old tricks . . . which are mostly good ones. We were glad to see Leila Hyams once more.

Your Reviewer Says: If you have a spare evening.

"Car 99" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Fred MacMurray, Ann Sheridan, Sir Guy Standing, Frank Craven, William Frawley, others.*

It's About: *The inside workings of the radio-police car boys . . . and how they caught the gang with the goods.*

Here is a flock of fast action, highlighted with some good situations, chases, gangsters, machine guns and some swell backstage glimpses into the radio-patrol.

When a harmless professor decides to hide away in the back woods of Michigan [illegible]

Ah, but under his benign and bearded exterior lies the heart of a master crimina who plans his coup from a distance and has the "boys" carry it out.

Despite the interesting and entertaining aspects of this little epic, one is forced to say that the director allowed his charges to go slightly berserk, especially Sir Guy who never "acted" so much in his life. Fred (newcomer) MacMurray proved he has possibilities by doing the least over-acting in the cast. Frank Craven's Sheriff was swell.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like action, see it.

"The Devil Is a Woman" (Para.)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Alison Skipworth and others.*

It's About: *A sex-crazed woman with a heart of ice who can't remain true to the men she traps—even though they pay the bills.*

Here we have the same Dietrich-Von Sternberg picture all over again, merely changing the background to Spain. It tells of a soulless woman who traps men with her beauty and sex appeal and then leaves them to stew in their own anguish.

Instead of gargoyles-and-noise, Mr. Von Sternberg uses carnival-masks-and-noise this time. The theme of the story and the writing are both dull and uninteresting. Von limits his camera excellence to the background and a few good shots of Mr. Atwill, leaving Marlene to last consideration. As a result, Miss Dietrich looks too thin and haggard.

Mr. Atwill gives the best performance of the film. Cesar Romero gets little chance and Miss Dietrich follows orders to her own detriment; even her singing is far from her best. The musical sc is fine.

Your Reviewer Says: This is wo than usual.

"Times Square Lady" (M-G-M

You'll See: *Robert Taylor, Virginia Bruc Pinky Tomlin, Helen Twelvetrees, Isab Jewell, others.*

It's About: *The daughter of a Big Sl who falls heir to his various "enterpri and what happened when love came alon*

When King Bradley dies, his will leav all his sporting rackets to his daughte who has been brought up in Iowa. the time daughter (Virginia Bruce) can make the trip, though, the "boys" who run the various branches of his line-up have decided to chisel poor blonde Virginia out of her swell inheritance by making it appear that business is awful. One of Bradley's managers, Robert Taylor, i picked out as the handsome guy to mak Miss Bruce fall for the idea, and promptly falls for *her*, instead. P their romance is put to music, introd Pinky Tomlin, the farmer boy who "The Object of My Affections." I helps with his new hit, "What's th son I'm Not Pleasin' You?"

We're predicting big things for boy Tomlin. Robert Taylor is bett the picture would indicate and we more care is exercised for his Nat Pendleton and Isabel the comedy

$25,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not refrain from entering this or any True Story Manuscript Contest for fear that an amateur cannot compete successfully against professional writers. Professional writers have been singularly unsuccessful in capturing prizes in True Story Manuscript Contests.

Also, do not let the fact that True Story has been printing special feature stories of world famous characters deter you from entering. These features are specially written and have nothing to do with the contest.

TRUE STORY will award the almost unprecedented sum of $25,000 for the 47 best true stories submitted during the next five months, i.e., January February, March, April and May, 1935. The prizes range from the substantial sum of $250 up to the munificent first prize of $5,000. Imagine receiving $5,000 for a story of perhaps 5,000 words—a dollar a word—a higher rate than most of the world's greatest authors ever received. And yet the chances are that some man or woman who may never have written a single word for publication will, in a few months, open an envelope and find a check for that magnificent sum in return for a story submitted in this contest.

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Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As TRUE STORY is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the ,000 first prize, the person submitting next best story will be awarded the 500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this con-st please always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your s. These changes in no way reduce adamental truth of the stories and ave the feelings of many persons object to being mentioned in an tifiable manner.

he only restriction as regards the gth of stories submitted in this con- hat no story shall contain less hat feel no are of it-sary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity, indeed, not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then sud- great new announcement. It ontest page.

FORTY-SEVEN BIG CASH PRIZES

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Second Prize	**2,500**
Third Prize (5 at $1,000)	**5,000**
Fourth Prize (10 at $500)	**5,000**
Fifth Prize (30 at $250)	**7,500**
47 Cash Prizes Totaling	**$25,000**

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Friday, May 31, 1935.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 20c, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

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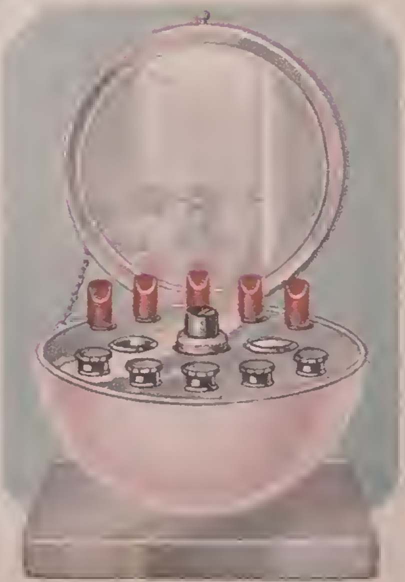

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